This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

P 281.2.3 (c)

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

BOUGHT FROM THE

AMEY RICHMOND SHELDON
FUND

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, and Religion.

JAMES FLOY, EDITOR.

VOLUME X.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1857.

New-York:
PUBLISHED BY CARLTON & PORTER,
200 MULBERRY-STREET.
1857.

P281.2.3 (10)
Y

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SHELDON FUND
JULY 10, 1940

CONTENTS.

Page

Advice Extraordinary to a Young Preacher—O. P. Q. and P. Q. R.....46, 139
Aland Islands and the Gotha Canal—*C. U. C. Burton*..... 57
Aluminum, The New Metal—*J. Johnston*..... 445
Appian Way, The—*C. U. C. Burton*..... 537
Archimedes, The Burning Specula of..... 418
Artist's Dream, The—*P. G.*..... 265
Arts and Sciences.....96, 191, 287

Baby, A New Kind of..... 165
Bareges, How the Avalanche comes down at 553
Blackbirds and the Frogs, The..... 231
Blind, Institutions for the Instruction of the —*L. P. Brockett*..... 419
Bottle Imp; or, the Root of All Evil, The—*From the German*..... 237
British India—*J. W. Wiley*.....227, 315, 425
Brown's Amanuensis..... 52

California, The Dry Season of—*W. S. Urmy* 151
" Giants..... 245
Capuchins, The Church of the—*C. U. C. Burton*..... 441
Caxton's Printing Office—*Mrs. S. C. Hall*... 14
Child, Giving away a..... 50
Chinese Theatricals..... 365
Coal Mine, Visit to an English..... 352

Death, Curiosities of..... 31
Dying Man and the Dollar, The—*George Lippard*..... 510
Dying, Sensations of..... 169

Early Impressions..... 531
Editorial Notes and Gleanings—82, 178, 274, 371, 468, 559
Embalmed Patriarch, An..... 342
Eternal City, Antiquities of the—*C. U. C. Burton*..... 345
Excursion to Tivoli, An—*Id.*..... 209

Farm and Flower-Garden, The.....381, 479, 570
Fashion and the Church—*L. L. Knox*..... 411
Fisherman, The...*Mrs. S. C. Hall*..... 224
Fitful Fancies..... 534
Folly, Answering a Fool according to his—*From the German*..... 137
Foster, John—*G. M. Miller*..... 127
" Miriam..... 362
Fountains of La Grauja, The—*From the French*..... 1
Fox-Bats—*A. W.*..... 106

Genuine Eau de Cologne..... 334
Geology, Scriptural—*J. T. Dutton*..... 515
Guinea Men..... 148

Hammering it in..... 326
History, Curiosities of Natural—*G. M' Clelland Miller*..... 332
Howe's Cave—*Alice Cary*..... 310
Humane Institutions, Sketches of—*L. P. Brockett*.....33, 121, 257, 301

Instinct and Reason..... 319

Ladrone Adventure in the Canton River, A.... 549
Lakes and Legends of Central New York—*J. O. Noyes*.....97, 193, 289, 385
Lakes and Legends of Western New York—*J. O. Noyes*..... 489
Left and Never Called for..... 260
Lioness, Battle with a..... 512
Literary Record.....94, 190, 286
Literati, An Evening with the—*Mary B. Janes*..... 337
Lost Child, The..... 265
Love, An Ancient Mariner's First..... 267

Magyars, The Land of the—*J. O. Noyes*..... 8
Major Truefitt on the Shortt Family..... 64
Mammoth Cave, The—*Alice Cary*.....20, 106
Married, Going to be..... 339
Microscopic Marvels..... 431
Military Elephants..... 27
Miller, Hugh..... 481
Milk and Domestic Animals..... 161
Monsters, Extinct..... 298

Paper Mill at Holyoke, The Great—*M. Emory Wright*..... 217
Parsonage, A Dark Day at the..... 415
Paul, Jean—*R. H. Stoddard*..... 406
Perfumes..... 541
Planets, The—*Quæreus*..... 167
Presidential Inauguration, The—*J. N. D.*... 462
Pulp and Essence..... 77, 178, 269, 368, 465, 557
Poetic Pictures—Colin and Lucy—*B. W. J.* 116
—— Rudiger..... 402
—— Spring Flowers..... 444
—— The Luck of Eden Hall..... 306
—— The Pleasures of Hope—*Thomas Campbell*..... 499
Poetry—A Lay of the Olden Time—*J. G. Whittier*..... 147
—— Baby's Shoes—*W. C. Bennett*..... 246
—— Flowers..... 540
—— I'm Waiting for To-morrow..... 341
—— I shall See in Heaven..... 268
—— Lovest Thou Me?—*M. A. Bigelow*..... 404
—— Music—*Id.*..... 56
—— Nature and her Lover—*C. Mackay*..... 223
—— Paired, not Mated—*Mrs. Abdy*..... 160
—— The Burial of Moses..... 464
—— The Old Man and the Children—*James Pritchett Bigg*..... 30
—— The Poet of Poets..... 367
—— What is Life?—*M. A. Bigelow*..... 430
—— Whispers of the Watching Spirit..... 216
—— Who are the Great of Earth?..... 40

Recent Publications....89, 185, 282, 378, 474, 567
Rich, Making Haste to be..... 521
Rock City and its Explorers, The. 392
Rome, Sights in and about—*C. U. C. Burton* 153

Scapular, The Holy—*Jesse T. Peck*..... 323
Sierra Leone, Sketches in..... 202
Small Change.....87, 184, 279, 375, 472, 564
Smith of Ragenbach, The..... 164
Somnambulist, The..... 132

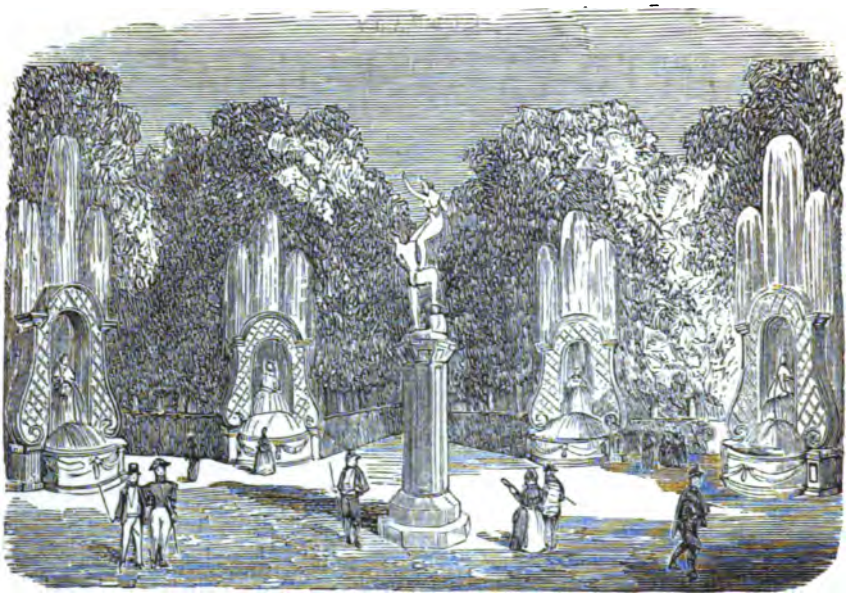
Tailor, The Learned..... 555

P 281.2.3 (c)

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

BOUGHT FROM THE

AMEY RICHMOND SHELDON
FUND



PLACE OF THE EIGHT CROSSWAYS.

Spain a quiet place where he might have the liberty to be "Lord of Nothing."

Such a site, favorable to repose of mind and oblivion of princely troubles, he at last fancied that he had found at about fifteen leagues from Madrid, upon the route to Segovia, and within the bounds of that province. It was at the foot of Mt. Penalara, in the midst of an uneven, wild, and barren country, whose highest peaks are covered with snow until the months of July and August, and are animated only by the torrents and cascades of glacial waters flowing from the Carpathians and clothing the pines with the somber and enduring foliage of the Northern Alps.

In 1450, there was erected by Henry IV. a chapel, which was dedicated to St. Ildefonso. It was served by the Hieronymites, who possessed a domain there. When the royal residence of Valasin, half a league distant, was burned in the reign of Charles II., the brotherhood of St. Jerome offered to this shadow of a monarch the Granja (or farm) of St. Ildefonso, which they held among the gifts of Ferdinand the Catholic, their title dating back to the glorious epoch of the conquest of Granada.

Matters stood thus for some time, and their offer was finally accepted by Philip V., who gave them valuable returns for it. In the disgust of worldly things, feeble souls cannot divest themselves of the impress of their natural frivolity. Philip V. wished for and planned a hermitage of pleasure. He languished too far from Versailles; indeed, this might have been the profound and unhappy secret that worried him. He decreed to transport Versailles to within fifteen leagues of Madrid, and thus, after the lapse of half a century, he recommenced the magnificent folly of his grandfather, in spite of all the obstacles that openly opposed his royal fancy in the almost unconquerable wildness, the ill-adapted site, and the sandy soil of the former hunting rendezvous of Louis XIII. All the domain of the monkish Granja was dug up and overturned from top to bottom.

The French engineer, Marchand, was intrusted with revising the handiwork of dame Nature and reconstructing the mountains. He also had the care of providing water for the immense hydraulic works, for which he was to turn aside brooks and rivers from their courses, and conduct them to a vast reservoir, whence they were to be diverted to different fountains and projected groups, and thrown out

in jets and cascades. Theodore Ardemans, the usual architect to his Catholic majesty, had the oversight of erecting the buildings, with instructions not to remove any of the houses then standing, an evident imitation of the work at Versailles, where the architect had orders to spare the brick palace of the late king.

The plan of the gardens was designed by Marchand. The plantation and its renovations were confided to Etienne Boutelow. Firmin and Thierry were charged with all the ornamental parts of the cascades and fountains, who, in order to forward the work more rapidly, cast the statues and masks in lead, a metal which is very abundant in Spain, and overlaid them with a single leaf of gilded brass, in order to imitate without too much expense, and for a short time, the magnificence of a great king.

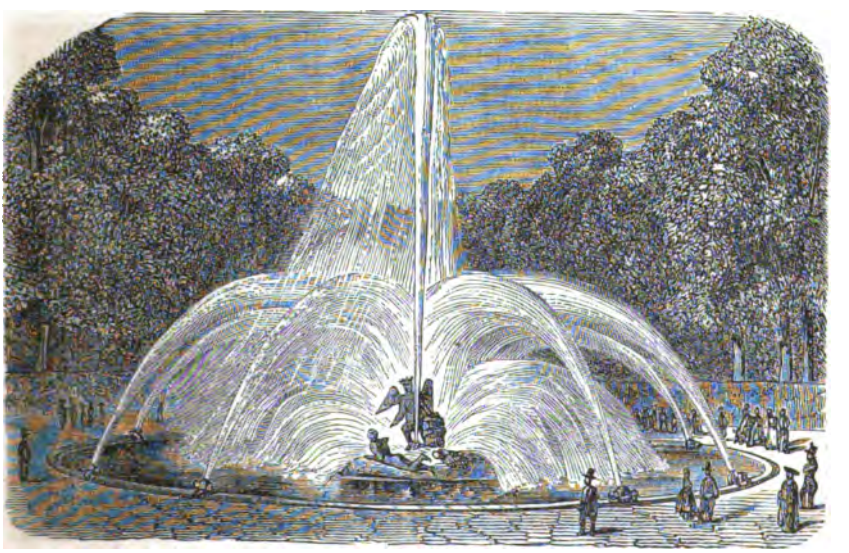
In 1723, the palace was already quite advanced. All the ground floor, embracing a dozen magnificent rooms, was ready for its royal occupant. Six of them were set apart for the private use of the king, and six others contained a princely collection of paintings and other works of art. The chapel was also finished to a similar extent, and Borgia, the patriarch of the East, made a solemn dedication thereof.

The king was so delighted with the works and the style in which they were executed, that the next year he abdicated the throne in favor of his son, Louis I., in order to give himself up without reserve to the enjoyment of his delightful Granja.

But "Kings propose and—" God took away the young Louis I. after a nominal reign of a few months, and Philip V. was obliged regretfully to resume the reins of power, which he mostly held through the hands of Elizabeth of Parma, and he consoled himself as best he could by continuing to embellish, and, as much as possible, to live in the place of his choice, his well-beloved St. Ildefonso.

It was about this time that he added his collegiate church and some extensive out-houses designed for the lodgment of his household and guests. By his order the magnificent gallery of Queen Christina, of Sweden, was purchased at Rome and added to the artistic treasures of the Granja. After the death of Philip V., the queen dowager founded at St. Ildefonso the superb manufacture of mirrors, which is still carried on there, and continues to be one of the most interesting and useful of its surroundings.

Charles III. made the last additions to the Granja, where he delighted to reside during the months of July, August, and September of each year. His example was followed by Charles IV., and since that time all the sovereigns of Spain have been in the habit of spending, each year,



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE WINDS OF ÆOLUS.

FOUNTAIN OF ANDROMEDA.

a part of the warm season at this Versailles of the Peninsula.

The site of the palace is a valley closely surrounded by high and naked mountains of an aspect at once sublime and melancholy. The general appearance of the chateau, surrounded as it is by a crowd of out-houses, villas, and other private residences, with which it appears mingled, is not exteriorly the most satisfactory. It is so slightly distinguished from its varied surroundings that in the distance it might readily be called a set of barracks, or a manufactory rising above the lower roofs of an industrial community.

The steeples and bell turrets of the chapel lack character, and their rectangular shafts, capped with slate roofs, recall the most miserable style of religious architecture at the commencement of the last century. But the principal façade toward the garden is fine, and without being able to aspire to a work of art, it is still worthy of some eminent consideration in the monumental history of Europe. On the other hand, works of art abound within, and form a gallery of the highest interest.

Around the palace are grouped in large numbers the summer residences of some of the noblest families of Madrid. The officers of state are also transferred hither during the stay of the sovereign; and they occupy the out-houses erected by Philip V. The manufacture of mirrors, some of which are so large as to measure seventy-two by one hundred and thirty inches, adds very much to the liveliness and interest of this august residence.

But it is especially the gardens and the water-works upon which is expended the magnificence of the melancholy heir of the unfortunate Charles II. The fountains, or cascades, mostly imitating those at Versailles, number from fifteen to twenty, of which several are of the first order, and produce the finest and most brilliant effect. Their hydronamic is faultless; perhaps some of them are, in this respect, in advance of the prodigies of Versailles. They are all fed from the reservoir that

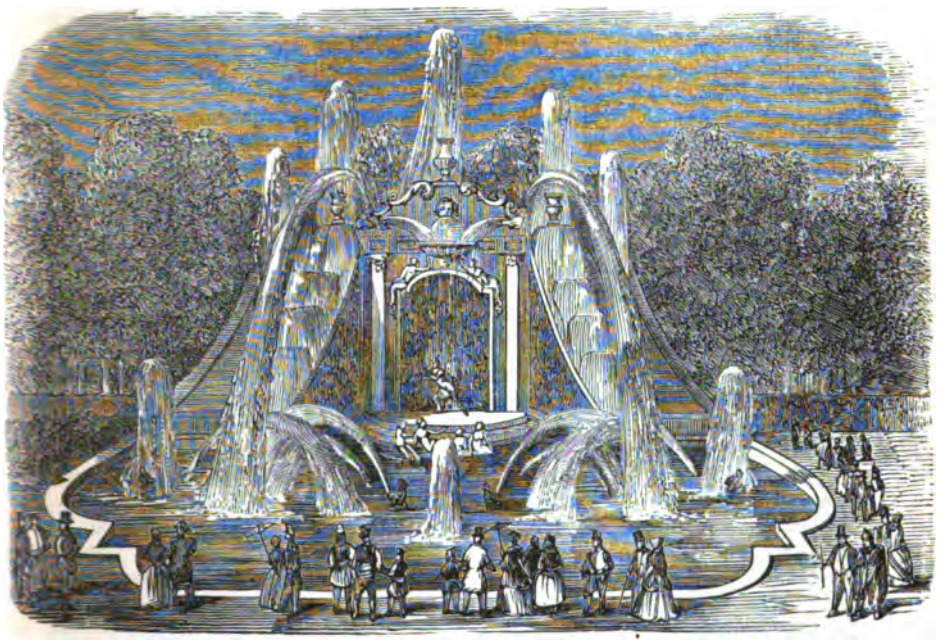
we have already mentioned, and which, situated in an elevated portion of the gardens, is itself supplied by the rivers or torrents flowing from the Carpathians We will give designs and descriptions of a few of these fountains.

CASCADE OF AMPHITRITE AND THE THREE GRACES.

This piece, in which three graces at bath occupy the lower part, is located precisely before the façade of the palace. It is very fine, as the reader must be convinced by the engraving given of it on the first page.

THE FOUNTAIN OF FAME.

"Who is this enormous goddess, or rather this deformed monster, covered with ears and eyes, with a voice resembling thunder, who hides her head in the clouds while her feet touch the earth?" This is Fame, who, however, in this case, with all due deference to Jean Baptiste, has nothing about her deformed or enormous, unless it be the jet which her epic clarion throws to the height of a hundred and sixty feet. This circular piece is bordered with greensward. The horse who prances on the summit of the rock is Pegasus, who appears to support uneasily his noble and inconstant burden. The trumpet of Fame has a force of thirty feet per second. She is represented as having for her tributaries the four principal rivers of Spain, the Gaudiana, the Tagus, the Ebro, and the Gaudalquiver, which are so devised as to appear to justify the superabundance of the jet. At her feet are unfortunate poets, lyric, satiric, and epic.



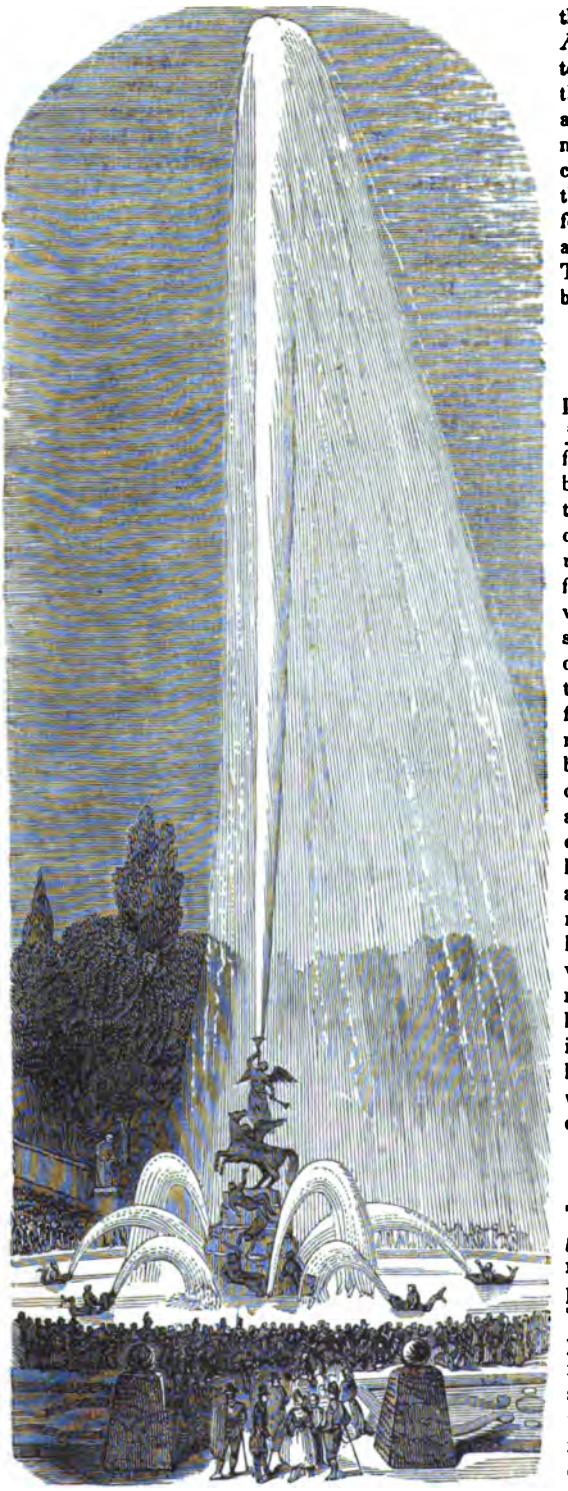
THE BATHS OF DIANA.

THE PLACE OF THE EIGHT CROSSWAYS.

This is a circular space crossed by eight avenues, and surrounded by sixteen fountains, all alike, each sending up three jets of water, which fall back into white marble basins. The center of this beautiful crossway is marked by a group representing the abduction of Proserpine, which is also the subject of a beautiful water-piece at Versailles, the *Porticoes*, of which this is a happy imitation.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE WINDS OF ÆOLUS.

An evident imitation of the piece Latona, at Versailles. This fountain is surrounded by a grove. It is of a circular form, edged by green sward, in the midst of which eight masks throw out as many jets upon a rocky island. In the middle of



THE FOUNTAIN OF FAME.

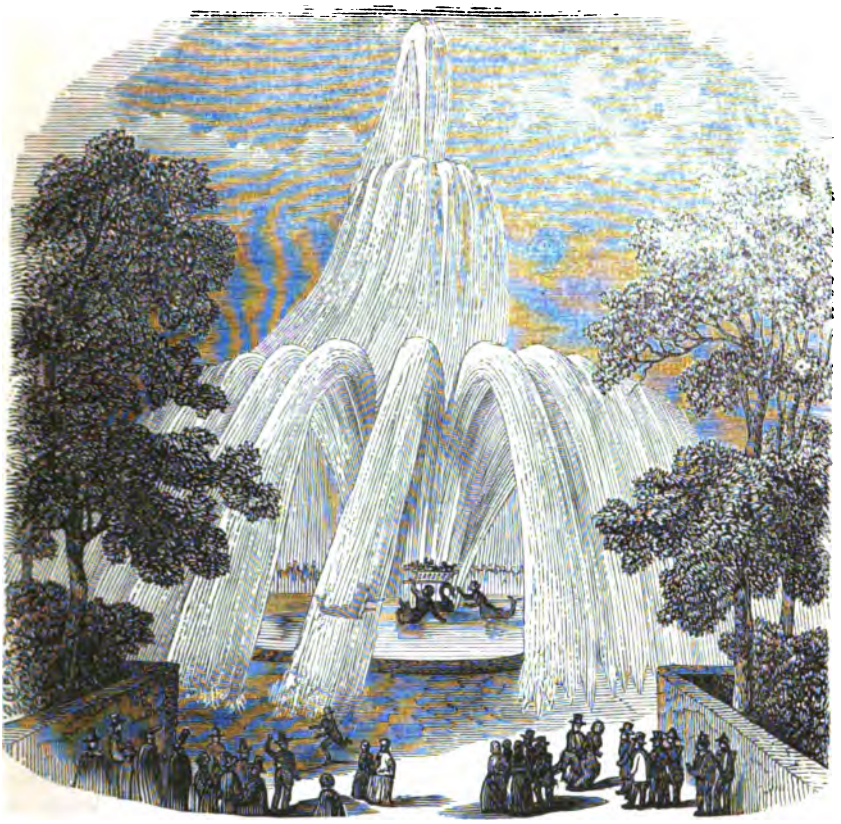
this island stands the god Æolus, who governs sixteen heads of winds, which throw the water around in all directions. In the midst of this harmonious confusion, a dragon, which the god treads under his feet, throws up to heaven a jet of seventy odd feet. These figures are all in bronzed lead.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ANDROMEDA

Is circular, and scatters its jets in different directions from two white marble basins. In the center of the piece is Andromeda, chained to a rock, who receives her deliverance from the hands of a Cupid, which hovers near, and swiftly flies to break her chains. Below, the prostrate sea-monster, with his fins spread and his head raised, expires beneath the blows of Perseus, who in one hand holds his sword, and in the other the head of Medusa. While the hero is preparing to strike again, the vile monster is represented as shedding his blood by sixty wounds, with which his body is riddled, and through which he sends out so many jets in all directions, while from his open throat one rises vertically to the height of one hundred feet.

THE BATHS OF DIANA.

This fine fountain is ingeniously and happily arranged on a stone frontispiece about fifty feet high. Three vases crown the portico, the second one rising above the others, and in the midst of these there are two lions attacking two dragons, and all of them are throwing jets with a very fine effect.



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE BASKET.

In the center, and above the steps that descend to the fountain, Acteon, the hunter, may be seen in a grotto, giving a concert to Diana. Below the steps is the goddess herself bathing, and surrounded by the nymphs, who wait upon her, the piece being diversified by other nymphs at bath playing with dolphins and swans.

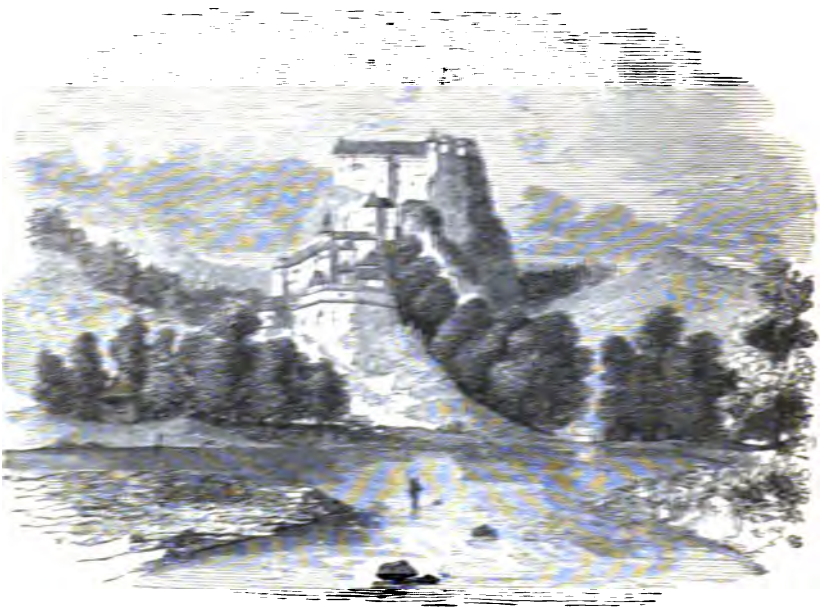
THE FOUNTAIN OF THE BASKET

Has no analogous piece in the park at Versailles. The basin is round, and in the middle a large basket of fruits and flowers is supported by four swans. Surrounding these are four naiads supporting a crown. The disposition is simple, and the jets of water in this piece have the finest effect. They number forty-one, thirty-two of which are oblique ; three of them rise to the height of ninety feet.

The other less important fountains (although they are quite worthy of being seen) which fill up the grounds of the Granja, are Latona, the Frogs, the Fan of Neptune, the Dragons, the Cups, and Pomona.

This is, without contradiction, the finest counterfeit of Versailles which has been undertaken and carried out anywhere, but it is a counterfeit. It is never best for any people to adopt foreign costumes, manners, or fashions. We utter this as a general truth. The French taste passed into Spain with the princes of the house of Bourbon, not only in arrangements and in trifles, but in architecture and in style. The Peninsula, in that, lost its originality, and gained little on the side of art.

In landscape and in location the Granja boasts little that any one would care to see. M. Gautier does not speak of it in his "Travels in Spain," and M. de Custine, in his "Spain under Ferdinand VII.," merely remarks "The Chateau of St. Ildefonso resembles Versailles as Philip V resembled Louis XIV."



CHATEAU OF OFEN.

THE LAND OF THE MAGYARS.

"Will you tell Sir Jim [which way are you traveling?" inquired a small, mustached, weasel-faced German of me, as the black steamer plowed her way down the Danube.

"Nach Ungarn," to Hungary, I replied, eyeing the stranger more closely, and recalling at my mind the probability of his being an Austrian spy.

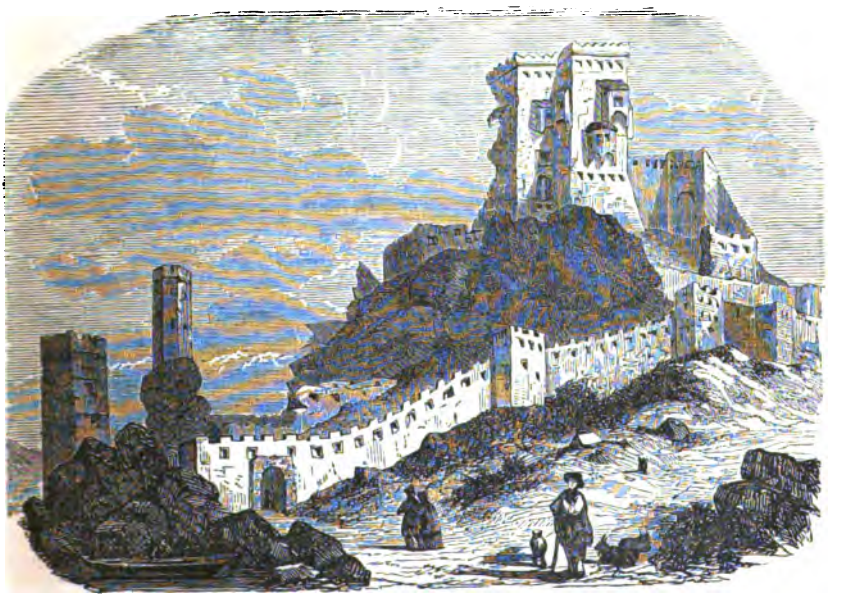
Such, however, my companion was not, but a medical student from the University of Vienna, coming down to Pesth on business. He had recognized me, and having friends in America, (a part of every German family seems to be settled in the United States,) began the conversation as described. Seated beneath the awning, and aside from the other passengers, so as not to be overheard, we conversed long about University times, and especially about life in Vienna during the revolution of 1848–9. The student soldiers, the reader will remember, fairly overthrew the imperial government, and compelled the emperor to seek safety in flight. Though unaccustomed to arms, they followed their professors to the combat with the coolness of veterans, and thought no more of shedding blood than they now do of shedding ink under the same leaders. My companion had walked into the Arsenal of Vienna over piles of the dead, and, notwithstanding his youth, presided at the trial of a distinguished Austrian general, who had been so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the student-soldiers. Many were the curious stories he told me of boys becoming lieutenants and majors; how the reception rooms of the old University were converted into council-chambers, where, over beer and the vilest penny cigars, the affairs of State were mostly discussed; how they paraded in the great hall of the Archiginnasium, and what magnificent times those were compared with the dull, dead present, when the heel of Austrian despotism crushes every free and noble aspiration into the dust. The old university halls have been converted into barracks for the soldiery of Francis Joseph. I have often wandered around them, attempting to conjure up the strange scenes enacted there, but always saddened by the remembrance of the noble thoughts vainly cherished within their antiquated walls.

As we descended toward Hungary, the banks of the Danube became more rugged and picturesque. The steep hills, blushing with vineyards and plots of wavy grain, were broken by ravines, opening here and there beautiful vistas of distant fields and villages. There also were forests, and cities, and battle-fields; while the crumbling castles and ruins of old Romanesque towns lent a powerful charm to what, without them, would have been stately and beautiful. On the confines of Hungary the scene grows in interest every moment. What especially arrests the attention is an immense rock rising from the bosom of the great river, and crowned at its summit with the ruins of an old chateau. This is Thebes, situated at a point where the river is hemmed in between two mountain chains, and overlooking the noble Danube as its sweeps majestically into Hungary, just as the Iron Gate, between the Carpathians and the Balkans, guards its exit from the great plains of Central Europe.

In 1809 the French, under Napoleon, took possession of Thebes, and left it a solitary pile of ruins. The castle is said to have been built in honor of a goddess, named Dewina, but in the language of the country is called "The Virgin's Tower." A young cavalier, having become enamored with a pretty nun in a neighboring convent, found means to escape with her. In order to protect his bride against the persecutions of the Church, enraged at this sacrilegious act, he took refuge with her in the ancient castle of Thebes, resolved to defend himself to the last extremity. The ecclesiastical troop, unable to take the well-guarded fortress by assault, determined to reduce it by famine. Then the cavalier and his bride, unable to escape, resolved to die together. Mounting to the summit of the tower, they threw themselves, in each other's arms, into the black and angry flood of the Danube far below.

We cross the Hungarian frontier. The black and yellow flag of Austria is hauled down, and the tri-color of the Magyars run up in its stead. Hour after hour the *Franz Joseph* sweeps down the Danube, stopping here and there to land or take in a group of passengers, and delighting me with an ever-changing panorama of mountains, plains, and smiling villages.

At no great distance from Komorn and Buda, is the ancient Visegrad, celebrated even in the time of the Romans. The ruins of the castle are perched upon a lofty mountain, which flanks the rushing flood of the Danube. The situation is one of the most picturesque on the Upper



THEBES.

LANDING PLACE ON THE DANUBE.

Danube, and the view, from the crumbling old tower, is second to none in Hungary, comprising, as it does, rivers, mountains, plains, and the varied works of men. Charles Robert, after his marriage with the Polish princess, Elizabeth, 1317, chose for his royal residence the fortress of Visegrad, which soon became one of the most splendid courts in Europe.

Charles Robert expended upon Visegrad all the marvels which French art and French taste could command, and the activity with which the magnificent enterprise was carried on was checked neither by the premature death of his two sons, nor by the constant efforts of the prince, against the ambitious designs of Paul Subics, Count of Brebir, who claimed the title of Ban of Croatia and Servia. The royal residence contained no less than three hundred and sixty chambers, and is said to have communicated with the palace, whose ruins are now seen at the foot of the mountain, by means of a subterranean passage. At Visegrad were assembled the wealth, the learning, and the fashion of Europe. Here were held the splendid feasts and tournaments of the Middle Ages. How its old halls, now deserted and falling in ruins, most have rung with merriment, and its rocks and glades echoed the ringing laugh of brilliant dames and the shouts of mailed knights contending with lance and shield.

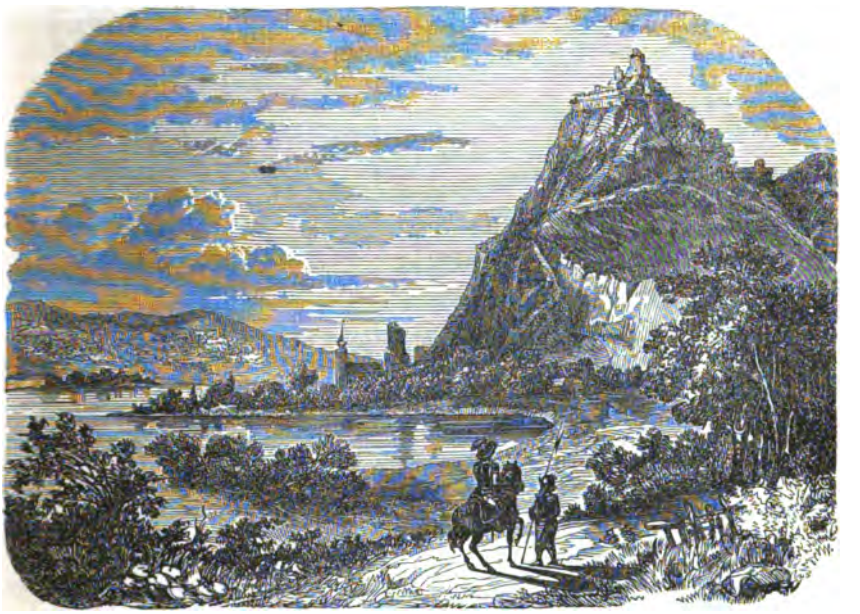
Cassimer of Poland, brother-in-law of Charles Robert, greatly disturbed the court of Hungary by an act which was followed by the most fearful reprisals. Having visited Hungary, in 1330, in order to arrange the affairs of the German knights under the mediation of Charles Robert, he became greatly enamored by one of the ladies attached to the service of the queen. Brilliant offers and warm protestations had no effect upon the mind of the virtuous Clarissa, but as violence comes to the aid of princes when persuasion fails, Cassimer, seconded by his sister, the queen, triumphed by brute force over helpless innocence.

The unfortunate Clarissa in her shame and remorse fled to her father, and related to him the act. Enraged at such an insult, Felicien Zacs, for that was the father's name, swore to have revenge even at the

cost of royal blood. But the ravisher had escaped immediately after the commission of his crime, and his absence served only to irritate the impatient spirit of the wretched father. From moment to moment his fury became more ungovernable, until at last he was no longer master of himself. Availing himself of the moment when the royal family was at table, Zacs rushed into the room, and in default of the victim whom he wished to immolate, addressed himself to the queen, and with a single blow of his saber severed the four fingers of the right hand. In vain the king sought to defend his wife. Zacs wounded him also in the hand, and had thrown himself upon the two sons of the prince, when several noblemen who were present rushed together upon the intruder, and hewed him into pieces.

The violent death of Zacs did not satisfy the royal vengeance. The attendants of the king seized the son of the murdered man, and dragged him, attached to the tail of a horse, through the streets of the city until he was reduced to a hideous and lifeless mass.

The father's crime might have excused these frightful acts of vengeance committed in the first effervescence of rage, but those which followed, more terrible even than the former, could without doubt have been prevented by Charles Robert. They cut



VISEGRAD.

off the nose, the lips, and the fingers of the unfortunate Clarissa, and in this mutilated condition compelled her to traverse the streets of Visegrad crying, "Behold how regicides are punished!" Vengeance was extended even to the third generation. The grandsons of Felicien Zacs were condemned to banishment, and all his relatives living at the time sacrificed with relentless cruelty.

Love of pilgrimage is quite as characteristic of the Catholic Austrian and Hungarian as of the Mussulman and Greek further east. I have visited the little mosque near Buda, on the bank of the Danube, almost the only remaining memorial of the Turkish occupation, where a few pious Moslems annually repair to repeat their orisons by the tomb of a Moslem saint. A number of Hungarians also perform an annual pilgrimage to the grave of King Wadislas, at Didokoi, near Vaena; and who, O reader, has not heard of the multitudes who yearly throng Our Lady of Loretto and Maria Zell?

I am, indeed, not a little surprised to find pilgrimages so common in Austria. For many years they were discouraged by the government, but as everything is once more in the hands of the priests and the soldiers,

no obstacles are placed in the way of their performance.

The pilgrims are for the most part peasants. Thus the poor, believing that they can win heaven only by fastings and pilgrimages, add the mortification of the spirit to their poverty, while the rich and powerful hope to reach heaven by the golden bridge of charity. Moreover, pilgrimages are to the humble what traveling and frequenting the great watering places are to the wealthy burghers. I do not question the motives of the humble devotees who wander hundreds of miles to visit some miracle-working shrine. Who can be more sincere and earnest than they, "working out in their peculiar manner the great business of salvation?" Yet I am not of the opinion that the journey to Loretto or Maria Zell carries them any nearer heaven. Pilgrimages have a double charm in countries which, like Hungary and Austria, abound in magnificent scenery. The shrines are often built on the mountain tops, as if devotion in such a place were a foretaste of the pure joys in the heaven above. Wearing grotesque costumes, and headed by priests carrying banners or the cross, bands of pilgrims wend their way slowly through the wildest solitudes, chanting in a solemn and impressive manner, and mingling their weird strains with the sweet melody of the trees, the rocks, and running brooks.

At one stopping place on the Danube I visited the site of an old Roman city, and walked over the spot which must have been their cemetery. It is still used for the same purpose, and though not of great extent, is far more thickly peopled than the adjacent town. I spent a half hour studying the curious monuments and thinking how many nations had passed away, how many myriads of men had moldered into dust along the rushing waters of the Danube.

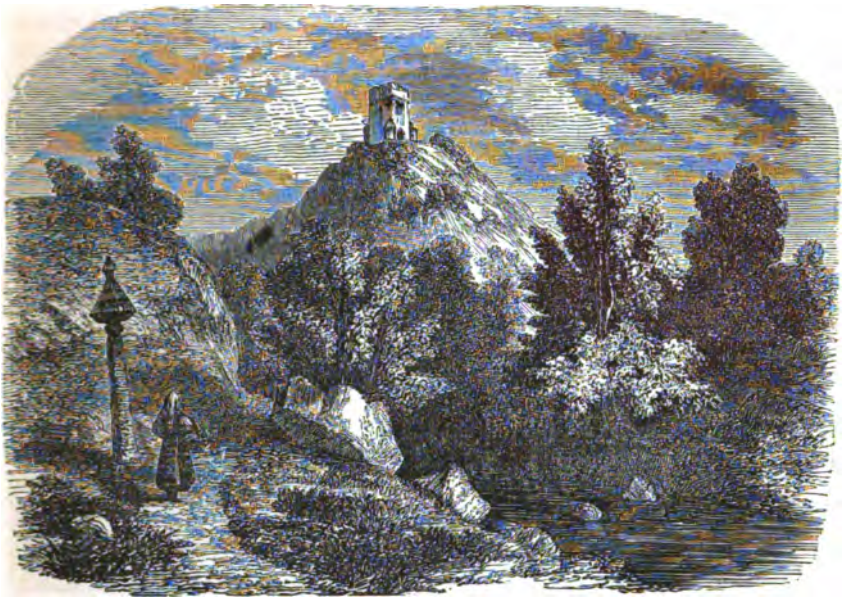
It is sometimes well to leave the throbbing cities of the living and wander in the silent cities of the dead. In this border land of the Christian and the Turk, I find the cemeteries everywhere surrounded by high walls. In earlier and stormier times the people often repaired to them with their families and goods. The Germans call the burial places of the dead *Gottesacker*, (harvest field of God,) and how beautifully does the name express the idea of gathering the fruits of redemption. They are neatly arranged, and the dead lie in lines as exact as the ranks of living squadrons. The Germans and Hungarians exhibit more taste than ourselves in writing epitaphs. They do not all at once discover a man's virtues when dead, and place an inscription over his tomb that would flatter his vanity if living. A simple word, as "Asleep," "Not Forgotten," "He will rise again," are more appropriate, and lodge a sweeter thought in the mind of the passer-by, than the most elaborate eulogy.

The Catholics of Austria, whatever estimate they may place upon the living, have far less regard for the human dust than is usual with ourselves. Post mortem examinations, which are so much abhorred by the Catholic population of our own country, are here rather desired than otherwise. They wish to be assured of the death of their friends, and the thought that the latter may turn in their graves, is far more dreadful than the sight of human blood and muscles.

If the traveler in Austria wishes to behold a sight which he can never forget, let him repair to the "Court of Death," attached to the great hospital of Vienna, whose inmates are numbered by thousands. The lifeless sleepers are extended on dark and gloomy palets, each holding in his hand a bell cord to give notice of returning animation, if by chance the vital spark still remains, the frailest thread to which hope can cling.

One, and but one, of its pale occupants has baffled the Lethean flood and returned to the shore of life. Once only has the little bell tinkled, breaking the long silence of years in that sepulchral chamber, and a seeming corpse, clad in the habiliments of the grave, rose from his couch and stalked forth among the living.

There was one place near the Austrian capital by which I never liked to pass. It was where the poor of Vienna were buried. During the long and silent hours of the night the *dead wagon* rattles over the stony streets of the imperial city, and after all the new victims of the remorseless destroyer have been gathered, it winds away to the cemetery, followed by no chanting priest or gurgling choir, by no mourner to shed a tear over buried love. When the *Todtenwagen* has reached its destination, the bodies, coffinless and naked as the grave, are thrown promiscuously into



THE TOWER OF OVID

the deep, gloomy pit dug for that particular day, there to embrace each other in the accidental movements of the dead. Companions in life, they are not separated in death.

Here and there, as we steamed down the river, were pointed out the sites of old Roman towns—places where the Roman legions had pitched their camps when conquering the country to become afterward centers of civilization.

There are many reminiscences of the poet Ovid in Eastern Europe. The Wallach peasant, still speaking a language that would have been understood in the provinces of Italy eighteen centuries ago, points with pride to the spot where, according to the tradition of the country, the Roman soldiers under Trajan hastened to visit the prison of the illustrious poet. Others have located Tomi, the place of his exile, on the shore of the Euxine.

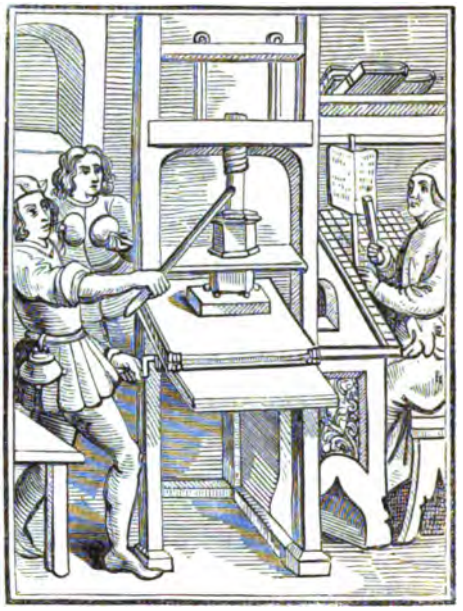
On an eminence near Mount Mika, in Lower Hungary, is a small square structure bearing the marks of great antiquity, and known as the Tower of Ovid. Where in the wide domain of the Roman empire could the poet have more properly exclaimed:

"Lassus in extremis jaceo populisque, locisque: Heu! quam vicina est ultima terra mihi!"

I know of nothing more sad than Ovid's poems written in this distant region, and fairly perfumed with tearful memories of his native land. Born of a noble Roman family, and educated among the poets and rhetoricians of Athens, he was the sweetest of that tuneful throng which Augustus collected at his court to paint in seductive colors the despotism which he was introducing in Rome. Ovid there gave himself up to a frivolous and licentious life, and wishing to reduce the "Art of Love" to a system, published a book under that title. For this offense, ostensibly, the poet was banished from Rome; but as the Augustan age was not remarkable for virtue in high places, the real character of his fault has doubtless never been made known. His verses moved a world to tears, but could affect neither the cold-hearted Augustus nor Tiberius, the murderer of Germanicus.

He spent the last fifteen years of his life on the inhospitable banks of the Danube, ever sighing for that Rome which was the subject and inspiration of his verses. Let those who would prostitute their genius to the service of despotism, and kiss the hand which has smitten them to the dust, remember the fate of Publius Ovidius.

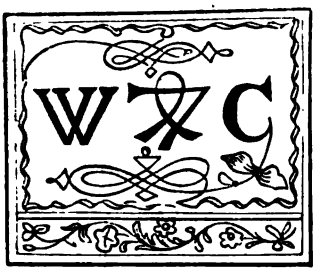
CAXTON'S PRINTING OFFICE.



AN ANCIENT PRINTING OFFICE.

CONSIDER how many hours of our existence are spent in reveries! in that waking sleep, that dream-like condition, apart from present life, yet recalling lives and scenes over which we may have just closed some venerable volume. How we envy those old worms! small atoms full of wisdom, wriggling their way through black-lettered tomes, unable to endure any light but that of other days; full of what they can neither impart nor comprehend. For aught we can tell they have their own literary *cliques*, which, like other cliques, can see no good beyond their own narrow circle—the circle, which, no larger than might be covered by a silver twopence, forms *their* world! Roll away, little fellow, we cannot replace you in your nest; you have eaten a good round hole out of old Caxton's book upon chess—that combination of brown and faded leaves which our old housekeeper calls "rubbish." Rubbish! how precious in our eyes are those moldering pages; how carefully we turn them over and mend them here and there with soft smooth paper, tending them as mothers do their children, and laying sheets of foolscap between each page, close the volume carefully, and then sink into a reverie, in which things and scenes of old float, and pass, and dimly crowd around us. Man may philosophize and, closing his eyes upon the material world, dream on, and by the magic and strength of imagination, that refining essence of immortality, which stirs within us, active, ennobling, and invigorating—by that mighty power—he may create new wonders and new worlds; but the wonders of the *future* will hardly surpass the wonders of the *past*. If we had but the power to open afresh the bowels of the earth, to call upon the sea to give up its treasures and its mysteries, to command that lost ART may be restored, how should we be shorn of our self-sufficiency and pride! Every moment of our lives we are enjoying the *benefits* of past improvements, and yet suffering ourselves to be carried away by anticipations of those that are to come. Yet surely, we may be too prone to overvalue the past. We have arrived at that period of life when memory is stronger than sympathy, and a habit of wandering among old places, and pondering over old works, and thinking about the people of old—the olden world—may, perhaps, render us not so alive, as an immortal spirit should be, to the future. The past is more tranquil and pleasant to dwell with than the present; we do not perceive those blemishes through the mist of years which offend us now. The people themselves, the great and mighty ones, do not come before us with their palpable faults to undeceive our conceptions, and we can comfort ourselves with the belief, that their errors, when recorded, have been exaggerated by the harshness of the historian.

This train of thought has been encouraged as we have been pondering over the eventful and not unromantic life of one of whom we know little—yet nothing that is not honorable to human nature; one to whose memory we owe much more than we can pay, or are even disposed to pay; for who, upon opening a book, thinks upon blessing the memory of WILLIAM CAXTON, *the first English printer?* Of a truth, his cipher should be inscribed in every school-



CAXTON'S CIPHER.

room,* and scholars should doff their caps as they pass it by; while such as feel bound to honor the *first* who introduced, practiced, and communicated this most useful art into England, should not forget that it was a WOMAN, the Lady Margaret of York, King Edward the Fourth's sister, who, passing as a bride to the duke's court at Bruges, entertained William Caxton in her retinue,† and encouraged him in the practice of an art, of which he had learned, according to his own simple account, "a good deal at considerable expense."

He was born in the weald or woody part of Kent,‡ during the latter part of the reign of Henry IV., and apprenticed to one of London's worthy citizens, by trade a mercer; and thus laid the foundation of his commercial knowledge.* His taste led to the acquirement of considerable proficiency in penmanship and the knowledge of languages, which doubtless forwarded his interest in obtaining the situation he held in the Lady Margaret's "retinue." We are informed that he "stuck painfully" to the task she gave him, bringing forth the work under the title of "The Recuyell of the Historye of Troye," &c., which is the first book, at least in being, or which we know of, ever printed in the English tongue. Its title-page is quaint and curious:

"Here begyneth the volume intituled the Recuyell of the Historye of Troye: composed and drawen out of dyverse bookes of Latyn into Frensshe, by the right venerable persone and worshippful man Raoul le Fevre, preest and chapelayn unto the right noble, gloryous, and myghty prince in his tyme, Philip Duc of Bourgoyne of Braband, &c., in the yeare of the incarnation of our Lord God a thousand four hundred sixty and four, and translated and drawen out of Frensshe into English by William Caxton, mercer of the cyte of London, at the commandment of the right hye mighty and vertuouse Princesse, his redoughtyd Lady Margarette, by the grace of God Duchesse of Bourgoyne, &c., which sayd translacion and work was begonne in Brugis, in the countre of Flaunders, the fyrst day of Marche, in the yeare of the incarnacion of our sayd Lord God, a thousand foure hondred and sixty and eight, and ended and fynyshed in the holy cyte of Colon the XIX day of September, the yeare of our sayd Lord God a thousand foure hondred sixty and seven."

The title-page and some other portions of the first edition of this book are printed in red ink: but its most charming portion is the evidence of Caxton's modesty as he apologizes for his small knowledge of the French language, and his imperfectness in his own, *having lived out of England* nearly thirty years. It is impossible also not to sympathize with our first printer when he concludes with this gentle appeal to our sympathies. He says:

"Thus end I this booke, and for as moche as in wrytynge the same my penne is worne, myne hande wery, and my eyen dymmed with overmoch lookyng on the whyte paper, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body."

* This cipher we give from one used in his books: it consists merely of his own initials, with the Arabic numerals 74, to note that year in the fifteenth century, when he first introduced printing into England. His friend and successor, Wynkyn de Worde, used the same device, with the addition of his name at the conclusion of the books which issued from his own press.

† Caxton notes that he received a yearly fee and "other many goode and grete benefets," which proves that he stood high in her favor, though in what rank or quality he served the duchess is not known with certainty. Dr. Dibdin says, "he should suppose him to have held no regular employment, or rather that he was a gentleman of her household, in a sinecure situation, receiving an annual salary." That he was intrusted by King Edward IV. on important missions is proved by his being connected with one Richard Whitehill, in concluding a treaty of trade and commerce between that sovereign and the Duke of Burgundy, whose son afterward married King Edward's sister, the Lady Margaret named above.

‡ So he informs us in his "Prologue to the History of Troy," not, however, specifying the exact spot in that portion of the county so called, where he first drew breath, nor has the place been ascertained. The small town of Caxton, in Cambridgeshire, has been asserted to be his birthplace by some authors, solely because of its similarity of name. The precise period of his birth is also a matter of conjecture, his early history being involved in obscurity, only slightly cleared away by his own incidental notices.

* His master was Robert Large, a mercer of considerable eminence, who officiated as high sheriff, and ultimately became Lord Mayor of London in 1439. At his death in 1441, he remembered Caxton in his will (which still exists in the Prerogative Office in the Temple) by a legacy of twenty marks.

And he goes on to say how he had promised this book to divers gentlemen, adding:

"It is not wretton with penne and ynke as other bookes ben to thende that all men may have them att ones, for all the bookes of this storye named the Recule of the Historys of Troye then emprynted as ye here see, *were begonne in oon day and fynyshed in oon day.*"

What astonishment this declaration must have excited in the *literati* of old! quite as much as our steam-boats, and railroads, and daguerreotypes, and a score of other things have produced in the present.

Although Caxton so touchingly complains of his advanced years when he had fulfilled the wise and gracious command of his royal patron, "the sovereign Lady Margaret," yet three years elapsed before he brought his art into England; during which period we have no record of Caxton's proceedings; "the Game of Chess," which was elaborately dedicated to the Duke of Clarence, who "made his exit about four years after in a butt of malmsey," is believed by many to have been the first book he printed in England.

Our very pearl of favorites, old John Stow, in his "Survey of London," says that "in the Eleemosinary or Almonry (at Westminster Abbey) now corruptly called the Ambry, for that the alms of the Abbey were there distributed to the poor, John Islip, Abbot of Westminster, erected the first press of book-printing that ever was in England, and Caxton was the first that practiced it in the said Abbey." Whoever authorized him, (and the *who* is a disputed point,) it is very certain that *he did* practice it *there*, at the entrance to the Abbey, from which circumstance a printing-room is to this day, in England, called in technical phrase a *chapel*.* Stow, all wonderful as he was, was not infallible, and there are others who prove from certain documents that Dr. Thomas Milling was abbot in those days; he was succeeded by the bountiful John Estney, who survived him, so that if he established Caxton in his printing office, it must have been before he achieved the miter of Westminster.

The first book printed by Caxton at Westminster (which contains an absolute date, "fynysshed the xviii. day of Novembre, and the sevententh yere of the regne of King Edward, 1477") was a translation by the unfortunate and accomplished Earl Rivers, containing seventy-five leaves, called the "Sayings of the Philosophers." At the end of this work are three pages of Socrates's saucy sayings about women, passed over by the noble translator, but added—with an apology—by the printer himself, which made the matter worse. He declared that the women of England were altogether different from the Xantippes of Greece, being "right, good, wise, playsant, humble, discrete, sobre, chast, obedient to their husbondis, treue, secrete, stedfast, ever busy and never idle, attemperate in speaking, and vertuous in all their workes."

Very good, Master Caxton, and for so much your countrywomen are your debtors; but mark the context—the stamp of an old bachelor, or a man rejoicing in liberty, regained by widowhood, is upon it: "*or at least sholde be so;*" they are so, "or sholde be so." This is perhaps as good an example as we can give of the half-pleasant, half-ironical style of our rare old printer. But that it would occupy too much of our space, we might insert a list of Caxton's works; for he imparted his knowledge unto others, and he printed more rapidly after a time than he had done at first. The art made its appearance in 1479 at Oxford, and the following year Caxton sent forth three works from his press in Westminster.

Caxton having been the first to *print* that King John was poisoned by a monk, at the Abbey of Swineshed, near Lincoln, he drew upon him much monkish abuse; yet he only printed it from a chronicle, of which we are told several MSS. are still in existence. Doctor John Parkman, in his life of the king, in Speed's Chronicles, believes the tale; for he says, "an author more ancient and more exceptionable than all the rest, even King John's son and successor in his kingdom, averred it,"

* On this subject Dr. Dibdin says:

"It is most probable that Caxton, after the manner observed in other monasteries, erected his press near one of the chapels attached to the aisles of the Abbey, and his printing office might have superseded the use of what was called the Scriptorium of the same, which was the chamber in which the younger monks were constantly employed in transcribing books."

No remains of this once interesting place can now be ascertained; indeed, there is strong presumption that it was pulled down in making preparations for Henry VII.'s Chapel. For if Henry made no scruple to demolish "the Chapel of the Virgin," in order to carry into effect his own plans for erecting the magnificent one which goes by his name, the office of our printer stood little chance of escaping the same fate.

when the Prior of Clerkenwell saucily told him, being in that house, "that as soon as he ceased to do justice toward his prelates he should cease to be king," to which his majesty, enraged with his traitorous threats, replied, "What! mean you to turn me out of my kingdom, and afterward to murder me, as my father was dealt with?" About the same time that printing was introduced at Oxford, a schoolmaster set up a press at St. Albans;* and truly the knowledge of the art which is knowledge, spread amazingly, for it was patronized by the nobility and by the Church; the latter, indeed, were the great preservers, though not the diffusers, of literature, and promoters of art during the darker ages; enriching their monasteries with the treasures of printing, and taking care of what otherwise would have been destroyed.

At first, the Church did not apprehend any evil to itself from the extension of knowledge, and it was evident that Caxton feared none; his labors were those of a man of passing industry, devoted to his art, and most anxious to make it the means of fostering and spreading abroad a love of religion, virtue, and good manners. His great age seems not to have abated his constant application at a period when nature, worn out by the cares and trammels of life, seeks repose. He continued indefatigable, laboring with the vigor, and more than the perseverance of youth, in an occupation which, at its very commencement, he found painful, "as his frame was worne, his hande weary, and his eyes dimmed with looking on white paper." His last days were eminently characteristic of his life and character, for he employed them in translating from the French a large volume of the "Holy Lives of the Fathers Hermits living in the Deserts;" a work full of the solemn stillness of its subject, and calculated, while it weaned his heart from all worldly attachment, to exalt it above the vain solicitude of life.

Wynkyn de Worde, who was Caxton's pupil,* informs us that this work was translated in 1491, and that he finished it *the last days of his life*. Events often supply proofs that the Almighty permits the spirit to linger in its frail tenement for the accomplishment of some great object. Certainly the body wrestled with the spirit, and the old man accomplished his task, and then calmly and quietly departed. There is no record of his having been married, but his funeral expenses are rated in the Warden's account books of St. Margaret's, Westminster; six shillings and eightpence being charged for four torches, and sixpence for tolling the bell.

Cardinal Wolsey tolled an alarum bell to his memory which sounded beyond England when he wrote to the pope, "that his holiness could not be ignorant what divers effects the new invention of printing had produced;" and after complaining of its having occasioned schisms and sects in Germany, he arrives at the conclusion, "that if men were persuaded once that they would make their own way to God, and the prayers in their own native language might pierce heaven as well as in Latin, how much would the authority of the mass fall! how prejudicial might this prove to all ecclesiastical orders!" But the power of the press once manifested, could not be restrained; the revolutions that have been effected by its influence, whether for good or evil, are registered in history; and it would be difficult for us to imagine the interests, occupations, or business of a world without books. Caxton, an old man with white hair, and of a simple and steadfast, rather than a brilliant or comprehensive mind, effected more toward illuminating England, than all the mighty powers that preceded him for centuries.

We had the curiosity to visit the Almory in Westminster, to look upon the house traditionally said to have been his

* The ancient printing press, engraved above, is copied from one of the earliest representations of this "mighty engine" known. It is seen in the title-page of a book printed in 1498, by Jodocus Badius Ascensianus. It is curious, as it shows the printer at work attended by his boy inking the dabbers, and the compositor seated on one side, with his composing stick and manuscript before him. On a shelf above his head are various books. It also shows how little improvement was made in the printing press until comparatively our own times. This cut may be received as a picture of Caxton's office at the end of his industrious life.

* He was a native of Lorrain, and came into England either along with Caxton, or was afterward invited by him. He was a man of superior talent and skill, and was employed as Caxton's assistant until his death. He continued in his office as his successor till between the years 1500 and 1502, when he removed his printing office to the sign of the "Sun," in the parish of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, London, where he died in 1534, after greatly improving his art.

CAXTON'S HOUSE.

residence; we have pictured it as it was previous to its demolition a few years ago; but before we describe the *house*, let us say something of the place.

The Almonry is so termed from the foundation of an almshouse for poor women by Margaret, mother of King Henry VII. The old chapel of St. Anne also stood here, and the place was called the Eleemosynary or Almonry, because there also the alms of the abbey were anciently distributed to the poor. The whole of the ground for a considerable distance around this spot was covered by the buildings of the monastery, the Great and Little Sanctuary, and the Gate-house adjoining the Almonry. The Sanctuary was celebrated as a place of refuge for offenders from the earliest period; some writers supposing that it obtained that privilege from Edward the Confessor. A violation of sanctuary perpetrated by Thomas of Woodstock and Sir John Cobham, in the reign of Richard II., who dragged from thence Tresilian, the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and hanged him at Tyburn, was so loudly complained of by the abbot, that the offending parties were obliged publicly to ask the abbot pardon and absolution. In the reign of Henry VI., Eleanor Cobham, wife to Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, fled there; but being charged with witchcraft and high treason, (crimes imputed to her in Shakspeare's delineation of this lady,) she was refused harborage. In the reign of Henry VII. the privileges of the Sanctuary were restricted, and Elizabeth brought it under regulations so that no persons but debtors could avail themselves of it: and such were obliged to take oath that they claimed it not for fraud, but only for safety till they would pay their debts. They were then made to give up all their accounts honestly, and an inventory of all their debts and effects, which if not sufficient to pay, they were to labor to do so by all honest means. They were to attend daily prayers, be obedient to the dean, wear no weapons, or be out of the Sanctuary before sunrise or after sunset. The Gate-house was a prison for offenders in general. Here Colonel Lovelace, the poet, was confined, as were many of the royalists in the time of Cromwell. The last relic of the building was removed a few years since; it was a portion of the old wall with an ancient pointed arch; it stood at the entrance to the Dean's Yard, where the way is now to the schools.

The Little Sanctuary included that portion of ground opposite St. Margaret's Church where now stands the sessions-house, the hospital, and mews. It consisted, as lately as 1806, of a cluster of streets with gabled overhanging old plastered houses, partially decayed, and exhibiting their timber frame-work in a tottering condition. Upon pulling them down, the original gates leading to the Sanctuary were discovered, which then formed the entrance to a narrow way that received the appellation of "Thieving Lane," so given, probably, because down that lane felons were led to the old Gate-house prison; but the inhabitants may have occasioned the bestowal of the title upon the street they inhabited, for it is recorded as being haunted by the worst of characters, and a harbor for filth and pestilence.

The Almonry recently was literally worse than it *can* be represented. Prepared as we were for all that was vile and revolting in its miserable inhabitants, we were not—could not, be prepared for all we there saw. To say that it was the St. Giles's of the west end, is saying

nothing; its dark and unclean streets were the abodes of infamy. Those who, impelled by a holy wish to save from sin, visited it by day, crept cautiously along, shrinking from the haggard faces or thievish hands, that found refuge there when they could find it nowhere else. The impure district, called by a name so redolent of charity, consisted of a cluster of small streets, buried as it were between the greater thoroughfares of Westminster; which, however, had no direct communication with them but by narrow alleys and courts still narrower, several of them being mere doorways that formed dark passages in the close and murky streets, whose dim and shattered windows let the cold blast in, and the fumes and voices of maddening and most degrading dissipation out. Ragged and blear-eyed children, serving to show how hideously sin can deform even a child, peered at, and cursed us as we passed. Rushing like a pestilence, from beneath an antique doorway, came a woman intoxicated, followed by a still more intoxicated man, brandishing a broom, with which he had not power to strike; some of their "neighbors," in their savage pleasure at the chase, expressed their satisfaction by loud oaths and shouting; and a costermonger, while loading his poor donkey from a cellar with more wood than a horse ought to carry, assured a heap of moving blackness—a sweep, we believe—who was half drowning kittens in a broken crock, taking them out to see if they were dead, and then putting them in again, not heeding that their tailless mother expressed her agony by every means in her power—"that he'd leave the place next week—no one could stand it." Having made our way from this open den, we fell to conversing with ourselves as to why our righteous folk did not purify what was in the very olden time, a district sacred to deeds of love and holiness; and at last we got into Little Dean-street, by which, we afterward learned, we might have reached Caxton's house without so much annoyance as we had experienced, and which, truth to say, somewhat damped our antiquarian ardor for the time; for the day was dark, and the miserable people we encountered, darker still.

Much of this unwholesome district has since our visit been removed; a new street, of great width, is opened through its densest lanes. The squalid inhabitants have passed, we hope, to healthier localities. We now continue to describe the place as it was before the alterations and when the house called Caxton's was standing.

CAXTON'S TOMB.

Passing down Little Dean-street, the distance of some dozen houses, the lane suddenly widened, as if it were aware that, bad as it was, it contained something worth looking at; and so it did, for there stood the remarkable house here engraved: a timber and plaster erection, of three stories in height, the last story having a wooden balcony resting on the projecting windows below, with doors leading on to it; which has been traditionally called the house of William Caxton. Its antiquity cannot be safely ascribed to so early a date as the period when our printer lived, but it may have stood upon the site, or have been altered from the original structure.

The Roxburghe Club erected a monument, a few years since, to this hero of letters, in the church where he lies buried, St. Margaret's, Westminster. But England has not yet discharged its duty to its great citizen—its mighty benefactor: surely it is high time that a monument worthy of his fame should perpetuate the memory of one to whom she owes so large a debt of gratitude.

IMPATIENCE is a quality sudden, eager, and insatiable, which grasps at all, and admits of no delay; scorning to wait God's pleasure, and attend humbly and dutifully upon the issues of his wise and just providence.—*South.*

THE GOTHIC CHAPEL.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

THE Gothic chapel is entered through a porch of columns, the first in the cave that stand separate. They are massive and irregular, formed of stalactite and stalagmite, of a brownish yellow color, showing, when the lights fall upon them, like transparent amber. They are sonorous as metal, and the guide is apt to surprise visitors by striking upon them and producing a noise like the ringing of a bell. A pendent mass, formerly hanging from the ceiling and producing the most exquisitely clear-toned sounds, has unfortunately been broken off by being struck upon too powerfully.

The chapel itself covers an area of two acres, and a number of pure stalactite columns stand in the nave and support the Gothic arches of the roof, which is one hundred and twenty feet high, and formed of one solid rock. From some of the arches the stalactites hang in rich festoons, resembling the ornaments of the old cathedrals.

Four columns, forming a separate arch, stand apart from the rest in the singularity of their formation, being twisted together in irregular and grotesque shapes, as trees are sometimes seen to grow in forests. Under this arch stands a rock chair, of dimensions huge enough to accommodate the gigantic people whose bones have been dug up in the cave. A few of the pillars terminate in foliated capitals of the Corinthian style. In this vault, which is of circular form, nature presents some of her most grand and wonderful handiwork, and when the pillars

and ceiling are lighted up by the fires which it is customary to kindle for visitors, the beautiful effect is indescribable. Mr. Martin says:

"There is an apparent design in the *tout ensemble* of the chapel, a nicety in the separate elaborations which seem the result of long study and an intimate acquaintance with the arts. The pillars are so massive, and spring toward their proper arches so majestically; the tracery is so delicate, and, altogether there is so harmonious a subordination of one part to another, that we are perfectly confounded at the thought of no human hand having been employed here."

All who have written of it agree that it so far surpasses even the dome of the Mosque of St. Sophia, of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, that the beholder feels no desire to shrink them into insignificance by a comparison. Mr. Lee states that

"It excels in size the cave of Staffa, and rivals the celebrated vault in the grotto of Antiparos, considered the largest in the world. In passing through from one end to the other the dome appears to follow you like the sky as you walk along the earth. So intense is the darkness that prevails here, that the brightest fires which can be made bring out but imperfectly the walls, formed of strata of gray limestone broken roughly into steps at the base, and sloping smoothly toward the dome, which is closed by a single slab of beautifully defined outline."

The place is well named, the architecture strikingly resembling the Gothic, and the aspects of the chapel being of religious character.

In this neighborhood the most beautiful stalactites are to be seen. Dr. Bird says of them:

"Ah! here they are, pillars old and dry, for the springs that formed them have long since vanished; venerable and majestic columns, once, perhaps, white and ghastly, like so many giants in winding-sheets, but now black, withered, and mummy-like, begrimed with smoke that has been gathering around them for many generations. Here we see them in groves, looking like the trunks of an old forest at midnight, the rough concretions on the low roof looking not unlike the umbrage of thick-matted boughs, standing singly, or in cosy families—Niobe and her children, Diana and her nymphs, or any other such mythological party, that nature, like an idle sculptor, began a thousand years ago, to hew out of stone, without, however, hewing enough to enable us to guess what might have been her real intentions."

The Haunted Chambers present some stalactites of remarkable beauty, and another curious feature of them is their ceiling, which, except in the vicinity of the stalactite formations, where it is studded with all grotesque and fantastic shapes, is wonderfully white and smooth, as if finished by the trowel of the plasterer; that portion called the Register Room is specially noted for this peculiarity. The roof here slopes so low that the visitors may write or trace their names upon it with the smoke of a candle, a privilege of which thousands have availed themselves, disfiguring, for a little vanity's sake, a piece of nature's exceeding nice workmanship.

The name of Haunted Chambers is more poetical than characteristic, as it conveys the idea of a series of rooms, whereas they consist of but a single branch, of a mile in length, and fifty or sixty feet in width. There is the famous Lover's Leap, though how it obtained so romantic a name does not appear in any of the accounts to which I have had access. It consists of a rock some fourteen feet long, running to a point, and projecting over a fearful pit, filled with loose red sandstone. Here, too, is the Grand Dome, an excavation in the solid roof in the form of a cone, from which, at some former period, an immense mass of rocks must have been broken out. There are, however, no traces of them to be seen, the floor being flat and hard, so that they must either have been swallowed up by some gaping pit which they have completely filled, or swept off by some terrible inundation.

The subjoined story is said to have originated the name of Haunted Chambers: Toward their lower extremity is a room called the Salts Room, which produces considerable quantities of sulphate of magnesia, which the proprietor of the cave did not fail to turn to account. One of the miners, a new and raw hand, and of course neither very well acquainted with the cave itself, nor with the approved modes of averting or repairing accidents, to which, from the nature of their occupation, the miners were greatly exposed, became, one day, the hero of an unhappy adventure. Having been sent with an older workman to dig for sacks of salt, and finding the path perfectly plain, and consisting of a single continuous branch without windings or outlets, he conceived it to be impossible to wander from it, and on his second visit disdained the assistance of his work-mate, and trudged off alone. The circumstance being common enough, he was soon for-

gotten by his brother miners, and it was not for several hours after his disappearance, when they left work for the more agreeable duty of eating their dinner, that his absence was remarked, and his heroical resolution to make his way alone to the Salts Room remembered. It was apparent, from the time he had been gone, that some accident had befallen him, and half a dozen men, most of them negroes, stripped half naked, which was their usual working costume, were sent in search of him, a task supposed to be of no great difficulty, unless he had fallen into a pit.

Meanwhile, the poor miner, it seems, had succeeded in reaching the Salts Room, filling his sack, and retracing his steps half way toward his companions, when, finding the distance greater than he thought "ought to be, the idea entered his unlucky brain that he was perhaps going wrong. No sooner had the suspicion struck him than he fell into a violent fit of terror, dropped his sack, ran backward, then returned, then ran back again, each time more frightened and bewildered than before, until at last he ended his adventures by tumbling over a stone and putting out his lamp.

Thus left in the dark, not knowing where to turn, frightened out of his wits besides, he fell to remembering his sins, and praying with all his might for succor. But hours passed away, and assistance came not; the poor fellow's phrensy increased; he felt himself a doomed man, and thought his terrible situation a judgment imposed on him for his wickedness; nay, he even came to believe at last, that he was no longer an inhabitant of the earth; that he had been translated in the body to the place of torment; in other words, that he was in hell itself, the prey of devils, who would be presently let loose upon him. At this moment the miners in search of him made their appearance; they lighted upon his sack, lying on the ground where he had thrown it, and set up a shout, which was the first intimation of their approach. He started up, and seeing the half-naked negroes in the distance, swinging their torches aloft, and not doubting they were the identical devils, whose appearance he had been expecting, took to his heels, yelling lustily for mercy; nor did he stop, notwithstanding the amazed calls of his friends, until he had fallen a second time among the rocks, where he lay on his face, roaring for pity, till, by dint of much shaking and pulling, he was convinced that he was still in the world, and in the Mammoth Cave.

About three hundred yards from the mouth of the Haunted Chambers, proceeding along the Grand Gallery, a broad chasm is seen reaching to the ceiling, and having a floor broken and heaped with stones. This is called the ruined or rocky cave. Its ceiling is high throughout; it extends about a hundred and fifty yards, and is of nearly equal width. Some of the blocks of stone which cover the floor are of gigantic size, exceeding twenty feet in cubic dimensions, and weighing six hundred tons. Spread out for inspection in this cave is a curious Indian relic, in the shape of woven bark, but whether it once covered the shoulders of warrior or queen, it is impossible to tell.

A hundred yards further on, where the Grand Gallery curves majestically, there lies an oblong rock pointed like a ship's prow, and called the steamboat, which it is said, somewhat wittily, to resemble very much, except that it has neither wheels nor wheel-houses, not to mention smoke stacks, and all the superstructure of pilot-house, guards, cabin, etc. Behind this steamboat, snagged among stones, there is a small, but direct passage, through which a circular room, with a low roof, and rugged and hollow floor, is easily accessible. This room is the vestibule of the Deserted Chambers. In the hollow floor, which is covered with loose sand and gravel, there are two different holes, called the Dog and Snake Hole, large enough only to admit one person at a time. Descending through either of these to a depth of twenty or thirty feet, the explorer finds himself in the Deserted Chambers, to many visitors the most terrific portion of the cave, for he finds himself bewildered by a labyrinth of passages from which no sagacity or courage of his own could remove him, a chaos of winding branches, once the beds of subterraneous streams, and he almost dreads, at each step, to see the banished floods come roaring in upon him from some midnight chamber. Now he beholds great rocks, mighty flakes scaling from the roof, hanging over him, in some places so low that he must stoop to pass under them, yet suspended from the roof only by a single corner. "What

was the sword of Damocles to these treacherous traps, that would, any of them, provided it should fall, smash a rhinoceros as easily as a basket of eggs?"

Here and there the floor echoes under his feet, in intimation of the terrible pits from which he is separated only by a thin and treacherous shell of stone. There are also horrible chasms, over which he can push the loose rocks, and hear them rumbling and crushing down the immeasurable depths. Far below in hidden streams he can hear the roaring and tumbling of waterfalls, as if in frantic searches for the light. And here, of all places, is the one to try the experiment of what darkness and solitude are; for it is said by those who have had the courage, that no solitary prisoner, and no lost man on a desolate island, has any conception of what they really are. A recent writer says:

"Let him sit upon some fragment of rock, put out his lamp, and read such a lesson of his impotence and insignificance as not even the stars or the billows of the ocean can teach him. ° ° °

"Sitting in this darkness, which is thick as lampblack, listening to the complaining waters, a melancholy steals over our spirits, and we long for the bright and beautiful world we have left behind. Who could believe, in this dismal cave, that earth was otherwise than a paradise? that rogues and rascals made part of its population?"

And he goes on to say that we only remember there the good and the pure, the just and the gentle—those for whose society we yearn with pleasant sorrow—those whose love alone could make light in the terrible darkness.

It would appear from all accounts that a great many tender confessions have been whispered in the Mammoth Cave; the walls in some places are quite written over with sentimental sorrow and devotion.

"The mystery of its power over the heart," says one who has speculated upon it, "we must leave to be solved by philosophers."

To my mind, the solution requires no very great depth of philosophy: all things truly great, be they thunders or poems, sunsets or caverns, awaken the holiest emotions of our natures, and it is natural we should seek to record them in some way, where utterance and sympathy are denied.

The evidence of this propensity of human nature which the Mammoth Cave presents, does not strike me ludicrously, though generally its tendency seems to have been toward the humorous. Dr. Bird, to whose admirable account we are already under great obligations, of some special locality discourseth thus:

"The chinks of the wall are stuck full of written papers, in which sundry full-hearted personages have acquainted the Mammoth Cave with the state of their affections. Here one confiding, and we doubt not youthful person, who signs his name in full, it may be Charles Henry Tender, or Allheart, or anything else—assures Miss Lavinia Small, Peabody, or Pettibones, that he visited the Mammoth Cave at such a date, and that he adores her, and will continue to do so as long as the rocks hold together; there another son of the soul, who writes a good hand, somewhat the worse for bad paper and moldy ink, and spells nothing right except his own name, declares that he was educated at such a college, and will ever hold his Alma Mater in honor and affection; also, Miss Angelina B., diffidently leaving her name to be guessed at. Then comes another edition of Miss Small and Mr. Tender, under other names; and then another and another without end—memorials of fond hearts and foolish heads."

He felt inclined, our author tells us, to pocket some of these secrets breathed in the confessional, but, on second thoughts, returned them to their niches to rot, as had, perhaps, the hands that penned them.

In one of the halls there is a stack of crystals, somewhat resembling a woman, upon which thousands of visitors have left their cards for the invisible genius of the cave. Some few have left less pleasing mementoes in the disfiguration of beauties that can never be replaced. In vain the guide protests against these wanton defilements, for if there be within a man no restraining influence, he will not be likely to pay respect to the remonstrance of a slave.

The Star Chamber is by all visitors conceded to be the most curiously-interesting portion of the cave. It is a long hall of wonderful magnificence; the roof is flat and dark, and studded with brilliant spar, resembling constellations in the sky. On entering this chamber it is customary for the guide to remove the lanterns and place them in a side niche, when the subdued light makes the illusion almost perfect; the visitor finding it hard to persuade himself he is not looking at the midnight sky from some dark hollow of the outer world. The side walls are of a light color, with huge pillars of darker gray standing out from them, and drawing together in massive arches at the top, but they do not reach

THE STAR CHAMBER.

within a foot of the ceiling, between which and the side walls no connection is discernible. The contrast of the black roof and the gray side walls has the effect of lifting up the former to an immense height, and the beholder unconsciously begins to look for the moon, that must, he fancies, be turning her golden furrows in the clouds. But its splendors silently rebuke the poor effort of description, which at the best is like the attempt to enlarge the liberal air,

> "And pour fresh light into the diamond,
> To herald that the fragrant rose is fair,
> And that the sun in beauty doth abound."

Each visitor, however, has his favorite localities, and special points of impressiveness.

Gorin's Dome, Mr. Willis tells us, was the first point where his commonplace sensations positively lost themselves in enthusiasm. He says:

"There I made the discovery that there were places of which I had never before conceived the character and existence—utter novelties—effects of form, structure, space, and combination, which were strangely unexpected, and at the same time flooded, satiated, and staggered the craving sense of the love of the wonderful."

It is usual for the guide to leave the visitor at a window of the Dome, while he enters it and makes an illumination with sheets of medicated paper, called Bengal lights. Mr. Willis, to whose admirable account of the cave we are already greatly indebted, continues:

"In my turn I put my head into the rocky window, and looked down, first into a profound abyss, and then up to a height of which I could see no termination, and it was hard to realize that such vast depths and altitudes were all under ground—graves dug, and trees growing far over head; but it was not the extent upward and downward that formed its novelty and beauty. It was like a steeple built over a gulf, but both steeple and gulf seemed curtained with uncut velvet of creamy richness, fringed at all its folds and edges with elaborate embroidery. The stalactical ooze which had been employed since the deluge, or since creation, in draping and embellishing this cavernous temple, had fallen in fluted folds, like the most massive, yet artistic drapery, and with its superb doublings and overlayings, it was indeed the upholstery of giants. A tyrant would forbid his courtiers to see such a place, for the contrast would impoverish his grandeur. The damask and velvet of a throne would look scanty and poor after it. Height and depth together, this magnificent dome measures three hundred feet; the window is one hundred and sixty feet from the bottom, and the situation of it about two miles from the entrance of the cave."

We shall have to pass wonders upon wonders without comment, referring the reader to the many detailed accounts already printed, and crowd together numbers of others without regularity of arrangement or special description, which would, we fear, be wearisome to the general reader, as there must necessarily be a good deal of repetition.

There are black chambers with shaggy and irregular ceilings, perforated with great holes as big as hogsheads, through which, for the most part, the water runs drippingly and dully, but after the heavy spring rains, with a dash and roar that make the rocky walls tremble. There is a great pit whose gaping mouth receives the torrents, and about which those

"Rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell,"

would appear to have been scattered. They are sometimes loosened by the rush of the waters and borne crushingly down into the midnight darkness, where the eye cannot follow them. The possibility of being overtaken by some sudden inundation is one of the not very agreeable suggestions of the Black Chamber. An accident happened here a few years ago that is not very well calculated to quiet the nerves.

An inexperienced guide having conducted a visitor into this chamber, they for some time employed themselves in searches for new pits and branches. It was a stormy winter day, and the black holes in the roof were found to be pouring in water more liberally than usual, but not in alarming quantities. They had crawled through various chutes and recesses, and reached the farthest extremity of the cave, when they were startled from their equanimity by a sudden rumbling and roaring, distant indeed, but of terrible significance. The general silence of the cave, it must be remembered, is so deep as to render the least sound noticeable, and any considerable noise, frightful. Fast as possible they began to retrace their steps, but on reaching the mouth of one of the small passages through which they had to crawl, they found it pouring down a flood of water. Astounded and affrighted, yet rejoiced to find the escape was not entirely cut off, they splashed through, and rushed forward, the loose stones sliding beneath their feet and rattling down the crevices and gaps of the floor as they went. Every moment it became more evident that torrents were pouring into the cave through every cleft and fissure, and the terrific din seemed to warrant the supposition that some of the lesser openings must be quite filled up. There was no time for consideration, and the guide, resolutely climbing up to one of the chutes, was met by a shower of spray that immediately extinguished his torch. He perceived, however, that the path was still open to the Garret Hole, to reach which would save himself and friend from dying the death of drowned rats. He crept a little back and relighted his torch, but finding it insufficient to resist the spray and whirling eddies of air, he manfully substituted his shirt for the torch, and with that flaming aloft, and calling his friend to follow, made a gallant rush, and defeated the hungry flood. This story should warn visitors to this part of the cave from being found *shiftless*.

This portion of the cave, as its name denotes, is grand and terrible, yet the chambers contain nothing very remarkable. Their entire area is strewn with rocks, tumbled together in the wildest confusion, and they present several domes, arching over mountains of fallen stones, and some stalactites and clusters of crystals. The greatest curiosities are four or five piles of rocks, looking like rude altars, and so denominated.

The main entrance to these chambers is their special peculiarity: it is through narrow and contorted windings called the

Black Chimneys, and though they are not very difficult of access, by these dark and crooked ways, the exit is altogether another matter. About the tops of these chimneys there is the same chaotic confusion of rocks as the floor presents, so it is sometimes a difficult task to find the chimneys, especially if any sudden danger confuses the mind. To add to the difficulty, there are numberless holes leading to nothing, that in appearance precisely resemble the chimneys.

A few years ago two gentlemen were introduced to these chambers by a guide not so familiar with them as guides are supposed to be, and having become wearied with researches, and proposing to return, they made the unpleasant discovery that the feat was not of the easiest accomplishment. The guide flew like a swallow from chimney to chimney, peeped into them, and out again. Not one could he find leading to any region of which he had any knowledge. He began to think the rocks must have fallen and filled up the passages while he and his friends had been exploring the further extremity of the chambers.

A terrible scene ensued; each man, "like a body that had been seven days dead," floated upon his fears. Here was one of those extremities that

> "Force us to feel
> The desolation and the agony
> Of our wrong doings,"

and make us know how very dear to us "are the sweet infants that but yesterday laughed at our breasts."

After a season of blind tossings and tumblings, our explorers became nearly frenzied, and declared they would rather die by their own hands, than endure the agony of being longer sealed up in a living tomb. The only question was whether each should destroy himself, or whether, devoted to the awfulest duty of friendship, they should perform the last solemn office for each other. Fortunately, while the discussion was pending, the guide stumbled upon one of the chimneys, and the catastrophe ended in a happy but somewhat ludicrous scramble.

Doubtless there is some danger of being entrapped in the intricate passages of the cave, but the alarm and confusion of any unexpected difficulty increases it a thousandfold.

The black rocks along every path where there is likely to be any confusion, are marked with pointing arrows made of white chalk, and the rocks about the chimneys have a liberal share, so that with the exercise of a moderate degree of philosophy there is little real danger.

Furthest removed from the light of day are found the White Halls. Here abound ocher, gypsum, chalcedony, and salts; the latter, which hangs in loose flakes from one of the ceilings, produces the most surprisingly-beautiful effect—the least breath brings them down like a snow-shower. These White Halls are built of stalactites, and every inch of them is a study of brilliant crystallization.

Dismal Hollow is in the vicinity of these Halls. In the outer world

> "Fate links strange, strange contrasts,
> And the scaffold's gloom is neighbor'd by the altar,"

and here, too, it appears, she joins her opposites. It affords no chance for the eye to get away or to rest, being overhung by a concave of jagged rocks, and floored by a hollow to match.

The Ball Room, a splendid hall with projecting galleries, and roof lined with brilliant varieties of spar, and studded with crystallizations, is in close vicinity to Satan's Council Chamber, in the center of whose vast amphitheater of gloom rises a pile of rocks to the height of a hundred feet, and shaped at the top something like a chair: this is called Satan's Throne, and is set round with numerous stalagmites and stalactites, which, under the gleam of the torches, present the most brilliant effects.

"In this Council Chamber, the rocks, with singular appropriateness, change from an imitation of Gothic architecture to that of the Egyptian. The dark massive walls resemble a series of Egyptian tombs, in dull and heavy outline." There is here an angle which forms the meeting of several avenues, and is one of the finest points of observation which the entire cave presents. Lights are usually kindled here, and the startling splendor of the effect, as the gigantic proportions of frieze and column are brought out, with grotesque figures, many-colored domes and fine galleries, must be seen to be appreciated. The lights, checking and streaking the heavy masses of shadow, produce contrasts that are alike beautiful and surprising.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MILITARY ELEPHANTS.

IN these last days, the elephant is in his own country a beast either of burden or parade, while in ours he is an object either of vulgar or scientific curiosity, shut up in a cage to be gazed at through the bars. Let us turn away for a moment from the spectacle of his degradation to reflect on what he was in his better days, when he was the hero, not of a village fair or of a circus, but of battle-fields, on which nations contended for supremacy, and his trumpet gave the signal for attack.

The distinguished position which, from the earliest period, the elephant held in the estimation of the nations inhabiting the banks of the Ganges, is evidenced in the mythology and archæology of these peoples, as in their poetry and traditions. Indra, the mightiest of their secondary gods, the ruler of the air, and wielder of the thunders of heaven, is always represented seated upon an elephant; Ganesa, the god of wisdom and science, is symbolized under the figure of a man with the head of an elephant; a symbol which, according to our notions, ought to have been reversed, but which is undeniably very complimentary to the animal to whose strength all honor is also done in the Indian dogma, that the earth owes its stability to its being upborne upon the backs of eight elephants. The name of this animal is furthermore associated, in Indian epics and romances, with those of kings and heroes; and there were times when the favor of an elephant proved an adventurer's passport to the confidence of the people. Such was the case with Sandrocottus, who drove the Macedonians out of India, and established his own dominion over a great part of the country, and who partially owed his success to the fact of his having made the people believe that a wild elephant had presented itself to him, had allowed him to get upon its back, and had become his guide and his defender.

The reverence in which this docile and sagacious quadruped was held by the nations of India, did not, however, prevent them from turning its strength and docility to more useful purposes than those of religious and royal pageantry; and thus we find these animals holding a very prominent position in the numerous armies set on foot by Indian potentates at various periods, and a position, not of beasts of burden, as in the present day, but as armed warriors, bearing a conspicuous part in the battle.

This heroic period of the elephants must have commenced at a much earlier date than any recorded by history; but the first mention of these animals in their character of warriors, by the historians of antiquity, is in connection with the war which the far-famed Semiramis is said to have waged against Strabobates, King of India. This prince enjoying, according to Diodorus Siculus, a great advantage over the Assyrians, inasmuch as his armies were strengthened by the presence of a number of elephants, the Assyrian queen, to place herself on an equality with the enemy, whose country was believed to be the only one that produced the animals *in natura*, devised the stratagem of producing them artificially. For this purpose, we are told, she ordered three hundred thousand black oxen to be slaughtered, and of their hides, sewn together and stuffed with straw, she constructed a certain number of elephant effigies. To render these more lifelike, a living camel and a man to guide its movements were placed in each; but, in spite of all the art exercised, nature proved the strongest, for the Assyrian princess was defeated, and her army totally routed. It is, however, more likely that the heroic princess had recourse to this singular artifice to inspirit her own troops than to intimidate her adversary; for we are told that Perseus, King of Macedonia, when engaged in war with the Romans, who had then also adopted the use of elephants in their armies, had recourse to a similar expedient to familiarize his men and horses with the uncouth appearance of the huge animals. On this occasion, a man with a trumpet was placed in the interior of each simulated elephant, to accustom the horses to their piercing cries. The terror inspired by the elephants, armed not only with the formidable weapons with which nature has endowed them, but having, moreover, sharp swords attached to their tusks, and towers manned with sharpshooters on their backs, and having their foreheads and broad ears, which they lift up and spread out when enraged, painted red, blue, or white, to add to the hideousness of their appearance, seems to have been one of the chief causes of the havoc inflicted among troops unac-

customed to the sight of them. And the Romans also, though disdaining such puerile devices as we have mentioned above, yet acting upon Tacitus's principle that in every battle defeat commences with the eyes, adopted various measures to secure their troops against the panic so frequently inspired by these quadruped warriors. Elephants that were captured were publicly exposed to the people, who were encouraged to examine and even to torment them; and not only were gladiators made to combat them, but in order to cover the animals with opprobrium and ridicule, and thus to diminish the awe with which they were regarded, they were driven round the public arenas with hues and cries and common sticks, by individuals belonging to the lowest and most contemptible classes of the community. Cæsar, with wiser discretion still, regularly trained his men to combat the elephants, pointing out to their notice the most vulnerable points in the body of the animals, which were, moreover, armed and protected in the same way as in the armies of the enemy. How terrific the aspect of an elephant must have been in antiquity to those who had never before seen one, is attested by the fact that Alexander the Great is reported to have said, on beholding for the first time a line of these animals drawn up in the front of Porus's army, stretching forth their snake-like trunks, and uttering their shrill cries, that never before had he encountered an enemy so worthy of his courage. The impassibility of Fabius is also mentioned with admiration, when, in the midst of a conversation, Pyrrhus suddenly exposed to his view the largest of his elephants. "Thy gold did not seduce me yesterday," said the noble Roman with imperturbable coolness; "thy monster does not terrify me to-day."

The Greeks who followed Alexander on his expedition to India, were the first Europeans who encountered elephants on the field of battle; but during the centuries that intervened between the death of the Macedonian hero and the last days of the Roman republic, these animals played a prominent part in almost every battle fought within the territories stretching from the Caucasus to the Alps, and from the Euphrates to the Columns of Hercules. The successors of Alexander introduced them to the Western world. The Lagidæ and Seleucidæ employed great numbers in their armies. Antipater introduced them into Greece, and Pyrrhus carried a certain number with him into Italy, thus affording the Romans an opportunity of becoming acquainted with an instrument of war which they were subsequently so frequently to encounter in their life-and-death struggle with the Carthaginians. This latter people are supposed first to have adopted the use of these animals in war when they found themselves threatened by the growing power of the Ptolemies, who employed them in vast numbers. The Romans, last of all, following the example of the nations with whom they had to contend, made a feeble attempt to introduce elephants into their armies, but they soon again abandoned the idea, being averse to the use of any expedient likely to reduce the reliance of their soldiers on their own personal strength and prowess.

The Greek writer, Alianus, gives a description of the military organization of the elephants, according to which they were divided into what we would now term brigades, each consisting of sixty-four animals, and called a phalanx. This was again subdivided into minor sections, bearing names derived from Greek tactics. The commander-in-chief of the elephants was called Elephantarque among the Greeks, and Magister Elephantarium among the Latins; he enjoyed the greatest consideration, and in rank was only second to the commander-in-chief of the whole army. The officers commanding the subordinate divisions bore titles derived from the names of these, and ranked according to the number of animals under their orders. Each elephant was known by a particular name, and had its special attendant or conductor, called Elephantagogue in Greek, and Moderator Belluæ in Latin; to whom it generally became so much attached, that instances are mentioned of the most poignant grief evinced by elephants whose conductors had been killed in battle. The Elephantagogue was seated on the neck of the animal, and directed its movements by his voice, and by means of an iron bar, about a foot in length, rounded at one end and pointed at the other, in the same manner as elephants are managed to this day in India.

The first inducements to the use of elephants in war were no doubt the strength, intelligence, and docility of these animals,

coupled with the terrible ferocity of their nature when roused to anger; but more than all, the impenetrability of their skin, which, at a period when fire-arms were unknown, gave an immense superiority to the armies in which they were employed. The principal service rendered by them was to break the order of battle of the enemy, for which reason they were generally marched in front of the attacking army. The closest ranks, the most compact squares, gave way before the tremendous shock of these animated masses, which, in addition to the ravages caused by the mere impulsion of their weight, inflicted with their tusks the most frightful wounds; while with their trunks—that most admirable organ which unites the firmness of a lever with the suppleness necessary for the performance of the most delicate operations—they seized the soldiers in the midst of the *mêlée*, suffocated them in its folds, hurled them to a distance, or handed them up to the warriors seated on their own backs. If elephants were employed in both the conflicting armies, the most terrible combats would sometimes ensue between the brutes themselves, which generally terminated only with the death of one of the combatants.

Indeed, if the elephants inflicted severe sufferings on their adversaries, they did not escape from the like themselves, for the qualities that made them so formidable in attack, necessitated the invention of the most cruel means for combating them. They were cut down by scythes attached to war-chariots; they were battered down by missiles hurled from huge catapults, otherwise used for making breaches in stone walls; they were harassed by soldiers clad in armor bristling all over with iron spikes, which made the men almost invulnerable, while the spikes inflicted grievous wounds on the elephants at every touch; they were hamstrung by other men especialy trained to the work; their trunks were mowed off with sickles invented for the purpose; they were terrified by blazing torches hurled in their faces, and overwhelmed with volleys of ignited balls of sulphur, tallow, and rosin, or tufts of burning hemp saturated with pitch or petroleum; they were assailed with darts and javelins wrapped in burning hemp, and which, burying themselves in the skin of the elephants, and remaining attached to it, caused the most cruel tortures; lastly, they were scared by the din of trumpets and by the squealing of frightened pigs, for which animal they were believed to entertain a strong antipathy. This expedient seems to have been applied with great effect by the inhabitants of Megara, when Antipater was besieging their city, and had brought up for the assault a great number of elephants, which in this case, as in several others mentioned in history, had probably been trained to demolish walls. A large flock of swine, having been tarred and set on fire, were driven out of the city toward the Macedonian camp, where the cries of the poor tortured animals spread such terror among the elephants, that they took to flight, and threw the whole army into the greatest confusion. Antipater, willing to be taught by experience, gave orders that in future his elephants should be educated in company with swine, in order to accustom them with these animals. An amusing instance of the defeat of an elephant by a pig is told by Procopius. Chosroes the Great, having laid siege to Edessa, proposed penetrating into the city by means of bridges thrown from the towers on the backs of his elephants to the parapets of the ramparts. One of the elephants had approached so near the walls as to render the attempt feasible, and the archers in his tower were making great havoc among the Romans, when a soldier of the garrison proposed that a pig should be hoisted over the wall in a sling. The expedient proved successful; the piercing cries of the terrified pig soon sent his bulky enemy off at a brisk trot, in spite of all the endeavors of the elephant's conductor to make him return to the charge.

Besides the services rendered in this way by the elephants in attacks on fortified places, by affording facilities for placing the assaulters on a level with the works they were about to attack, they were furthermore trained to tear up palisades with their trunks, and to undermine walls with their tusks, or to bear them down with the weight of their bodies; sometimes also helping to demolish them with their trunks, which were protected for the occasions with leather casings.

However, all the advantages derived from the use of elephants in war were counterbalanced by the enormous injury these animals inflicted upon the armies in which they were employed when they were

driven back upon these by the efforts of the enemy, or when a sudden panic spread among them from some cause or other; for, however docile when led on to the attack, they were perfectly ungovernable when seized by rage or terror, and the disasters arising in consequence were of such constant recurrence, that toward the close of the Roman republic a stop was put to the military career of our heroes for a period of about three hundred years. But though almost entirely disappearing from the military annals of the West during this interval, and, indeed, in a great measure from those of Asia, they continued to hold a prominent, though a less dignified position in public life and public favor in Rome; and the feats performed by them in the arena of the circus and the amphitheater, where they were then commonly introduced, far surpassed any they had achieved on the field of battle. In the spectacles offered to the Roman people during the Empire, we are told that elephants not only executed military evolutions and danced the Pyrrhic dance, but that they gave burlesque representations and performed veritable pantomimes. A troop of these animals is described as appearing in the arena clad in the costume of dramatic actors, and going through the mazes of a dance; others, divided into groups of four, carried among them on a litter a fifth elephant, dressed to represent a sick lady, and afterward sat down at a table, and partook of dinner out of gold and silver dishes, with a grotesque ease and self-complacence that called forth shouts of laughter from the spectators; others performed the still more extraordinary feat of walking up and down ropes stretched from the floor of the arena to the top of the inclosure; and altogether the animals exhibited an amount of capacity and training which makes us feel that, whatever may be the case with the human race, the elephantine race has certainly not progressed since the times of the Romans. The fêtes with which the Emperor Philip celebrated the one-thousandth anniversary of the foundation of Rome, was the last occasion on which the elephants appeared in numbers as contributors to the amusement of the Roman people: but before this, the Roman legions had to encounter them again on the field of battle in their military capacity. This was during the wars of the Empire with the Persians, who employed these animals in large numbers; but they were never reintroduced into the armies of the West; and though they continued in use among the Asiatic nations as late as the times of Hyder Ali and Nadir Shah, in whose armies they appeared in vast numbers, their utter inutility as military instruments after the introduction of fire-arms, at length became evident to these conservative people also; and though elephants still figure in Indian armies, it is in the humble capacity of beasts of burden, not in that of participators in the excitement and glory of battle.

THE OLD MAN AND THE CHILDREN.

Spring was busy in the woodlands,
Climbing up from peak to peak,
As an old man sat and brooded,
With a flush upon his cheek.

Many years press'd hard upon him,
And his living friends were few,
And from out the somber future
Troubles drifted into view.

There is something moves one strangely
In old ruins gray with years;
Yet there's something far more touching
In an old face wet with tears.

And he sat there, sadly sighing
O'er his feebleness and wrongs,
Though the birds outside his window
Talk'd of summer in their songs!

But, behold, a change comes o'er him:
Where are all his sorrows now?
Could they leave his heart as quickly
As the gloom-clouds left his brow?

Up the green slope of his garden,
Past the dial, he saw run
Three young girls with bright eyes shining
Like their brown heads in the sun!

There was Fanny, famed for wisdom;
And fair Alice, famed for pride;
And one that could say, "Uncle,"
And said little else beside.

And that vision startled memories,
That soon hid 'all scenes of strife,
Sending floods of hallow'd sunshine
Through the ragged rents of life.

Then they took him from his study,
Through long lanes and tangled bowers
Out into the shaded valleys,
Richly tinted o'er with flowers.

And he bless'd their merry voices
Singing round him as he went,
For the sight of their wild gladness
Fill'd his own heart with content.

And that night there came about him
Far-off meadows pictured fair,
An old woods in which he wander'd,
Ere he knew the names of care;
And he said, "These angel-faces
Take the whiteness from one's hair!"

CURIOSITIES OF DEATH.

A COLLECTION of remarkable facts relating to death cannot but be interesting, and it ought to be useful, as death is an enemy whom all must encounter, although, in a certain sense, it depends upon ourselves whether the contest shall end in a victory or a defeat.

ANTECEDENTS OF DEATH.

A SPECIES of resuscitation sometimes occurs before death. The patient appears as if about to recover; but the temporary flash is soon over, and the lamp of life burns no longer. It has been, and perhaps still is, the custom to place a looking-glass or a feather near the lips, to see whether death has really taken place; but it is said to be a better method to examine the chest and abdomen, one or both of which will rise and fall so long as respiration goes on. Death first produces a relaxation of the muscles, afterward they contract, and then this state of contraction disappears. We are told that the expression of the face of the dead mainly depends upon the degree of this contraction; and if this be true, it may tend to dissipate the distress which sorrowing friends sometimes feel at the painful-looking features of a corpse.

SOLDIERS AND DEATH.

CÆSAR desired that mode of death which was most sudden and unforeseen. Gustavus Adolphus was accustomed to say that no man was happier than he who died while pursuing his calling; and Nelson wished to die in battle. "You know that I always desired to die in this way," said Moore at Corunna. Marshal Villars was told, when dying, that the Duke of Berwick had been killed at the siege of Berwick. "I have always said that he was more fortunate than myself," he remarked. "Soldiers that carry their lives in their hands, should carry the grace of God in their hearts." So says an old divine; and would that his words were imprinted on the heart of every soldier.

LAST MOMENTS OF THE DYING.

FOR centuries it was customary, both in England and on the continent, to jerk the pillow from under the head of dying persons, to hasten their departure. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die," remarked William Hunter. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable." "I thought that dying had been more difficult," was the remark of Louis XIV. "I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Suarer the theologian. "Calmer and calmer," was the reply of the dying Schiller, when asked how he felt. "Happy!" said Sir James Mackintosh, under the same circumstances. "It is delightful!" answered an expiring Christian, whose heart faltered with every pulse, and whose every breath was a convulsion, to the inquiry, "Are you in pain?" There was a swell on the sea as Collingwood lay dying, and Captain Thomas expressed a fear that this disturbed the admiral. "No, Thomas," said he, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and all who love me to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." Physical causes, perhaps, render dying a gentle falling asleep in some cases; but when the conscience is sprinkled with that blood which cleanseth from all sin, death may well be a season of indescribable peace. It is, however, the life, and not the death, that shows most unerringly a man's religious principles.

A bystander observing, as he thought, that Dr. Wollaston's mind was gone, the dying philosopher made a sign for a pencil and paper, and wrote down some figures, which he then cast up. Montaigne met with an accident, and was thought to be dead. His first tokens of life resembled those which frequently usher in death; but his own sensations were by no means painful. "Methought," he says, "my life only hung upon my lips, and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go." In attacks of asthma, there is apparently much suffering, and yet Dr. Campbell was nearly taken off by this disease a few months before he actually died of it. He rallied, and his first words were those of astonishment at the saddened features of his friends; for his own feelings, he said, had been rapturous at the prospect of immediate death. Surely the bodily suffering must have been small where the mind was so intensely happy.

The son of Burke heard his parents weeping over his early death. He arose and went to his father; he attempted to

draw him into a cheerful conversation, but Burke could not answer him. The dying youth again endeavored to comfort his father: "I am under no terror," he said; "I feel myself better, and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir; talk of religion, talk of morality, talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects." A noise caught his attention; it was the wind blowing through the trees. He repeated the lines of Milton:

"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines;
With every plant in sign of worship wave!"

He took up this noble passage a second time, waved his hand, and sank lifeless into his father's arms.

Dr. Armstrong died speaking on medical subjects. The last words of Napoleon were, "*Tête d'Armée.*" Lord Tenterden said, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict," when expiring. And Dr. Adam said, "It grows dark; the boys may dismiss," and died. A woman, who had an unquenchable thirst for scandal, and a most crafty caution in repeating it, fell into a sort of delirium on her deathbed. Her miserable propensity was now exposed in uncovered deformity. "I verily believe," declared her husband, "that she repeated in that single day every word she had heard against anybody from the time she was a child." The tears of her children over this saddening outbreak of malevolence were disregarded; and truly the scene must have been a painful example of the bitter fruits which spring from a pampered vice.

DEATH BY DROWNING, ETC.

Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator, was recovered from drowning. He states: "All my views and ideas seemed instantly and entirely changed, and I had sensations of the most perfect felicity that it is possible, independently of rapture, for the human mind to feel. I had no pain from the moment I was submerged; a kind of green color became visible to me; a multitude of objects were seen, not one of which, however, bore the least analogy to anything I had ever beheld before."

In another instance, we are told that the individual had no sense whatever of suffocation. He saw the sun shining through the water, and had a dreamy feeling that he should see it no more. But he felt no fear, nor any desire for rescue. Mothe-le-Vayer was told by a friend that his delight in groping at the bottom of the water was so great that he even had a feeling of anger toward those who drew him out.

The idea of being frozen to death is perhaps connected with that of intense suffering in many minds; and yet this connection appears to be an imaginary one. During the retreat from Moscow, the soldiers perishing with cold desired to be allowed to sleep on, for sleep was delightful, though it ended in death. A friend of Boyle's was seized with the drowsiness which intense cold produces while comfortably seated upon a sledge. He stated that he had neither the power nor the will to seek for aid, and that he should have welcomed death had not his companions discovered in what a perilous state he was. Great cold sometimes causes those who suffer from it to appear as if intoxicated.

CHRISTIAN DEATH-BEDS.

A remarkable and deeply-interesting fact remains to be noticed. We will introduce it in a quotation from an account of the death of Dr. James Hope, an eminent metropolitan physician: "Looking fixedly before him, he murmured, 'Christ! angels! beautiful! magnificent! delightful!' and then turning to me with a look as if reassuring me, 'Indeed it is.'" In an account of the death of the lady known as an authoress by the name of Charlotte Elizabeth, we read that just before she died, her husband had alluded to a deaf-mute whom this lady had benevolently adopted. She had frequently said, that he would be one of the first to welcome her to heaven; and had been accustomed to remark, that she wished to think of him when she was dying. When near death, her eyes remained almost closed until the final moment, except for an instant, when she opened them with an intense expression of wonder and joy.

It is poor philosophy to assert that the inference is visionary which appears naturally to follow from such scenes as these. Rather let us draw the rational conclusion, that the soul may be favored with bright glimpses of that world into which it is about to enter, than rashly to decide that all is but an optical delusion. We fear not to avow that our own faith is cheered and strengthened by such dying testimonies.

SKETCHES OF HUMANE INSTITUTIONS.

THE BLIND.

THE privations of the blind have, in all ages, attracted the attention, and, to some extent, the sympathies of the masses. Poets (some of whom were themselves confined to "ever-during dark") have bemoaned in plaintive lays their sad fate. Orators, with magic power, have portrayed the beauties of nature, and contrasted these glories with the sable pall which surrounds the unfortunate blind. Novelists have drawn tears from the eyes of their readers by their skillful delineation of the woes and miseries to which the loss of sight subjects them; yet amid all these expressions of sympathy, long ages passed, and, aside from the pittance contributed by the charitable to the blind beggar by the way side, none devised any means for their instruction or improvement. Yet Nature, or rather the providence of God, had endowed some of these hapless beings with talent and genius superior to that of most of those who enjoy the blessing of sight, and ever and anon, one would elevate himself from the mass of the undistinguished blind, and make good his claim to an exalted rank among those whom "the world would not willingly let die." There is too much uncertainty, perhaps, in regard to Homer, to allow us to claim him as one of those whose genius triumphed over blindness, though tradition is very positive on the point; but history presents numerous examples of persons who, triumphing over all the obstacles occasioned by the loss of sight, have attained to the very highest distinction. We might name a host of these in ancient as well as modern times, for genius has been confined to no age or era.

Passing over the cases of the theologian Eusebius in the fourth century, whose treatises form so important a portion of the works of the Christian fathers, and who became blind at the age of five years; of Achmed ben Solyman, in the tenth century, whose poems rank highest in that palmy period of Saracen literature, when Arabia was the home of arts and letters; and of Salinas, the Spanish scholar and author of the sixteenth century, whose treatise *De Musicâ* is still a classic; we will only speak of a few of the more recent among the eminent blind. Preëminent, among poets of every age, stands John Milton, yet few or none of his poems were written till after he became blind. The "Paradise Lost," the third great epic of the world, is in no respect inferior to its predecessors, the "Iliad" and "Æneid," yet it was composed years after he lost his sight. Nicholas Sanderson, a mathematician, who has had few superiors, and who was for many years a very popular lecturer at the University of Cambridge, on every department of pure and mixed mathematics, explaining, with extraordinary ability, even the laws of optics, was blind from infancy. He died in 1739. Euler, whose Algebraic works are to this day text-books in Europe, and whose reputation as a mathematician was hardly inferior to that of Sanderson, was also blind in his later years, and prepared several mathematical works after losing his sight. Huber, the naturalist, whose works on Bees and Ants are the most accurate monographs on these insects yet published, was blind from the age of seventeen.

Of eminent musical composers and performers very many have been blind; among the number are Mademoiselle de Paradis, of Vienna, whose extraordinary musical talents produced the most intense excitement in Paris in 1784; John Stanley, the author of the sublime "Oratorio of Jephtha;" Parry, the Welsh harper, and Oliver Shaw, of Providence, R. I., who occupied the very first rank as a musical composer.*

We ought not to omit also the names of John Metcalf, the blind surveyor of Knaresborough, England, who, though blind from infancy, attained to the highest eminence as a road surveyor and contractor; Gambasius, of Volterre, the blind sculptor, whose statue of Urban VIII. excites the admiration of connoisseurs, and Montal, the most eminent piano-forte manufacturer of Paris. This catalogue might be indefinitely increased, but those we have named are sufficient to demonstrate that, spite of all the disabilities of their misfortune, individuals among the blind have, in these various departments of science and art,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

* The English journals are, while our article is passing through the press, speaking in the very highest terms of Picco, an Italian peasant, blind from infancy, whose performance of the most difficult pieces of music, upon a shepherd's pipe, has excited the astonishment of the most eminent musicians of London and Paris.

attained to as high a position as those endowed with vision.

In this respect they greatly surpass the deaf-mutes, who, though attaining in many instances to a respectable mediocrity of talent, have never yet, owing, no doubt, mainly to the circuitous methods by which they are compelled to acquire and to express their ideas, achieved any remarkable distinction in science or art.

But if the intellectual attainments of the blind are superior those of the deaf-mutes, the latter have very greatly the advantage of the former, in their ability to maintain themselves by physical labor. In most manual labors the deaf-mute is fully as competent as the workman endowed with all his faculties; he can be taught readily to manage intricate machinery, to avail himself of steam power, and to engage in any employment which requires these aids. The blind is deprived of all these advantages, the labor of his hands, unaided by any machinery which is not completely under his control, must be in all but a few exceptional cases his sole dependence for a livelihood. But we will, for the present, wave the consideration of this part of our subject.

The idea of the general instruction of the blind seems never to have been entertained in ancient times. It did not occur even to the Christian philanthropy of the early Church. It is stated by Father Charlevoix that the Japanese, availing themselves of the retentive memories of the blind, have employed them as the repositories of their traditional records, but modern visitors to that empire give no account of any establishment for their instruction.

In 1260 Louis XI. of France, better known as Saint Louis, founded in Paris the Hospital de Quinze-Vingts for the benefit of his soldiers, who, in the campaigns in Egypt, had suffered severely from ophthalmia. This hospital, as its name implies, was intended for fifteen score (three hundred) blind persons, though for many years past the number of inmates has been about four hundred.

This institution is under the care of the government. To obtain admission it is necessary that the applicants be blind and indigent. They are admitted from all parts of France, are lodged in the Hospital, and receive a sum equivalent to about twenty-five cents a day for their food and clothing. No instruction is afforded them.

The attention of thoughtful and benevolent men was occasionally turned, during the seventeenth century, to the sad fate of the blind, and attempts were made to devise processes which would enable them to read, but with no great success. After unsuccessful efforts at printing in intaglio, that is, with the letters depressed below the surface, the idea of raised letters was suggested; at first these were carved in wood and made to slide in grooves on a board. These proving inconvenient, Pierre Moreau, in 1640, attempted to cast letters in lead in a more convenient form, but failed, from some cause, to complete his plan.

In 1670 the Padre Lana-Terzi, whose benevolent efforts in behalf of the deaf-mute we have already recorded, published an essay on the instruction of the blind. Nearly a century later the Abbé Deschamps and Diderot, the associate of D'Alembert in the Encyclopedia, proposed plans for their instruction in reading and writing. About 1780 Weissembourg, a blind man born at Mannheim, published geographical maps in relief.

Still there was wanting some noble philanthropic man who, like the Abbé de l'Epée in the case of the deaf-mute, should gather the fragmentary hints and suggestions of the past, organize a system of instruction, and devote himself to the work of enlightening the blind, and, as God has wisely ordered, the man for the time is always raised up when his work is ready for him.

In 1745 a poor weaver of St. Just, a village in Picardy, named Haüy, already the father of one son, clasped to his bosom a second, on whom, as being born on St. Valentine's day, he bestowed the name of Valentin. The good man was very poor, but as the monks of a neighboring convent had offered to provide for his eldest son and bring him up to the priesthood, he resolved to give Valentin what education his limited means afforded. This, in the obscure village of St. Just, was very little, but that little was acquired with an eagerness which betokened his future success. At a happy hour for himself, probably through the kind influence of the monks, who had already aided his brother, he was transferred to one of the colleges at Paris, where he soon distinguished himself by his attainments in classical studies and by his

elegant chirography. His course of study being completed, he received an appointment in the bureau of Foreign Affairs, where for some years he devoted himself to the translation of foreign official papers.

While thus occupying his leisure moments, the attention of Haüy was attracted to another class of unfortunates by a little incident, which will perhaps be best related in his own words.

"A singular occurrence drew together, at the entrance of a house of refreshment on one of our public promenades, the largest crowd I had seen for many years. Eight or ten blind men, with spectacles on nose, were ranged along behind a desk, on which was placed their music, and each, instrument in hand, played his part in a discordant symphony, which seemed to give great amusement to the by-standers. An entirely different sentiment penetrated my heart, and I conceived instantly the possibility of realizing, for the benefit of these unfortunates, that knowledge of which they now made only a ridiculous pretense. Do not the blind, I said to myself, know objects by the diversity of their forms? Do they not understand the value of a piece of money? Why could they not distinguish a fâ from a sól, or an a from an f, if these characters were made palpable to the touch?"

Deeply impressed with this thought, Haüy applied himself at once to the experiment of instructing a blind person. His first pupil was a young man named Lesueur, about seventeen years of age, whom he had observed begging at the gate of one of the churches. Attracted by the ingenuous and intelligent expression of his countenance, Haüy had made his acquaintance and offered to teach him. Lesueur was very willing to be taught, but himself and a large family were dependent upon the sums he received in charity for their support. To obviate this difficulty, Haüy paid him from his own purse a sum equal to that he had daily averaged, and commenced his instruction.

This was in 1784, and his first instruction in reading seems to have been made with movable types, with a raised letter on each end, the invention of Weissembourg, whose pupil, Mademoiselle Paradis, was at that time in Paris, and attracting much attention by her admirable musical performances. She rendered much assistance to Haüy in his first efforts at instruction.

Success speedily crowned his efforts; at the end of six months Lesueur could read readily and calculate rapidly by means of the types; he had also acquired some knowledge of geography and music. The friends of Haüy became interested in the result, and soon after he was invited to appear with his pupil before the Academy of Sciences and Arts, and explain the processes by which he had attained these results. The examination was interesting and satisfactory to all concerned, and Haüy found himself encouraged to extend his instruction to other blind children.

Soon after the report of the commission appointed by the Academy of Arts and Sciences, which was made in the beginning of 1785, the Philanthropic Society took his enterprise under their patronage, and provided for the support and instruction of fourteen blind children.

It was probably owing to the difficulty of instructing a number of children at the same time, by means of the movable types, that Haüy was led to seek for some method by which books might be so printed that the blind might read them. Here, too, accident seems to have directed to the best method of accomplishing the object. His first pupil, Lesueur, was one day seeking with his fingers for something on Haüy's desk. While thus engaged he took up a note of invitation to a funeral; it had been very strongly impressed by the type, and on passing his fingers over the back of the sheet, Lesueur detected an *o*; Haüy observed this, and making letters on a sheet of paper with a pointed stick, he reversed the sheet, and gave it to his pupil, who read them at once. Here was a discovery of which Haüy was not slow to avail himself. He immediately commenced printing sheets and books for the blind, using first the Illyrian letter, which, from its sharp angles, is more easily read than the common letter, to which, however, for some reason, he subsequently returned.

The next year (1786) Haüy had introduced the study of music, instrumental and vocal, into his school, as well as some branches of manual labor. On the 26th of December of that year he brought his pupils, now twenty-four in number, to perform their exercises before the king and royal family at Versailles. These exercises consisted of musical performances, instrumental and vocal, in which twelve of the pupils participated, spinning, lace-work, modeling in wax, and brief recitations in reading, writing, geography, history, the use of maps, etc.

Thus fairly established, and enjoying

the sympathy of the people and the protection of the monarch, the School for Blind Youth went on prospering for several years; its pupils increased, its course of study was extended, the proficiency of its pupils in music was such, that his orchestra was in frequent request to perform masses at the great churches of Paris, and some of these pupils in after years took rank among the most celebrated musical performers of their time.

This period of prosperity continued till 1791, when the Revolution being fairly inaugurated, and the Philanthropic Society, the original patron of the school for the blind, broken up by the banishment or voluntary exile of many of its members, among whom were some of the best men in France, the school was taken under the patronage of the state. On the 21st of July, 1791, the National Assembly devoted to the use of the schools for the instruction of the deaf-mutes and the blind the buildings previously occupied by the Celestin's Convent, appropriated an annual sum for the support of each, and, by special decrees in September following, provided for their organization.

Steps were immediately taken for the organization of the school for the blind in accordance with the decrees of the National Assembly, but before this was accomplished, the National Assembly had given place to a Legislative Assembly, whose views did not coincide with those of its predecessor. They, however, voted a sum of money for its support, but, amid the confusion and anarchy which prevailed during the *reign of terror*, these appropriations were paid only in assignats, whose value was very much depreciated. Want stared the institution in the face. Haüy devoted freely his own little means for the support of his children, as he called them, and these proving insufficient, he himself and his pupils employed much of their time in the severest manual labor for their sustenance. In the time of prosperity he had purchased an ordinary printing press and type in order to print some works relative to the blind, for circulation. This press now became, with the assistance of Lesueur, a means of contributing to their support. The hand-bills, placards, circulars, and tracts which were scattered so abundantly at this period were many of them printed at this press.

Whenever opportunities offered for the employment of his orchestra, Haüy at once availed himself of them, but the churches, hitherto his most liberal patrons, were all closed, and the infuriated multitude were generally too much crazed by their thirst for blood for any song except such as might accompany a bacchanal revel.

Meantime, a large part of the buildings which had been devoted to their use, were occupied by the government in the fabrication of the munitions of war. Amid the physical and moral dangers to which they were thus exposed, Haüy and his pupils managed to maintain a precarious existence, ever hoping for something better in the future.

Toward the close of the year 1794, the school was removed to the convent of St. Catherine, but without any increase of its resources, and for nearly a year the pupils were compelled to suspend their manual labor from the want of means to purchase material.

On the 28th of July, 1795, the Convention passed a law reconstituting the institution, and giving it rather the character of a workshop than of a school. Eighty-six scholarships were created, (one for each department of France,) and a sum allowed for each which, if paid in specie, might have served for the support of the institution in connection with the labor of the pupils; but it was paid as before in assignats, and these were almost valueless. Haüy and his pupils, however, struggled on yet hopeful, though at times on the very verge of starvation. In 1797, one of the pupils, afterward widely known as the blind poet, Avisse, addressed a poetical letter to the minister of instruction, in which, referring to an occasion when, a fête being given to one of the generals of the republic, he had invited the pupils of the institution to sup at his house, he demands for himself and his fellow-pupils that he should either cause their monthly appropriations to be paid in money, or invite them daily to sup with him.

This appeal brought some relief. The circumstances of the institution began gradually to improve, and, at the commencement of the present century, they were looking forward to a brighter period. But they were destined to another reverse The directory had taken the place of the consular government, and on the 27th of October, 1800, issued two decrees, which

united in one establishment under the title of blind of the first class and blind of the second class, the inmates of the Hospital des Quinze-Vingts, and the pupils of the Institute for Blind Youth. Two hours a day were to be devoted to study, the remainder to labor in a manufactory of cloths to be established on or near the premises. In their intervals of leisure the pupils were to be thrown into the society of the inmates of the hospital, all of whom were living in indolence, and many of whom were vicious. The removal and organization under the new plan was not completed till some time in 1801.

This was to Haüy almost a death-blow. For seventeen years he had labored with all the assiduity of a parent for his offspring, for these poor children of misfortune. With them and for them he had borne with hunger and want; had subsisted for a time even on a single meal a day that they might not suffer for want of food; and that now, when the skies were brightening, they should be thrust into the society of the ignorant, indolent, and vicious, and deprived of the opportunities of instruction they had hitherto enjoyed, was more than he could bear. At the commencement of 1802 he resigned his post. The government soon after passed a decree suppressing the office of first instructor of the blind of the second class to which it had appointed Haüy, and allowed him a pension of four hundred dollars per annum!

It is greatly to the honor of this noble philanthropist that he did not sink under the discouragements which surrounded him. He opened a few months later a private institution for the blind under the title of *Musee des Aveugles*, which, during the three years in which it was maintained, educated several distinguished pupils; but the income of the institution was not sufficient for its maintenance, and, in 1806, he accepted the urgent invitation of the Russian Government, and organized at St. Petersburgh an institution for the blind, under the patronage of the imperial family, over which he presided with ability for some years.

Meanwhile, the Institution for the Blind in its new quarters was going on from bad to worse. M. Bertrand, who had succeeded Haüy as its director, was ignorant, indolent, and incapable. Of the subordinate teachers, two only were possessed of much ability. Music was the only subject taught with any care, and, despite the disadvantages under which they labored, this gloomy period produced several very eminent musicians; but those who possessed no particular taste for music were, after the failure of the manufactory in 1805, left in idleness and under the pernicious influence of constant association with the old inmates of the hospital.

Among the few pupils whose brilliant career illumined the darkness of this mournful period, two are especially worthy of notice. Penjon, who had been a pupil of Haüy for four years before his resignation, and had at that time given evidence of the possession of mathematical powers of the very highest order, continued under every disadvantage to pursue his studies, mostly, however, in other institutions than that with which he was connected, till having made himself master of the entire course of mathematical study in the University of France, he applied for and obtained, at the age of twenty-eight years, the appointment of mathematical professor at the College of Angers, which he filled with distinguished ability for thirty years. Gailliod, who had been a pupil of Haüy from 1788, and who at the time of his resignation was already distinguished as a musician, had taken charge of the orchestra at the hospital, and it was owing to his zealous and incessant efforts that this department of instruction maintained something of its old reputation. Gailliod became celebrated not less as a composer than as a skillful performer. In 1814 M. Bertrand, the inefficient director, died, and was immediately succeeded by Dr. Guillié, an active, enterprising man, possessed of considerable tact and ability for display, but jealous and vain in the extreme.

He seemed possessed by the most malignant spirit of jealousy of Haüy, who had now returned to Paris to spend the evening of his days. He refused him admission to the institute after its removal to its new location; forbade the mention of his name; attributed the founding of the institute to Louis XVI.; and even published a history of the institution, in which he makes not the slightest reference to its real founder.

In pursuance of his plans for display, he established public sessions of the insti-

tute weekly. At these sessions the performances in instrumental and vocal music were of brilliant pieces, which the pupils by dint of practice had learned by the ear, for very few if any of the new pupils were taught to read music readily; pieces composed by the assistants, who had been taught by previous instructors, were exhibited as the productions of the pupils. Classes in Latin, Greek, English, Spanish, and Italian were called upon to read and translate from the works of the most eminent writers in these languages, but while the visitor was supplied with the true text, the pupil had his exercise (printed in the raised letter) arranged in the French order of construction, and accompanied by an interlinear translation. The wonderful products of the workshops were exhibited, and elicited, great commendation; but it was almost invariably the case that they had either been purchased in the market the day before, or were the work of some of the blind assistants who had been for many years connected with the institution.

Dr. Guillié announced with great pomp, soon after assuming the office of director, that he had modified the raised letters so as to make them much more available in printing for the blind; the blind themselves complained that his type were not so easily read as Haüy's. However this may be, during his administration the press of the institute was kept in constant activity. We have already alluded to some of the classical works. He also published English, Latin, Greek, Spanish, and Italian grammars, all of large size, and which were of more service in the reports and public announcements of the director than in the hands of his pupils. He issued editions of classical works in all the languages we have named, both prose and poetry, but all with no text except that arranged in the French order of construction, and accompanied by interlinear translations.

It is to be hoped that the blind acquired some *ideas* from these works; they could hardly have attained to much knowledge of the style of the authors. He printed also several religious works and a treatise on geography. Meantime, with all these classical treasures, the institute did not possess a treatise on arithmetic or history, even of the simplest and most elementary description.

This system of deception could not last. The wrong done to Haüy and some of his pupils had raised up too many enemies to the director. Accordingly, we find that in 1820 a commission was appointed by the government to investigate the condition of the institute. They examined everything very carefully, and reported that they found everywhere evidences of falsehood and quackery. They exposed with an unsparing hand the artifices of Dr. Guillié, and drew up a plan of instruction, which should be at the same time thorough and advantageous to the blind. Unable to endure the scorn which followed these revelations, Dr. Guillié resigned in February, 1821, and Dr. Pignier was installed as his successor the same month.

The appointment was, in many respects, an unfortunate one. Dr. Pignier was not only entirely unacquainted with the special methods of instructing the blind, but he had never had any experience in teaching. Educated by the Romish clergy, he regarded their system of education as a perfect model, and endeavored as far as possible to conform the institute to it. During his administration the press of the institute printed little except histories of saints, masses, matins, and vespers, and other works adapted to instruction in the Roman Catholic faith.

In the early years of his administration he had to contend with the difficulties of an empty treasury and the malicious misrepresentations of Dr. Guillié, whose hatred was of the most intense character. Dr. Pignier was a modest and good man, but the situation was one in which he should never have been placed.

We cannot forbear, however, expressing our approval of one of the earliest acts of his administration. On the 22d of August, 1821, he gave a public concert in the name of the institute in honor of Valentin Haüy; and his pupils, in songs and choruses, composed for the occasion, expressed their gratitude to their early benefactor. Haüy, then seventy-six years of age, and weighed down with disease, was completely overcome by this demonstration of their affection. Unable to speak, his happiness expressed itself by his tears. It was his last appearance in public. On the 18th of March, 1822, he died at the residence of his brother, the Abbé Haüy. A marble tablet was erected in the institute to his memory.

As years passed on the inefficiency of the director exhibited itself more and more. The finances, in a bad condition when he was appointed, constantly became worse. Abuses crept in year after year; the appropriations of each year were drawn in advance; a considerable portion of the invested funds were sold to make up the deficiencies of revenue; and while thus growing poorer every year, the number of instructors and dependents was increased till it far exceeded the wants of the institute. In 1840, there were sixty persons employed in the instruction and care of one hundred pupils! Yet, bad as was this state of things, the institute was still superior to any other institution in Europe for the instruction of the blind, both in its means and its processes.

In 1829, M. Louis Braille improved the system of writing with points invented some years before by Barbier, to such an extent as to make it available for all purposes of writing, as well as for music and arithmetical exercises. This invention, which we shall describe more at length by and by, the French teachers regard as only second to that of raised letters.

In 1838 the government passed a law directing the erection of new buildings for the institute. These were greatly needed, as, from its origin, it had been lodged in convents or other buildings belonging to the government, and not well adapted to its wants, and its location, since 1816, in the Rue St. Victor, had been extremely unhealthy.

In 1840 a commission was named by the government to reform and reorganize the institute. On the report of that commission, M. Dufau, the second instructor, who had been for twenty-five years a teacher in the institute, was appointed director and adminstrator, and a consultative council, composed of four members, was chosen to act with him in its government. M. Dufau, who still presides over the institute, bears the reputation of being one of the most successful instructors of the blind now living; he has thoroughly reformed the management of the institution, dividing the period of instruction (limited to eight years) into two sections of four years each. In the first of these, the pupils are thoroughly instructed in elementary studies, and their abilities and predilections carefully ascertained; at the end of this period, they either enter the workshops and acquire a competent knowledge of some trade by which they may be able to sustain themselves, or cultivate their musical talents with the intention of becoming organists, or teachers of instrumental or vocal music; or, if they develop talents of a high order, they are carefully educated in mathematical or classical studies, with a view to occupying some post of instruction in the higher schools or colleges of France.

M. Dufau has also been instrumental in the establishment of a workshop, where such blind persons as have finished their course of instruction, or who have acquired a trade elsewhere, and are unable to find profitable employment, can be assisted with work or materials to earn a comfortable support. This establishment is entirely distinct from the institute, and is called "The Society for the Assistance of Blind Laborers." It is accomplishing a good work. A foundation has also been made at the institute, from the interest of which the pupils receive, on leaving it, a sum of money sufficient to enable them to obtain the tools and materials for their trade.

On the 5th of October, 1843, the "Institute for Blind Youth" removed to its new edifice, where, in its spacious and elegant buildings, gardens, and workshops, it has gone on prospering to the present time. The trades taught to the pupils are brush-making, mat-making, cabinet-making, and the manufacture of mattresses.

We have felt it necessary to go thus fully into the history of this interesting institution, because it is not only the parent of all the institutions for the blind in Europe and this country, but because in every particular of progress relating to this department of instruction, it has, in spite of all misfortunes and vicissitudes, maintained the first rank.

We cannot, in justice to our subject, close what we have to say of the instruction of the blind in Paris, without a brief reference to a school for the blind in that city of much humbler pretensions, but which is, nevertheless, doing a very great amount of good with a very trifling expenditure. We refer to the Asylum de St. Hilaire, a school for blind children of the 11th and 12th arrondissements.

A benevolent physician visiting a poor woman, a patient of his, found her much

distressed by the cries and noise of her little blind son. Anxious to relieve the sick mother, he called the child to him, and began to ask him questions. Finding him possessed of an active mind, he hired an old man who lived near, and who was very poor, to teach him the historical catechism of Fleury. The little pupil readily learned the catechism as it was read to him, and proceeded soon to other studies, such as mental arithmetic, reading by means of raised letters, etc. The physician finding soon after two other blind children, sent them to the old man for instruction. As they also made good proficiency, he conceived the idea of establishing a school for blind children under twelve years of age. How to accomplish it was the question. He was poor himself; but adopting the principle, "*He who wills, can*," he made a beginning. Some benevolent ladies, and one or two clergymen and teachers, contributed to his little purse. He hired a room, some friends furnished it, the administrators of two colleges in the vicinity contributed daily some soup and bread, for it was necessary to feed as well as teach these poor children. He commenced with ten pupils; and deeming it desirable to employ a part of their time in some manual labor, he begged his friends to preserve their old newspapers, which he caused to be collected every few days, and taught the children to make them up into paper-bags for the use of the grocers.

The number of his little pupils increased till, in 1849, he had thirty. These were taught mainly by the old man, at that time seventy-seven years of age, who taught his first pupil; for Dr. Ratier (the benevolent physician of whom we are speaking) is still compelled to practice his profession for a livelihood.

The course of study comprised history, geography, grammar, the elementary catechism of the Romish Church, all committed to memory by hearing them repeated, mental arithmetic, the elements of vocal and instrumental music; spelling, reading by raised letters, and writing with crayons.

Dr. Ratier teaches his pupils reading by raised letters, because some of them will become members of the institute; but he remarks, and certainly with justice, that this is of very secondary importance for the blind who are very poor; for the books for the blind are so few and so costly, that they can derive but little benefit from them, and they can often hire some one to read to them for a trifle, when they cannot obtain the means of purchasing books in raised letters.

The entire expense of supporting this school of thirty pupils, Dr. Ratier states, in a letter written in 1849, is less than thirty dollars per month. Who, in our large cities, will undertake a similar enterprise?

WHO ARE THE GREAT OF EARTH?

WHO are the mighty? sing,
The chiefs of old renown,
On some red field who won the victor's crown
Of tears and triumphing?
The Northmen bold, who first o'er stormy seas
Sent down the "raven" banner on the breeze?
Not these—O no—not these!

Who are the great of earth?
The mighty hunters? kings of ancient line,
For ages traced, half fable, half divine,
Whose stone-wrought lions guard in heathen pride
Their tomb-like palaces? where *now* we read,
They lived, and reign'd, and died!
Who spoke, and millions rushed to toil and bleed?
Not these—not these indeed!

Who are the mighty? they!
The builders of Egyptian pyramids?
The unknown kings, on whose stone-coffin lids
Strange forms are scroll'd? or men, whose awful sway
Wrought the rock-temple, rear'd the cromlech gray,
Whose smoke, and fire, and incense darken'd day?
Not they—O no—not they!

Who are the great of earth?
Mark, where yon prophet stands,
The loadstar needle trembles in his hands,
O'er western seas he finds for mind a throne—
Or he on whose rapt sight new wonders shone,
Where heavenward turn'd, his glass made worlds his own—
Not he—not these alone!

Who are the mighty? see,
Where art's a wizard; where the marble rife
With grace and beauty quickens into life—
Or where, as danger's waves beat wild and free,
Some "glorious arm" like Moses' parts the sea,
That a vex'd people yet redeem'd may be—
The statesman?—sage?—is't he?

O no—not these the noblest triumphs prove.
Go, where forgiveness turning like the dove
Alights o'er life's dark flood on some lone heart—
Where men to men, truth, justice, peace, impart,
As best interpreters of Godlike love—
Where all life's noblest charities have birth:
There dwell the great, the kings of peerless worth—
They shall subdue the earth!

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

OUR FIRST PARENTS.

I PROPOSE to furnish, for THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, a series of essays on some of the more prominent characters whose history is given in the sacred Scriptures.

Among the reasons for this undertaking may be mentioned the fact that a very great proportion of the Bible is devoted to biography. God has chosen this method of imparting instruction, and the apostle tells us that "whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for *our* learning."

It is also an admitted truth that example has a far greater influence than precept, and the characters that are spread before us in the word of God are drawn, always, with severe impartiality. Their good deeds have no false coloring, and their evil is not covered up by the hand of friendship or affection. Very different are they from memoirs written by uninspired men. *Here* we have the simple majesty of unadorned truth.

I am inclined to think, moreover, that these portions of the sacred record have not received that attention to which they are entitled, and which God intended they should have, by filling so large a portion of the Bible with narrative and history. Had it so pleased HIM, he might have occupied its pages with moral precepts, with doctrines, with ethical dissertations and discussions. While to a suffiicent extent he has done this, he has also given a very large proportion of personal and individual history; and in the course of these sketches we shall be presented with a great variety of character and incident, with examples for our imitation on the one hand, and, on the other, with individuals whose lives, like beacons upon life's restless sea, may serve to warn us from their conduct and their fate.

With these preliminary remarks, and as a fitting introduction to the series, we direct our thoughts to the brief history which God has given of our first parents, Adam and Eve.

As a suitable text, if one be necessary, I may refer to Genesis i, 27: "*So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.*"

The date of man's creation reaches back scarcely six thousand years; and however many, and however strenuous have been the attempts to overthrow the facts of the Mosaic history, successive developments in geological science tend constantly to establish its truth. This is not the place to enter upon a discussion of this topic; but I may be permitted to say, that until infidelity can give some better and more satisfactory account of the creation of our world and of its first inhabitants, it will not be the part of prudence nor of good sense to reject the Bible. To reject the Bible! and what were man without the Bible? A mariner tossed upon a surging sea, without a compass, without a star! ignorant of himself, ignorant of his origin, ignorant of his destiny. He that repudiates the Mosaic history *does* reject the Bible, for the Bible is one consecutive whole. Like a golden chain, reaching from earth to heaven, break one link, and you destroy it. The writings of Moses are quoted by prophets, by apostles, by Christ himself, and there can be no such thing as rejecting Moses without rejecting them also.

The question, Why was not our world created sooner? is, to say the least of it, an absurdity. Soon and late are words that belong to time, and have no application to that eternity which knows nothing either of beginning or end. To see this in a clear light, suppose, if you please, that instead of dating the creation six thousand years ago, it were six hundred thousand, or six hundred million, *there was an eternity before that*, and the same question, "Why not sooner?" might still arise, and still, as now, be unanswered and unanswerable.

How long a period may have elapsed between the first fiat of the Almighty by which matter was called into existence, and the creation of man, we are not informed. We are told that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, but how long a time the earth continued without form and void, or how many years or ages passed away before he said, "Let there be light," God has not seen good to tell us, and consequently it is useless to conjecture. We *are* told, however, that man was *last* in the order of creation. Light was called into existence; the firmament was made; the planets commenced their march; the greater and the lesser light appeared; the

earth was covered with grass, and herbage, and fruits; insects, and birds, and beasts, and fish rejoiced in the possession of life and motion; and then the great Creator exclaimed, "Let us make man."

"Let us make man!" I know not any consistent interpretation of this language, save that which explains it as faintly shadowing forth the doctrine more clearly revealed afterward, of a trinity of persons in the Godhead, of the three who bear record in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Let *us* make man.

Thus the earth, like a splendid palace, was prepared and adorned for the reception of its first inhabitant. The lower classes dwelling in the sea, roaming the earth, or skimming among the clouds, were ready to minister to his gratification, for over them God made man to have dominion. Nor did he leave him alone: there was wanted a helpmeet for him, one with whom he could hold converse, and who might be a sharer in his overflowing cup of happiness. Soon woman appeared, arrayed in loveliness; inferior to man, indeed, in bodily strength, his equal in intellectual capacity, his superior in grace and beauty.

With what mute astonishment did Adam first behold his Eve?

"How, like stout Cortez, when, with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific, and his men
Looked at each other with a wild surprise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien!"

Or rather, with admiration overpowering his astonishment:

"Felt he not like some watcher of the sky,
When a new planet swims into his eye?"

Thus man came into existence directly from the hand of God. Unlike every individual of his descendants, he knew nothing of the wants and the weakness of infancy and childhood. The language put into his lips by the poet, when Adam is represented as describing his emotions as consciousness first dawned upon him, is eminently beautiful:

"Straight toward heaven my wandering eyes I turn'd,
And view'd a while the ample sky, till raised
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these
Creatures that lived and moved, or walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled
With fragrance; and with joy my heart o'erflow'd;
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigor led;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know."

But vain the attempt for imagination to picture forth either the feelings of the new-created pair, or the loveliness of that spot in which they first awoke to consciousness. We have seen beautiful landscapes, and garden scenes which have tasked human skill and ingenuity to their utmost, and upon which wealth has been lavished with boundless prodigality. We have called them Edens, Gardens of Paradise; but what are they, compared with the handiwork of Him who made the heavens and garnished them with countless myriads of ever-twinkling stars? whose word, from solid darkness struck the sun and sent him on his ceaseless and untiring orbit; by whose infinite wisdom and power the foundations were laid, and the topstone brought forth of that city whose gates are of pearl, whose walls are jasper, and whose streets are gold. It is written, The Lord God *planted the Garden of Eden.* Where it was situated it has not pleased him to reveal; and equally idle and vain have been the conjectures that have at one time placed it at the North Pole, at another at the South; now in Africa, now in Asia, in Armenia, in Tartary, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, on the borders of the Ganges, or in the Island of Ceylon. All we know is, it once existed, but exists no longer.

Man was placed not only in the midst of all these enjoyments, but he was made, says the sacred writer, in God's own image. The natural inquiry then is, Wherein consisted this Divine image?

It has been supposed that it was an outward splendor, or external glory, by

which he was distinguished as the favorite of Heaven among the other creatures by whom he was surrounded. It is very possible that it may have been so; that his body shone with resplendent luster, like that which Moses had when he was obliged to vail his face from the gaze of the children of Israel, or like that in which the bodies of the saints shall appear at the resurrection of the just. It is evident, however, that this cannot be what is meant by the likeness of God. God is a spirit, and no bodily splendor can resemble him. To whom, says the prophet, will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him? and to whom will ye liken me, or shall I be equal, saith the Holy One?

Others have taught that this likeness consisted in the possession of power and dominion; but here again the same difficulty presents itself. For while it is admitted that man had this dominion over the inferior creatures, it is expressly stated that it was given to him *after* his creation. He was first formed in the image of God, and then he was constituted ruler of this lower world. And again: if power and dominion may with propriety be considered resemblances of God, then it would follow that they who possess the greatest power, most nearly resemble him, which is a manifest absurdity.

We are thus obliged to turn our attention from man's bodily to his spiritual faculties in order to arrive at the meaning of the language before us. Man is a compound being, consisting of two parts: body and soul. Wonderful, mysterious, and glorious indeed was the former, a magnificent temple, but still only a temple for the indwelling of the spirit. By how much more important is the inhabitant than the dwelling which he occupies, by so much the more estimable and precious is the soul than the body. God is a spirit, and consequently *his* likeness and image could only be impressed upon man's spiritual nature. Nor do the Scriptures leave us in the dark, or to grope in the bewildering mazes of conjecture on this subject; and in this respect we have one remarkable instance of the manner in which the Scriptures mutually corroborate and explain themselves. St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, says, "Ye have put on the new man, which is *renewed in knowledge after the image* of Him that created him." Hence, we have the word of inspiration itself declaring that one characteristic of the image of the great Creator impressed upon the souls of our first parents was *knowledge*.

The same apostle, writing to the Ephesians, exhorts them to "put on the new man, which, *after God*, (*or after the image of God*,) is created in righteousness and true holiness," or more correctly, as it is rendered in the margin, holiness of truth. Here we have another aspect of the meaning of the likeness and image of God. Righteousness and holiness. Let us contemplate our great progenitors in both these respects; and first as to the possession of knowledge. This we may consider as to its acquisition and as to its extent. I say first, as to the mode of its acquisition. We have the plain warrant of Scripture for asserting that his intuitive knowledge, or that with which he found himself endowed at his creation, was very great; perhaps greater than that possessed by any of his descendants after years of patient study and persevering research. Immediately after his creation, how soon we know not, but before woman appeared in her loveliness, the sacred historian tells us that the Lord God brought every beast of the field and every fowl of the air unto Adam to see what he would call them, and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. There are two or three considerations which will give us some idea of the knowledge essential for the performance of this task. First, the immense number of living creatures which must have passed before him. There is no warrant to suppose that God has since formed any additional species, and yet the mere names of the living creatures now known to naturalists would fill a very large volume. In addition to this there are constantly appearing in the various departments of natural history, creatures unknown and unnamed. Ornithology, or the history of birds, to say nothing of fish or insects, is comparatively even yet in its infancy, and new and undescribed species are constantly presenting themselves in every quarter of the globe. All the originals of these must have been included in the every living creature which passed before Adam. Consider, then, the power of language by which he was enabled to give them names, and how vast does it appear?

It is said, too, by those who profess to know, that the original names were in every instance expressive of some one or more prominent features and characteristics of the individuals to whom they were applied. If this were so, and I see no reason to doubt it, wonderful, indeed, must have been that intuitive knowledge which sufficed to discern those essential and specific differences given unto them individually by the great Creator.

But the faculty of knowledge, when spoken of with reference to finite beings, is an expansive faculty. Omniscience, or the perfection of knowledge, belongs only, can only belong to the Deity. Our own experience attests the fact that just in proportion to man's knowledge is his facility for extending and increasing it. He who knows but little, supposes there is but little to be known, while he who has advanced far before his fellows continually beholds new prospects spread out before him.

"As, more advanced, he sees with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!"

Great, therefore, as was the intuitive knowledge possessed by our first parents, there was ample room for its continued increase; nor were there wanting means and opportunities to effect this object.

The great book of nature was spread out before them as it came from the hand of the Creator. The spangled heavens above, the verdant earth beneath, and all around them the animal creation; the most powerful harmless, the most timid unaffrighted, and continually showing forth some new wonder, some pleasing subject for meditation and study; the minutest insect exhibiting the same wonderful skill in the mechanism of his fragile frame, and equally worthy of their attention as the leviathan of the deep or the behemoth, of whom God says, "He waveth his tail like a cedar, and his bones are like bars of iron." Peculiarities of shape, form, habit, prevailing through all the intermediate gradations, formed at once an astonishing evidence of the wisdom of God and a field for the extension of man's knowledge.

Then, again, inanimate nature was full of God's wonderful workmanship. The treasures of the mineral world, gems, and rubies, and amethysts; the vegetable kingdom, with its almost endless diversity of flowers, and foliage, and fruits, the former of every conceivable color, and shape, and form; the latter ever varying to the taste, but ever pleasant; these, as they came fresh from the hands of God—all these were the text-books of our first parents in the increase of knowledge.

In the garden, too, which was man's allotted residence, there grew two trees widely different from all others there or elsewhere: the tree of knowledge and the tree of life. With reference to them many ingenious speculations have been advanced, but as they are *but* speculations, it is unnecessary to dwell upon them at further length than to say, that of one man was forbidden to taste, and that possibly the fruit of the other may have been intended as a lively representation of that living tree whose fruit is eternal life, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Had not man tasted the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, it is probable that his existence had been perpetuated in ever-blooming youth by means of the tree of life.

But man's acquisition of knowledge was aided by superior as well as inferior beings. When the Almighty fastened the foundations of the earth, and laid the corner stone thereof, the morning stars, we are told, sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. By these we are to understand, doubtless, the higher order of intelligent creatures, the angels of God. Taking such an interest as we are told they did in the *creation* of our world, it is not to be supposed that they were *less* interested in those for whom the world was made. Angels' visits to our earth, we may venture to say, have not been always few and far between. With them we may suppose, without an unwarrantable stretch of the imagination, they held converse in the garden of Eden, and from them received information relative to the other parts of God's dominion, the wonders of other creations with which they were familiar, and thus had opened unto them continually new views of the majesty and the glory of the great Supreme.

If, however, we may be supposed to speak without due warrant in this matter, there can be no doubt that our first parents had the benefit of higher and more profound instruction than even angels could impart. God himself was their instructor. We read repeatedly of his talk-

ing with them; nor can it be supposed that he was inattentive to their inquiries relative to all those matters which it was proper for them to know. And thus we gain some glimpse of what the sacred writer means by the likeness and image of God so far as relates to man's knowledge, and the expansive faculty of continued acquisition.

But this image consisted also in righteousness and true holiness. In other words, man, in his first estate, was like God—holy: like God, he loved holiness. This is the brightest and most glorious attribute of the Deity. "It is this which the blessed spirits, who cover their faces while they worship before the throne, chiefly celebrate, crying continually, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty." Briefly we may consider this original holiness of our first parents with reference to the will, the affections, and the conduct.

The will is the determining faculty of the soul. In its very nature and constitution it must be free. To speak of a will that is not free is a contradiction in terms. Holiness in the will is the voluntary choice of that which is holy. In this respect our first parents resembled God; their voluntary choice, or will, led them to that which was right, and, because right, acceptable and pleasing to God.

As a necessary consequence, their affections were also virtuous. They resembled God in loving goodness. Hence the Creator was the supreme object of their affections, because he alone is supremely good. Of this state of the affections they gave evidence by their conduct. God had given to them commandments not only to remind them that, although first in rank among his creatures upon earth, they were still dependent upon him, but also as a test of their affections. While they continued in innocence they continued readily and cheerfully in the path of obedience. The command was not grievous, the restraint was not irksome, because in either case they knew that such was the will of God, and they *delighted* to do his will.

Nor was their state one of idleness or mere contemplation. On the contrary, the Almighty set the broad seal of his approbation upon industry by directing the first man to dress and keep the garden in which he had his dwelling. Our own experience confirms the wisdom of God in this matter, and attests the truth that labor, mental or bodily, or both, is essential to our well-being.

Such, then, is the representation given of man in his original state. As a necessary consequence, he was perfectly happy. The Lord God is happy, because he is holy, and man, like God in holiness, resembled him also in the perfection of his felicity. For a moment let us contemplate the picture as presented by the unerring pencil of inspiration. Surrounded by everything that could gratify and please, there was no want, no wish ungratified. His residence, prepared by the hand of infinite wisdom and goodness, was adorned with beauty of which our minds can form no adequate conception. Everything without tended to minister to his enjoyment, and from within there were perpetual sources of supreme delight! His mind, calm, unruffled, undisturbed, suffered no interruption to its peace. The goadings of conscience were unknown; the tumults of passion were unfelt. His every wish was gratified. Every desire had its full and complete accomplishment. Close was their union and very intimate their acquaintance with God. I should love to linger here, but, alas! a dark cloud is rising, and the beauty and the loveliness of the picture are to be vailed in sackcloth. We are to behold sin enter, and with it misery, disease, and death. We are to mark the withering effects of God's curse upon this beauteous earth—man with his partner driven into banishment, and a flaming sword turning every way to prevent their reëntrance into those scenes of innocence and unalloyed happiness.

The fall and its consequences will form the subject of the next essay.

HABIT.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have accumulated, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

ADVICE EXTRAORDINARY TO A YOUNG PREACHER.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,—You, and the class to which you belong, have been so often advised by men of experience, that I suppose you think that nothing more, either new or profitable, can be said. Therein you are mistaken. You will find, before you get through this letter, that some things can be said both new and profitable; and, if I am not mistaken, you will take rather a lively impression of their truth and importance. The grave men who have heretofore addressed you by letters, have usually begun about your call to the work. Of this I shall say nothing, as I presume that you are working in the vineyard by special invitation from the Owner. If you have any doubts on that point, you had better satisfy them as soon as possible, or else clear the vineyard walls at a bound, even if you break your neck by the leap.

As preaching is the most important work of your office, I will first give you some directions about it, which you will do well to heed. Never go to the pulpit unprepared. I have known some men to idle away the whole week, and on Sunday morning, when they could put it off no longer, fall to work, and exhume some fleshless *skeleton* from its resting-place, and offer it as a substitute for "*milk*" and "*meat*." And yet I have known these *laborers* in the good cause to complain of poor parsonages and low fare, whereas if they had their honest due, they would be imprisoned in the catacombs for obtaining by false pretenses what little they get. Your congregation have a right to expect you to do your best; and if they have not, your Master has, even if you starve in the work. Better men starved at it before you were born, and their praise is now in all the Churches.

Make no apologies. I remember when the apology was a part of the regular exordium. It is not so common now-a-days, but too frequent still. If you have been too lazy to prepare for the pulpit, and self-mortification ensues, why then *mortify*, but ask no sympathy of the congregation; for it is very probable that they will be as much mortified as yourself, with the additional vexation of having to pay for it. You may as well be informed at once that discerning men regard most apologies as either an excuse for indolence, or a low, transparent trick to heighten the admiration of what is to come. The truth is, that if your sermon is worth hearing, the people will find it out, and if not, no apology will make them think better of it, or you.

Above all things, my young friend, do not *swear* in the pulpit! I mean not that exactly, but the difference is hardly worth the search for the precise word. I have heard the sacred name used in a manner that left a doubt whether the preacher had ever read the ten commandments. Sometimes it has been lugged in as a mere expletive, thoughtlessly, irreverently, and grating on pious ears like rugged, raspish blasphemy. Your brother, Gubblegurchins, is given to the bad habit of denouncing certain crimes as "damning villainy without a parallel on *God's earth*;" or, once in a while, for the sake of harsher emphasis, he will say "*God Almighty's earth*." Now I have disliked to give you this specimen, for the repetition of such language is like handling pitch; it leaves a defilement and stench upon the mind. I have given it, however, that you may know just what I mean. A clergyman who rants at this rate ought first to be advised by a friend, and if he show no sign of repentance, he ought then "to be dealt with as in other cases of immorality;" that is, set aside as a profane fellow, dangerous to good morals. It may, perhaps, give some force to this counsel when I tell you that not long ago a preacher used this style of reproof toward a noisy drunkard who had strayed into church. He was not so drunk, however, as to be forsaken of his wits, for he sharply retorted by saying that he would have no such swearing there!

I would have you be careful, too, not to use the Divine name with familiar coarseness in your prayers. I know not why it is, but it seems to me that our Saxon word "*God*" is the harshest sounding name for the Supreme Being to be found in any language, ancient or modern. I advise you to use it as sparingly as possible. But be careful, on the other hand, to avoid the use of new appellations, such as "All Merciful," "Great Rector of the Universe," etc. Dr. Isaac Barrow once made himself ridiculous at the dedication of an astronomical observatory by a prayer which he began thus: "Infinite Geome-

trician!" Shun all such novelties, my young friend, for they are nothing but broad, glaring affectation.

Never aim to be witty. A young clergyman once said to Swift that he had a mind to set up for a wit. "Well," said Swift, "you had better set down again." It was good advice, curt and clear. If you are tempted in that direction, do not tamper with the temptation for a moment. Lawyers, congressmen, lecturers, and politicians, may be as witty as they please, but wit is an instrument that you have no need, and no right to use. I have often heard of the "evangelical prophet," and the "weeping prophet," and even of the "fretful prophet," but I have never yet heard of the witty prophet. There is no fun in the four gospels, nor a dry joke in all Paul's epistles. He had a fair chance once at Athens, with a god stuck up at every corner, and perhaps was tempted a little; but he kept in, and never, that I know of, let out a spark of humor.

"Direct me to a quip,
Or merry turn, in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
o o o He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain."

Now I have an idea that it is both proper and safe, in this respect, to follow the example of Paul and his great Master. Let me say to you, then, as a sort of fact-argument, that I never knew a pulpit wit, however good a preacher he might have been, whose reputation was not seriously damaged by his drollery. But if you will think this advice too cynical, and be disposed to reject it, suffer me to give you this hint: you are yet too young to begin to make people laugh. The same talent that in an elderly man passes for wit, will be set to your account as trifling. Wait, then, till you are at least forty, and if your good sense does not prevail by that time, why, then, you can crack away; but don't let off about heaven and hell, lest your people doubt whether your faith in these places is not a little shaky.

While I have you in the pulpit, let me say to you, by all means avoid "*the preaching required by the times.*" When your Master sent the apostles, he told them to go and preach the *Gospel* to every creature—to the *end of the world.*" That, I think, fairly includes all "*times*" clear down to the last sunset. It is, therefore, called the "*everlasting Gospel.*" If, then, you know what the Gospel is, you had better preach it; but if you don't know what it is, you had better keep your mouth shut. No other preaching is worth "a penny a week," to say nothing about a "shilling a quarter."

You have probably thought a good deal on the disputed question, whether it is best to read, or preach from memory, or extemporize. Well, as Adam Clarke, with genuine Irish *naïveté* and infinite self-complacency, says about the authorship of Job, "My *own* opinion on these points you may naturally wish to know; and to that opinion you have a right. It is such as I dare avow, and such as I feel no disposition to conceal!" I think you had better extemporize or go home. Preaching from memory is so nearly a miracle, that it is never done well. But as old Johnson said about a dog walking on his hind legs, "the wonder is that it is done at all." Reading is worse still. The fatal objection to it is its intolerable tediousness. The usual course for dispersing a mob is to read the riot act; but I will venture to say that an infinitely better expedient would be to read them a modern sermon. They would scatter like cats in a rain. By the way, if I may *seem* to contradict myself, one of this class of sermons not many years ago actually raised a riot on a small scale.

The story is told in the autobiography of the late Rev. William Jay, who vouches for its truth. As nearly as I can remember, the facts were these: A very dull preacher was one afternoon reading an unusually dry sermon to a congregation of plain country people, when an honest fellow, whose patience could hold out no longer, rose from his seat, walked into the pulpit, and seizing the clergyman by the coat collar, sent him reeling to the floor. His indignation not yet being sufficiently cooled, he fell to work with his iron-tipped shoes, and in a short time kicked the pulpit to pieces. For this outburst of rash zeal he was sentenced to five months' imprisonment in the common jail. Mr. Jay knew the man well, and, to my surprise, declared his judgment that the poor fellow ought to have been regarded a public benefactor richly deserving a monument. The punishment award-

ed by the court was undoubtedly severe; but I am scarcely ready to vote a monument to such a singular hero. I allow, indeed, that opinions may honestly differ about the novel mode of bringing the sermon to an end, yet there can be but one judgment about the assault on the unoffending pulpit. The only excuse for the act is, that when a man becomes justly enraged, he is hardly master of himself. The sudden interruption of the discourse was doubtless a signal relief to the oppressed congregation, but I think the example ought not to be encouraged. The persons of clergymen should at all times be secure against violence, but especially while they are preaching; and if it is sometimes almost impossible to repress impatience, still the tried worshipers must remember that patience should have her perfect work, which I apprehend does not consist in ejecting the preacher, and demolishing his pulpit.

I confess, however, a lurking sympathy for the hero of this story. If he closed the worship with a vengeance, instead of the usual benediction, he must have suffered intensely before he could venture on the rash experiment. But I tell you again, that if I know myself, I would pause long, and bear much, sooner than give the least countenance to such a striking example; for if this strange stimulant should be applied to pulpit dullness as often as occasion might require, it would be difficult to tell when or where it would stop. Be warned, then, my young friend, by the admonitory moral of this fact, lest some day you should suddenly be arrested by a new instance of the argument *a posteriori!* Either preach extempore, as the apostle preached, or get out of the way.

But whatever you do, don't steal. Nothing will ruin you sooner. Sermon-thieves are the most unfortunate class of robbers, and for the most obvious reason in the world: they are always detecting and exposing each other. There is not half as much honor among them as can be found among burglars, and pilferers of clotheslines and hen-roosts. But supposing your literary brigandism to go undetected, what a contemptible thing it is to live on the credit of another man's labors! Why, my young friend, instead of praise for your stolen sermons, you will richly deserve the gauntlet with a kick from each member of the Church militant! Preach your own sermons then, if, like those of St. Francis, they are fit to be heard only by asses.

When you come from the pulpit, be careful to say nothing to any one about the discourse. If you have botched it, you will be strongly tempted to find out how it was received by the people, and this will betray you into a variety of mean little expedients for getting their opinion. For instance: you will be apt to say you labored under the disadvantage of a bad cold; or, that you suffered through the whole sermon with a violent headache. But don't be so silly as to suppose that anybody will give you credit for a cold, unless it made you roar like the hooping-cough; and as to your headache, why they'll believe that when they see it. If, on the other hand, you should suppose that you have done something worth bragging about, take special pains to keep your thoughts to yourself. Your vanity will find sufficient pabulum in the indiscreet praise of thoughtless friends. They will stuff you with thanks, as they stuff turkeys for thanksgiving. You will have no need, therefore, to run among your people saying that the Lord helped you at such a time, and on such a text, for you may rely on it, they have sense enough to know that your pious acknowledgment of help, is but a half-baited hook thrown out for a compliment. Make it an inviolable rule to say nothing of yourself in any shape or form. There is somewhat of the fool in every man, and he is never so sure to betray it as when he begins to talk of himself.

Your fondness for social life will naturally, lead you into the society of ministers, especially those of about your own age. And here you will be exposed to several dangers, against which you will do well to guard. Never suffer yourself to become childishly intimate with any one of them. Observe the forms of civility with your most familiar friends. Recollect the important aphorism: "Forms are the defense of things." Besides, mutual respect is the very aroma of social enjoyment, and perfectly consists with all the freedom that a well-bred man can desire. Take, therefore, no ill-mannered liberties with any one's name, person, or personal affairs. It will be the best means of insuring respect to yourself. You will now and then meet with a base fellow even among ministers, who will playfully pull your hair, or hit you on the back, or commit some offens-

ive practical joke worthy of a chimney-sweep. As you are forbidden by your profession to chastise him with a cane, I earnestly advise you, as the next best thing, to treat him with habitual seriousness mingled with frigid respect. The contrast will, in time, shame him into better behavior.

Never address your brethren by their surnames. No man with the consciousness of a gentleman in him is ever guilty of this contempt-breeding familiarity. And yet I have known young ministers to call out Smith, or Jones, to men old enough to be their fathers. How I have itched for the privilege of correcting their impudence by a little wholesome chastisement administered after the manner of men. Avoid the example of these fellows as you would drunkenness; for

> "The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
> And proves by thumping on your back
> How he esteems your merit,
> Is such a friend, that one had need
> Be very much his friend indeed,
> To pardon or to bear it."

This, however, is but a violation of good manners. There is a worse danger that requires a warning of special emphasis. I allude to the habit of entertaining one another with filthy anecdotes. I know some of these "*heralds of the cross*," these "*ministers of the new covenant*," and "*watchmen on Zion's walls*," who, when not particularly engaged in watching for souls, have a rich time over smutty jokes and obscene stories. And yet these "*angels of the Churches*," once, at least, professed to be "*groaning after perfect love*." It is not for me to say that they are not *groaning after it yet*, but I think it may be reasonably doubted whether they "*expect to be made perfect in this life*," either in love or decency. I never sit in the gallery and watch the ordination of one of these Merry-Andrews, or hear him preach, without thinking with Gray, that

> "Hosannahs ring through hell's extended borders,
> And Satan's self has thoughts of taking orders!"

Do not misapprehend me, my young friend, for a morose anchorite, insensible to the charms of gay discourse. I am as fond of humor in the *abstract*—that is, humor apart from filth, as was a late master in Israel, who, to the delight of all around, flavored the ready anecdote with the frankincense of a spirit, cheerful and chaste as a lambkin's play. Neither must you suppose that I aim the above censure at any considerable number of your brethren. Happily it hits but few. I wish the number were less; and even of these I have some hope that they will either mend, or conceal their vice under a thick vail of hypocrisy. Never, my young friend, never suffer yourself to repeat an anecdote, or make the slightest allusion, of an indelicate nature. You would not do it in the presence of a bishop. Leave it out, then, in the superior presence of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

You will doubtless in time become a family man, and have a house of your own. This new relation will wonderfully widen your sphere of knowledge; for besides the occasional domestic lecture, which will give you a model of terse style, the wants of your household will bring you acquainted with the market value of a hundred things of which you are now blissfully ignorant. I suppose that just at this moment, you have a clear idea that potatoes range along somewhere between sixpence and sixteen dollars a bushel. You are about as well informed of the cost of everything that goes to make up a meal. The price of a lady's gear will open your understanding and purse about equally wide; and in respect of food and raiment, you will in due time learn the cost, whether you learn to be content with it or not. Here, then, is the point on which I want to caution you. Be careful not to seem to turn your bargaining into begging. Don't put yourself in the attitude of a mendicant friar, nor hint a word about low salaries, or the abatements usually made to clergymen. Price nothing unless you wish to purchase, for store-keepers are sharp-eyed, and can easily see whether you wish to buy or beg. To be suspected of this meanness is, to a sensitive mind, about as bad as to be caught slipping out of an omnibus without paying the fare; therefore, shun the appearance of it. If any one is disposed to do you a favor, either in the way of gift, or cost price, you will of course accept it with suitable acknowledgment, but let it be such a pure gratuity on the part of the donor, as will please him as much as you. Once in a while you will be skinned by sharp practitioners of your own Church, but you will commonly find that merchants and dealers are liberal with clergymen, especially with such as have well devel-

oped eye-teeth. As kindred to this subject, I advise you not to accept either coat, pants, or hat, from a suspected member who is likely some day to get himself before a committee; for if you should expel him, he will twit you, as long as you live, with the basest ingratitude.

After you shall get to housekeeping, it will be expected of you to add to your other virtues, the grace of hospitality. Unless you prove singularly unfortunate, each pastoral charge will yield you a few earnest friends whom you may expect to do themselves, and you, the pleasure of an occasional visit. These your own heart will prompt you to receive in a manner worthy of their love. You need have no fear that their number will so increase as to burden you through the circle of the year; for it is one of the inevitable results of itinerancy, that your most ardent friends of to-day, will in time glide back into the relation of mere acquaintances.

Necessity will once in a while drive the pious poor to seek a temporary home under your roof. Receive them kindly for the sake of Him who was once the poorest, but is now Lord over all. Besides these, it will not surprise you to find that a few conscientious Christians habitually prefer the free parsonage to the disagreeable associations of the public inn. A peculiar class of your old friends whom you formerly served in word and doctrine, and some, too, whose friendship for you happily began after you left them, will be sure to favor you with a visit of a week or so. Perhaps they will take you in the way of their summer excursions, and if you are a man of very simple heart, you will rejoice to learn that they have grace enough to shun a hotel, if they have wit enough to find you out. As these are presumed to be indifferent to good eating, you must be careful to give them molasses for butter, sassafras tea for young hyson, a herring for a steak, and an ox-cheek for a savory sirloin. They will remain with you but a short time, at the end of which it will give you great pleasure to see them go on their way rejoicing. You can then return to your ordinary bill of fare.

As the old preachers used to say when their stock of ideas was spent, "I could greatly enlarge here if time would permit;" but this is enough for one letter.

Yours truly,

O. P. Q.

GIVING AWAY A CHILD.

ON board one of the Lake steamers bound for the far West, were an Irish family—husband, wife, and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances; but the exceeding beauty of the children, two girls and a boy, was the admiration of all their fellow-passengers. A lady, who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting one of the little travelers, and made application to the father, through a friend, who gives the following touching and, as we suppose, truthful account of the negotiation:

I proceeded, he says, immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair:

"You are very poor?"

His answer was very characteristic:

"Poor, sir!" said be; "ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both of uz, for we'd be about aiquil."

"Then how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it support them, sir? Why, I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or other. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

It was too sudden; he turned sharply round.

"A what, sir!" he cried; "a relief to part from my child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from the body, or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief indeed! God be good to us, what do you mane?"

"You don't understand me," I replied. "If, now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?"

"No, sir," said he; "the heavens knows that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it; but do tell uz what you're driving at."

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children; and, if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The strug-

gle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching. At length he said:

"O, murther, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary—that's the mother of them; an' it wouldn't be right to be giving away her children afore her face, and she to know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring me an answer back as soon as possible."

In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what success?"

"Bedad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he. "But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says, as it's for the child's good, maybe the heavens above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well; and which of them is it to be?"

"Faix, and I don't know, sir," and he ran his eye dubiously over both. "Here's little Norah—she's the oldest, an' won't need her mother so much; but then—O! tear and aigers—it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; so take the first one that comes, wid a blessin'. There, sir," and he handed over little Norah; turning back, he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty father's kiss, saying through his tears:

"May God be good to him that's good to you, an' them that offers you hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Pether."

Then taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

I took her down to the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye he commenced making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found that he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" asked I.

"Well, sir," said he, "I ax your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we were thinkin' that maybe it'd make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talking to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, because the creature has a look ov me; but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, an' av you please, sir, will you swap?"

"Certainly," said I, "whenever you like."

So he snapped up little Norah, as though it were some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night; but lo! the moment when we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

"What's wrong now?" I inquired.

"Be the hokey fly, sir, an' it's meself that's almost ashamed to tell you. You see I've been talkin' to Mary, and she didn't like to part with Norah, because she had a look ov me, and be my soul, I can't part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother, but there's little Paudeen, sir. There's a lump of a Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one, for av he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye, an' av he takes after his father he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap agin, sir?"

"With all my heart," said I; "it's all the same to me;" and so little Paudeen was left with me.

"Ha, ha," said I to myself, as I looked into his big, laughing eyes, "the affair is settled at last."

But it wasn't; for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony, and snatching up the baby, cried out,

"It's no use; I've been talkin' to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir: he's the youngest and the best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look ov me, an' Biddy has a look ov Mary; but, be me soul, laitle Paudeen has the mother's eye, an' my nose, an' a laitle of both of uz all over! No, sir, no; we can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery, but we can't bear to part from our children, unless it be the will of Heaven to take them from us."

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are for the greater part ignorant of both the character they leave and of the character they assume.—*Burke.*

BROWN'S AMANUENSIS.

BROWN was a magazine writer, of what is sometimes called the fast school. His were the veriest bubbles of the current literature of the day, the merest froth of the trifles which are skimmed rather than read by the busy world of pleasure. He touched—I borrow the beautiful language of a fashionable reviewer—he touched the passing follies of the day with a light and facile pen, and people smirked over his articles in a manner pleasant to witness. *My* opinion is, that his abilities were—in short, were not first-rate, but he used them very ably. He never wrote in men's language for a lady's magazine, and never threw away the delicate wit which suited its pages upon the middle-aged gentlemen who prefer scandal and satire.

To the world of periodicals, Brown was known as a rising comic writer, while to himself, he was a man of crushed ambition and rejected manuscripts. In a drawer of his writing-table, under a Chubbs' lock, were a treatise on ethics, several pamphlets on political and financial questions, a biography of the poet Mason—unduly neglected now, but who flourished a good deal in the last century—and, lastly, a history of Nova Zembla, with an account of the climate and productions of that isolated region. These several manuscripts were brought into existence when Mr. Brown first came to the metropolis. While he had money he wrote what he pleased; when he had not, he had the good sense (and good fortune) to write what pleased the public. The result was, that he was in a fair way of doing well in his line of business.

But Brown was, unhappily, rather of a restless temper. "I'll be a butterfly," he said to himself, after he had hawked his ethics from west to east and back again; and for some months he labored with fair success in the field of the lightest literature, and got his bread and butter by it, and amused himself in his leisure hours like any other young gentleman. It must be observed, however, that he never lost that lofty opinion of his own talents which had formerly stimulated his efforts, and he was on the look-out for a subject on which he might build a great work of fiction. "Fiction," he said to himself, "is the thing. If I could only get hold of a plot, a real plot, I would write a romance which should commence a new era in the literature of this country."

So Brown was accustomed to meditate; but it was not until very recently that anything came of it. It was after reading of important events taking place in Spain, that he determined to lay his scene there. Spain was the land of romance; his characters should be the men now swaying its destinies, his time the present day. "I will read up the history," he said; "and with *Gil Blas*, Mr. Borrow, and the *Tales of the Alhambra*, I think something may be done." Familiarity with modern Spanish customs was, however, indispensable, and Brown's knowledge of that subject was limited. Fortunately, information, like any other article, can be obtained readily in London by those who can pay for it, and after ten minutes' reflection, which was as much as he now devoted to any question, Brown sent the following advertisement for insertion in the daily papers:

AMANUENSIS WANTED.—The Applicant will be required to have recently traveled or resided in Spain. Remuneration according to qualifications. Apply to B. B.

Brown had certain literary engagements which it was necessary to fulfill in a given time, and he set himself busily to work to get rid of these as soon as possible. To this end he shunned amusements, public and private, retired into the solitude of his apartments, and requested the prim maid-servant who attended at his call to receive all visitors with the assertion that he was out of town. In consequence of these arrangements, he was enabled to produce in the course of the day a great deal of what printers call "copy;" a name which, in the present state of literature, is frequently correct in more senses than one.

On the morning when the advertisement appeared, Brown was seated at work as usual, and had just completed a philosophical paper "On the Diminished Diameter of Ladies' Hats," and another on the "Increased Proportions" of their petticoats, through the agency of "hoops," when the maid-servant, fresh from the country, opened the door

"If you please, sir—"

"Well," said Brown, mildly.

"There's a lady down stairs, and she wants you, sir."

Now Brown was not accustomed to re-

ceive visits from ladies, and the announcement caused him some little surprise; but he was not curious, and desired quiet. So he replied: "She wants me, does she? I am very sorry, but she can't have me. Tell her so, Sarah, if you please."

"O, sir, you're such a funny gentleman," Sarah said, and lingered.

"That's how I pay my rent, Sarah," replied Brown. "Remember, in future, that I am out of town to everybody."

"Please, sir, it's B. B. she wants," the girl persisted, who had received special directions as to answers to the advertisement.

"Eh! a lady? Show her up." And Brown hastily threw off his dressing-gown, and assumed a garment somewhat less variegated. "Odd," thought he—"decidedly;" and he seated himself in his chair to await the result. A light step was heard on the staircase, and the lady, who had sent no card, entered the room. Brown turned, and rose to offer her a chair, but paused suddenly without doing so. The visitor was equally embarrassed, and the silence endured until you have read the next paragraph. Brown paused; because, instead of the middle-aged lady, with a British Museum complexion, whom he had expected to see, there stood before him a young girl, whose age could not have been more than twenty, and whose beauty was enhanced by the deep blush which rose to her downcast eyes.

Brown first recovered himself, I am happy to say; and having got hold of a chair, he jerked it rather nervously on to the ground, and said something about doing him the honor to be seated.

"I fear, sir, there is some mistake." The voice was a very sweet one, as, indeed, it could not help being, Brown thought.

"You wished me to make some inquiry about my advertisement," he said, with some hesitation.

"Then you are B. B.?"

"I am B. B., madam."

The visitor rose, and, bowing her head to him, said: "I must apologize for having intruded upon you, and beg you to excuse the mistake which—which has caused this visit;" and she moved toward the door.

"I beg your pardon," Brown said hastily. "One moment. Will you be kind enough to explain—"

"Pray, do not ask me, sir;" and again she turned to the door. Brown was by no means satisfied.

"I have no right to detain you: but if I can be of service to you in any way, pray do me the pleasure of saying so." It will be observed that Brown's language was remarkably polished, a trait on which he prided himself.

"It is impossible," she said, looking up at him; and perhaps seeing something honest about his face, she continued: "I saw the advertisement, which seemed so well suited to me, that I hoped it might be from a lady, or some one who—who could have accepted my services."

"I should be most happy," Brown began. She shook her head, and replied, now without embarrassment:

"I was mistaken."

"You have been in Spain?" Brown asked.

"I have only just returned from there."

"I cannot, of course, press upon you anything to which you have an objection; but if you will permit me, it may be possible to arrange the matter in a way which will overcome any difficulty."

She looked up, and Brown was encouraged to proceed.

"The assistance I require may be rendered at your own house, if such an arrangement would suit you."

For a moment she looked as if it would, but glancing once more at Brown, she seemed to take another resolution, and wishing him good-day rather abruptly, she disappeared down stairs. Brown is considered, by some people, a very handsome fellow; but whether that had anything to do with frightening her away, I must leave the ladies to determine.

Brown jumped up, and stepped to the window, which commanded a small strip of garden in front of the house. "Very odd! no name—no nothing! There she goes! Very pretty figure! awful shabby bonnet!" Such was the turn of his thoughts while the shabby bonnet moved along the garden-wall and disappeared. Then he suddenly put on his hat, and followed it a distance.

He admitted to himself that this was an absurd thing to do, and thought he would go back sensibly: then, as the bonnet passed round a corner, he quickened his steps, and meditated no more till he caught sight of it again. The bonnet passed

round a great many corners, and hurried along at a speed which surprised him, leading him through dingy and narrow streets, and disappearing at length up a court, which seemed to be a playground for the children of the neighborhood.

The door of one of the houses stood open, and Brown perceived a woman seated at work in a room, on the ground-floor. Walking over some children who were strewn about the steps, he entered the room, and took his stand beside a cradle, while he addressed the mistress of the apartment. Did a young lady wearing so and so lodge there? She did—on the third floor back. The bell was broken, and he had better walk up.

Bashfulness had ceased to be one of Brown's failings, but yet he hesitated considerably at the door which was pointed out to him. At length he knocked nervously, and being told to "come in," did so.

It was a little sitting-room, the walls of which still retained some vestige of a dingy paper, which had once covered them. There were two chairs and two small tables, and a portrait over the chimney-piece. A quantity of needle-work lay scattered about the room, which, in spite of its poor appearance, was clean, and even fragrant, for a large pot of mignonette stood outside the open window. A pale, withered-looking woman sat in one of the chairs, propped up by cushions, and the object of Brown's impertinent inquiries stood near the window, looking at the intruder with great indignation.

Their story may be told in a very few lines. The elder lady, a widow, had supported herself for several years in a small shop, while her daughter, who in early life had been under the care of good masters, had accompanied a family to Spain, as governess. At length the widow fell into bad health, and being unable to attend to her little shop, was soon reduced to a condition of utter poverty, on which the daughter at once quitted her situation, and, under the protection of a family of tourists, returned home. She could do little for her mother's support without again leaving her, a course which both were most anxious to avoid; and thus it happened that she had been attracted by the advertisement in the papers.

Brown learned half of this story in a glance round the room, and was encouraged to persevere. He introduced himself to the elder lady, and exerted himself to the utmost to remove the unfavorable impression he had produced. She received him with a politeness which at once put him at his ease, and gradually the daughter was induced to join in the conversation. What may have been said, I do not know, but the interview lasted for at least half an hour, and from that time Brown became a frequent visitor.

Not far distant from where we at present write, there lives a Mr. Silas Brown, a retired medical practitioner, a bachelor, and Brown's uncle. When our Brown was a boy, his Uncle Silas took a fancy to him, and even went so far as to buy a small piece of ground in his name in an improving neighborhood. Brown had always shown a proper sense of his uncle's generosity, though hitherto he had not derived any advantage from it, for the old gentleman persisted in retaining the property, and acting as trustee. *He* had worked his way up without help, and he was determined that his nephew should do the same. It was a fine thing for a young man. Besides, by keeping down the boy's income, he would be prevented from making some foolish marriage—a term which Silas Brown was used to apply to marriage under any circumstances.

About three months after the adventure of the advertisement, the old gentleman was startled by a letter from his nephew, in which the latter for the first time alluded rather pointedly to "those three acres by the new church."

"You have always told me, my dear uncle"—so ran the letter—"to consider this land as my own. I have no right to presume upon your kindness, but I should be very glad if you would allow me to derive some immediate advantage from it. The fact is, that I am engaged upon a work—scene laid in Spain—from which I hope great things, and I am compelled in consequence to keep an amanuensis, which is very expensive."

The elder Mr. Brown read this letter with a doubtful expression of face. "Great work, indeed!" he said to himself. "*Chateau en Espagne!* I'll go to the city, and see what that boy's doing." And therefore Mr. Brown wrote no reply to the letter, but he presented himself a few days afterward at 99 Hampstead Road.

"Out of town! nonsense, my good girl," the old gentleman said to Sarah, who

vainly attempted to oppose his entrance. "This is the room, I think?" and he walked in without further ceremony. His face grew absolutely purple as he did so; for there was his nephew seated at a table busily writing, and opposite to him was a young lady, very simply dressed, but very good looking.

"Well, sir!" he exclaimed, in a tone by no means pleasant.

Brown, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, shook his uncle's unwilling hand, and pressed him into a chair. As to the young lady, she blushed considerably, and seemed anxious to run away.

"Pray, sir, is this your—your amanuensis?"

Poor Brown hesitated, and at length said, "Yes, sir."

"What!" the old gentleman said in a tone so menacing, that Brown thought it best to lead the lady out of the room, whispering to her some reassuring words.

The old gentleman wiped his brow. "John, I can't tell you how grieved I am at what I have seen to-day. That you should be so lost, not only to principle, but even to ordinary propriety—"

"My dear uncle, what do you mean?"

"Mean? why, you won't persist in the story of that young person being your amanuensis? What is she doing here, sir?"

"It's all over with the three acres," Brown thought. "I must tell him."

"I admit, sir, that I have practiced some little deception upon you, and yet I told the truth."

"Eh?"

"I mean that that lady is indeed my amanuensis, but that she is also—"

"Well, sir?"

"My wife."

"Now it's all over," Brown said to himself. His uncle was evidently taken by surprise. He threw himself back in his chair, and drawing out his snuff-box, helped himself to several pinches successively. At last he spoke in a much calmer tone, and said gravely: "I am very glad to hear it."

Brown would have been ill-fitted for his position as a comic writer if he had not possessed a profound knowledge of human nature. Thought he, this is the proper time to say nothing. In dealing with one's relations, there is the great advantage of knowing that *their* hearts are in the right place, whatever may be the case with the rest of the world. Uncle Silas is one of the family, and he'll come round by degrees.

Uncle Silas might or might not be coming round, but in the meantime he sat in profound silence, using his snuff-box at intervals. At last he spoke.

"John, I have been mistaken in you. Don't suppose that I object to marriage; on the contrary, I approve of it when undertaken prudently—not otherwise. Yours has been most imprudent. Not only that, sir, but you have been guilty of a deception which is unmanly and disgraceful."

Brown felt the truth of this, and showed it in his face.

"For that, sir, I beg your pardon."

"Humph!" said his uncle.

"But as regards the imprudence of my marriage, sir, consider that I live by writing light articles for the magazines."

"Pretty business it is to support a wife!"

"And consider the advantage one derives in such work from the graceful fancy and admirable taste of a woman."

"I don't want to hear any more, John. Remember, I am not in a passion; I am not angry, mind; but I shall leave it to time to show whether you have acted prudently or not. Don't attempt to argue; I consider that by deceiving me, you have forfeited any claim you had upon me;" and Mr. Brown took up his hat, as if with the intention of leaving the house.

"If by claim you mean money, sir, I can do without it; but I am sorry indeed to have lost your good opinion. Still—"

"You will do it again in the same way, I suppose?"

Brown hesitated. "After all," he thought, "I have done no wrong; why should I speak like a criminal?"

"Well, perhaps I would; but I assure you—" He stopped, for his uncle had dashed his hat on to the table, and scattered Brown's card-basket to the four winds.

"Very well, sir," the old gentleman said; "I see how it is. You know how valuable the land now is, and you know, too, that it was bought in your name. You are of age, sir, and may set your old uncle at defiance."

"You do me great injustice," Brown said, and repeated the same thing several times, while Mr. Silas promenaded the hearth-rug, with the one hand behind him,

and the other firmly grasping his snuff-box. Presently, the snuff-box disappeared into one pocket, and out of another came a paper of a discolored legal appearance, which also descended violently upon the card-basket.

"There is the title to the land. You will find it all in form, and so good morning to you." And Mr. Silas caught up his hat, brushed past his nephew, and walked, at a tremendous pace, down the garden-walk.

Brown, I regret to say, was not remarkable for decision of character. He stood gazing stupidly at the paper on the table, while a person glided gently into the room, laid a little white hand upon his shoulder, and looked up anxiously into his face.

"What's the matter, dear?"

Brown collected his thoughts, and explained that the dirty piece of paper was the title to the land which his uncle had bought for him in the days of yore, and now regretted his generosity.

"Of course you will not accept a repented benevolence?"

"What am I to do? It is a more puzzling affair than you think. If my uncle cannot, and I will not make use of the property, the thing will be neutralized."

"But you can thank your uncle for his gift, and then go to your man of business, and restore the gift by means of transfer."

"That's the very thing! I'll get Cramp to do it for me; he lives at the bottom of the hill;" and Brown seized the paper and hastily quitted the house. Mrs. Brown—I have great pleasure in giving her proper title—went to the window, whence by straining her eyes she could command a view of the lawyer's door.

Meanwhile Mr. Silas Brown, who had taken the same direction, had slackened his pace considerably, and she saw her husband overtake his uncle, and address him once more. The old gentleman appeared to listen without any further attempt to escape; the snuff-box being again put into requisition. At length they reached the lawyer's house, and entered it together.

The bright eyes at the window grew dim, as their owner thought that for her sake Brown had quarreled with his relations and destroyed his future prospects; so dim were they, that she did not at first see that the two persons who, after a few moments, quitted the lawyer's house arm in arm, were her husband and his uncle: yet so it was. Mr. Silas Brown could not maintain his position against his nephew's new mode of attack; for if there was one thing more calculated than another to please him, it was that spirit of manly independence which Brown had exhibited.

The bright eyes looked brighter than ever when Mr. Silas entered the house with his nephew and took her by the hand gravely, but kindly. What were his impressions of the bride may be conceived from the following remarkable speech which fell from his lips, as he kissed her forehead:

"If my nephew has acted without my permission, I see here the best excuse he could offer."

Some day's afterward, when Brown, in the exuberance of his joy, related these circumstances to an intimate friend—the present writer, in point of fact—he made a tremendous bull, which, as some people persist in thinking him clever, I shall put on record.

"It was a very good thing my uncle was one of the family," he said, "otherwise I don't think he would ever have come round."

MUSIC.

A MUSIC, deep and thrilling, rises sweet
From nature's wide and wondrous fields of light;
Harmonious music wakes beneath our feet,
And rings through all the distant arch of night.

It sings the march of beams from every star,
Charming the vapors of a troubled sphere,
Then from the ocean, and the blazing car
Of the earth-shaking thunder, smites the ear.

Melodious sounds move past in every breeze,
Arousing into life the humblest flower;
Gushing so wildly through the leafy trees,
Who hath not felt and heard their magic power!

And there is music in the human voice,
And in the poet's genial melting lays;
Music that makes the inmost soul rejoice,
And the warm spirit breathe in rapturous praise.

Shall we these nectar'd streams of music trace
Back to the heart through which their fountain springs?
Or upward, where th' archangel vails his face,
And heaven with one triumphant anthem rings?

O, let me grasp the seraph's burning lyre,
Divested of the garb that round me clings;
Catch from the glowing throng the sacred fire,
And find the primal source whence music springs!

GENERAL VIEW OF BOMARSUND.

THE ALAND ISLANDS AND THE GOTHA CANAL.

THE excitement attendant upon the successful bombardment of the Russian fortress of Bomarsund by the Allies, was very great in Sweden. This stronghold of the Czar, within so short a distance of their coast, has always been offensive to the Swedes. The sound of the cannonading had scarcely died away upon the air, before it was known at Stockholm that the English and French flags floated from this fortress, and numerous steamers, densely crowded, left the capital for Bomarsund. I was so fortunate as to receive an invitation from the British Consul at the Island of Gottland to accompany him and a few friends in the steamer "Louise," which he had chartered for this excursion.

The steamer left Stockholm at about six o'clock in the evening, and at an early hour the following morning was anchored within sight of the fortifications, and from my cabin window I perceived the flags of England and France floating from the fortress, the tri-color of the *parvenue* flag amicably mingling its folds with the blood-red cross of St. George. Near us lay at anchor some forty vessels, from the huge three-mast ships of the Allies down to the tiny yacht of some private gentleman. The scene was altogether novel and impressive. Numerous small boats, with their well-drilled oarsmen, striking in such accurate time the water, presented a beautiful feature in the view. But that which struck me as the most remarkable of all was, the friendly intermingling of flags that had floated for centuries in deadly opposition to each other. How wonderful was the foresight of Napoleon, (it is the great Napoleon to whom I refer, not "*le petit*," as Victor Hugo styles the present one,) when he remarked at St. Helena, that the only event which could possibly unite these two flags, would be the attempt of Russia to seize the Dardanelles. There is something almost superhuman in such a prophecy as this.

Among our passengers were the wives of several officers of the fleet, who had come out with us to visit their husbands as well as to view the scene where they had so recently acted a part. An English officer, the husband of one of these ladies, came on board the "Louise," and kindly acted as pilot, taking us quite near to the fortress, in fact, just under its walls, and describing to us from this point the most interesting features of the engagement.

The principal fort, as will be seen in the illustration, presented a broken outline, while the smaller one was completely destroyed. Numerous stacks of chimneys, with the charred and still smoking ruins of many a home grouped about the shattered fort, presented a desolate and melancholy

aspect. Along the shore was a scene of life and animation. Here was the encampment of the French soldiers, who were scattered about in various groups. Occasionally a mounted officer appeared in a rich military costume with a horse splendidly caparisoned; while the water immediately in the fore-ground was enlivened by men-of-war's boats, with the trim and tasteful costume of the *middies* at the helm.

I am not intending to offer the reader a detailed account of the bombardment and surrender of the Russian fortress of Bomarsund, but shall content myself with offering for his inspection the sketches which I made from the deck of the steamer "Louise," some three days after the surrender.

After the lapse of a few hours we were steaming once more, and the harbor of Bomarsund, with its shattered fortress, its tall masts, and scene of busy life, was lost in the distance. On either side of us extended the shores of the Aland Islands, looking wild, desolate, and scarcely inhabitable. We were soon at a roadstead, where were lying some of the larger ships belonging to the fleet; their draft of water being so great as not to admit them in the harbor of Bomarsund.

Here we stopped for an hour, and then left for Stockholm. For a long time the tall masts of the ships were visible, lifting themselves high above every object upon the coast, until at last they and the low outline of the shores faded away in the distance. Now we were upon the open sea, with no land in sight, and had an opportunity of testing the character of seas which the Baltic can at times raise.

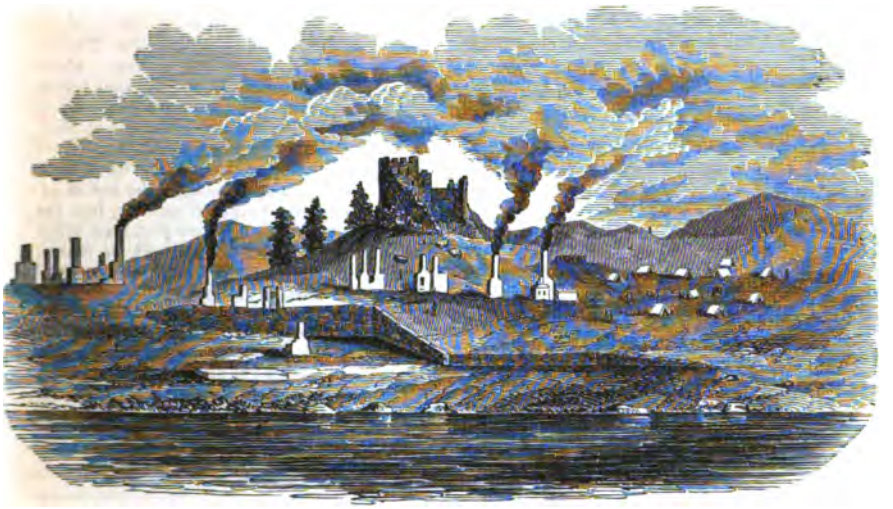
The classical writers of antiquity grossly slandered the Baltic, in representing it as indolent and sleeping. At all events, so it seemed to me on this occasion. Mongrel as is its character without tides, and scarce salt enough to make it seasonable for the *cuisine*, yet I must bear witness that the Baltic in a gale is by no means to be despised. We were all glad at evening to find ourselves under shelter of the islands of the Swedish coast. The wind had subsided, and as we threaded our way through the numerous islands, the scene was calm and beautiful.

Seated upon deck in the stillness of the evening, my mind naturally reverted to the place I had so lately left. I thought of the proud fleet and its forests of masts lifting themselves toward heaven. War, in all its features, is most revolting to the mind, and I naturally changed my reflections from the exultation of the vanquishers to the other side of the picture. Then I beheld hearths made desolate, and the eyes of the parent, the wife, and the child, dimmed with tears for the lost ones who would no more return to their embrace. Again, in my mind's eye, I saw the wounded and the dying passing into "the silent land, the land of the hereafter," and my soul sickened within me.

On board the "Ajax," an English hospital ship, were lying that day sixty-five wounded Russian officers and soldiers. Death was from hour to hour relieving one and another of his sufferings. Among the attendants, I learned, was no person who spoke the Russian language. Thus even the last words which the dying man utters, and the last affectionate remembrances to friends whom he may no more behold on earth, fall unheeded on the ear. An officer of rank, it was said, could not possibly survive longer than a few hours, and had something he was desirous of communicating to his family, but no ear may understand these words, and no kindred or countryman bend over the dying man to catch the last whisperings of the departing soul. But such is war. In the pageantry and pomp of the powerful army and fleet, under the waving of banners and amid the soul-exalting strains of martial music, how forgetful are we of the dread realities, which startle us when we glance behind the scenes!

It was past midnight when the steamer Louise arrived at the fortress of Waxholm. The challenge was made by the sentinel on duty, and quickly responded to by our chief officer. About an hour later we were set down upon the pier of Stockholm.

It is pleasing to notice here the interest expressed by all classes of the people in their most worthy sovereign, King Oscar, as well as in every member of his family. The death of the young prince, Gustave, which occurred a year or so since, was a very severe blow to the king. In his affliction he seems to have enjoyed the warmest sympathy of his subjects. At the house of his excellency, Mr. ——, one of his majesty's ministers, I saw a few evenings since several drawings by members of the royal family; among them, some



THE SMALL FORT AT BOMARSUND.

by Prince Gustave, which possessed an additional interest, as shown me by a most amiable young lady, to whom report says he was sincerely attached, and that his being obliged, as a matter of state policy, to sacrifice his affections, hastened, and is said by some to have been the direct cause, of his decease.

I had heard, by the way, a most interesting incident in the life of my accomplished hostess, the wife of his excellency Mr. ——. For a long time this lady enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most accomplished vocalists in the private circles of Europe. Some years since, when in the early bloom of womanhood, equally celebrated for her beauty, musical powers, and kindness of heart, she was residing for a time at Florence. In her walks and drives in the Cascine she had observed a poor woman, the mother of a large family of children, endeavoring to gain for herself and little ones a scanty support by performing upon the harp, accompanied by a voice which had once been good. Finding the poor woman at her accustomed place one day when the Cascine was full of fashionable loungers, the Swedish lady took the harp from her hands, and, taking her seat, accompanied the instrument with such a gush of music as drew all people within hearing of her powerful voice to the spot. The first piece ended, the enthusiasm of the Florentines was unbounded. The lady knew her power, and placed her hat upon the ground, declaring that if not well paid she could give no more songs. Of course such a challenge from a lady of high rank, beauty, and rare accomplishments was liberally responded to. Not only silver, but much gold was thrown into the hat. The result of the whole was, that after a few more songs, during which the crowd still increased, she left the poor woman comparatively rich and bewildered at what this kind lady had done for her. The enthusiastic Italian fell upon her knees and blessed her in the name of "the mother of God," declaring that she could be no other than an angel whom the blessed Virgin had sent in answer to her prayers to furnish means for the support of her little ones. Would that more ladies would use the rare accomplishments with which they have been endowed for so good a purpose.

"Have you passed the Gotha Canal?" was a question to which I had often replied in the negative, hearing at the same time always the rejoinder, "Well, do not fail to do so before you leave Sweden." And so here I am on board the canal steamer *en route* for Gottenborg. But the steamer "Stockholm," what shall I say of this craft? I had been told that the steamers on this route were particularly comfortable; but was disappointed, as usual, in European steamers. I found my state-room small and uncomfortable. I soon started in pur-

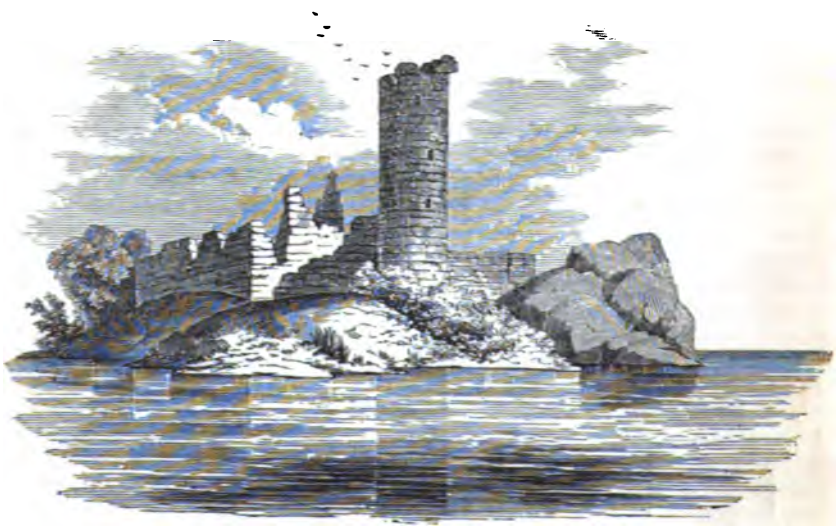
suit of the saloon, the weather being really cold and fire necessary. To my dismay, I learned that all the space allotted to a passenger was one of these small state-rooms. I had been unfortunate in the selection of mine, which happened to be on deck. I had been told that there were no single rooms except the upper range of berths, and was by no means prepared to find such a comfortless hole as "No. 11" proved to be. This, it will be remembered, was no joke with a passage before us requiring nearly half the time in which some of our steamers cross the Atlantic. To add to the discomforts of "No. 11," it rained during the night, and the roof leaked.

"What a poem," says Miss Bremer, "is that gigantic work in Sweden which unites the Baltic with the Cattegat, and which we call the Gotha Canal, 'the blue ribbon of Sweden.' What a poem its history and natural scenery, the grandeur of its design and execution, its great or delightful memories! For three hundred years have the kings of Sweden, from the first Gustavus to the fourteenth Charles, assisted by the genius of the great men of the country, Barsk, Polhem, Swedenborg, Thunborg, Platen, striven for its completion, supported by the arms and money of the people. Opposed by natural impediments, and by all kinds of difficulties, after great adversities and desolating war, amid internal discords, after great losses as that of Finland, have the rulers and the nation always anew turned themselves to this internal great work, and have begun together to labor upon it, as if in the common understanding that it was in the internal power and life of the country that the nation beheld their secure support and the hope of the future.

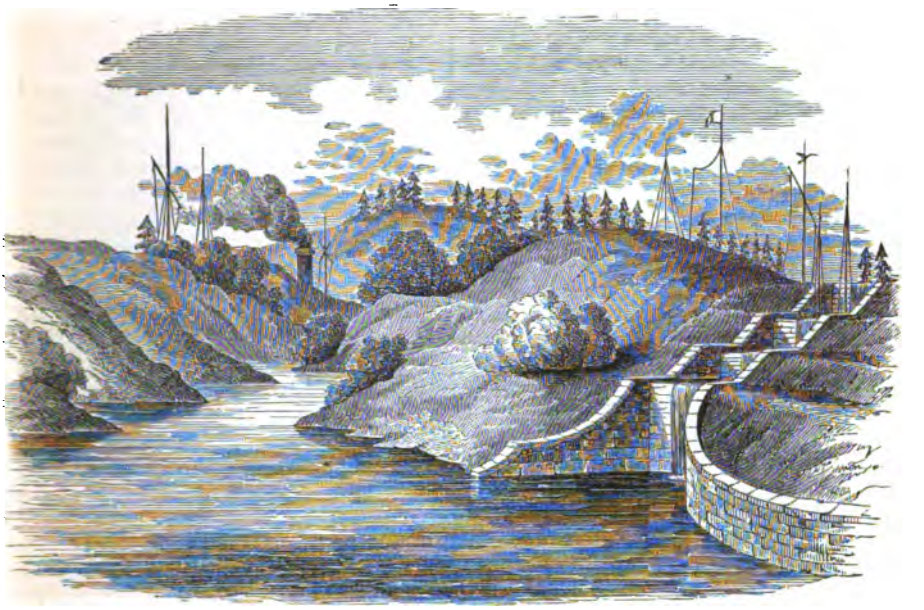
"What a poem is now the journey from the town of Birger on the shores of the Malar Lake and the billows of the Baltic Sea, to the town of Gustaf Adolph on the shores of the Cattegat, as we pass on the waters of 'the Blue Ribbon' through the interior of the country, where primeval mountains open for us, thundering their gates, and we are borne up on invisible arms, higher and higher, from plateau to plateau, till we reach at length the uninhabited primeval forest, the bosom of wild mountain lakes, then silently break our way through the bosom of the rocks, and are lowered from them into enchanting lakes which we have just seen lying like mirrors far below our feet, set in frames of fertile country gemmed with towers, and castles, and cottages; then speed on through glorious parks, whose leafy trees familiarly caress us, in passing, with their green boughs; then emerge into a wide, wild country, in which the giants of nature wrestle, without, however, disturbing or impeding our way—

"'Wild waters down the cliffs are thunder'd;
Rage the Gold Island's powers unblest,
But genius comes—the rock is sunder'd,
And a ship lies on its breast!'"

The distance from Stockholm to Gottenborg is about three hundred and seventy English miles. Of this, about one hundred miles only are canal, the remainder being through fiords, lakes, and rivers, the whole connected by the canal. The first lake upon the route is the Roxen. This is connected by a short piece of canal with an arm of Lake Wettern, and again an arm of this lake on the west unites it with Lake Wenern. Soon after leaving Lake Wenern the steamer is by a series of locks let down into the river Gotha Elf, and



STREMBORG CASTLE.



SKETCH ON THE GOTHA CANAL.

upon its waters continues its course to Gottenborg.

This great work, of which Sweden has just reason to be proud, was commenced in 1793 and completed in seven years, by a private association of merchants. "Prior to 1793 repeated efforts had been made by several of the Swedish monarchs, and vast sums expended to overcome the difficulties, but without effect."

At the period of the planning and completion of this canal it must have been a very remarkable undertaking for any country, and particularly so for one as inconsiderable as Sweden.

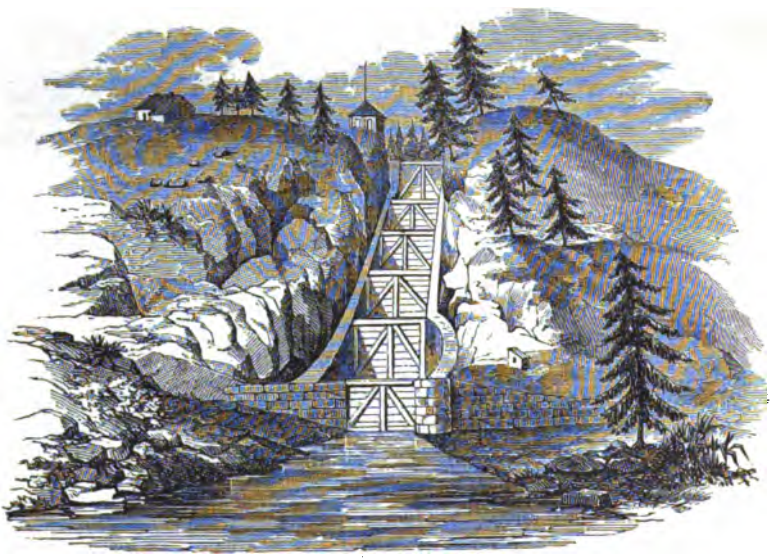
One of the most striking objects which we passed was the ruined Castle of Stegeborg. This was formerly a very strong fortress, and the scene of many a conflict famed in Swedish history. The high and solitary tower of the ruin forms a prominent feature in the landscape, and is the most picturesque ruin I have thus far seen in Sweden.

Lake Wenern, through which we passed, is the second in size of European lakes, Ladoga, in Russia, being the largest. We were some ten or twelve hours upon this lake. For the most part the shores are so distant as to render the passage monotonous.

Among our passengers were two Norwegian gentlemen; one of them an officer in the Norwegian service, the other a gentleman who has been residing at Stockholm for the last three years. The officer, but recently from Norway, assures his friend that he has lost the Norwegian tongue. I have heard it remarked at Stockholm that if a Swede passes any considerable time in either Denmark or Norway, he will never afterward speak his own language with purity. It afforded me great pleasure to meet again the friendly, open-hearted, and sincere manners of the Norwegians. As a people they are remarkable for their patriotism. Love of country, their national flag, and the stern and sublime features of Norwegian scenery, seem inherent in their breasts. I can readily imagine what might be the effect upon the mind of a Norwegian of a flat and highly cultivated country luxuriant in all things. He would contrast it with the sublime but desolate grandeur of the Dovre Fjeld and its snowy peaks; with the picturesque beauty of the valley of the Guldbrandsdalen, its numerous cascades leaping from ledge to ledge, and finally losing themselves in the deep waters of the beautiful Logen; he would see plateau above plateau on the sides of the precipit-

ous mountains, and upon them suspended, as it were over the valley, the rude timber and turf-covered dwellings of the people. And would he not sigh for these wild scenes in their stern and solitary grandeur? The natives of the Emerald Isle will always extol the joys of their former home, oven amid the greatly increased comforts of their adopted homes in the New World. But one requires only an absence of a few short years in distant lands to teach him why the flowers of his own country are the most beautiful, why the streams run so much more merrily their course along, and why the skies are so much brighter, and the verdure so much greener—he will then discover the secret, unless he has eaten thoroughly of the lotus plant in some far-off land, which I think few Americans ever do.

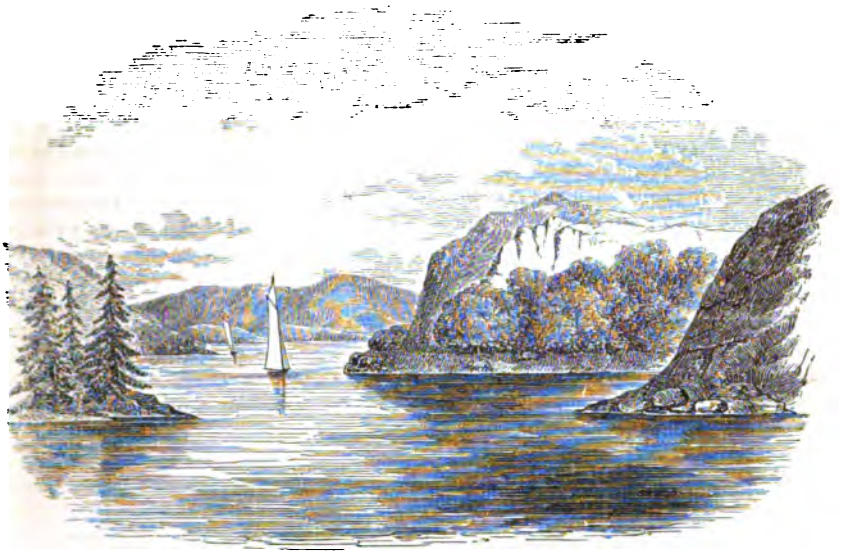
But to return to the Norwegians. One of the first questions which they always address to a stranger, finding that he has visited Norway, is, "How do you like *my* country?" This is the universal expression; they do not ask the stranger how he is pleased with Norway, but it is invariably, "How do you like my country?" They seem particularly desirous of ascertaining what are the impressions of the citizens of the great Republic who have visited Norway; because, perhaps, that Norway, in its democratic form of government, approaches more closely to that



OLD LOCKS ON THE GOTHA CANAL.

of our own than any other European country. The young officer seemed particularly jealous of the rights of the Norwegian people; and although the son of a gentleman high in power with the government, who has resided for some eighteen years in Sweden, yet he seemed to possess all that feeling of separate individuality as a Norwegian, which is so peculiar to the whole people. In the course of our conversation I accidentally mentioned Mr. Sibborn, at Washington, as the Swedish minister. I did not for the moment understand why the color so suddenly mounted his cheeks. But the correction soon came: "I beg your pardon, sir," said my friend; "Mr. S—— is not the Swedish minister; he is the Swedish and Norwegian minister."

I remember a gentleman not long since relating to me an incident which occurred while he was dining with the late Swedish and Norwegian minister at London, at which were guests belonging to both countries. The embassador proposed the health of his majesty, the King of Sweden and Norway, but was interrupted by a Norwegian gentleman, who suggested that it should be the health of the King of Norway and Sweden. With very fine tact the envoy changed the matter into a joke, and thereby offended neither party. It



SCENE ON THE GOTHA ELF.

would seem that the representatives of these two powers would be often placed in trying circumstances; but if they can only act their parts as well as their sovereign does his, nothing will embarrass them.

While traveling in the province of Nordland, in the extreme north of Norway, I was greatly amused at finding this peculiarly patriotic feeling exhibited even by the canine race. A dog had been so trained by his master, that when meat was offered him, and he was told that it was Svensk, (Swedish,) he could not be induced to touch it, although the temptation must have been strong, as it was often placed before him on the floor. The animal looked wistfully at the meat, wagged his tail, but touched it not. Several times I witnessed the experiment with equal success; and not until he was told that the meat was Norske, (Norwegian,) could he be induced to eat it.

If one inquires of either Norwegian or Swede, what is the existing state of feeling between the people of the two countries, he will be sure to hear in reply that it is most friendly. Yet "straws show which way the wind blows," and the attentive observer cannot be long in either country without being impressed with the fact, that there is a feeling of jealousy, if not of enmity, between the two people.

What shall I say of the Falls of Trolhätta, disappointed, of course, as an American is likely to be in visiting European waterfalls? The body of water is, however, very considerable; and I do not at this moment recall any European cataract which equals Trolhätta in this respect. But let us hear the enthusiastic Miss Bremer:

"No point during the whole journey is more remarkable than Trolhätta. Thou hast left the heights and the mountain lakes behind thee—Wettern, with its spires and fertile shores; thou art in the great Wenner Lake, into which four and twenty rivers pour their waters from the provinces and heights around; thou hast left at a distance the fruitful terraces of Kinnekulle, and beneath the gloomy shadows of Hunne and Halleberg thou advancest into the forests of Westergylln. The waters of Wenner, swelled by the four and twenty rivers, accompany thee, and cast themselves down the mountain in the wild, stormy fall of Trolhätta. But thou art at peace in the forest. Thou art borne silently through its pine-wood parks upon the granite mountain, and hearest merely at a distance the thundering contest of the giants of nature. Thou emergest from the forest just where the foaming force, with its powerful blue-green mass of waters, is all at once changed to the deep bed of the river, which between idyllian, flowery, and pleasant shores, hastens toward a background of blue-gray, distant, billowy mountains, on to the sea."

"And poet's songs are in his praise indited,
And ships and men go with him as he goes,
As guest by affluent towns he is invited;
And fertile fields his devious path inclose.

But they detain him not; he onward hasteth;
The gilded tower, the fertile meadows by,
He hasteth ever onward, till he casteth
Himself into his father's arms to die."

A singular scene is presented in the landscape, by standing near the Gotha Elf, and looking in the direction of the locks which arise one above another, at the great number of vessels which are here in waiting to make the passage up or down. Amid broken and partially wooded hills, you behold the masts of vessels of all descriptions, and the smoking pipes of steamers strangely intermingled with the rocks and trees.

At a short distance from this place is another line of locks. These were the first constructed, and were found too small for the steamers, and increased traffic on the line.

We were some three hours in passing the locks at this place, which afforded abundant time to visit the falls and their wild and picturesque surroundings. Once more on board the steamer, we found ourselves in the placid waters of the Gotha Elf.

The bold and picturesque shores of this beautiful river remind one somewhat of portions of the Hudson. But, as the sea is approached, the scenery becomes of a much more savage and desolate character, altogether presenting a singularly beautiful succession of views. I greatly doubt whether in all Europe or America, a traveled route can be found uniting within the same distance, such varieties of scenery as the Gotha Canal. Leaving Stockholm, you have first a touch of the Baltic, then the Canal as a link, connecting numerous little lakes one with another. Now you may go on shore, and gather flowers and jump back again upon the steamer after an invigorating walk, just as she is passing the next lock. Then the vast inland Lake of Wenern presents a singular variety, and you steam for the whole day upon its bosom, the distant shores making it appear almost as if you were at sea again. Then comes the savage grandeur of the scenery about the Falls of Trolhätta, with the thunder of its waters. But the scene is changed; the steamer has descended a height of some one hundred and twenty feet, and you are pursuing your course amid the beautiful river scenery of the Gotha Elf. The sea is visible in the distance; it is the Cattegat; and now you are in Gottenborg.

MAJOR TRUEFITT ON THE SHORTT FAMILY.

THE Shortts are among my most agreeable friends—decidedly *nice people*, to use a modern Anglicism which seems designed to include all the social properties that any one desires in his friends. They are extremely good-natured, perfectly undesigning and unselfish, have much cleverness and intelligence, no glumness; on the contrary, a great deal of pleasantry. They have, however, one general peculiarity which some might consider as rather a drawback from their character: this is a tendency to inadvertency. They are all of them extremely apt to overlook facts and circumstances obvious to other people, to be uninformed upon small but essential points, and to get accordingly into scrapes from which a little knowledge or sharpness might have saved them. A dear, innocent, thoughtless, ungossiping, happy-to-see-everybody sort of family they are, in troubles every day about one thing or another, thrown into utter dismay once a week, and yet somehow never much deranged in their course, and, above all things, never corrected.

The inadvertencies of Mr. Shortt himself are sometimes of a serious nature. His wife or one of his daughters tells him of her intentions as to new stair-carpets or new dresses for balls, and he, lost in reverie at the moment, knows nothing of it till the account is presented! Regret and remonstrance are vain. He is always assured that he was duly informed beforehand, and that, if he did not "take it in," it was his own fault; which reason tells him is very true: so what can he say? It only remains that he pay. Of course, the poor man is liable to have his weakness taken advantage of; but, to do the female members of his family justice, I believe they never tell him of any consultation on such matters which has not really taken place. The truth is, they have not the dexterity required to practice any sort of deception.

While all the greater affairs of the household are conducted with tolerable propriety by Mrs. Shortt, particularly those which consist of routine, as meals and the arrangements regarding the children, there are many of what may be called the occasional in which the family peculiarity becomes conspicuous. To have a place for

everything and everything in its place, is a maxim perhaps only to be realized by a sharp, methodical, disagreeable few: it is quite beyond the human nature of the Shortts!

One of the greatest vexations the Shortts are liable to, is that of meeting friends whom they have not seen or heard of for some time, and then making the most dismal mistakes about them—using masculine pronouns about the last baby when they should have used the feminine, adverting to a member of the family "whose name is never heard," or proving utterly ignorant of some severe illness which lately befell the head of the house. People are extremely apt to be offended when you do not know how ill they have been. You will hear them say, in quite an angry tone: "Did you not know I have had a severe cold for three weeks?" as if it argued you the most unfeeling monster on earth. Oddly enough, the troubles of the Shortts on these points are not from want of an anxiety on the subject. Indeed, they are rather nervous about the family history of their friends. One will sometimes be heard trying to put the rest on their guard: "Now, let me tell you, and do all listen to what I have to say—I have met Mrs. Thomson, and she says she will call soon. Her youngest child has had the measles, she has a son home from sea just now, and Mr. Thomson has been rather poorly all the spring. Be sure, too, to remember that Robina is engaged to young Spriggs. I believe her married sister's baby has had his first two teeth; perhaps you may be allowed to forget that fact with impunity; but it will be much better if you can remember it. Anyhow, do fix in your memories Mr. Thomson's bad cough and Robina's engagement." The good souls near it all, make jokes of it, and probably forget their lesson before night.

As long as the Shortts go along in the accustomed grooves of life, they are tolerably safe. When they set about anything extraordinary, they are sure, with their want of promptitude and sharpness, to fall into mistakes. They make exceedingly bad travelers—the attention, careful prevision, punctuality, and sheer hard work of traveling, are too much for them. Never having a Bradshaw of the existing month, they are extremely apt to come at a wrong time for the train; or, failing to commence packing soon enough, they very often do not appear on the platform, or, if it is a steamer, on the dock, till within a half-minute of being too late. Always, there is a hurry-skurry—a rash plunging here, a desperate and dangerous leap there. Half their servants, uninformed beforehand of the station they were to come to, appear at a wrong one, and are thrown too late. The last time the family went to a certain watering-place, the steamer was moving away from the quay as they came up. They were just able to jump in, and have a baby shot after them, like a bundle, when off they were, leaving the infant's nurse and another servant behind. The baby stood the projection of its person without comment, but complained a good deal at night of the separation from the nurse, who, for her part, was not less distressed. It may be said that the migrations of the Shortts are not so much of the nature of a journey as a flight. It generally takes a week before the whole family and whole baggage get reunited. After all, they never meet any serious losses or disasters; and, accordingly, they can tell stories of their various "flights" with a certain gusto that makes you laugh at them. One of their best relates chiefly to the adventures of a deserted laundry-woman, who, being as heedless as any of the family—and, somehow, they have a luck in falling in with witless people—was utterly unable to tell where she was going, or ought to have been going, and remained in a bewildered state on the hands of a railway station-master, equally bewildered, for nearly a day, when by mere chance somebody was able to tell her what place the family were bound for, and sent her on her way rejoicing. Jack, the wag of the set, has since then proposed that always before a journey, the children and servants should be labeled in the same manner as the luggage, so that in the event, only too probable, of being left behind, they may be duly forwarded.

They have a great number of miscellaneous *étourderies*. Expecting a visit from an author, they will lay one of his books on the drawing-room table by way of compliment, but fail to observe that its leaves are uncut, so that they only make the poor man aware of the neglect with which his writings are treated. Having a general notion of the benefits of breathing pure air at night, they open their windows immediately on leaving their bed-

rooms in the morning, and keep them carefully open all day, that the room may take in as much of the fresh element as possible—get, as it were, saturated and charged with fresh air—so as to last them over the night, when of course, for comfort's sake, the apartment must be kept close. That there should be more use in an open chink at night than in the whole window-space during the day, would never occur to the Shortt family. Every now and then, Mr. and Mrs. Shortt are found making a mistake as to the day of an appointment, and going a week too soon, when of course they are shown in their full dress into the company of a host and hostess lounging in easy style over a book, altogether unconscious of coming company. Scarcely a day passes when the servant, who regularly goes with letters to the post-office, is not followed by a second with some additional epistles on matters of importance not remembered before. In their absence of mind, they make many mistakes through the force of association of ideas. Thus, speaking of a gentleman called Latimer, they would be very apt to mention Cranmer instead. Instead of Beaumont, they would particularize Fletcher. Referring to Thackeray, they would be fully as likely to cite Dickens. He must have been a near relation of my friends, of whom the story is told that he shot his man for disbelieving a story he had told of seeing anchovies growing on trees, when some one, speaking of the capers cut by the wounded antagonist, brought him in mind that it was capers, not anchovies, he had seen.

A really pleasant kindly family are the Shortts—not very serious, I must own, about anything, and certainly to be little depended upon for a correct story, or for an appointment; but always willing to oblige, and eager to enlarge the joys and diminish the sorrows of their fellow-creatures. I sometimes fear they are too little concerned about the more solemn class of things. They seem scarcely to have the solidity to give such matters a right consideration. But one sees all this to be so connected with an innocence of character, that it is difficult to imagine how they are ever to suffer for it, except as they now suffer in their personal and material interests. Perhaps the reader will remember a remark about Fontaine by his housekeeper. It well applies to the Shortts.

THE VICAR'S STORY.

THE following very interesting diary is from the German of Zschokke. It was translated by the Rev. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, and is said to have been several times printed in this country and in England. It will, however, we doubt not, be new to most of our readers, as it was to us, when we met with it in a late London Magazine, ("The Titan.")

December 15, 1764.—Received to-day from Dr Smarl £10 sterling, being my half-year's salary. The receipt even of this hardly-earned sum was attended with many uncomfortable circumstances.

Not until I had waited an hour and a half in the cold ante-room was I admitted to the presence of his reverence. He was seated in an easy-chair at his writing-desk. My money was lying by him, ready counted. My low bow he returned with a lofty side nod, while he slightly pushed back his beautiful black silk cap, and immediately drew it on again. Really he is a man of much dignity. I can never approach him without awe. I do not believe I should enter the king's presence with less composure.

He did not urge me to be seated, although he well knew that I had this very morning walked eleven miles in the bad weather, and that the hour and a half's standing in the ante-room had not much helped to rest my wearied limbs. He pointed me to the money.

My heart beat violently when I attempted to introduce the subject, which I had so long thought over, of a little increase of my salary. I shall never be able to conquer my timidity, even in the most righteous cause. Twice, with an agony as if I were about to commit a crime, I endeavored to break ground. Memory, words, and voice failed me. The sweat started in great drops on my forehead.

"What do you wish?" said his reverence, very politely.

"I am—everything is so dear—scarcely able to get along in these hard times, with this small salary."

"Small salary, Mr. Vicar! How can you think so? I can at any time procure another vicar for £15 sterling a-year."

"For £15! Without a family, one might indeed get along with that sum."

"Your family, Mr. Vicar," said the doctor, inquiringly, "has not received any addition, I trust? You have only two daughters?"

"Only two, your reverence; but they are growing up. My Jenny, the eldest, is now eighteen, and Polly, the younger, will soon be twelve."

"So much the better. Can't your girls work?"

I was about to reply, when he cut me short by rising and observing, while he went to the window and drummed with his fingers on the pane, that he had no time to talk with me today. "Think it over," he concluded, "whether you will retain your place at £15 a-year, and let me know. If you relinquish it, I hope you will have a better situation for a New-Year's present."

He bowed very politely, and again touched his cap. I swept up the money and took my leave. I was thunderstruck. He had never received nor dismissed me so coldly before. Without doubt, somebody has been speaking ill of me. He did not once invite me to dinner, as had always before been his custom. I had depended upon it, for I came from home without breaking my fast. I bought a loaf in the outskirts of the town at a baker's shop, which I had observed in passing, and took my way home.

How cast down was I, as I trudged along! I cried like a child. The bread I was eating was wet with my tears.

But fie! Thomas. Shame upon thy faint heart! Lives not the gracious God still? What if thou hadst lost the place entirely? And it is only £5 less! It is indeed a quarter of my whole little yearly stipend, and it leaves barely 10d. a-day to feed and clothe three of us. What is there left for us? Who clothes the lilies of the field? Who feeds the young ravens? We must deny ourselves some of our luxuries.

December 16.—I do believe Jenny's an angel. Her soul is even more beautiful than her body. I am almost ashamed of being her father; she is so much better and more pious than I.

I had not the courage yesterday to tell my girls the bad news. When I mentioned it to-day, Jenny at first looked very serious, but suddenly she brightened up, and said, "Thou art disquieted, father!"

"Should I not be so?"

"No, thou shouldst not."

"Dear child, we shall never be free from debt and trouble. I do not know how we can stand it. Our need is sore. Fifteen pounds hardly suffice for the necessaries of life. Who will assist us?"

Instead of answering, Jenny gently passed one arm round my neck, and pointed upward with the other—"He, there!" said she.

Polly seated herself on my lap, patted my face, and said, "I want to tell thee something. I dreamed last night that it was New-Year's day, and that the king came to C——. There was a splendid show. The king dismounted from his horse before our front door, and came in. We had nothing to set before him, and he commanded some of his own dainties to be brought in dishes of gold and silver. The kettle-drums and trumpets sounded outside, and only think, with the sound of the music, in came some people with a bishop's miter upon a satin cushion —a New-Year's present for thee! It looked very funny, like the pointed caps of the bishops in the old picture-book. But it became thee right grandly. Yet I laughed myself almost out of breath: and then Jenny waked me up, which made me quite angry. This dream has certainly something to do with a New-Year's present. It is only fourteen days to New Year's."

I said to Polly, "Dreams are but seems:" but she said, "Dreams come from God."

I believe no such thing. Still I write the dream down to see whether it be not a comforting hint from Heaven. A New-Year's present would be acceptable to all of us.

All day I have been at my accounts. I do not like accounts. Reckoning and money matters distract my head, and make my heart empty and heavy.

December 17.—My debts, God be praised, are all now paid, but one. At five different places I paid off £7 11*s.* sterling. I have therefore left in ready money £2 9*s.* This must last a half year. God help us!

The black hose that I saw at Tailor Cutbay's I must leave unpurchased, although I need them sorely. They are indeed pretty well worn, yet still in good condition, and the price is reasonable. But Jenny needs a cloak a great deal more. I pity the dear child, when I see her shivering in that thin camlet. Polly must be satisfied with the cloak which her sister has made for her so nicely out of her old one.

I must give up my share of the newspaper neighbor Westburn and I took together. It goes hard with me. Here in C——, without a newspaper, one knows nothing of the course of affairs. At the horse-races at Newmarket, the Duke of Cumberland won £5000 of the Duke of Grafton. It is wonderful how literally the words of Scripture are always fulfilled: "To him that hath shall be given," and those other words, too, "From him who hath not shall be taken away." I must lose £5 of even my poor salary.

Fie! Thomas, already murmuring again! and wherefore? For a newspaper, which thou art no longer able to take? Shame on thee! Thou mayest easily learn from others whether General Paoli succeeds in maintaining the freedom of Corsica. The French have indeed promised assistance to the Genoese; but Paoli has 20,000 veterans.

December 18.—Ah! how happy are we poor people still! Jenny has got a grand cloak at the slopshop for a mere song, and now she is sitting there with Polly, ripping it to pieces in order to make it up anew. Jenny understands how to trade and bargain better than I. But they let her have things at her own price, her voice is so gentle. We have now joy upon joy. Jenny wants to appear in the new cloak for the first time on New-Year's day. Polly has a hundred comments and predictions about it. I wager the Dey of Algiers had not greater pleasure in the costly present which the Venetians made him—the two diamond rings, the two watches set with brilliants, the pistols inlaid with gold, the costly carpets, the rich housings, and the twenty thousand sequins in cash.

Jenny says we must save the cloak in eatables. Until New-Year's day we must buy no meat. This is as it should be.

Neighbor Westburn is a noble man. I told him yesterday I must discontinue my subscription for the newspaper, because I am not sure of my present salary, nor even of my place. He shook my hand, and said, "Very well, then I will take the paper, and you shall still read it with me."

One must never despair. There are more good men in the world than one thinks, especially among the poor.

The same day. Eve.—The baker is a crabbed man. Although I owe him nothing, yet when Polly went to fetch a loaf, and found it very

small and badly risen, or half burned, he struck up a quarrel with her, so that people stopped in the street. He declared that he would not sell upon trust—that we must go elsewhere for our bread. I pitied Polly.

I wonder how the people here know everything. Every one in the village is telling how Dr. Snarl is going to put another curate in my place. It will be the death of me.

The butcher even must have got a hint of it. It certainly was not without design that he sent his wife to me with complaints about the bad times, and the impossibility of selling any longer for anything but cash. She was indeed very polite, and could not find words to express her love and respect for us. She advised us to go to Colswood, and buy the little meat we want of him, as he is a richer man, and is able to wait for his money. I cared not to tell the good woman how that usurer treated us a year ago, when he charged us a penny a-pound more than others for his meat; and when his oaths and curses could not help him out, and he could not deny it, how he declared roundly that he must receive a little interest when he was kept out of his money a whole year, and then showed us the door.

I still have in ready money £2 1*s.* 3*d.* What shall I do if no one will trust me, so that I may pay my bills quarterly? And if Dr. Snarl appoints another curate, then must I and my poor children be turned upon the street!

Be it so; God is in the street also!

December 19, *early* A.M.—I awoke very early to-day, and pondered what I should do in my difficult situation. I thought of Mr. Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge; only poor people have no cousins, only the rich. Were New-Year's day to bring me a bishop's miter, according to Polly's dream, then I should have half England for my relations.

I have written and sent by the post the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Snarl:

"I write with an anxious heart. It is said that your reverence intends to appoint another curate in my stead. I know not whether the report has any foundation, or whether it has arisen merely from my having mentioned to some persons the interview I had with you.

"The office with which you intrusted me I have discharged with zeal and fidelity; I have preached the word of God in all purity; I have heard no complaints. Even my inward monitor condemns me not. I humbly requested for a little increase on my small salary. Your reverence spoke of reducing the small stipend which scarcely suffices to procure me and my family the bare necessaries of life. Let your humane heart decide.

"I have labored sixteen years under your reverence's pious predecessors, and a year and a half under yourself. I am now fifty years old. My hair begins to grow gray. Without acquaintances, without patrons, without the prospect of another living, without the means of earning my bread in any other way, mine and my children's fate depends upon your compassion. If you fail us, there remains no support for us but the beggar's staff.

"My daughters, gradually grown up, occasion, with the closest economy, increased expense. My eldest daughter Jenny supplies the place of a mother to her sister, and conducts our domestic concerns. We keep no maid; my daughter is maid, cook, washerwoman, tailoress, and even shoemaker; while I am the carpenter, mason, chimney-sweeper, wood-cutter, gardener, farmer, and wood-carrier of the household.

"God's mercy has attended us hitherto. We have had no sickness. We could not have paid for medicines. C—— is a small place.

"My daughters have in vain offered to do other work, such as washing, mending, and sewing. They very rarely get any. Here in the country every one does her own house-work; none are rich.

"It will be a hard task to carry me and mine through the year upon £20; but it will be harder still if I am to attempt it upon £15. But I throw myself on your compassion, and on God, and pray your reverence at least to relieve me of this anxiety."

After I had finished this letter, I threw myself upon my knees, (while Polly carried it to the post-office,) and prayed for a happy issue. I then became wonderfully clear and calm in my mind. Ah! a word to God is always a word from God—so cheerfully came I from my little chamber, which I had entered with a heavy heart.

Jenny sat at work at the window. She sat there with the repose and grace of an angel. Light seemed to stream from her looks. A slender sunbeam came through the window, and transfigured the whole place. I was in a heavenly state. I seated myself at the desk, and wrote my sermon, "On the joys of poverty."

I preach in the pulpit as much to myself as to my hearers; and I come from church edified, if no one else does. If others do not receive consolation from my words, I find it myself. It is with the clergyman as it is with the physician—he knows the power of his medicines, but not always their effect upon the constitution of every patient.

The same day, A.M.—This morning I received a note from a stranger who had tarried overnight at the inn. He begs me on account of urgent affairs to come to him.

I have been to see him. I found him a handsome young man of about six and twenty, with noble features and a graceful carriage. He had on an old, well-worn surtout, and boots which still bore the marks of yesterday's travel. His round hat, although originally of a finer material than mine, was still far more defaced and shabby. The young man appeared, notwithstanding the derangement of his dress, to be of good family. He had on at least a clean shirt of the finest linen, which perhaps had just been given him by some charitable hand.

He led me into a private room, begged pardon a thousand times for having troubled me, and proceeded to inform me, in a very humble manner, that he found himself in most painful circumstances; that he knew nobody in this place, where he had arrived last evening, and had therefore had recourse to me as a clergyman. He was, he added, by profession an actor, but without employment, and intending to proceed to Manchester. He had expended nearly all his money, and had not enough to pay his fare at the inn, to say nothing of the expense of proceeding on his journey; accordingly, he turned in his despair to me. Twelve shillings would be a great assistance to him. He promised, if I would favor him with that advance, that he would honorably and thankfully repay it as soon as he was again connected with any theater. His name is John Fleetman.

There was no necessity of his painting his distress to me so at large. His features expressed more trouble than his words. He probably read something of the same kind in my face, for, as he turned his eyes upon me, he

seemed struck with alarm, and exclaimed, "Will you leave me then without help?"

I stated to him that my own situation was full of embarrassment; that he had asked of me nothing less than the fourth part of all the money I had in the world; and that I was in great uncertainty as to the further continuance of my office.

He immediately became cold in his manner, and, as it were, drew back into himself, while he remarked, "You comfort the unfortunate with the story of your own misfortunes. I ask nothing of you. Is there no one in C—— who has pity, if he has no wealth?"

I cast an embarrassed look at Mr. Fleetman, and was ashamed to have represented my distressed situation to him as a reason for my refusal to assist him. I instantly thought over all my townsmen, and could not trust myself to name one. I did not, perhaps, know their hearts well enough.

I approached him and laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Mr. Fleetman, you grieve me. Have a little patience. You see I am poor. I will help you if I can. I will give you an answer in an hour."

I went home. On the way I thought to myself, "How odd! the stranger always comes first to me, and an actor to a clergyman! there must be something in my nature that attracts the wretched and the needy like a magnet. Whoever is in need comes to me, who have the least to give. When I sit at a table with strangers, one of the company is sure to have a dog who looks steadily at what I am eating, and comes and lays his cold nose directly on my knee."

When at home, I told the children who the stranger was, and what he wanted. I wished for Jenny's advice. She said tenderly, "I know, father, what thou thinkest, and therefore I have nothing to advise."

"And what do I think?"

"Why, that thou wilt do unto this poor actor as thou hopest God and Dr. Snarl will do unto thee."

I had thought no such thing, but I wished I had. I got the twelve shillings, and gave them to Jenny to carry to the traveler. I did not care to listen to his thanks. It humbles me. Ingratitude stirs my spirit up. And, besides, I had my sermon to prepare.

The same day. Eve.—The actor is certainly a worthy man. When Jenny returned from the inn, she had much to tell about him, and also about the landlady. This woman had found out that her guest had an empty pocket, and Jenny could not deny that she had brought him some money. So Jenny had to listen to a long sermon upon the folly of giving when one has nothing himself, and the danger of helping vagrants when one has not the wherewithal to clothe his own children. "The shirt is nearer than the coat." "To feed one's own maketh fat," etc.

I had just turned to my sermon again when Mr. Fleetman entered. He could not, he said, leave C—— without thanking his benefactor, by whose means he had been delivered from the greatest embarrassment. Jenny was just setting the table. We had an omelet and some turnips. I invited the traveler to dine with us. He accepted the invitation. It was very timely, he intimated, for he had eaten a very scanty breakfast. Polly brought some beer. We had not for a long while fared so well.

Mr. Fleetman seemed to enjoy himself with us. He had quite lost that anxious look he had, yet there was the shy, reserved manner about him which is peculiar to the unfortunate. He inferred that we were very happy, and of that we assured him. He supposed, also, that I was richer and better to do in the world than I desired to appear. There he was mistaken. Without doubt, the order and cleanliness of our parlor dazzled the good man—the clearness of the windows, the neatness of the curtains, of the dinner-table, the floor, and the brightness of our tables and chairs. One usually finds a great lack of cleanliness in the dwellings of the poor, because they do not know how to save. But order and neatness, as I always preached to my sainted wife and to my daughters, are great save-alls. Jenny is a perfect mistress therein. She almost surpasses her mother, and she is bringing up her sister Polly in the same way. Her sharp eyes not a fly-mark can escape.

Our guest soon became quite familiar and intimate with us. He spoke more, however, of our situation than of his own. The poor man must have some trouble on his heart: I hope not upon his conscience. I remarked that he often broke off suddenly in conversation, and became depressed; then again he would exert himself to be cheerful. God comfort him!

As he was quitting us after dinner, I gave him much friendly counsel. Actors, I know, are rather a light-minded folk. He promised me sacredly, as soon as he should have money, to send back my loan. He must be sincere in that, for he looked very honest, and several times asked how long I thought I should be able, with the remainder of my ready money, to meet the necessities of my household.

His last words were, "It is impossible it should go ill with you in the world. You have heaven in your breast, and two angels of God at your side." With these words, he pointed to Jenny and Polly.

December 20.—The day has passed very quietly, but I cannot say very agreeably, for the grocer Jones sent me his bill for the year. Considering what we had had of him, it was larger than we had expected, although we had had nothing of which we did not ourselves keep an account. Only he had raised the price of all his articles. Otherwise, his account agreed honestly with ours.

The worst is the arrears of my last year's bill. He begged for the payment of the same, as he is in great need of money. The whole of what I owe him amounts to eighteen shillings.

I went to see Mr. Jones. He is a very polite and reasonable man. I hoped to satisfy him by paying him in part, and promising to pay the remainder by Easter. But he was not to be moved, and he regretted that he should be forced to proceed to extremities. If he could, he would gladly wait; but only within three days he would have to pay a note which had just been presented to him. With a merchant, credit is everything.

To all this there was nothing to be said in

reply, after my repeated requests for delay had proved vain. Should I have let him go to law against me as he threatened? I sent him the money, and paid off the whole debt. But now my whole property has melted down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the actor may soon return what I loaned him! Otherwise, I know not what help there is for us.

Now go to, thou man of little faith; if thou knowest not, God knoweth. Why is thy heart cast down? What evil hast thou done? Poverty is no crime.

December 24.—One may be right happy after all, even at the poorest. We have a thousand pleasures in Jenny's new cloak. She looks as beautiful in it as a bride. But she wishes to wear it the first time abroad at church on New-Year's day.

Every evening she reckons up and shows me with how little expense she has got through the day. We are all in bed by seven o'clock, to save oil and coals. That is no great hardship. The girls are so much the more industrious in the day, and they chat together in bed until midnight. We have a beautiful supply of turnips and vegetables. Jenny thinks we can get through six or eight weeks without running in debt. That were a stroke of management without parallel. And until then we all hope that Mr. Fleetman will keep his word like an honest man, and pay us back the loan. If I appear to distrust him, it awakens all Jenny's zeal. She will allow no evil of the comedian.

He is our constant topic. The girls especially make a great deal out of him. His appearance interrupted the uniformity of our life. He will supply us with conversation for a full half year. Pleasant is Jenny's anger, when the mischievous Polly exclaims, "But he is an actor!" Then Jenny tells of the celebrated actors in London who are invited to dine with the princes of the royal family; and she is ready to prove that Fleetman will become one of the first actors in the world, for he has fine talents, and a graceful address, and well-chosen phrases. "Yes, indeed!" said the sly Polly today, very wittily, "beautiful phrases! he called thee an angel." "And thee too," cried Jenny, somewhat vexed. "But I was only thrown into the bargain," rejoined Polly; "he looked only at thee."

This chat and childish raillery of my children awakened my anxiety. Polly is growing up; Jenny is eighteen. What prospect have I of seeing these poor children provided for? Jenny is a well-bred, modest, handsome maiden; but all C—— knows our poverty. We are therefore little regarded, and it will be difficult to find a husband for Jenny. An angel without money is not thought half so much of now-a-days as a devil with a bag full of guineas. Jenny's only wealth is her gentle face. That everybody looks kindly on. Even the grocer Jones, when she carried him his money, gave her a pound of almonds and raisins for a present, and told her how he was grieved to take my money, and that if I bought of him, he would give me credit till Easter. He has never once said so much to me.

When I die, who will take care of my desolate children? Who? The God of heaven. They are at least qualified to go to service anywhere. I will not distress myself about the future.

December 26.—Two hard days these have been. I have never had so laborious a Christmas. I preached my two sermons in two days, five times in four different churches. The road was very bad, and the wind and weather fearful. Age is beginning to make itself felt. I have not the freshness and activity I once had. Indeed, cabbage and turnips, scantily buttered, with only a glass of fresh water, do not afford much nourishment.

I have dined both days with Farmer Hurst. The people in the country are more hospitable by far than here in the town, where nobody has thought of inviting me to dinner these six months. Ah! could I have only had my daughters with me at table! What profusion was there! Could they only have had for a Christmas feast what the farmer's dogs received of the fragments of our meal! They did have some cake, and they are feasting on it now while I write. It was lucky that I had courage when the farmer and his wife pressed me to eat more, to say that, with their leave, I would carry a little slice of the cake home to my daughters. The good-hearted people packed me a little bagful, and besides, as it rained pitifully, sent me home in their wagon.

Eating and drinking are indeed of little importance, if one has enough to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Yet it may not be denied, that a comfortable provision for the body is an agreeable thing. One's thoughts are clearer. One feels with more vivacity. I am very tired. My conversation with Farmer Hurst was noteworthy. I will write it off to-morrow

December 27.—We have lived to know what perfect joy is. But one must be moderate in his joys. The girls must learn self-restraint, and practice themselves therein. Therefore, I lay aside the packet of money which Mr. Fleetman has sent. I will not break the seal until after dinner. My daughters are Eve's daughters. They are dying of curiosity to know what Mr. Fleetman writes. They are examining the address, and the packet is passing from one to the other three times in a minute.

Indeed, I am more disturbed than rejoiced. I lent Mr. Fleetman only twelve shillings, and he sends me back £5. God be praised! He must have been very successful.

How joy and sorrow interchange! I went early this morning to the alderman, Mr. Fieldson, for I was told yesterday that the wagoner Brook, at Watton Basset, had, on account of his embarrassments, destroyed himself. Some eleven or twelve years ago I went security for him to the amount of £100. He was distantly related to my sainted wife. The bond has never been canceled. The man has latterly had much trouble, and given himself up to drinking.

The alderman comforted me not a little. He said he had heard the report, but that it was very doubtful whether Brook had destroyed himself. There had been no authentic intelligence. So I returned home comforted, and prayed by the way that God would be gracious to me.

I had hardly reached the house, when Polly

ran to meet me, exclaiming, almost breathless, "A letter! a letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, with £5! But the packet has cost sevenpence." Jenny, with blushing looks, handed it to me before I had laid down my hat and staff. The children were half out of their wits with joy. So I pushed aside their scissors, and said, "Do you not see, children, that it is harder to bear a great joy with composure than a great evil? I have often admired your cheerfulness when we were in the greatest want, and knew not where we were to find food for the next day. But now the first smile of fortune puts you beside yourselves. To punish you, I shall not open the letter nor the packet of money until after dinner."

Jenny would have it that it was not the money, but Mr. Fleetman's honesty and gratitude, that delighted her, and that she only wanted to know what he wrote, and how he was; but I adhered to my determination. This little curiosity must learn to practice patience.

The same day. Eve.—Our joy is turned into sorrow. The letter with the money came, not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the Rev. Dr. Snarl. He gives me notice that our engagement will terminate at Easter, and he informs me that until that time I may look about for another situation; and that he has accordingly not only paid me up my salary in advance, that I may bear any traveling expenses I may be at, but also directed the new vicar, my successor, to attend to the care of the parish.

Thus the talk of the people here in town was not wholly without foundation, and it may also be true, what is said, that the new vicar had received his appointment thus readily, because he has married a near relative of his reverence, a lady of doubtful reputation. So I must lose my office and my bread for the sake of such a person, and be turned into the street with my poor children, because a man can be found to buy my place at the price of his own honor.

Jenny and Polly turned deadly pale when they found that the letter came not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the rector, and that the money, instead of being the generous return of a grateful heart, was the last wretched gratuity for my long and laborious services. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled as I held the letter containing my formal dismissal. But I went into my little chamber, locked myself in, and fell upon my knees and prayed, while Polly wept aloud.

I rose from my knees refreshed and comforted, and took my Bible; and the first words upon which my eyes fell were, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine."

Then all fear vanished out of my heart. I looked up, and said, "Yea, Lord, I am thine."

As Polly appeared to have ceased weeping, I went back into the parlor; but when I saw her upon her knees praying, with her clasped hands resting on a chair, I drew back and shut the door very softly, that the dear soul might not be disturbed.

After some time I heard Jenny come in. I then returned to my daughters. They were sitting at the window. I saw by Jenny's eyes that she had been giving relief to her anguish in solitude. They both looked timidly at me. I believed they feared lest they should see despair depicted on my countenance. But when they saw that I was quite composed, and that I addressed them with cheerfulness, they were evidently relieved. I took the letter and the money, and humming a tune, threw them into my desk. They did not allude to what had happened the whole day. This silence in them was owing to a tender consideration for me; with me, it was fear lest I should expose my weakness before my children.

December 28.—It is good to let the first storm go by without looking one's troubles too closely in the face. We have all had a good night's rest. We talk freely now of Dr. Snarl's letter, and of my loss of office, as of old affairs. We propose all kinds of plans for the future. The bitterest thing is, that we must be separated. We can think of nothing better than that Jenny and Polly should go to service in respectable families, while I betake myself to my travels to seek somewhere a place and bread for myself and children.

Polly has again recovered her usual cheerfulness. She brings out again her dream about the bishop's miter, and gives us much amusement. She counts almost too superstitiously upon a New-Year's present. I have sometimes thought much of dreams, but I do not believe in them.

As soon as the new vicar, my successor, shall have arrived, and is able to assume the office, I shall hand over to him the parish books, and take my way in search of bread elsewhere. In the meantime, I will write to a couple of old friends at Salisbury and Warminster, to request them to find good places for my daughters, as cooks, seamstresses, or chambermaids. Jenny would be an excellent governess for little children.

I will not leave my daughters here. The place is poor; the people are unsociable, proud, and have the narrow ways of a small town. They talk now of nothing but the new vicar. Some are sorry that I must leave, but I know not who takes it to heart.

December 29.—I have written to-day to my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and laid before him in lively terms the sad, helpless situation of my children, and my long and faithful services in the vineyard of the Lord. He must be a humane, pious man. May God touch his heart! Among the three hundred and four parishes of the County of Wiltshire, there must certainly be found for me at least some little corner! I do not ask much.

December 30.—The bishop's miter that Polly dreamed of must soon make its appearance, otherwise I shall have to go to jail. I see now very plainly that the jail is inevitable.

I am very weak, and in vain do I exert myself to practice my old heroism. Even strength fails me for fervent prayer. My distress is too much for me.

Yes, the jail is unavoidable. I will say it to myself plainly, that I may become accustomed to the prospect.

The All-merciful have mercy on my dear children! I may not—I cannot—I must not tell them.

Perhaps a speedy death will save me from the disgrace. I feel as if my very bones would crumble away; fever-shivering in every limb—I cannot write for trembling.

Some hours after.—Already I feel more composed. I would have thrown myself into the arms of God, and prayed. But I was not well. I lay down on my bed. I believe I have slept; perhaps also I fainted. Some three hours have passed. My daughters have covered my feet with pillows. I am weak in body, but my heart is again fresh. Everything which has happened, which I have heard, flits before me like a dream.

So the wagoner Brook has indeed made away with himself. Alderman Fieldson has called and given me the intelligence. He had the coroner's account, together with the notice of my bond. Brook's debts are very heavy. I must account to Withell, a woollen-draper of Trowbridge, for the hundred pounds sterling.

Mr. Fieldson had good cause to commiserate me heartily. Good God! a hundred pounds sterling! How shall I ever obtain it? All that I and my children have in the world would not bring a hundred shillings. Brook used to be esteemed an upright and wealthy man. I never thought that he would come to such an end. The property of my wife was consumed in her long sickness, and I had to sacrifice the few acres at Bradford which she inherited. Now I am a beggar. Ah! if I were only a free beggar! I must go to prison, if Mr. Withell is not merciful. It is impossible for me even to think of paying him.

Same day. Eve.—I am ashamed of my weakness. What! to faint! to despair! Fie! And yet believe in a Providence! and a priest of the Lord! Fie, Thomas!

I have recovered my composure, and done what I should. I have just carried to the post-office a letter to Mr. Withell at Trowbridge, in which I have stated my utter inability to pay the bond, and confessed myself ready to go to jail. If he has any human feeling, he will have pity on me; if not, he may drag me away whithersoever he will.

When I came from the office, I put the courage of my children to the proof. I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the maidens were more of men than the man; more of Christians than the priest.

I told them of Brook's death, of my debt, and of the possible consequences. They listened earnestly and in great sorrow.

"To prison!" said Jenny, silently weeping, while she threw her arms around me. "Ah, thou good, poor father, thou hast done no wrong, and yet hast to bear so much! I will go to Trowbridge; I will throw myself at Withell's feet; I will not rise until he releases thee!"

"No," cried Polly, sobbing, "do not think of such a thing. Tradesmen are tradesmen. They will not, for all thy tears, give up a farthing of father's debt. I will go to the woollen-draper, and bind myself to live upon bread and water, and be his slave, until I have paid him with my labor what father owes."

In forming such plans they gradually grew more composed. But they saw also the vanity of their hopes. At last said Jenny, "Why all these useless plans? Let us wait for Mr. Withell's answer. If he will be cruel, let him be so. God is also in the jail. Father, go to jail. Perhaps thou wilt be better there than with us in our poverty. Go, for thou goest without guilt. There is no disgrace in it for thee. We will both go to service, and our wages will procure thee everything needful. I will not be ashamed even to beg. To go a-begging for a father has something honorable and holy in it. We will come and visit thee from time to time. Thou shalt be well taken care of. We will fear no more."

"Jenny, thou art right," said Polly; "whoever fears does not believe in God. I am not afraid. I will be cheerful—as cheerful as I can be, separated from father and thee."

Such conversations cheered my heart. Fleetman was right when he said that I had two angels of the Lord at my side.

December 31.—The year is ended. Thanks be to Heaven, it has been, with the exception of some storms, a right beautiful and happy year! It is true, we have often had scarcely enough to eat; still, we have had enough. My poor salary has often occasioned me bitter cares; still, our cares have had their pleasures; and now I scarcely possess the means of supporting myself and my children half a-year longer. But how many have not even as much, and know not where to get another day's subsistence! My place I have lost. In my old age I am without office or bread. Is it possible that I shall spend the next year in a jail, separated from my good daughters? Still, Jenny is right: God is there also, in the jail!

To a pure conscience there is no hell, even in hell! and to a bad heart, no heaven in heaven. I am very happy.

Whoever knows how to endure privation is rich. A good conscience is better than that which the world names honor. As soon as we are able to look with indifference upon what people call honor and shame, then do we become truly worthy of honor. He who can despise the world enjoys heaven. I understand the Gospel better every day since I have learned to read it by the light of experience. The scholars at Oxford and Cambridge study the letter, not the spirit. Nature is the best interpreter of the Scriptures.

With these reflections I conclude the year.

I am very glad that I have now for some time persevered in keeping this journal. Everybody should keep one. One may learn more from himself than from the wisest books. When, by daily setting down our thoughts and feelings, we in a manner portray ourselves, we can see at the end of the year how many different faces we have. Man is not always like himself. He who says he knows himself, can answer for the truth of what he says only at the moment. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer what they will be to-morrow.

A day-book is useful, also, because it helps

us to grow in faith in God and Providence. The whole history of the world does not teach us so much about these things as the thoughts, judgments, and feelings of a single individual for a twelvemonth.

I have also had this year new confirmation of the truth of the old saying, "Misfortunes seldom come singly, but the darkest hour is just before morning." When things go hard with me, then I am most at my ease, always excepting the first shock, for then I please myself with the prospect of the relief which is sure to succeed, and I smile because nothing can disturb me. On the other hand, when everything goes according to my wishes, I am timid and anxious, and cannot give myself up freely to joy. I distrust the continuance of my peace. Those are the hardest misfortunes which we allow to take us by surprise. It is likewise true that trouble looks more terrible in the distance than when it is upon us. Clouds are never so black when near as they seem in the distance.

I have learned from all my calamities to consider, with the quickness of lightning, what will be their worst effect upon me. So I prepare myself for the worst, and it seldom comes.

This, also, I find good; I sometimes play with my hopes, but I never let my hopes play with me. So I keep them in check. I have only to remember how rarely fortune has been favorable to me, then all air-castles vanish as if they were ashamed to appear before me. Alas for him who is the sport of his hopes! He pursues will-o'-the-wisps into bogs and mire.

New-Year's Day, 1765, A. M.—A wonderful and sad affair opens the year. Here follows its history:

Early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon, I heard a knocking at the front door. Polly was up and in the kitchen. She ran to open the door and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. A stranger presented himself with a large box, which he handed to Polly, with these words, "Mr. ——" (Polly lost the name) "sends this box to the Rev. Vicar, and requests him to be very careful of the contents."

Polly took the box with joyful surprise. The man disappeared. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber-door to see whether I was awake. I answered, and she came in, and wishing me "a happy New Year," as well as "good morning," added, laughing, "You will see now, dear father, whether Polly's dreams are not prophetic. The promised bishop's miter is come!" And then she told me how a New-Year's present had been given her for me. It vexed me that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I was burning with curiosity, for hitherto the New-Year's presents for the Vicar of C—— had been as insignificant as they were rare. I suspected that my patron, the farmer, whose good-will I appeared to have won, had meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and I admired his modesty in sending me the present before it was light.

When I entered the parlor, Polly and Jenny were standing at the table on which lay the box, directed to me, carefully sealed, and of an unusual size. I had never seen exactly such a box before. I lifted it, and found it pretty heavy. In the top were two smoothly-cut round holes.

With Jenny's help, I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been directed to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo! but no, our astonishment is indescribable. We all exclaimed, with one voice, "Good God!"

There lay a little child asleep, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-colored ribbons. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was as well wrapped up in a blanket. The covering, as well as the little cap, was trimmed with the costliest Brabrant lace.

We stood some moments gazing at it with silent wonder. At last Polly broke out into a comical laugh and cried, "What shall we do with it? This is no bishop's miter!" Jenny timidly touched the cheek of the sleeping babe with the tip of her finger, and in a tone full of pity said, "Poor, dear little creature! thou hast no mother, or might as well have no mother! Great God! to cast off such a lovely helpless being! Only see, father, only see, Polly, how peacefully and trustfully it sleeps, unconscious of its fate, as if it knew that it is lying in God's hand. Sleep on, thou poor forsaken one! Thy parents are, perhaps, too high in rank to care for thee, and too happy to permit thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on; we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. I will be thy mother."

As Jenny was speaking, two large tears fell from her eyes. I caught the pious, gentle-hearted creature to my breast, and said, "Be a mother to this little one! The step-children of fortune come to her step-children. God tries our faith—no, he does not try it, he knows it. Therefore is this forsaken little creature brought to us. We do not, indeed, know how we shall subsist from one day to another, but He knows, who has appointed us to be parents to this orphan."

Thus the matter was soon settled. The child continued to sleep sweetly on. In the meanwhile, we exhausted ourselves in conjecture about its parents, who were undoubtedly known to us, as the box was directed to me. Polly, alas! could tell us nothing more of the person who brought it than she had already told. Now, while the little thing sleeps, and I run over my New-Year's sermon upon the "Power of the Eternal Providence," my daughters are holding a council about the nursing of the poor stranger. Polly exhibits all the delight of a child. Jenny appears to be much moved. With me, it is as if I entered upon the New Year in the midst of miracles, and—it may be superstition, or it may be not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express the feelings of peace, the still happiness which I have.

Same day. Eve.—I came home greatly exhausted, and weary with the sacred labors of the day. I had a long and rugged walk. But

I was inspirited by a happy return home, by the cheerfulness of my daughters, by our pleasant little parlor. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a flask of wine, a New-Year's present from an unknown benevolent hand.

The looks of the lovely little child in Jenny's arms refreshed me above all things. Polly showed me the beautiful little bed of our nursling, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night-clothes, which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they had found at the feet of the child when it awoke, and they took it out.

Anxious to learn something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet. It contained a roll of twenty guineas and a letter, as follows:

"Relying with entire confidence upon the piety and humanity of your reverence the unhappy parents of this dear child commend it to your care. Do not forsake it. We will testify our gratitude when we are at liberty to make ourselves known to you. Although at a distance, we shall keep a careful watch, and know everything that you do. The dear boy is named Alfred. He has been baptized. His board for the first quarter accompanies this. The same sum will be punctually remitted to you every three months. Take the child. We commend him to the tenderness of your daughter Jenny."

When I had read the letter, Polly leaped with joy, and cried, "There's the bishop's miter!" Bountiful Heaven! how rich had we suddenly become! We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes to look at the gold upon the table. What a New-Year's present! From my heaviest cares for the future was I thus suddenly relieved. But in what a strange and mysterious way! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover who it might be who had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who were able to make such a liberal compensation for a simple service of Christian charity. I tasked my recollection, but I could think of no one. And yet it was evident that these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence!

January 2.—Fortune is heaping her favors upon me. This morning I again received a packet of money, £12, by the post, with a letter from Mr. Fleetman. It is too much. For a shilling he returns me a pound. Things must have gone well with him; he says as much. I cannot, alas! thank him, for he has forgotten to mention his address! God forbid I should be puffed up with my present riches. I hope now in time to pay off honestly my bond to Mr. Withell.

When I told my daughters that I had received a letter from Mr. Fleetman, there was a new occasion for joy. I do not exactly understand what the girls have to do with Mr. Fleetman. Jenny grew very red, and Polly jumped up laughingly, and held up both her hands before Jenny's face, and Jenny behaved as if she was right vexed with the playful girl.

I read out Fleetman's letter; but I could scarcely do it, for the young man is an enthusiast. He writes many flattering things which I do not deserve; he exaggerates everything, even, indeed, when he speaks of the good Jenny. I pitied the poor girl while I read; I did not dare to look at her. The passage, however, which relates to her is worthy of note. It runs thus:

"When, excellent sir, I went from your door, I felt as if I were quitting a father's roof for the bleak world. I shall never forget you, never forget how happy I was with you. I see you now before me, in your rich poverty, in your Christian humility, in your patriarchal simplicity. And the lovely, fascinating Polly; and the—ah! for your Jenny I have no words! In what words shall one describe the heavenly loveliness by which everything earthly is transfigured? Forever shall I remember the moment when she gave me the twelve shillings, and the gentle tone of consolation in which she spoke to me. Wonder not that I have the twelve shillings still; I would not part with them for a thousand guineas. I shall soon, perhaps, explain everything to you personally. Never in my life have I been so happy or so miserable as I am now. Commend me to your sweet daughters, if they still bear me in remembrance."

I conclude from these lines that he intends to come this way again. The prospect gives me pleasure. In his unbounded gratitude, the young man has perhaps sent me his all, because I once lent him half of my ready money. That grieves me. He seems to be a thoughtless youth, and yet he has an honest heart.

We have great delight in the little Alfred. The little thing laughed to-day upon Polly, as Jenny was holding him like a young mother in her arms. The girls are more handy with the little citizen of the world than I had anticipated. But it is a beautiful child. We have bought him a handsome cradle, and provided abundantly for all his little wants. The cradle stands at Jenny's bedside. She watches day and night, like a guardian spirit, over her tender charge.

January 3.—To-day, Mr. Curate Thomson arrived with his young wife, and sent for me. I went to him immediately, at the inn. He is an agreeable man, and very polite. He informed me that he was appointed my successor in office; that he wished, if I had no objections, to enter immediately upon his duties; and that I might occupy the parsonage until Easter: he would in the meanwhile take up his abode in lodgings prepared for him at Alderman Fieldson's.

I replied that, if he pleased, I would resign my office to him immediately, as I should thus be more at liberty to look out for another situation. I desired only permission to preach a farewell sermon in the churches in which I had for so many years declared the word of the Lord.

He then said that he would come in the afternoon to examine the state of the parsonage.

He has been here, with his wife and Alderman Fieldson. His lady was somewhat haughty, and appears to be of high birth, for there was nothing in the house that pleased her, and she hardly deigned to look at my daughters. When she saw the little Alfred in the cradle, she turned to Jenny, and asked whether she were already married. The good Jenny blushed up to her hair, and shook her little head by way of negative, and stammered out something. I had to come to the poor girl's assistance. My lady listened to my story with great curiosity,

and drew up her mouth, and shrugged her shoulders. It was very disagreeable, but I said nothing. I invited them to take a cup of tea; but they declined. Mr. Curate appeared to be very obedient to the slightest hint of the lady.

We were very glad when the visit was over.

January 6.—Mr. Withell is an excellent man, to judge from his letter. He sympathizes with me in regard to my unfortunate bond, and comforts me with the assurance, that I must not disquiet myself if I am not able to pay it for ten years, or ever. He appears to be well acquainted with my circumstances, for he alludes to them very cautiously. He considers me an honest man; that gratifies me most; he shall not find his confidence misplaced. I will go to Trowbridge as soon as I can, and pay Mr. Withell Fleetman's £12 sterling, as an installment of my monstrous debt.

Although Jenny insists that she sleeps soundly, that little Alfred is very quiet o' nights, and only wakes once, when she gives him a drink out of his little bottle, yet I feel anxious about the maiden. She is not so lively by far as formerly, although she seems to be much happier than when we were every day troubled about our daily bread. Sometimes she sits with her needle, lost in a reverie, dreaming with open eyes, or her hands, once so active, lie sunk upon her lap. When she is spoken to, she starts, and has to bethink herself what was said. All this evidently comes from the interruption of her proper rest; but she will not hear a word of it. We cannot even persuade her to take a little nap in the daytime. She declares that she feels perfectly well.

I had no idea that she had so much vanity. Fleetman's praises have not displeased her. She has asked me for his letter, to read once more; and she has not yet returned it to me, but keeps it in her work-basket!

I don't care, for my part; the vain thing!

January 8.—My farewell sermon was accompanied with the tears of most of my hearers. I see now at last that my parishioners love me. They have expressed their obligations on all hands, and loaded me with gifts. I never before had such an abundance of provisions in the house, so many dainties of all kinds, and so much wine. A hundredth part of my present plenty would have made me account myself over-fortunate in past days. We are really swimming in plenty. But a goodly portion has already been disposed of. I know some poor families in C——, and Jenny knows even more than I. The dear people share in our pleasures.

I was moved to the inmost by my sermon. With tears had I written it. It was a sketch of my whole past course, from my call and settlement. I am driven from the vineyard as an unprofitable servant, and yet I have not labored as a hireling; many noble vines have I planted, many deadly weeds cut away. I am driven from the vineyard where I have watched, and taught, and warned, and comforted, and prayed. I have shrunk from no sick-bed. I have strengthened the dying for the last conflict with holy hope. I have gone after sinners. I have not left the poor desolate. I have called back the lost to the way of life. Ah! all these souls that were knit to my soul are torn from me—why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Gladly would I now offer to take charge of the parish without salary, but my successor has the office. I have been used to poverty from my birth, and care has never forsaken me since I stepped out of my boy's shoes. I have enough for myself and my daughters in little Alfred's board. We shall be able, indeed, to lay up something. I would never again complain of wind and weather beating against my gray hairs, could I only continue to break the bread of life to my flock.

Be it so! I will not murmur. The tear which drops upon this page is no tear of discontent. I ask not for riches and good days, nor have I ever asked. But, Lord! Lord! drive not thy servant forever from thy service, although his powers are small. Let me again enter thy vineyard, and with thy blessing win souls!

January 13.—My journey to Trowbridge has turned out beyond all expectation. I arrived late, with weary feet, at the pleasant little old city, and could not rouse myself from sleep until late the next morning. After I had put on my clean clothes, (I had not been so finely dressed since my wedding-day—the good Jenny shows a daughter's care for her father,) I left the inn, and went to Mr. Withell's. He lives in a splendid great house.

He received me somewhat coldly at first, but when I mentioned my name, he led me into his little office. Here I thanked him for his great goodness and consideration, told him how I happened to give the bond, and what hard fortunes had hitherto been mine. I then laid my £12 upon the table.

Mr. Withell looked at me for a while in silence, with a smile, and with some emotion. He then extended his hand, and shook mine, and said, "I know all about you; I have informed myself particularly about your circumstances. You are an honest man; take your £12 back. I cannot find it in my heart to rob you of your New-Year's present; rather let me add a pound to it, to remember me by."

He arose, brought a paper from another room, opened it, and said, "You know this bond and your signature? I give it to you and your children." He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hand.

I could find no words, I was so deeply moved. My eyes filled. He saw that I would thank him, but could not; and he said, "Hush! hush! not a syllable, I pray you; this is the only thanks I desire of you. I would gladly have forgiven poor Brook the debt, had he only dealt frankly with me."

I don't know a more noble-hearted man than Mr. Withell. He was too kind. He would have me relate to him much of my past history; he introduced me to his wife, and to the young gentleman his son; he had my little bundle, containing my old clothes, brought from the inn, and kept me at his house. The entertainment was princely. The chamber in which I slept, the carpet, the bed, were so splendid and costly, that I hardly dared to make use of them.

The next day, Mr. Withell sent me home in his own elegant carriage. I parted with my benefactor with a heart deeply moved. My

children wept with me for joy when I showed them the bond. "See," said I, "this light piece of paper was the heaviest burden of my life, and now it is generously canceled. Pray for the life and prosperity of our deliverer!"

January 16.—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life. We were sitting together in the forenoon; I was rocking the cradle, Polly was reading aloud, and Jenny was seated at the window with her needle, when she suddenly jumped up, and then fell back again, deadly pale, into her chair. We were all alarmed, and cried, "What is the matter?" She forced a smile, and said, "He is coming!"

The door opened, and in came Mr. Fleetman in a beautiful traveling-cloak. We greeted him right heartily, and were truly glad to see him so unexpectedly, and, it appeared, in so much better circumstances than before. He embraced me, kissed Polly, and bowed to Jenny, who had not yet recovered from her agitation. Her pale looks did not escape him. He inquired anxiously about her health. Polly replied to his questions, and he then kissed Jenny's hand, as though he would beg her pardon for having occasioned her such an alarm. But there was nothing to be said about it, for the poor girl grew red again like a newly-blown rose.

I called for cake and wine, to treat my guest and benefactor better than on former occasions; but he declined, as he could not tarry long, and he had company at the inn. Yet, at Jenny's request, he sat down and took some wine with us.

As he had spoken of the company which had come with him, I supposed that it must be a company of comedians, and inquired whether they intended to stop and play in C——, observing that the place was too poor. He laughed out, and replied, "Yes, we shall play a comedy, but altogether gratis." Polly was beside herself with joy, for she had long wanted to see a play. She told Jenny, who had gone for the cakes and wine. Polly inquired whether many actors had come with him. "A gentleman and lady," said he, "but excellent players."

Jenny appeared unusually serious. She cast a sad look at Fleetman, and asked, "And you—will you also appear?" This was said in that tone peculiarly soft, yet very penetrating, which I have seldom observed in her, and only upon rare occasions, and at most serious moments.

Poor Fleetman himself trembled at her tone, so like the voice of the angel of doom. He looked up to her with an earnest gaze, and appeared to struggle with himself for an answer, and then advancing toward her a step, he said, "Miss, by my God and yours, you alone can decide that!"

Jenny dropped her eyes. He continued to speak. She answered. I could not comprehend what they were about. They spoke. Polly and I listened with the greatest attention, but we neither of us understood a word, or rather we heard words without any sense. And yet Fleetman and Jenny appeared not only to understand one another perfectly, but what struck me as very strange, Fleetman was deeply moved by Jenny's answers, although they expressed the veriest trifles. At last Fleetman clasped his hands passionately to his breast, raised his eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, and with an impressive appearance of emotion exclaimed, "Then I am indeed unhappy!"

Polly could hold out no longer. With a comical vivacity, she looked from one to the other, and at last cried out, "I do believe that you are beginning to play already!"

He pressed Polly's hand warmly, and said, "Ah! that it were so!"

I put an end to the confusion by pouring out the wine. We drank to the welfare of our friend. Fleetman turned to Jenny and stammered out, "Miss, in earnest, my welfare?" She laid her hand upon her heart, cast down her eyes, and drank.

Fleetman immediately became more composed. He went to the cradle, looked at the child, and when Polly and I had told him its history, he said to Polly, with a smile, "Then you have not discovered that I sent you this New-Year's present?"

We all exclaimed, in utter amazement, "Who! you?" He then proceeded to relate what follows: "My name," said he, "is not Fleetman. I am Sir Cecil Fairford. My sister and myself have been kept out of our rightful property by my father's brother, who took advantage of certain ambiguous conditions in my father's will, and involved us in a long and embarrassing lawsuit. We have hitherto lived with difficulty upon the little property left us by our mother, who died early. My sister has suffered most from the tyranny of her uncle, who was her guardian, and who had destined her for the son of an intimate and powerful friend of his. But my sister, on the other hand, was secretly contracted to the young Lord Sandom, whose father, then living, was opposed to their marriage. Without the knowledge either of my uncle or the old lord, they were secretly married. The little Alfred is their son. My sister, under the pretense of benefiting her health, and availing herself of sea-bathing, left the house of her guardian, and put herself under my protection. When the child was born, our great concern was to find a place for it, where it would have the tenderest care. I accidentally heard a touching account of the poverty and humanity of the parish minister of C——, and I came hither to satisfy myself. The manner in which I was treated by you decided me.

"I have forgotten to mention that my sister never returned to her guardian; for about six months ago I won the suit against him, and entered into possession of my patrimony. My uncle instituted a new suit against me for withdrawing my sister from his charge; but the old Lord Sandom died suddenly a few days ago of apoplexy, and my brother-in-law has made his marriage public. So that the suit falls to the ground, and all cause for keeping the child's birth secret is removed. Its parents have now come with me to take the child away, and I have come to take away you and your family, if the proposal I make you shall be accepted.

"During the lawsuit in which I have been engaged, the living, which is in the gift of my family, has remained unoccupied. I have at my disposal this situation, which yields over £200 per annum. You, sir, have lost your place. I shall not be happy unless you come and reside near me and accept this living."

God only knows how I was affected at these

words. My eyes were blinded with tears of joy. I stretched out my hands to the man who came a messenger from Heaven. I fell upon his breast. Polly threw her arms around him with a cry of delight. Jenny thankfully kissed the baronet's hand. But he snatched it from her with visible agitation, and left us.

My happy children were still holding me in their embraces, and we were still mingling our tears and congratulations, when the baronet returned, bringing his brother-in-law, Lord Sandom, with his wife. The latter was an uncommonly beautiful young lady. Without saluting us, she ran to the cradle of her child. She knelt down over the little Alfred, kissed his cheeks, and wept freely with mingled pain and delight. Her lord raised her up, and had much trouble in composing her.

When she had recovered her composure, and apologized to us all for her behavior, she thanked first me, and then Polly, in the most touching terms. Polly disowned all obligation, and pointed to Jenny, who had withdrawn to the window, and said, "My sister there has been its mother!"

Lady Saudom approached Jenny, gazed at her long in silence, and with evidently delighted surprise, and then glanced at her brother with a smile, and folded Jenny in her arms. The dear Jenny, in her modesty, scarcely dared to look up. "I am your debtor," said my lady, "but the service you have rendered to a mother's heart it is impossible for me to repay. Become a sister to me, lovely Jenny; sisters can have no obligation between them." As they embraced each other, the baronet approached. "There stands my poor brother," said my lady; "as you are now my sister, he may stand nearer to your heart, dear Jenny, may he not?"

Jenny blushed, and said, "He is my father's benefactor."

"Will you not be," replied the lady, "the benefactress of my poor brother? Look kindly on him. If you only knew how he loves you!"

The baronet took Jenny's hand and kissed it, and said, as Jenny struggled to withdraw it, "Miss, will you be unkind to me? I am unhappy without this hand." Jenny, much disturbed, let her hand remain in his. The baronet then led my daughter to me, and begged me for my blessing.

"Jenny," said I, "it depends upon thee. Do we dream? Canst thou love him? Do thou decide."

She then turned to the baronet, who stood before her, deeply agitated, and cast upon him a full, penetrating look, and then took his hand in both hers, pressed it to her breast, looked up to heaven, and softly whispered, "God has decided."

I blessed my son and my daughter. They embraced. There was a solemn silence. All eyes were wet.

Suddenly Polly sprang up, laughing through her tears, and flung herself upon my neck, while she cried, "There! we have it! The New-Year's present; bishops' miters upon bishops' miters!"

Little Alfred awoke.

It is in vain—I cannot describe this day. My happy heart is full, and I am continually interrupted.

PULP AND ESSENCE.

FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

PENCILED passages accumulate upon our hands; massive thoughts, gems of beauty; flowers, exotic and indigenous. We bring a few of them together here; in the language of Montaigne, a nosegay of culled flowers, claiming nothing as our own, but the string that ties them.

LIFE AT SEA.

EMERSON thus graphically sketches human existence on board ship:

"I find the sea-life an acquired taste, like that for tomatoes and olives. The confinement, cold, motion, noise, and odor, are not to be dispensed with. The floor of your room is sloped at an angle of twenty or thirty degrees, and I waked every morning with the belief that some one was tipping up my berth. Nobody likes to be treated ignominiously, upset, shoved against the side of the house, rolled over, suffocated with bilge, mephitis, and stewing oil. We get used to these annoyances at last, but the dread of the sea remains longer. The sea is masculine, the type of active strength. Look what egg-shells are drifting all over it, each one, like ours, filled with men in ecstasies of terror, alternating with Cockney conceit, as the sea is rough or smooth. Is this sad-colored circle an eternal cemetery? In our graveyards we scoop a pit, but this aggressive water opens mile-wide pits and chasms, and makes a mouthful of a fleet. To the geologist the sea is the only firmament; the land is in perpetual flux and change, now blown up, like a tumor, now sunk in a chasm, and the registered observations of a few hundred years find it in perpetual tilt, rising and falling. The sea keeps its old level; and 'tis no wonder that the history of our race is so recent, if the roar of the ocean is silencing our traditions. A rising of the sea, such as has been observed, say an inch in a century, from east to west on the land, will bury all the towns, monuments, bones, and knowledge of mankind, steadily, and insensibly. If it is capable of these great and secular mischiefs, it is quite as ready at private and local damage; and of this no landsman seems so fearful as the seaman. Such discomfort and such danger as the narratives of the captain and mate disclose are bad enough as the costly fee we pay for entrance to Europe; but the wonder is always new that any sane man can be a sailor. And here, on the second day of our voyage, stepped out a little boy in his shirt sleeves, who had hid himself, while the ship was in port, in the bread-closet, having no money, and wishing to go to England. The sailors have dressed him in Guernsey frock, with a knife in his belt, and he is climbing nimbly about after them, 'likes the work first rate, and, if the captain will take him, means now to come back again in the ship.' The mate avers that this is the history of all sailors; nine out of ten are runaway boys; and adds, that all of them are sick of the sea, but stay in it out of pride. Jack has a life of risks, incessant abuse, and the worst pay. It is a little better with the mate, and not very much better with the captain. A hundred dollars a month is reckoned high pay. If sailors were contented, if they had not resolved again and again not to go to sea any more, I should respect them.

"Of course the inconveniences and terrors of the sea are not of any account to those whose minds are preoccupied. The water-laws, arctic frost, the mountain, the mine, only shatter Cockneyism; every noble activity makes room for itself. A great mind is a good sailor, a great heart is. And the sea is not slow in disclosing inestimable secrets to a good naturalist.

"'Tis a good rule in every journey to provide some piece of liberal study to rescue the hours which bad weather, bad company, and taverns steal from the best economist. Classics which at home are drowsily read have a strange charm in a country inn, or in the transom of a merchant brig. I remember that some of the happiest and most valuable hours I have owed to books, passed, many years ago, on shipboard. The worst impediment I have found at sea is the want of light in the cabin."

SWEET HOME.

CHARLES READE, in "a matter of fact Romance," the scene of which is partly laid in Australia, describes a visit made by some Englishmen in that far-off land, one Sunday, to the house of a countrywoman, who had brought with her "from home" an English Lark. They came many miles to hear him sing:

"Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began, as it were, to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and, amid a dead stillness, the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps; but after a while he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him one by one, and string them 'sotto voce.' And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home, came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more; till at last, amid breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out burst in that distant land his English song. It swelled his little throat, and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty; and every time he checked his song to think of its theme, the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he sang so well, a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him: and when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul, the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the leafy clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one drop trickled from fierce, unbridled breasts, down bronzed and rugged cheeks. Dulce domum! And these shaggy men, full of oaths, and strife, and cupidity, had once been curly-headed boys, and some had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise, and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and they were full of oaths, and drink, and lusts, and remorses; but no note was changed in this minstrel's song. And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine; they came back, bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures and those fleeted days; the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes, ding dong bell, ding dong bell, ding dong bell; the clover field hard by, in which he lay and gamboled while the lark praised God overhead; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked: the sweet, sweet hours of youth, and innocence, and home."

ELOQUENCE.

LORD BROUGHAM, in the "Oratorical Articles," which make up a large portion of the three volumes recently published, under the general title of "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review," thus speaks of Demosthenes:

"The greatest of all orators never regarded the composition of any sentence worthy of him to deliver, as a thing of easy execution. Practiced as he was, and able surely, if any man ever was by his own mastery over language, to pour out his ideas with facility, he elaborated every passage with almost equal care. Having the same ideas to express, he did not, like our easy and fluent moderns, clothe them in different language for the sake of beauty; but reflecting that he had upon the fullest deliberation adopted one form of expression as the best, and because every other must needs be worse, he used it again without any change, unless further labor and more trials had enabled him in any particular to improve the workmanship."

Of the French pulpit orators BROUGHAM greatly prefers Massillon, esteeming him by far more Demosthenian than his rival, BOSSUET. Here are specimens from both these eminent men. The first is from Massillon's sermon on the small number of the elect; a passage which, it is said, made his hearers start to their feet:

"I figure to myself that our last hour is come; the heavens are opening over our heads. Time is no more and Eternity has begun. Jesus Christ is about to appear, to judge us according to our deserts; and we are here awaiting at his hands the sentence of everlasting life or death. I ask you now—stricken with terror like yourselves—in no wise separating my lot from yours, but placing myself in the situation in which we all must one day stand before God our Judge—if Christ, I ask you, were at this moment to come to make the awful partition of the just and the unjust; think you that the greater number would be saved? Do you believe that the numbers would be equal? If the lives of the multitude here present were sifted, would he find among us ten righteous? would he find a single one?"

From BOSSUET'S sermon on the Day of Judgment, the following is selected:

"The assize is opened; the Judge is seated. O criminal! come plead your case. But you have little time to prepare yourself! O God, how short is the time to unravel an affair so complicated as that of your reckoning and your life. Ah, why address superfluous cries! Ah, why do you bitterly sigh after so many lost years; vainly, uselessly! There is no more time to you. You enter the region of eternity. See, there is no more visible sun to commence and finish the days, the seasons, the years. It is the Lord himself who now begins to measure all things by his own infinity. I see you astonished and horror-struck at the presence of your Judge; but look also at your accusers, those poor who are raising their voices against your inexorable hardness."

KIT NORTH'S MANNER OF LIFE.

THUS, humorously, he himself describes it:

"We go to bed at any time, from ten at night to ten in the morning; scorn to tie ourselves down to any hour for any meal, and obey only the finer impulses and movements of our own spirits. When we feel our fancy free, we fly away over flowery fields, and disappear from before the ken of our contributors in a shower of sunshine; when we know that our intellect is strong, we tackle to philosophical criticism and politics. When we suspect that we are in a state of Civilation, we lie back in our easy chair, laugh or go to sleep. Of our soul, in short, it may be said, as Wordsworth said of the Thames at Westminster, before London was awake,

'The river glideth at its own sweet will.'

"We love to do our work by fits and starts. We hate to keep fiddling away, an hour or two at a time, at one article for weeks. So, off with our coat, and at it like a blacksmith. When we once get the way of it, hand over hip, we laugh at Vulcan and all his Cyclops. From nine of the morning till nine at night, we keep hammering away at the metal, iron or gold, till we produce a most beautiful article. A biscuit and a glass of Madeira, twice or thrice at the most, and then to a well-won dinner.

"In three days, gentle reader, have we, Christopher North, often produced a whole magazine, a most splendid number. For the next three weeks we were as idle as a desert, and as vast as an antre; and thus on we go, alternately laboring like an ant, and relaxing, in the sunny air, like a dragon-fly, enamored of extremes, impatient only of mediocrity, leading the life of a comet one day, of a planet the next, and of a fixed star, perhaps, the third, never wearied of shining, yet avoiding all sameness even in our luster; our motions often eccentric, no doubt, and irregular; but anything, as you know, better than standing still, the only fault we ever had to find with the sun, but which we are happy now to understand cannot fairly be laid to his charge, as our whole solar system, nay, fixed stars and all, do, we are credibly informed, keep 'moving altogether, if they move at all;' and, although they journey fast, and have been journeying long, have a far way before them yet, stretching untraveled through the universe."

PARASITES.

THE following from the *Westminster Review*, is at once truthful and happily expressed:

"Every animal has its parasite, which instead of roaming in quest of food, snugly ensconces itself in the tissues of its victim, and there feeds in comfortable abundance, in otiose prosperity, earning its dayly bread without sweat of brow, or pains of invention. If we examine closely, we shall find that this idle parasite is also the victim to some smaller parasite, who, like Thackeray's poor Irishman, always found dependent on some Irishman not quite so poor, lives at second-hand upon the juices of parasite primus. In literature, a similar phenomenon presents itself. Some laborious German, patient, stolid, loving labor for its own sake, and never happier than when surrounded by the *débris* of erudition, after years of *Forschungen*—researches which have been lighted and lightened by many pipes, and saddened by much dyspepsia, produces a huge book, crammed with material, good, bad, very bad, and indifferent. If the book have any vitality, we shall soon find that some nimble Frenchman, or some steadfastly practical Englishman, has fastened himself upon it, sucking its juices, thriving on its abundant food, and growing there with no more onerous labor than is devoted to the process of digestion. If the parasite prospers, it will not be long before some nimbler and minuter Frenchman, or some Englishman with still greater love of short-cuts to results, will be found living on this second-hand food, much to his own satisfaction. First comes a work in plethoric octavo; then a slim and graceful duodecimo; then a review article;

'Et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt.'"

AN ELEVATED STYLE.

OUR bouquet must needs have a touch of the satirical. Take this from an article on "Silly novels by lady novelists:"

"The style of this novel is quite as lofty as its purpose; indeed, some passages on which we have spent much patient study are quite beyond our reach, in spite of the illustrative aid of italics and small caps; and we must await further 'development' in order to understand them. Of Ernest, the model young clergyman, who sets every one right on all occasions, we read that 'he held not of marriage in the marketable kind, after a social desecration;' that, on one eventful night, 'sleep had not visited his divided heart, where tumultuated, in varied type and combination, the aggregate feelings of grief and joy;' and that, 'for the *marketable* human article he had no toleration, be it of what sort, or set for what value it might, whether for worship or class, his upright soul abhorred it, whose ultimatum, the self-deceiver, was to him THE *great spiritual lie*, "living in a vain show, deceiving and being deceived!" since he did not suppose the phylactery and enlarged border on the garment to be *merely* a social trick.' (The italics and small caps are the author's, and we hope they assist the reader's comprehension.)

"Of Sir Lionel, the model old gentleman, we are told that 'the simple ideal of the middle age, apart from its anarchy and decadence, in him most truly seemed to live again, when the ties which knit men together were of heroic cast. The first-born colors of pristine faith and truth engraven on the common soul of man, and blent into the wide arch of brotherhood, where the primeval law of *order* grew and multiplied each perfect after his kind, and mutually inter-dependent.'

"You see clearly, of course, how colors are first engraven on the soul, and then blent into a wide arch, on which arch of colors, apparently a rainbow, the law of order grew and multiplied, each, apparently the arch and the law, perfect after his kind! If, after this, you can possibly want any further aid toward knowing what Sir Lionel was, we can tell you, that in his soul 'the scientific combinations of thought could educe no fuller harmonies of the good and the true, than lay in the primeval pulses which floated as an atmosphere around it!' and that, when he was sealing a letter, 'Lo! the responsive throb in that good man's bosom echoed back in simple truth the honest witness of a heart that condemned him not, as his eye, bedewed with love, rested, too, with something of ancestral pride, on the undimmed motto of the family—"LOYAUTE."'

"The slightest matters have their vulgarity fumigated out of them by the same elevated style. Commonplace people would say that a copy of Shakspeare lay on a drawing-room table; but the authoress of 'The Enigma,' bent on edifying periphrasis, tells you that there lay on the table. 'that fund of human

thought and feeling, which teaches the heart through the little name, "Shakspeare."' A watchman sees a light burning in an open window rather longer than usual, and thinks that people are foolish to sit up late when they have an opportunity of going to bed; but lest this fact should seem too low and common, it is presented to us in the following striking and metaphysical manner: 'He marveled, as a man *will* think for others in a necessarily separate personality, consequently (though disallowing it) in false mental premise, how differently *he* should act, how gladly *he* should prize the rest so lightly held of within.'

"A footman, an ordinary Jeames, with large calves and aspirated vowels, answers the door-bell, and the opportunity is seized to tell you that he was a 'type of the large class of pampered menials, who follow the curse of Cain, "vagabonds" on the face of the earth, and whose estimate of the human class varies in the graduated scale of money and expenditure. . . These, and such as these, O England, be the false lights of thy morbid civilization!' We have heard of various 'false lights,' from Dr. Cumming to Robert Owen, from Dr. Pusey to the Spirit-rappers, but we never before heard of the false light that emanates from plush and powder."

REMORSE—DIRGE.

FROM a recently published volume of poems by SIDNEY DOBELL, we take the following monologue of a ruined girl. We find it, almost the only thing worth quoting, in a mass of silliness and trivialities:

"Ah that fatal spell!
Ere the evening fell
I fled away to hide my frighten'd face,
And cried that I was born,
And sobb'd with love and scorn,
And in the darkness sought a darker place,
And blush'd, and wept, and blush'd, and dared not
think of morn.

"Day and night, day and night,
And I saw no light,
Night and day, night and day,
And in my woe I lay,
And dream'd the dreams they dream who cannot
sleep;
My speech was wither'd, and I could not pray;
My tears were frozen, and I could not weep.

"I saw the hawthorn rise
Between me and the skies,
I felt the shadow was from pole to pole,
I felt the leaves were shed,
I felt the birds were dead,
And on the earth I mow'd the winter of my soul."

As a fitting counterpart take this dirge, a waif of which we know not the owner:

"Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying of a broken heart.

"Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

"Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping,
She to heaven has pass'd!"

DEATH OF A BABE.

TOUCHINGLY truthful is the father's description of the last hours of his infant child. It is from a little book entitled "Agnes and the Key of her little Coffin," recently published in Boston:

"She was not quite one year old. I cannot venture to describe her. My heart swells and is ready to break at the thought of some sweet, touching feature, some winning way, the posture and motion of her hands or feet, her inarticulated noises with her lips, the pressure of her mouth against our cheeks, that being as far as she had advanced in kissing. Sights of her asleep, when her mother and I stood over her with lamp in hand, are as deeply stamped on my mind as views in the Alps. I could tell you every dimple which we detected as she lay on her back, a knee or arm disengaged from her clothing. All her mimicry of sounds and of motions, and her little feats, which astonished herself and made us shout; her morning bath, she a little image, with her very straight back, plashing the water with her feet; and other nameless things, raise the question, and leave it in doubt, whether I wish there were more of them to remember, or whether it is well for me that she had been developed no more. Human bliss arrives at perfection as frequently in such scenes and experiences, as when we have made calculations for happiness; indeed, we are never more happy than during the little, sudden tournaments of love with a young child; and the man who has a wife and child, supplying him with these inadvertent pleasures, will find in the retrospect that he was most happy when he least suspected it. To know when we have in possession the means of true happiness, and to rejoice in it, and feel satisfied, is rare. Would that I had thought more of this when my little child was with me.

"Sometimes I looked at her with a feeling of awe. Mine, indeed, she was; but in what a subordinate sense! That perfect frame, that wondrous mind, that immortal destiny, often made me shrink into nothingness at the contemplation of her—feeling that God, in making her, had rolled a sphere into an orbit which is measureless, making it touch mine, but having a path of its own, which cannot be comprehended in that of another, not even in that of the earthly parent. I was glad that there was an infinite God to possess this infinite treasure, and control it; for it was too much for me. My enjoyment of her was often overshadowed by these thoughts. Still she was to me a perfect joy. Her beautifully unfolding life left me nothing to desire.

"But the destroyer came. It had been an exceedingly hot summer, and cholera infantum began to waste the little face and frame. We saw that she must die; we nevertheless maintained a cheerfulness of feeling which afterward seemed to us unnatural; but no doubt it was kindly given, to bear us through the trial. The last night that she was put to rest, her symptoms were favorable; but, early in the morning, the nurse whispered to me, that the child "looked strange," and she led my way to the nursery. The little patient lay with her hand under her cheek, her eyes were raised

and fixed on the wall. I supposed that she was watching a shadow, and I spoke to her by name. She did not move, nor did she turn her eyes; I spoke again, and kissed her; it was in vain; the fearful truth flashed upon me, that she was convulsed. We watched her till sundown, when she ceased to breathe.

"I fear that some of you will smile, if I say, she seemed to me the sweetest little thing that ever died; that, as she lay in her last sleep, no sight could be quite so beautiful and touching; that the loss of a child never, probably, awoke such tenderness of love and such grief. Suffer me at least to think so, without debate.

"How can I tell you anything about the last sad scene at the grave? Enough to say that each of us kissed the sweet face; we gazed on her a few moments, while tears ran down; and some things were uttered, between speaking and crying, till at length her mother kneeled, and held her face near the little face for a few moments, without a sound, then drew the white embroidered blanket over the little thing, for it was a cold day; and thus the last 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' seemed to be said and heard. I closed the lid. 'Lieth down and riseth not, till the heavens be no more;' what shall I have seen and known before I see this face again! That simple thing, the closing of the lid, what a world of meaning was in it! My thoughts were making a whirlpool about me, till my eye was taken by the nearer approach of a man, in his shirt sleeves and rough working garb, who respectfully seemed to intimate, we are ready, sir, when you are. O must we, must we part? Must the grave have her?

"With an effort, I said, 'Thy will be done.' I turned the key, and took it out of the lock, and understood how every good man could have opened his mouth, at certain times, against the day of his birth. We waited. In a few moments, one more little mound grew up from the earth; the clods of the valley had become sweet to one more father and mother."

DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

In a letter to his nephew, written in 1828, the great statesman thus simply, and like a Christian, speaks of a reunion with those who have gone before us to the realms of the blessed:

"I thank you for your kind and affectionate letter, and assure you its suggestions are all in strict accordance with my own feelings. It does not appear to me unreasonable to believe that the friendships of this life are perpetuated in heaven. Flesh and blood, indeed, cannot inherit the kingdom of God; but I know not why that which constitutes a pure source of happiness on earth, individual affection and love, may not survive the tomb. Indeed, is not the principle of happiness to the sentient being essentially the same in heaven and on earth? The love of God and of the good beings whom he has created, and the admiration of the material universe which he has formed; can there be other sources of happiness than these to the human mind, unless it is to alter the whole structure and character? And again, it may be asked, how can this world be rightly called a scene of probation and discipline, if the affections, which we are compelled to cherish and cultivate here, are to leave us on the threshold of the other world? These views, and many others, would seem to lead to the belief that earthly affections, purified and exalted, are fit to carry with us to the abode of the blessed. Yet, it must be confessed that there are some things in the New Testament which may possibly countenance a different conclusion. The words of our Saviour, especially in regard to the woman who had seven husbands, deserve deep reflection. I am free to confess that some descriptions of heavenly happiness are so ethereal and sublimated as to fill me with a strange sort of terror. Even that which you quote, that our departed friends 'are as the angels of God,' penetrated my soul with a dreadful emotion. Like an angel of God, indeed, I hope she is, in purity, in happiness, and in immortality; but I would fain hope that in kind remembrance of those she has left, in a lingering human sympathy and human love, she may yet be as God created her, a little lower than the angels."

WOMAN AND MARRIAGE.

Washington Irving, who, like Goldsmith, is a bachelor, and is supposed to know little, if anything, about connubial happiness, makes the following touching and beautiful remarks on the bride, afterward the matron:

"I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen a young and beautiful woman, pride of gay circles, married, as the world says, well. Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture and their splendid arrangement for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for them; as the young sometimes are carried away by similar feelings. I love to get, unobserved, into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and, with her smiling face and her soft eyes meeting me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now not forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss and beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly come back from the crowded and the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come, and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart, and gaze with him on the graceful form as she moves about for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty. I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces resigned into dignity, and loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and delicate attentions which first won her; and her fair children are grown about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die."

The National Magazine.

JANUARY, 1857.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

REMINISCENCES.—A man of fifty years who is native of a Western state may justly take rank in that ancient and honorable company the "Oldest Inhabitants." His childhood and that of his native state were parallel. Year by year they both grew stronger, until at last this difference was manifest; at fifty the energy and activity of youth have begun to depart from him, but the state is becoming more speedy and resolute in progress. The individual grows old, and passes away, and is followed by his sons and grandsons, while the state gathers new vigor under the centuries which pass over it. Happy are they who are permitted to see the rise of a great commonwealth, and bear a part in assisting its early movements toward greatness. Their memories contain the record of important deeds which have never been described in history. To this class belongs our Western correspondent, from whom we hope to hear frequently, and who gives us the following account of

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE OHIO:

I saw the first steamboat that came down the Ohio River. Such craft had never been heard of by the inhabitants of the wilderness where we lived. We were all taken by surprise. We heard the monster puffing and shrieking a number of miles away. The machinery had not been brought to perfection, and hence there was more noise than is made by modern boats. As they heard the mysterious sounds at a distance, some were fearful that the judgment day had come. Consternation seized many hearts. One woman fainted with fright, and had to be borne into the house. Anxiety to know its nature became more intense as it approached. There was no telegraph to herald its coming, and solve the mystery. At last the monster made its appearance, and moved before us in bodily form. From its motion on the water, its proportions, and the appearance of men on the decks, we correctly conjectured that it was a boat.

From the same pen we have these reminiscences of

THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE:

I spent my early life near North Bend, the residence of General Harrison. When I first knew the general he was tall and straight in person, with jet-black hair, and remarkably keen and penetrating eyes. Being often at his house, I had the opportunity to know him well. He was a noble-hearted gentleman, with no affectation or haughtiness of manners. He displayed his good nature by his playful and friendly bearing to children, sometimes joining them in their sports. He would leave his table, though surrounded by distinguished guests, to attend to the wants of a neighbor who desired a favor. He was liberal-minded and generous to a fault. He might have amassed a large fortune, but he never became rich. To several men who had lived as tenants on his farm he gave money to buy themselves land in the West.

A Methodist preacher spent a night at Harrison's hospitable mansion. While there his horse died. The next morning the general saddled one of his best horses, and gave it to the preacher.

One other graphical description we may call

A TEA-PARTY EXTRAORDINARY.

My father was an intimate friend of Judge Burke, who had been a Methodist itinerant, and was then a local preacher. He occupied a high judicial position, and was for many years post-master of Cincinnati. At his request I spent a year with him. His house was the scene of much generous hospitality of the good old style. He had been the early friend of General Jackson, who invariably made his home with him during his visits to Cincinnati. Lorenzo Dow, the eccentric preacher, spent a month there, recruiting for another campaign against this sinful world.

One day Judge Burke came into the house, and, in a pleasant way, said to his wife,

"I have received a letter from *Jack*, and he tells me he is coming to Cincinnati; *Hauck* writes that he is coming. I will send down and invite *Billy*, and *Pud* you know is here. We will make a supper, and have a rare company of guests."

In using these familiar titles Judge Burke referred to General Jackson, then President of the United States, Henry Clay, and General Harrison, while Dow was honored with the mysterious and inexplicable name of "Pud."

The time appointed for the tea-party arrived, and the guests were Jackson, Harrison, Clay, Judges M'Lean and Burnett, and Lorenzo Dow. They were tall and spare men, the host alone being conspicuous for rotundity of form. Clay was the most scrupulously neat in his attire.

As Dow had seen more of the world than any of the rest, all eyes were turned toward him. He raised his tall, slim form, and stood beside his chair. His small black eyes peered out but just discernible in a mingled mass of hair and beard. He wore a coat which had once been green cloth, but he had carried it through so many lands and years that its original color could scarcely be discerned. Uncouth as he was he was undoubtedly the object of the deep respect of all around him. Of the conversation that evening I remember the following incident:

"Once in my travels," said Dow, "I came to a river. Neither myself nor my traveling companion had any money to pay our ferriage. It was a large stream, and there was no way of crossing except by boat. We were in a quandary. At last I told my friend to remain where he was, and I would go down to the water's edge, and find a way to cross.

"After walking backward and forward, up and down the river, for a few minutes, I found a piece of money sufficient to pay our ferriage. I was confident that I should find something to relieve us from our difficulty, but was not certain in what shape it would be."

"Strong faith!" said Jackson.

"I had firm confidence that I should not be hindered in my journey," said Dow.

"The question arises," said Clay, "whether such confidence of success results from a man's own strength of mind, or is a special endowment by the Almighty."

Before this question had been fully decided, the guests were summoned to the table. Dow, in asking a blessing, made a prayer of considerable length. He did this in such an appropriate and affecting manner that at least two of those great men were moved to tears. The conversation was resumed at the table. Dow maintained that the Lord raised up particular men to do special labors.

"It is an easy matter for him to enlarge a man's head and fill it with sense enough for any work. When he endows an individual, he is just the man for the emergence for which he was made, and no one else would do so well. He goes forward and works out the designs of Providence with confidence of success." Looking at Jackson he said:

"How was it with you, general, at the great battle? Did you have any doubt as to the result?"

"None whatever," said he. "I went to work as calmly as a boy chopping his morning's wood. I had no more fear of losing the victory than I have now of failing to receive pleasure from the entertainment which the judge has provided for us."

"As for myself," said Harrison, "the case is somewhat different. I have at times had no little anxiety previous to battle. Indian warfare is peculiar. You can never have entire confidence in your preparations against such an enemy. Hence, I sometimes had doubts as to the result, and some anxiety about the safety of my men."

The conversation was continued on a variety of interesting subjects until a late hour at night. Not a word was said of their wide differences in politics to mar the social and friendly feeling. While politicians with the most bitter and hostile feelings were arrayed against each other in favor of one or the other of these men, they were on the most friendly and fraternal terms. What a stern rebuke to the animosities and jealousies of smaller minds in times of political excitement!

SOUTHERN PERIODICALS.—There is a great deal of lamentable whining on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line, because the people there do not patronize their own publications. For some cause or other they *will* send to the North for their literature. We agree with *The Examiner*, by the way one of the best exchanges upon our list, that it is "a burning shame." The editor says:

"Now, if our people took no magazines at all, we could not complain, but they *do* subscribe, very generally, to some magazine or other published at the North. The question then very naturally arises: Are the Northern periodicals better than those short-lived magazines which have been published in the South? To this, we answer, most emphatically, No! The two numbers of the new series of the Southern Quarterly are positively worth everything that has appeared in the North American Review for ten years! In fact, no magazine in this country can bear any sort of comparison with this *Southern Quarterly*; and, without any exaggeration, it may be said, that it is FULLY EQUAL to any, and far superior to most, of the famed 'foreign reviews' which Scott & Co. republish. Yet, the *Southern Quarterly* is lacking money; it is a burning shame, a deep disgrace to the entire South! They have *no such* quarterly in Yankee land; and *yet*, the miserable *Harper*, and the very boring *Putnam*, the *North American*, which is devoted to Abolitionism, Factory-girl poetry, and all imaginable 'transcendental moonshine,' the inane *Peterson's Magazine*, the wretchedly stupid *Godey* and *Graham* are everywhere to be found with all the impudent anti-Southern papers which glory in such names as *Saturday Post*, *Home Journal*, *Ballou's Pictorial*, to the exclusion of all the really worthy papers of the South. Will our people ever wake up? Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not only *not* intellectual *bread*, but actually poison to the entire moral, religious, intellectual, and political man?

"Enough of this. It is clearly our DUTY to assist, as far as in us lies, this new magazine. Let it not languish and *almost die* like the worthy *Southern Literary Messenger*; but quit *Harper*, quit *Putnam*, quit all of those other morbid 'monthlies,' and subscribe to the *Southern Quarterly Review*, and the *Southern Literary Messenger*, but especially to the *Charleston Magazine*."

—

CHURCH CHOIRS.—In the pastoral letter of the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, issued by the late General Convention, are some pertinent remarks to a class of worshipers very generally overlooked in similar documents. We allude to those upon whom devolves the conducting of sacred music in the Lord's house, and we copy that part of the letter as applicable to all religious denominations:

"From the work of the ministry, beloved brethren, we would next ask your serious attention to the share which the organist and the choir are called upon to take in the public duty of devotion. In the ancient Church there was a far higher solemnity attached to the office of chorister than we behold in our day. He was consecrated to his task by a kind of inferior ordination, and if he was found to act unworthily, he was openly degraded in a certain form of words, because 'what he sung with his lips he did not believe in his heart.' Assuredly there was good reason in the principle of this, although the form has long ceased to be found in any Church of Europe. For, the singers in the public congregation should praise God in their hearts, or they cannot escape the sin of taking His name in vain. Their work is professedly a part of the worship prescribed, and it must needs be a mockery, if it be not an act of religion. We cannot, therefore, regard it as anything short of a most grievous and dangerous inconsistency, when the house of prayer is desecrated by a choice of music and a style of performance which are rather suited to the opera than the Church, when the organist and the choir seem to be intent only on exciting the admiration of the audience by the display of their artistic skill; and the entertainment of the concert-room is taken as a substitute for the solemn praises of that Almighty Being 'who searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men.'

"Yet this very serious and prevalent abuse was designed to be prevented by the positive rule laid down in the Prayer Book, immediately before the authorized collection of the Psalms and Hymns. For there it is expressly made the duty of the minister to forbid all unseemly music, and to give order for such as he may approve in the worship of the sanctuary. This salutary rule, however, is too apt to be forgotten. Our organists and choirs are generally allowed to suppose themselves the only proper judges of the subject, because the rector is usually no musician. But although he may be no musician, yet he is the ordained guardian of the propriety and consistency of all that belongs to the public worship of the Almighty, and is better qualified than musicians themselves can be, to decide upon what is suitable to the devotional feelings of the congregation. This is the true standard to be adopted in the music of the Church. For it is the right and the duty of the people to join in the praise of God. 'Young men and maidens, old men and children,' are commanded to lift up the united voice of thanksgiving. The strains selected should, therefore, be simple, solemn, and familiar; and the practice which keeps hundreds standing to listen to the choir performing a kind of music in which the people can neither unite nor feel any real interest, should be banished from the Church, as totally inconsistent with the object for which Christian worshipers are assembled together."

There are very good directions in the Methodist Discipline upon this subject. In many places, however, they seem to be a dead letter. We do not remember to have heard more than one minister "exhort every person in the congregation to sing," although such exhortation is made a special duty. It would give huge offense, in some places, *to the performers* if every person heeded such exhortation, and, indeed, such is the monopoly of praise in some front galleries, that such an exhortation would be requiring an absolute impossibility.

—

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—We never heard of so singular a case of suspended animation as the following, which, without vouching for its truth, we copy from a narrative of the Sikhs:

"A fakir, who arrived from Lahore, engaged to bury himself for any length of time, shut up in a box, without either food or drink! Runjeet disbelieved his assertions, and was determined to put them to proof; for this purpose, the man was shut up in a wooden box, which was placed in a small apartment below the level of the ground; there was a folding door to this box, which was secured by a lock and key. Surrounding this apartment, there was the garden house, the door of which was likewise locked; and outside of this a high wall, having the doorway built up with bricks and mud. Outside the whole, there was placed a line of sentries, so that no one could approach the building. The strictest watch was kept, for the space of forty days and forty nights; at the expiration of that period, the Maharajah, attended by his grandson and several of his sirdars, as well as General Ventura, Captain Wade, and myself, proceeded to disinter the fakir. The bricks and mud were quickly removed from the doorway of the outer wall; the door of the house was next unlocked, and lastly, the box containing the fakir; the latter was found covered with a white sheet, on removing which, the figure of the man presented itself in a sitting posture. His hands and arms were pressed to his sides; and the legs and thighs crossed. The first part of the operation of resuscitation consisted in pouring over his head a quantity of warm water; after this, a hot cake of Atta was placed on the crown of his head; a ping was next removed from one of his nostrils; on this being done, the man breathed strongly through it. The mouth was now opened, and the tongue, that had been closely applied to the roof of his mouth, brought forward, and both it and the lips anointed with ghee or melted butter; during this part of the process, I could not feel the pulsation of the wrist, though the temperature of the body was much above the natural standard of health. The legs and arms being extended, and the eyelids raised, the former were well rubbed, and a little

ghee was applied to the latter. The eyeballs presented a dim, suffused appearance, like those of a corpse. The man now evinced signs of returning animation, the pulse was felt, while the unnatural temperature of the body quickly decreased. He made several ineffectual efforts to speak, and at length uttered a few words, but in a tone so low as to make them inaudible.

"By and by his speech was re-established; he recognized the bystanders, addressing himself to the Maharajah, who was seated opposite to him, watching his movements.

"When the fakir was able to converse, the completion of the feat was announced by the discharge of guns, and other demonstrations of joy; while a rich chain of gold was placed round his neck by Runjeet himself; and ear-rings, bangles, shawls, etc., were presented to him. However extraordinary this feat may appear to both Europeans and natives, it is impossible to explain it on physiological principles, and equally difficult to account for the means which the man employed in his successful imposition; for he not only denied his having tasted food or drink; but even maintained his having stopped the functions of respiration during the period of forty days and forty nights: resembling in this respect the child before birth. To all appearance, the long fast had not been productive of its usual effects, for the man seemed to be in rude health, so that digestion and assimilation had apparently proceeded in the usual manner, but this of course he likewise denied, and finally asserted that during the whole period he had a delightful trance. It is well known that the natives of Hindoostan, by constant practice, will bring themselves to exist on almost no food for several days, and it is equally true, that by long training, they are able to retain the air in the lungs for some minutes, but how the two functions of digestion and respiration could be arrested for such a length of time, appears unaccountable. The concealment of the fakir during the performance of his feat, so far from rendering it more wonderful, serves to hide the means he employed for accomplishing it; and until he can be persuaded to undergo the confinement in a place where he can be observed, it is needless to form any conjectures regarding them. It is well known to physiologists, that the heart beats, and the function of the lungs is performed, even after an animal's head has been cut off; but to suppose, for an instant, that the functions of the body can be performed for any length of time without a fresh supply of arterial blood, which necessarily implies the action of respiration, unless in the case of the child in utero, is absurd; and though in cases of asphyxia from drowning and hanging, or the inhalation of hurtful gases, both circulation and respiration cease for a time, still there is a limit in this, beyond which life is extinct, and no power with which we are acquainted can recall it."

—

THE OCEAN DEPTHS.—We published some time since the tale of a diver. It was a well-written piece of fiction. The following, copied from an exchange paper, is told as fact:

"A submarine diver was employed in raising the safe of the American Express Company, which was lost when the steamer Atlantic was sunk off Long Point in 1852. It will be recollected that this steamer was instantly sunk by colliding with a propeller, and that a large number of passengers were lost. The diver was protected by copper armor, and was under water forty minutes, during which time he had some strange adventures. The upper deck of the steamer lies one hundred and sixty feet under water, and far below where there is any current or motion. Everything, therefore, is exactly as it first went down.

"When the diver alighted upon the deck, he was saluted by a beautiful lady, whose clothing was well arranged, and her hair elegantly dressed. As he approached her, the motion of the water caused an oscillation of the head, as if gracefully bowing to him. She was standing erect, with one hand grasping the rigging. Around lay the bodies of several others as if sleeping. Children holding their friends by their hands, and mothers with their babies in their arms were there. In the cabin, the furniture was still untouched by decay, and to all appearance had just been arranged by some careful and tasteful hand.

"In the office he found the safe, and was enabled to move it with ease, and took it upon deck, where the grappling-irons were fastened on, and the prize brought safely to the light. Upon opening the safe it displayed its contents in a perfect state of preservation. There was in the safe $5,000 in gold, $3,500 in bills of the Government Stock Bank, and a large amount of bills on other banks, amounting in all to about $86,000. The papers were uninjured, except that they smelled very strongly of decayed human bodies, as if it had laid for so many years in a coffin with their owner. Of course all this money goes to the persons interested in this wonderful adventure."

—

WHY SHOULD THERE BE ANY POVERTY?—A question this, which occurs very frequently while perusing the daily papers. This great city is full of benevolent people, who are so anxious to make everybody comfortable that they even go to the expense of advertising. They burn with philanthropic ardor. Here is one of the latest, which we find in a New-York Daily:

"WANTED.—WE WILL GUARANTEE TO any person $1,000 a year in a light, respectable business, on recept of $1 and two postage stamps. H. GEORGEFIELD & CO."

Think of that, a thousand dollars a year guarantied to any person! Query now, if Messrs. Georgefield & Co. would not be willing to make that guarantee on trust; say, the dollar to be paid, with interest, when the obliged party comes into possession of his first thousand? Suppose you try them.

—

POPERY THE SAME ALWAYS.—The following, from an intelligent organ of the Romish Church (*The Rambler*, for September, 1837) is frank and outspoken. We like it far better than the Jesuitical professions, so common in the lips and periodicals devoted to Romanism at the present day:

"We are the children of a Church which has ever avowed the *deepest hostility to the principle of 'religious liberty,'* and which has never given the shadow of a sanction to the theory, that 'civil liberty' is necessarily a blessing at all. Believe us not, Protestants of England and Ireland! for an instant, when you hear us pouring forth our liberalisms. When you hear a Catholic orator declaring 'that this is the most humiliating day of his life, when he is called upon to defend once more the glorious principle of religious freedom,' be not too simple in your credulity. These are brave words, but *they mean nothing.* He is not talking Catholicism, but *Protestantism and nonsense!* You ask if he was lord in the land, and you were in a minority, what he would do to you. That, we say, would depend *entirely on circumstances.* If it would benefit the cause of Catholicism, he would tolerate you; if expedient, he would imprison you, banish you, fine you, possibly even he might HANG YOU. But be assured of one thing, he would never tolerate you, for the sake of 'the glorious principles of civil and religious liberty.'"

—

SYRIAN SALUTATIONS.—Wortabet, in his graphic description of Syria, says:

"During the evening many of the friends of the family dropped in; those who knew me personally embraced me, saluted me with a kiss on each cheek, and then kissed my left shoulder; this is the custom. Strangers to me simply bowed, and placed their hand on their heart, then on their mouth, and then on their forehead; a very genteel way of saluting. Placing the hand on the heart will remind the reader of the seat of the *affections;* on the lips, the kiss of *love;* on the forehead, of *esteem* and *respect.* Thus affection, love, and respect, are combined in the salutation of a Syrian. As soon as any stranger came in, we all rose to meet him, saluted him, and pressed on him the best seat, which is usually the furthest up from the door. As some of these gentlemen who came last brought their wives with them—three or four of them having infants in their arms—it was resolved, much to my regret, that the ladies should adjourn to another room, which was immediately done."

PERSIAN RULE OF FAITH.—Ferrier, in his "Caravan Journeys and Wanderings," says:

"The Persian muleteer is most exacting in his observance of the exterior forms of his religion, which, however, is rather a proof of his hypocrisy than his morality, for I am convinced that, generally speaking, he more often prays to God to help him to cheat and pilfer his customers, than to entreat his assistance in keeping him in the right path. But, be this as it may, it is curious to see them, at the hour of prayer, running in front of the caravan to go through these forms. Sometimes there is no water with which to perform their ablutions. In that case, a handful of earth serves the purpose of purification—dirt, not water! With this they rub their faces and hands, and, reciting their *namas* like so many parrots, and in a language which they don't understand, resume their journey. When forms are strictly performed, and they rigidly observe the fast of the Ramazan, they think they have a right to commit every species of rascality and crime, and without being in any way called upon to give an account, either in this world or in the next. This does not apply to muleteers only, but it may be said to be the Persian rule of faith; everything for their creed and nothing for morals."

OCCUPATIONS OF FRENCH WOMEN.—A traveler, recently returned from Europe, has the following on French women:

"Did you ever see a lady play on the fiddle, reader? There is certainly no impropriety in the employment. St. Cecilia, doubtless, had a favorite Staduarius; yet there does seem to be something indefinable, bizarre, fantastic, out of place, in fair hands taking up the fiddle and the bow. But if a feminine violinist be a novelty, what would you say to a lady carpenter? Here are some hundreds of them hammering, sawing, chopping away, with tremendous vigor and celerity. These eyes have seen the grandam of eighty polishing off a plank with a plane to a nicety. They have seen a trim little damsel of seventeen, with colored handkerchiefs tied coquettishly round her head, busily fixing beams and girders, while a great bearded, blousod man sat majestically by, smoking his pipe, or, if he condescended to interfere in business matters at all, unpacking doll's houses, or dabbling with a glue-pot. What labor will not French women undertake? They follow the plow, they keep books, they open box-doors, they take tickets at railways, they drag your luggage to the custom-house, they cut your chops and beefsteaks at the butcher's, they dance on the tight-rope and on stilts, they buy old clothes, they keep shooting galleries, they enter the lions' dens, they measure you for boots, they shave you."

THANATOPSIS.—When William Cullen Bryant wrote, thirty-six years ago, what is esteemed to be his masterpiece, "Thanatopsis," and in which poem he speaks of the magnificent river Columbia, or, as it was then called, "Oregon," he little dreamed that it would ever be read in a public assembly, on the very spot (Astoria) where first the ax of the woodman broke the stillness of the wilderness and forests of those shores. Yet such is the fact; as we see by the Oregon papers, that Mr. Stephen C. Massett had been reading there, with marked favor, in his selections from different authors, this gem of the American poet.

JAPANESE WRESTLERS.—Commodore Perry, in his work on Japan, says:

"While contemplating some substantial evidences of Japanese generosity, the attention of all was suddenly riveted upon a body of monstrous fellows, who tramped down the beach like so many huge elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the princes, who kept them for their private amusement and for public entertainment. They were some twenty-five in number, and were men enormously tall in stature, and immense in weight of flesh. Their proprietors, the princes, seemed proud of them, and were careful to show their points to the greatest advantage before our astonished countrymen. Some two or three of these huge monsters were the most famous wrestlers in Japan, and ranked as the champion Tom Cribs and Hyers of the land. Koyanagi, the reputed bully of the capital, was one of them, and paraded himself with the conscious pride of superior immensity and strength. He was especially brought to the commodore, that he might examine his massive form. The commissioners insisted that he should be minutely inspected, that the hardness of his well-rounded muscles should be felt, and that the fatness of his cushioned frame should be tested by the touch."

THE MARTIAL MONKEY.—During the occupation of the citadel of Algiers by the French army, the soldiers were much annoyed by a troop of monkeys that came dayly at daybreak and in the evening, and perching themselves on the walls, watched every opportunity to steal anything that was in their way. They took cartridge-boxes, soldiers' caps, pantaloons, coats, etc., and thus equipped occasionally appeared half dressed military, some wearing caps, some with jackets and parts of pantaloons, till at length the soldiers had to complain to the officers. The colonel suggested that a company should lie in ambush and shoot at them, but the monkeys were too deep for them; for after having been well pelted by their crafty assailants with bananas, stones, stumps of trees, etc., they were compelled to surrender the ground. Finding this maneuver ineffectual, the soldier on duty was told to fire, if he should get a chance, at one or more. In the evening, as usual, they came to renew the assault, or plunder, as occasion might offer. The sentry, secreting himself in his box, at last got a chance, as he thought, to kill at least one of them, and taking aim, fired. But not a dead monkey was left on the field of battle. But it had the effect of scaring all off but one. All the others fled, and were never more seen. But Julius Cæsar (for so the soldiers afterward called our hero) jumped on the wall, and in all sorts of antics, evinced the greatest joy. And after again and again trying to shoot him, the whole regiment turned out, and by keeping close order, drove poor Jacko into the garrison, and closing, encircled him. Monkey was about to breathe his last, when the soldiers were desired to fire in the air, which they did, and again our hero only danced, jumped, etc., evincing the most perfect joy. And when at length they came upon him, instead of showing signs of fear or anger, he laid down to be caressed. He then became regularly installed as one of the regiment, sleeping sometimes in the quarters of one and sometimes with the other. He belonged to everybody's mess, and paraded when the soldiers did. He would lend a hand in cleaning the accouterments, and could mimic the loading and firing a gun, etc. He is now the principal rope-dancer in Paris.

HOW TO JUDGE OF CHARACTER.—Observing persons move slow; their heads move alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn around. Careful persons lift their feet high, and place them flat and firm. Sometimes they stoop down, pick up some little obstruction, and place it quietly by the side of the way. Calculating persons generally walk with their heads slightly inclined. Modest persons generally step softly, for fear of

being observed. Timid persons often step off from the sidewalk on meeting another, and go around a stone instead of stepping over it. Wide awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing to their arms, while their hands shake about miscellaneously. Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes. Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the walk and then on the other. Very strong-minded persons have their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of stamp movement. Unstable persons try all roads, frequently climb fences instead of going through the gate, and never let down a bar. One-side persons, and very selfish ones, "toe in." Cross persons are apt to hit their knees together. Good-natured persons snap their thumb and finger every few steps. Fun-loving persons have a kind of jig movement. Absent-minded persons often take the wrong road, and sometimes find themselves up to their knees in a mud-puddle, although the side-walks are excellent. Dignified men move slow and erect. Fast persons cut across the corner, kick every dog they meet, knock down the little children, run against the ladies, and hit every twelfth man's ribs with their elbows. Very neat men occasionally stop to wipe the dust from their boots; their hands hang by their sides. Very polite persons are sometimes seen bowing in their course to black servant-girls and black stumps.

—

Not Known Before Marriage.—A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware, until he has placed her in his own mansion to be the guardian angel of his household happiness? If defects be brought to view by close inspection, so may the nobler and finer characteristics lie comparatively unknown till tested and expanded by the touch-stone of family society. Most of us have met with persons who, though very agreeable as mere acquaintances, we should not wish to single out as our dayly associates at home. But we may have also lived with others, one tenth part of whose worth we have never estimated until brought into dayly communication with them, and under the same roof.

—

Gross Superstition.—The superstitions which still exist all over the civilized world, are truly deplorable. We have repeatedly laid before our readers accounts which were scarcely credible; but never before have we presented anything equal to the following, which we copy from a letter, recently received from Assens, in one of the Danish isles. The writer says:

"In no country in the world does there exist so much superstition among the peasantry as in Denmark. Here the appearance of a raven in a village is considered an indication that the parish priest is to die, or that the church is to be burned down that year: the person who fasting meets a Jew is sure to be robbed within a month; two pins lying in the ground crossed prognosticate the early death of a relative; and the breaking of a looking-glass indicates the ruin of a family.

"But the most remarkable of all superstitions, and that which is most deeply rooted, is that to drink the blood of a man executed, (executions take place in Denmark by decapitation,) is an infallible preservative against apoplexy and epilepsy. In consequence of this belief the authorities are obliged to take great precautions to prevent persons from approaching the scaffold at executions. On the 20th of August, 1836, two brigands, named Boye and Olsen, were executed in the town, and the authorities, as usual, employed a strong detachment of soldiers to keep the spectators at a distance. But at the moment the head of Olsen fell beneath the ax, two peasant girls, eighteen years of age, slipped between the soldiers, who were drawn up in two rows, rushed to the scaffold, and received in cups with which they had provided themselves some of the flowing blood, and this blood they hastily swallowed! The thing was done with such rapidity, that it was impossible to prevent them. The girls were at once arrested, and on being taken before a magistrate, they produced a letter written by Olsen on the previous evening, in which he authorized them to drink his blood. They were ordered for trial on the charge of violating the regulations of the police."

—

Refinements of Language.—Among all the improvements of the age, none, perhaps, are more striking than those which have recently been made, and, indeed, are at present making, in the language of ordinary life. Who in these days ever reads of boarding-schools? They are transformed into academies for boys and seminaries for girls; the higher classes are "establishments." A coachmaker's shop is a repository for carriages; a milliner's shop, a dépôt; a thread-seller's, an emporium. One buys drugs at a medical hall, wines of a company, and shoes at a mart. Blacking is dispensed from an institution; and meat from a purveyor. One would imagine that the word shop had become not only contemptible, but had been discovered not to belong to the English language. Now-a-days all the shops are warehouses or "places of business," and you will hardly find a tradesman having the honest hardihood to call himself a shopkeeper. There is now, also, no such word as that of tailor; that is to say, among speakers polite. Clothier has been discovered to be more elegant, although the term tailor is every bit as respectable. Instead of reading that after a ball the company did not go away till daylight, we are told that the joyful groups continued tripping on the light fantastic toe till Sol gave them warning to depart. If one of the company happened to tumble into a ditch, we should be informed that his foot slipped and he was immersed in the liquid element. A good breakfast is described as making "the tables groan with every delicacy of the season." A crowd of briefless, lazy lawyers, unbenefited clergymen, and half-officers, are enumerated a "host of fashion" at a watering-place, where we are informed that ladies, instead of taking a dip before breakfast, plunge themselves into the bosom of Neptune. A sheep killed by lightning is a thing unheard of; the animal may be destroyed by the electric fluid, but even then we should not be told that it was dead; we should be informed that the vital spark had fled forever. All little girls, be their faces ever so plain, pitted or pitiable, if they appear at a public office to complain of robbery or ill treatment, are invariably "intelligent and interesting." If they have proceeded very far in crime, they are called unfortunate females. Child murder is elegantly termed infanticide; and when it is punished capitally, we hear, not that the wicked woman was hanged, but the unfortunate culprit underwent the last sentence of the law, and was launched into

eternity. No person reads in a newspaper that a house has been burned down; he perhaps will find that the house fell a sacrifice to the flames; in an account of a launch, not that the ship went off the slips without any accident, but that she glided securely and majestically into her *native* element; the said "native element" being one in which the said ship was never before. To send for a surgeon, if one's leg is broken, is out of the question; a man, indeed, may be dispatched for medical aid. There are now no public singers at tavern dinners; and actors are all professors of the histrionic art. Widows are scarce; they are all "interesting relicts;" and as for nursery-maids, they are now-a-days universally transformed into "young persons who superintend the junior branches of the family."

SMALL CHANGE.

POETICAL.—It is not easy to decide whether, in the following heroic stanzas, the sentiment is superior to the style, or the profundity of the thought is to be preferred to the rotundity of the rhythm:

THE COW AND THE CABBAGE.

AN ART DIALOGUE, BY MEISTER KARL.

Rumbustillario.

"There was an artist—a pre-Raphaelite,
Who in an hour of wondrous inspiration
Limn'd on the canvas ground a cow and cabbage;
A cow and cabbage, dearest—dost thou take?"

Tenderlina.

"Rumbustillario—I *do* take—propel!"

Rumb.

"So well the artist made that cow and cabbage,
That when the twain were perfect and complete,
The cow began at once to eat the cabbage,
And the incipient crout—which was not crout,
But would have been so had they crouted it—
Yielded its crispness to the ravaging cow."

Tend.

"Go on, Rumbustillario—let 'er rip!"

Rumb.

"I will, my Tenderlina, and the 'nub'
Or application of my tale is this:
Folks shouldn't try to do two things at once,
That is, to cow and cabbage it together.
Ladies, for instance, shouldn't undertake
To be both intellectual and fair,
To be great beauties and set up for wits;
For those who try to run upon two tickets
Are mighty apt to be laid out on both:
To find their flints fix'd and the game block'd up,
And they themselves bust up to awful smash."

Tend.

"I twig, my 'Bustilario'—and I think
That such a strange collision must have once
Occurr'd between the train of *thy* good looks
And the opposing cares of intellect.
Dire was the meeting—and the upshot was,
That both were shatter'd, broken, and destroy'd."

In a different style, in fact more lyrical, are the following stanzas, which first appeared in the *Evening Post*. They are said to be "not by Saxe," and entitled

"RUNNING OFF THE TRACK.

"Scene—A moonlight evening;
Place—No matter "whar;"
Passengers all snoozing
In a railroad car.

Sudden comes a jarring,
Every one starts back:
'Bless me! 'tisn't pleasant,
Running off the track.'

"Gentlemen start upward,
Ladies raise a clatter;
Every one a-asking,
'What can be the matter?'
Enter brakeman, swearing:
'Such confounded luck!'
Isn't very certain,
'Guesses' that we're 'stuck.'

"Roguish-looking fellow,
Doesn't need much coaxing,
Sits him down and whistles
'Won't go home till morning;'
Babies all a-yelling,
Think their throats they'd crack,
Bless me, 'tisn't pleasant
Running off the track!

"Ancient maiden lady
Looking for her scars,
Says it's awful dang'rous
Riding in the cars.
Says that if she ever
Safe gets out of them,
No one e'er will *catch* her
Traveling again

"Gentleman assures her,
With a killing bow,
That he's pretty certain
No one wants to, now.
Then she wants her hat-box,
Something to unpack,
Thinks it's very chilly
Running off the track.

"Some still keep a-groaning
All the livelong night,
Others still are sleeping
At the broad daylight.
Always, when I travel,
One thing may I lack,
May I be excused from
Running off the track."

Here is yet one more specimen. It is in the style elegiac:

"LAURA'S POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

"The world now around me is reeling,
My heart feels sweet ecstasy's throes;
The rapture, the joy I am feeling!
This muslin has pass'd Laura's nose.

"O happy, thrice happy, to find it!
No longer my fate I'll deplore—
'Twill leave a sweet mem'ry behind it,
My own darling Laura's *mouchoir!*

"Her crest and dear name have been placed there—
That thought, how it thrills through my soul!
I eagerly seek what is traced there—
Alas, I find naught but a—hole!"

LADIES DRESSES.—There is no end to the facetiousness which has been called into activity by the dresses of fashionable ladies of the present day. An English journalist says:

"The remarks of a valued friend of ours are sometimes sufficiently amusing to make us forgive the sarcastic style in which they are conveyed. One of his latest speculations is in regard to the possible finding, by a succeeding race of mankind, of a female dress of the present day; in which case, he says, a Cuvierian examination of the various articles would probably bring out the following results: The being to whom this attire belonged must have been constituted in a very peculiar manner, and probably with some strange natural defects which it required art to remedy. Allowing some space for the principal exterior robe to sweep clear of the ground, the length would be about seven feet. The diameter of the creature in the center was in singular disproportion to this longitude, being only seven inches and a half. Still more disproportionate appear to have been the anterior extremities, which were not above a foot and

a half in length, and, what is remarkable, while narrow at top, they seem to have expanded below to an enormous size. Probably they resembled paddles, rather than arms and hands. The vertebral column seems to have been weak and insufficient, a rigid case of buckram and whalebone being required in that region to give support to the body. But for this, the ordinary attitude would probably have been prone, like that of an insect.

"The most remarkable peculiarity, however, was the form and size of the head. The bonnet indicates a creature *almost entirely destitute of brains.* The head must have been a mere knob at the extremity of the cervical column – such an encephalon as would be represented by that of a female of our race at a very early stage of its development. In this respect the creature reminds us of the class *Aves*—above all, the Alcidæ or Auks, which are recognized as among the most stupid of all creatures of that grade. Another peculiarity, taken in connection with the above, has induced certain of the examinators to surmise that the creature really was connected with the natatorial birds. This is a vesture composed of an air-tight integument, which the creature could inflate at pleasure, as some of the cephalopodous mollusks of an earlier era could do with the air-cells in their shells, so as not merely to float themselves in the water, but adjust the depth in the water at which they desired to float. Thus with so long and slender a figure, so weak a spine, so small a head, and an arrangement for floating in the ocean, the female of the past race of mankind would appear to have been altogether a singular anomaly in creation."

Near akin to the foregoing is the following, entitled, Humor in Rags:

"We observed yesterday a little, thin old man, with a rag-bag in his hand, picking up a large number of small pieces of whalebone, which lay in the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature, that we presumed to ask the quaint-looking gatherer how he supposed they came there. 'Don't know,' he replied, in a squeaking voice; 'but I 'spect some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabout somewhere.'"

But the following borders on impertinence. It is from an exchange paper, the name of which we will not mention:

"A fashionably-dressed lady of the present day, about to enter her carriage: Impudent Boy: 'I say, Bill, come out and see the conjuring—here's this here gal a-goin' to squeeze herself into that ere room.'"

So, too, talking about hoops, a Boston editor says, sarcastically:

"A lady, whose garments formed an immense circumference, entered a store in Boston, and in doing so prostrated some dozen flower-pots containing valuable plants, which were ruined. The storekeeper intends to sue the lady for damages, so that the law may settle how large a space a lady's circumambients may occupy."

But here is something on the same topic still more ungallant:

"A gentleman remarks, (says the Albany *Argus,*) that while riding in an omnibus, the other day, the vehicle was stopped at a crossing, when three or four ladies entered, who, on taking seats, commenced such a patting of the sides of their dresses, that for some time (being ignorant of the real object) he was under the impression that they were going to crow."

The *Times* squibs on this wise:

"Skeletology.—We see in Broadway windows a 'seamless skirt,' for ladies, advertised. Good. Anything that will make their skirts seem-less will be grateful to the gentlemen, and to ladies, too, who have to pass through hoop-frequented streets. Who is the inventor? He deserves a service of plate—if he can afford to pay for it."

Even Dickens, who, one would think, has no lack of materials, goes out of his way, in Little Dorrit, to poke fun at the preposterous fashions of the day. He speaks of a countess as being "*secluded somewhere in the core* of an immense dress to which she, body and soul, was in the proportion of the heart to the overgrown cabbage."

—

Home is Home.—A good old lady, whose domicil was somewhere near the Aroostook River, in the State of Maine, was visited one day by a distant relative, who hailed from our good city of Gotham:

"Where do you say you live?" she asked.

"In the city of New-York," was the reply.

"Massy on us!" said she; "how do you do to live so far off?"

Not unlike this is the story of an English lady on the Rhine, who, hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed, "No, we are not foreigners—we are English: it is you that are foreigners!"

—

The Menagerie.—"Mr. Showman, what's that?"

"That, my dear, is the Rhynocery. He is cousin German or Dutch relative to the Unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else, unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his will, which accounts for his low spirits when he's melancholy or rejected. He is now somewhat aged, but he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to surway the wisdom of Providence as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a hanimal that can stand hanging like a feller-critter, only it's reversed."

—

Young Womanhood.—A gentleman repeated the following beautiful thought in the presence of a young lady:

"The sweet moon on the horizon's verge—a thought matured but not uttered—a conception warm and glowing, not yet embodied—the rich halo which precedes the rising sun—the rosy dawn that bespeaks the ripening peach—

"'A flower which is not *quite* a flower,
Yet is no more a bud.'

"Or rather," replied the young lady, "as my mother says of me,

"'A girl that is too young for *beaus*,
And yet too old to *play hoop.*'"

—

Some years since, so the story runs, a substantial farmer in the State, who was a Federalist, had a servant man who was a violent Democrat. The farmer, wont to attend church himself, tried hard to prevail upon his servant to do the same. But in vain. He persisted in spending his Sabbaths at home. On being asked why he was so opposed to going to church, his answer was, because the parson is forever preaching politics. The farmer, thinking that that argument would be overcome, if he could only once get his servant to hear his minister, hired him on a certain Sabbath morning to go. On returning home, the servant said, "There, it was just as I told you it would be; all politics from beginning to end." "No," said the farmer, "not so; there was not one word of

polities in the whole discourse." "Yes," said the servant, "there was; text was politics." "Why, what was it?" said the farmer. "This," said the servant: "If the Federalists scarcely be saved, where will the cursed Democrats appear?" "No, it was not," was the reply; "on the contrary, it was: 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly sinner appear?'" "I know it," was the answer; "but, darn him, I *knew what he meant.*"

A HORRID BOY.—*Frank:* "O, I say, Emily! ain't the sea-side jolly?" *Emily*—(who is reading "The Corsair" to Kate)—"I do not know, Frank, what you mean by jolly. It is very beautiful! it is very lovely!" *Frank:* "Ha! and don't it make you always ready for your grub, neither?" (Exit young ladies, very properly disgusted.)

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman having a large six-shooter in his hand, was asked,

"Pray, sir, is that a *horse* pistol?"

"No, sir!" he replied, "it's only a *Colt's.*"

A man out West advertises a wild badger by placard, as follows: "a Bager from the Rocca Mounting—etes rats, et cetery."

HOW WOMEN VAIL THE TRUTH.—When a woman says of another woman, "She has a good figure," you may be sure that she is freckled, or that she squints, or that she is marked with the small-pox. But if she simply says, "She is a good soul," you may be morally certain that she is both ugly and ill-made.

WESTERN MUSIC.—Not long since a rough customer from the West arrived, for the first time, in this mammoth city, and was invited to one of those fashionable parties so common among the "aristocracy" of Fifth Avenue. He was clearly a Western original, but said very little until he saw that the party was not to close without an attempt to corner him. At length a bevy of laughing girls, by the merest accident in the world, found themselves grouped about the Western green one in a most animated discourse upon music and city playing. When all this had progressed just far enough, one of the damsels, with head more adorned without than within, and in that peculiar parlor drawl, which, fortunately, no type can represent, accosted the observed with:

"Do the ladies play music at the West, sir?"

Original saw the game and resolved to win.

"O, very universally, miss," was the cool reply.

"Indeed, I was not aware of that; pray, do they use the piano mostly?"

"Never, miss; the instrument that we have out our way is the *Swinette*, and the girls all play it."

"O, dear! I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell what it is and how they play."

"Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each takes one of these under her arm and *chews the end of his long tail*, and that brings the music!"

The preconcerted "come" made no further progress; and for the balance of the evening Western "green" was the lion of the show.

A GUARDED ANSWER.—In the Registration Court, Cupar Fife was called on to appear as a witness, and could not be found. On the sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said:

"My lord, he's gone."

"Gone! gone!" said the sheriff; "where is he gone?"

"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead."

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—A maiden lady, suspecting that her female servant was regaling her beau upon the cold mutton of the larder, called Biddy, and inquired whether she did not hear some one speaking with her down stairs. "O, no, ma'am," replied the girl, "it was only me singing a psalm." "You may amuse yourself, Biddy," replied the maiden lady, "with psalms; but let us have no hims, Biddy, I have a great objection to hims."

Recent Publications.

Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, the Backwoods Preacher. Edited by W. P. STRICKLAND. (*Carlton & Porter.*) Our readers are familiar with the name of Peter Cartwright, of whom, in a former number of this Magazine, a story was told which had no foundation in fact. It related to a fight said to have taken place between the veteran preacher and one Mike Fink. We know not who invented the story, and are glad, even at this late day, to make the correction. The volume before us is full of anecdotes, amusing incidents, and marvelous adventures quite equal to the apocryphal story referred to; and, being published under the author's own supervision, the whole may be relied upon as strictly true. We copy a few specimens which will amuse the reader, and refer to the book itself, where may be found many more of the same sort.

SMELLING OF BRIMSTONE.

At a camp-meeting in Ohio an impostor, who pretended to have revelations from heaven, made his appearance. His name was Sargent.

"On Sunday night, at our camp-meeting, Sargent got some powder, and lit a cigar, and then walked down to the bank of the river, one hundred yards, where stood a large stump. He put his powder on the stump, and touched it with his cigar. The flash of the powder was seen by many at the camp; at least the light. When the powder flashed, down fell Sar-

guest; there he lay a good while. In the meantime, the people found him lying there, and gathered around him. At length he came to, and said he had a message from God to us Methodists. He said God had come down to him in a flash of light, and he fell under the power of God, and thus received his vision.

"Seeing so many gathered around him there, I took a light, and went down to see what was going on. As soon as I came near the stump, I smelled the sulphur of the powder; and stepping up to the stump, there was clearly the sign of powder, and hard by lay the cigar with which he had ignited it. He was now busy delivering his message. I stepped up to him, and asked him if an angel had appeared to him in that flash of light.

"He said, 'Yes.'

"Said I, 'Sargent, did not that angel smell of brimstone?'

"'Why,' said he, 'do you ask me such a foolish question?'

"'Because,' said I, 'if an angel has spoken to you at all, he was from the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone!' and raising my voice, I said, 'I smell sulphur now!' I walked up to the stump, and called on the people to come and see for themselves. The people rushed up, and soon saw through the trick, and began to abuse Sargent for a vile impostor. He soon left, and we were troubled no more with him or his brimstone angels."

A SMALL CONGREGATION.

"At the upper end of the circuit, not more than eight or ten miles from Nashville, there was a large society and a meeting-house. My predecessor had left a conditional appointment for his successor. I was a total stranger in this region. The day of my conditional appointment was a dark day, misting with rain, but I got there in due time. After waiting till half past twelve o'clock one man came, who had had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes. We sat a little while, and I asked him if there was not an appointment for preaching that day.

"'Yes,' said he; 'but there will be no preacher or people, I suppose.' I saw from his answer he did not suspect me for the preacher.

"He further said: 'As it is late, and no preacher nor people, we had as well go. Come, go home with me and get some dinner.'

"'No,' said I, 'we must have meeting; and if you will preach, I will conclude after you.'

"'No, no,' said he; 'if you will preach, I will conclude after you.'

"'Agreed,' said I, and up I rose in the stand, sung and prayed, took my text, and preached as best I could for forty-five minutes, and then called on him, and he rose, sung and prayed, and prayed well.

"I went home with my one man, my entire congregation, and found him to be a pious, religious elder in the Presbyterian Church. From the novelty of the effort of the day, my friend professed to think it was one of the greatest sermons he had ever heard in all his life."

GENERAL JACKSON AND THE YOUNG INFIDEL.

"I had preached one Sabbath near the Hermitage, and, in company with several gentlemen and ladies, went, by special invitation, to dine with the general. Among this company there was a young sprig of a lawyer from Nashville, of very ordinary intellect, and he was trying hard to make an infidel of himself. As I was the only preacher present, this young lawyer kept pushing his conversation on me, in order to get into an argument. I tried to evade an argument, in the first place, considering it a breach of good manners to interrupt the social conversation of the company. In the second place, I plainly saw that his head was much softer than his heart, and that there were no laurels to be won by vanquishing or demolishing such a combatant, and I persisted in evading an argument. This seemed to inspire the young man with more confidence in himself; for my evasiveness he construed into fear. I saw General Jackson's eye strike fire, as he sat by and heard the thrusts he made at the Christian religion. At length the young lawyer asked me this question:

"'Mr. Cartwright, do you really believe there is any such place as hell, as a place of torment?'

"I answered promptly, 'Yes, I do.'

"To which he responded, 'Well, I thank God I have too much good sense to believe any such thing.'

"I was pondering in my own mind whether I would answer him or not, when General Jackson for the first time broke into the conversation, and directing his words to the young man, said with great earnestness:

"'Well, sir, I thank God that there is such a place of torment as hell.'

"This sudden answer, made with great earnestness, seemed to astonish the youngster, and he exclaimed:

"'Why, General Jackson, what do you want with such a place of torment as hell?'

"To which the general replied, as quick as lightning,

"'To put such d——d rascals as you are in, that oppose and vilify the Christian religion.'"

THE AUTHOR AT A DANCE.

"Late in the evening I hailed at a tolerably decent house, and the landlord kept entertainment. I rode up and asked for quarters. The gentleman said I could stay, but he was afraid I would not enjoy myself very much as a traveler, inasmuch as they had a party meeting there that night to have a little dance. I inquired how far it was to a decent house of entertainment on the road; he said seven miles. I told him if he would treat me civilly, and feed my horse well, by his leave I would stay. He assured me I should be treated civilly. I dismounted and went in. The people collected, a large company. I saw there was not much drinking going on.

"I quietly took my seat in one corner of the house, and the dance commenced. I sat quietly musing, a total stranger, and greatly desired to preach to this people. Finally, I concluded to spend the next day (Sabbath) there, and ask the privilege to preach to them. I had hardly settled this point in my mind, when a beautiful, ruddy young lady walked very gracefully up to me, dropped a handsome courtesy, and pleasantly, with winning smiles, invited me out to take a dance with her. I can hardly describe my thoughts or feelings on that occasion. However, in a moment I resolved on a desperate experiment. I rose as gracefully as I could; I will not say with some emotion, but with many emotions. The young lady moved to my right side; I grasped her right hand with my right hand, while she leaned her left arm on mine. In this position we walked on the floor. The whole company seemed pleased at this act of politeness in the young lady, shown to a stranger. The colored man, who was the fiddler, began to put his fiddle in the best order. I then spoke to the fiddler to hold a moment, and added that for several years I had not undertaken any matter of importance without first asking the blessing of God upon it, and I desired now to ask the blessing of God upon this beautiful young lady and the whole company that had shown such an act of politeness to a total stranger.

"Here I grasped the young lady's hand tightly, and said, 'Let us all kneel down and pray,' and then instantly dropped on my knees, and commenced praying with all the power of soul and body that I could command. The young lady tried to get loose from me, but I held her tight. Presently she fell on her knees. Some of the company kneeled, some stood, some fled, some sat still, all looked curious. The fiddler ran off into the kitchen, saying, 'Lord a mercy, what de matter? what is dat mean?'

"While I prayed some wept, and wept out aloud, and some cried for mercy. I rose from my knees and commenced an exhortation, after which I sang a hymn. The young lady who invited me on the floor lay prostrate, crying earnestly for mercy. I exhorted again; I sang and prayed nearly all night. About fifteen of that company professed religion, and our meeting lasted next day and next night, and as many more were powerfully converted."

HIS OPINION OF SLAVERY AND SLAVE-HOLDING MINISTERS.

Our author is very far from being an ultraist upon the subject of slavery, and has no fellowship with abolitionists, yet he speaks plainly about the peculiar institution. At the time of the General Conference of 1816 he says:

"It is a notorious fact that all the preachers from the slaveholding states denounced slavery as a moral evil; but asked of the General Conference mercy and forbearance on account of the civil disabilities they labored under, so that we got along tolerably smooth. I do not recollect a single Methodist preacher, at that

day, that justified slavery. But O, how have times changed!

"Methodist preachers in those days made it a matter of conscience not to hold their fellow-creatures in bondage, if it was practicable to emancipate them, conformably to the laws of the state in which they lived. Methodism increased and spread; and many Methodist preachers, taken from comparative poverty, not able to own a negro, and who preached loudly against it, improved, and became popular among slaveholders; and many of them married into those slaveholding families, and became personally interested in slave property, (as it is called.) Then they began to apologize for the evil; then to justify it, on legal principles; then on Bible principles; till lo and behold! it is not an evil, but a god! it is not a curse, but a blessing! till really you would think, to hear them tell the story, if you had the means and did not buy a good lot of them, you would go to the devil for not enjoying the labor, toil, and sweat of this degraded race, and all this without rendering them any equivalent whatever!"

On the subject of "The Great Secession," in 1844, Mr. Cartwright says:

"These preachers took an ungodly advantage of the members who stood firmly and strongly opposed to a division of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and now, to keep up appearances, these very preachers, with their bribed judges, sneeringly call the Methodist Episcopal Church *the Methodist Church, North*, and say we are all rabid abolitionists, when they do verily know it is all false. At their late General Conference they have fully disclosed the cloven foot of the slavery-loving preachers, for they have stricken out of their Discipline every rule on the subject of slavery, and had well-nigh stricken out that part of the General Rules that interdicts the slave trade, (according to their interpretation.) I should not be greatly surprised if, in a few years, this rule goes by the board, and some of these slavery-loving preachers are engaged in importing them by the thousands into this land of the free and home of the brave. O, kind Heaven, prevent it, and reclaim these wretched wanderers!

* * * * * * * *

"What a sad account will many preachers have to give in the day of judgment, who have preached a free salvation to listening thousands, while their poor degraded slaves are deprived of many of the blessings of life, and privileges of civil and religious liberty. These preachers must and do know that slavery is at war with the attributes and perfections of God, who will never punish the innocent or let the guilty go free.

"Who ever before knew of a professed slavery Church? that is, one which justified slavery by the word of God? Well may some of them be ashamed of their assumed name, *Methodist Episcopal Church, South*, and wish to change it; for it is evident that they can never preach the Gospel successfully in any country that opposes slavery; for they could not, by possibility, have any confidence in such preachers: and the poor slaves, in proportion to their capabilities of reasoning on the subject, just in that ratio must they lack confidence in such preachers. Nay, they must lack confidence in that God and religion that these preachers recommend to them, and I am solemnly afraid that thousands of these poor slaves will be lost under the influence of these slaveholding preachers; but I predict the downfall of such a Church, and hope by other men and means God will yet save the thousands of the South, and preserve our happy *Union* until it shall give liberty, civil and religious, to unnumbered millions of the human family."

Lectures, however sparkling in the delivery, are usually dull in the perusal. For the most part they are scarcely worth type and press work. But to all general rules there are exceptions, and the *Lectures of* WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN, familiarly known as the Blind Preacher, are well deserving of the permanent form in which they are given to us by *Derby & Jackson*. The lectures are entitled, severally, "The Rifle," "The Ax," and "The Saddle-Bags;" "Songs in the Night, or the Triumphs of Genius over Blindness;" "An Hour's Talk about Woman;" and "French Chivalry in the Southwest." The volume has a good likeness of the author, and Dr. McClintock furnishes an introductory biographical sketch, from which we copy the following account of the manner in which Mr. Milburn became chaplain to Congress. It is from the pen of T. P. Thorp, Esq., and will be new to most of our readers:

"On his journey north, Mr. Milburn found himself on board of an Ohio River steamer, on which were three hundred passengers. From the number of days the passengers had been together, Mr. Milburn had become pretty well informed of their character, and he found most prominent among the gentlemen, were a number of members of Congress, on their way to Washington. These gentlemen had attracted Mr. Milburn's attention, on account of their exceptionable habits. On the arrival of Sabbath morning, it was rumored through the boat, that a minister was on board, and Mr. Milburn, who had up to this time attracted no attention, was hunted up and called upon to 'give a discourse.' He promptly consented, and in due time commenced Divine service. The members of Congress, to whom we have alluded, were among the congregation, and by common consent had possession of the chairs nearest to the preacher. Mr. Milburn gave an address suitable to the occasion, full of eloquence and pathos, and was listened to throughout with the most intense interest. At the conclusion he stopped short, and turning his face, now beaming with fervent zeal, toward the 'honorable gentlemen,' he said: 'Among the passengers in this steamer, are a number of members of Congress; from their position they should be exemplars of good morals and dignified conduct, but from what I have heard of them they are not so. The Union of these States, if dependent on such guardians, would be unsafe, and all the high hopes I have of the future of my country would be dashed to the ground. These gentlemen, for days past, have made the air heavy with profane conversation, have been constant patrons of the bar, and encouragers of intemperance; nay, more, the night, which should be devoted to rest, has been dedicated to the horrid vices of gambling, profanity, and drunkenness. And,' continued Mr. Milburn, with the solemnity of a man who spoke as if by inspiration, 'there is but one chance of salvation for these great sinners in high places, and that is, to humbly repent of their sins, call on the Saviour for forgiveness, and reform their lives.'

"As might be supposed, language so bold from a delicate stripling, scarcely twenty-two years of age, had a startling effect. The audience separated, and the preacher returned to his state-room, to think upon what he had said. Conscious, after due reflection, that he had only done his duty, he determined at all hazards to maintain his position, even at the expense of being rudely assailed, if not lynched. While thus cogitating, a rap was heard at his state-room door, a gentleman entered, and stated that he came with a message from the members of Congress—that they had listened to his remarks, and in consideration of his boldness and his eloquence, they desired him to accept a purse of money which they had made up among themselves, and also, their best wishes for his success and happiness through life.

"But this chivalrous feeling, so characteristic of Western men when they meet bold thought and action combined, carried these gentlemen to more positive acts of kindness; becoming acquainted with Mr. Milburn, when they separated from him, they offered the unexpected service of making him Chaplain to Congress, a promise which they not only fulfilled, but through the long years that have passed away since that event, have cherished for the 'blind preacher' the warmest personal regard, and stand ever ready to support him by word and deed."

Helps to the Promotion of Revivals. By REV. J. V. WATSON, D.D. (*Carlton & Porter.*) A copy of this little volume reached us simultaneously with tidings of the author's departure to the home of the blessed. It is a precious legacy to the Church; and by it, he, being dead, yet speaketh. Plain, practical, and Scriptural, it cannot fail to exercise a salutary influence both among the membership and the ministry

of all evangelical Churches. We quote part of a chapter, and commend the volume most heartily to our readers:

"The pole-star of the pulpit is the cross. The central idea of the Bible is Jesus. The intelligent soul of the world's history is the idea of the world's Saviour. History would be without order, Providence without polarity, but for Calvary. Redemption is the sweet influence of the Pleiades, melting in healing odors over the wounded dying race, amid the wandering music of the stars of the morning; and which faith only can hear, faith only can see, and f ith only can feel. Redemption is the great law of gravitation in the moral world, mysteriously attracting it onward to its destiny, upward to its God. Redemption means reconciliation by virtue of a reason. It is the great, felt want of humanity. 'How shall we come before God, and wherewithal can we bow ourselves before the high God, and how can man be just with God?' have conthey have ever filled the ear of the leaden, lazy-footed stituted the outcry of the crushed nations, with which ages. In the absence of satisfactory answers to these questions, foolish man has attempted to invent answers. What, otherwise, mean the smoking altars of paganism, the hecatombs of victims at the shrine of idols? What else mean those self-immolations, self-inflicted tortures, and long and painful pilgrimages, which the imperfect annals of man without a Bible are constantly disclosing? The fact is, a conscio sness of guilt, a self-disapproval, and a sense of danger, are universal to humanity. These dark shad ws fall upon his soul everywhere, (darker at certain seasons than others,) as certainly as his shadow cast fr m hi n in the sunlight. Man is instinctively prepared to hear of a Saviour. His condition in the world is to him as 'The voice of one crying in the wilderness,' saying, 'Where is he of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write?' The popular heart feels that a sermon without a Saviour is a solecism. The preacher who preaches most about Jesus and the resurrection, other things being equal, will have the largest and most delighted audiences. It is a striking fact, and yet one often overlooked, that God himself has so arranged, that the principal theme of the pulpit, when properly evolved, will always be the most popular. Men never complain of hearing too much from the pulpit about Jesus Christ."

—

Westward Empire; or, the Great Drama of Human Progress. By E. L. MAGOON. (*Harper & Brothers.*) "Westward the course of empire takes its way," says the hackneyed verse of Berkeley, and Mr. Magoon takes it for his text, his object being to demonstrate the fact that "By a natural movement, in not one of its great elements has civilization gone eastward an inch since authentic history began." Again: Mr. Magoon tells us that "the travels of men and the *trade-currents of God* move spontaneously and perpetually toward the West," and "all great enterprises by land and by sea have ever commenced in the East, and augmented both their efficiency and worth through a continuous unfolding toward the setting sun." Keeping in view this cardinal idea, our author divides his book into four parts, called respectively, "Pericles, or the Age of Artistic Beauty;" "Augustus, or the Age of Martial Force;" "Leo X., the Age of Scientific Invention;" "Washington, the Age of Universal Amelioration." Each of these parts is divided into five chapters under the several heads of "Literature," "Art," "Science," "Philosophy," and "Religion," all tending to show that we of this Western hemisphere are to be, if, indeed, we are not already, at the head of the world in all these respects. Of our literature, however, Mr. Magoon does not brag quite so boldly as of our advancement in other respects. He assures us, and it is a very comfortable assurance, that "with reference to a worthy national literature we are *drifting* in a right direction." If anybody has any doubt as to our superiority in all other respects, and our prospective literary superiority when we shall have done *drifting*, we refer him to the pages of Mr. Magoon.

—

To our country readers we cannot do a better service than to call attention to a new edition of *Bement's Poulterer's Companion*, just issued from the press of *Harper & Brothers*. It is a practical treatise, written by one who understands the whole subject of breeding, rearing, and managing all varieties of domestic poultry. It is embellished with one hundred and twenty illustrations of different varieties of cocks and hens—Shanghais, Dorkings, Malays, Bantams, etc., together with ducks, geese, turkeys; coops and poultry-houses; hatching apparatus, incubators, and artificial mothers, with ample directions upon all collateral subjects. It is beyond question the best book of the kind in the English language.

—

French Mission Life. By REV. THOMAS CARTER. A series of narrative sketches, remarkable conversions, and incidents in the life of a missionary among the French at Detroit, in the State of Michigan. It contains also five letters written by the author to the Roman Catholic bishop of that diocese. (*Carlton & Porter.*)

—

A Child's History of Rome, by JOHN BONNER, has been issued from the press of *Harper & Brothers* in two very pretty volumes. It is written in a neat and simple style, by no means childish, but adapted to the capacities of juvenile readers. Indeed, children of a larger growth may peruse its pages profitably. We agree with the author that histories for children should be governed by as severe a canon as histories for adults, and that the young should not be taught for fact what, in after life, they will discover to be mere fiction. Hence, although he gives, as legends and stories, the beautiful myths of Livy and others, he commences the narrative of Rome's actual history with the invasion by Pyrrhus.

—

We are indebted to *Messrs. Jewett & Co.*, of Boston, for two neat and useful volumes entitled *The Minnesota Hand-Book for* 1856–7, and *The Iowa Hand-Book for* 1856. They were both compiled by NATHAN H. PARKER, are accompanied by new and correct maps, and contain all that is needed to give the reader a good idea of the soil, general appearance, growth, resources, and other matters connected with these rapidly-advancing regions of the Great West.

—

Mariamne; or, the Queen's Fate. A Tale of the Days of Herod. By E. H. M. (*Pudney & Russell*, New-York.) We tried to read the preface of this volume, and stumbled at the closing paragraph. Here it is: "The author of the following pages trusts, that in the recital of events of an awe-arousing epoch in a familiar and interesting manner, that the gentle delights of the romance have been effectively blessed [sic] with those of the Christian reader." This is too deep for our sounding-line, and we lay the book aside, adding, in justice to the publishers, that it is very neatly printed, and em-

bellished with the likeness of a gentleman labeled Herod, and of a lovely female, called Marianne, a misprint perhaps for Mariamne.

—

Friendship very frequently betrays men into erroneous estimates of literary merit. As an illustration we have, in a neat volume, from the press of *Carter & Brothers*, *Poems by the late* FRANCIS S. KEY, ESQ. The editor thought that these very inferior rhymes "would prove a most acceptable contribution to the limited classic poetry of our country." His admiration of the character of the departed led him astray in this matter. With only two or three exceptions, the poems are below the average of ordinary newspaper contributions. What does the reader think of the following, which occupies an entire page of the volume?

"NOTE TO MRS. KEY.

"MRS. KEY will hereby see
That Judges two or three
And one or two more,
So as to make exactly four,
Will dine with her to-day;
And as they cannot stay,
Four o'clock the hour must be
For dinner, and six for tea
And toast and coffee.
So saith her humble servant,
"F. S. KEY."

—

Rome, Christian and Papal; Sketches of its Religious Monuments and Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, with Notices of the Jesuits and the Inquisition. By L. DE SANCTIS, D. D. (*Harper & Brothers.*) From the author's preface we learn that he is by birth a Roman, that he occupied the confessional for fifteen years, and for more than half that time was curate of the Magdalene, one of the principal parishes of Rome. He was, moreover, professor of theology in the Roman University, and for ten years filled the office of theologian in the Roman Inquisition. Having been converted to the Protestant faith, he abandoned his brilliant position, and became an humble preacher of the Gospel, a minister of the Waldensian, or primitive Italian Church at Turin. Under the fictitious guise of letters he reveals many of the grosser absurdities of Romanism, its mummeries, impostures, and persecutions. There is, throughout the volume, an air of honest truthfulness which will commend itself to the reader.

—

Anthony Burns: a History. By CHARLES E. STEVENS. (*J. P. Jewett & Co.*, Boston, 12mo, pp. 295.) Anthony Burns first saw the light in Virginia, that glorious old dominion which has given birth to so many great men. As has been the lot of thousands of his fellow-citizens, Anthony had the misfortune to be stolen and made a slave as soon as he was born. Just as any other son of Virginia might be expected to do, Anthony broke his chains and secured his freedom. He emigrated to the cradle of American liberty, the modern Athens, and supposed himself safe, living, as he did, a law-abiding citizen, in close proximity to Faneuil Hall. But he was mistaken. He was seized in the street, imprisoned upon a false charge, that of having robbed a store, dragged into Boston jail, brought before a commissioner, when the real cause of his arrest was made known to him, and after futile efforts on the part of a few "fanatics," was sent back, with great pomp, guarded by the military, and protected by the municipal police, to the Old Dominion. It was an expensive job, but Uncle Samuel footed the bill. Mr. Stevens's plain narrative of all the facts in the case has no tendency to inflate the reader with patriotic pride, but rather, in the language of that Virginian slaveholder, Jefferson, to make him tremble for his country when he remembers that God is just.

—

N. PARKER WILLIS is not only a poet, but one of the readiest prose-writers of the day. The amount of hard work he does with a pen is wonderful. The *twelfth* volume of his prose works, entitled *Paul Fane; or, Parts of a Life else untold*, from the press of *C. Scribner*, is now before us. The author calls it a novel, but it lacks the distinguishing characteristics of that species of literature, and he very naively tells the reader, at the close, that "if it has not turned out so much of a romance as was expected, it is because the real life of this our day, faithfully pictured, seldom is." Paul Fane has many of the author's peculiarities; sparkling outlines of character and quiet bits of satire, with odd patronymics and newly-coined phrases, and is, on the whole, a very readable book, for a leisure hour, but hardly equal to several of the author's previous volumes.

—

Under the general title of *Harper's School History*, these eminent publishers have issued an exceedingly attractive volume, entitled, *Narrative of the General Course of History from the earliest Periods to the Establishment of the American Constitution.* It is intended as a complete text-book of general history for the use of schools, and is admirably adapted for that purpose, being concise in its statement of facts, and illustrated with one hundred and fifty maps and engravings. We almost envy the youth of the present day the facilities afforded them for the acquisition of knowledge. Such a book as this, written in the lucid style of JACOB ABBOTT, so beautifully printed, and so profusely illustrated, would seem to make the study of history a mere recreation.

—

The North and the South: a Statistical View of the Condition of the Free and Slave States. By HENRY CHASE, A.M., and CHARLES W. SANBORN, M.D., *compiled from official documents.* (Boston: *Jewett & Co.*) The value of a work of this kind depends entirely upon its accuracy; and, so far as we have examined the tables here collected, we think they may be depended upon. They present, in contrast, the actual condition of the Free and Slave States, as to territory, population, religion, and general progress. Several very striking facts are brought out with great distinctness, and we commend the volume to the careful study of reflecting men in both sections of the Union.

—

It is, to say the least, doubtful, if books upon religion and Christian morals, when addressed to distinct classes in the community, are better calculated to produce the desired result than those upon the same subjects which have no specific designation. We suppose that a work, entitled "Biblical Lessons for Lawyers," or

"Rudiments of Christianity for Retail Traders," or "Religion recommended to Wall-Street Brokers," would, very probably, be passed by, without any careful digestion, by those classes respectively. So, we apprehend, *The Bible in the Workshop; or, Christianity the Friend of Labor*, by Rev. John W. Mears, just from the press of *C. Scribner* of this city, well written as it is, and earnest in its appeals, will not reach many of that class of men for whom it is more especially intended. It will be gratifying to find ourselves mistaken in this opinion, and to know that laborers and working-men peruse its pages and profit by them.

—

In a ponderous octavo of 632 pages, without preface, introduction, or index, we have from the press of *Carter and Brothers*, *Essays and Reviews*, by Charles Hodge, D. D., *selected from the Princeton Review*. They are mainly upon Scriptural and Theological themes, written, some of them, twenty and twenty-five years ago, and most of them have long since lost all interest for the general reader. A portion of the volume is devoted to discussions of the ubiquitous question of slavery, and our Southern readers will have no reason to find fault with the reviewer. He estimates the abolitionist as several degrees worse than the slaveholder; but, like all other writers on that side of the question, leaves us to give our own definition to the word abolitionist.

—

Beaumarchais and his Times. Sketches of French Society in the Eighteenth Century, from unpublished documents. By Louis De Lomenie. *Translated by Henry S. Edwards.* (*Harper & Brothers.*) Beaumarchais was a kind of Jack-of-all-trades—poet, politician, merchant—generally successful in his undertakings, good-natured and benevolent, but an avowed infidel of the Voltaire school. The volume before us is full of anecdote and gossip, and spreads before the reader the varying aspects of Parisian society during a most eventful period in the history of France. The translation is lively and spirited.

Of Juvenile Books we have space to notice a few only.

(1.) *Boys and Girls' Illustrated Olio*, designed as a Gift Book, full of pictures and instruction on a great variety of subjects, prepared by Dr. Wise, editor of the Sunday-School Advocate, and published, in admirable style, by *Carlton & Porter*.

(2.) *Learning about Common Things*, the fourth in the series of *Harper's* Picture Books for the Nursery. It has one hundred and twenty engravings, and is designed for children just beginning to read.

(3.) *Never mind the Face; or, the Cousin's Visit.* A pleasing narrative for girls from the pen of a fair lady, who chooses to call herself Hetty Holyoke, author of "The Surprise." Like stories for children of a larger growth, it conducts the reader to matrimonial engagements, and leaves decided impressions of connubial felicity. (*C. Scribner.*)

(4.) *The Story of Columbus, simplified for the young Folks, by* Sarah H. Bradford, is an interesting and instructive little volume, with several illustrations from original designs. The author is well known as an agreeable writer of books for the young; and, in this instance, has admirably succeeded in telling an eventful story in a style free from puerilities, but adapted to the youthful mind. (*C. Scribner.*)

(5.) A beautiful and profusely illustrated small quarto volume, entitled, *A Winter at Wood Lawn; or, the Armor of Light Illustrated*, a very desirable holiday present for youth of both sexes. Interspersed with sketches of scenery and pleasing narrative are conversations about the Christian's armor, the girdle, the shield, the sword, the breast-plate, and the helmet. It is by the author of that well-known little volume, Four Days in July, and is published by *Carlton & Porter*.

(6.) From the same publishers, *Poor Nelly; or, the Golden Mushroom, an Old Lady's Story*, a reprint of one of the London Tract Society's publications, making No. 627 of the Sunday-School Library. It is said to be an authentic story.

Literary Record.

New-York Historical Society.—At a late meeting of the New-York Historical Society, the librarian called the attention of the members to a portrait of Cornelis Steenwyck, presented by Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, through Mr. John M'Mullen, of the New-York Society Library. Mr. Moore read a letter from the latter gentleman, giving a history of the discovery of the picture, and stated that Cornelius Steenwyck was a very important character in his day and generation, having been schepen in 1658 and 1660; burgomaster in 1662, 1664, 1665, and 1666; and mayor in 1668, 1669, 1670, 1682, and 1683. He was one of the most intelligent and wealthy merchants of New-Amsterdam. He came here first in government employment, while a young man, and subsequently went into business on his own account. He married a daughter of Lysbet Greveratt, and lived and traded near the corner of Whitehall and Bridge streets. He increased his business until his foreign connections in trade, especially with Holland, became more extensive than those of any other merchant of his time. It is said that he was unanimously called on by the government and citizens, to proceed to Holland to solicit aid against the anticipated expedition which in 1664 transferred the colony of New-Amsterdam to the jurisdiction of the English crown, and changed its name to New-York. He did not go, however, and appears to have been prominent in the negotiations which accompanied the surrender to Nicholls. His name appears many times in the records of the early

Dutch Church, of which he was a member. His widow married Dominic Henricus Solyus, one of the most distinguished clergymen of his time, the seventh in the list of the ministers of the Collegiate Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of the city of New-York, who was installed in 1682, and died in 1700.

We are glad to learn that Dr. J. T. Peck's *Central Idea of Christianity* has already reached a fourth edition. It was favorably noticed in our pages at the time of its publication, and a better acquaintance with it confirms our first impression, that it not only presents, forcibly, the Wesleyan theory of Christian Perfection, but that it is well calculated to promote the true interests of the Church at large, and that it is worthy of a place in every Christian library. *H. V. Degen: Boston.* Sold also by *Carlton & Porter.*

Philip St. George Cocke, Esq., proposes to bestow twenty thousand dollars of the bonds of the University of Virginia, bearing six per cent. interest, for which by law its annuity is pledged, toward the endowment of an agricultural professorship; reserving the right of nominating the professor, subject to the approval of the Visitors of the University, and at his death the nomination of the professor, to be made by the Farmers' Assembly, subject to the like approval. He desires furthermore, to enjoy the privilege of appointing two scholars, to be educated free of tuition fees or charge, in the proposed school, and that this privilege shall rest at his death in perpetuity in the Farmers' Assembly. The proposition has been accepted.

American Works.—The London *Literary Gazette* states that the publishers of Mrs. Stowe's "Dred" announce a new edition, completing the issue of a hundred thousand within a month, a sale exceeding that even of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Of the new tale by the author of "The Wide, Wide World," "The Hills of the Shatemuc," thirty thousand copies have been issued by the same publishers. There are two other editions in circulation, but that of Messrs. Low & Co. is the only one published with the sanction of the author, and from which she derives any advantage.

The Swiss "Universal Society for the Advancement of History," has just published the eleventh volume of its archives; it contains, besides some minor articles, a carefully made copy of the writings of Johannes Vitodurani, the ancient chronicler.

At Bekenried, on the lake of the four cantons in Switzerland, the fourteenth meeting of the Historical Society has lately taken place. The chief point of interest was in a paper read by Karl Brandes, a man of high scientific attainments, and a brother of the Benedictine Order of the Monastery of Einsiedel. It related to the history of Paul Styger, the hero of the glorious but unfortunate struggle in 1779 between the people of Unterwald and the French troops. The writer referred to letters and papers, in Styger's own handwriting, which are preserved in the archives of Einsiedel, and from these drew an animated picture of the friar who, at Feldkirch, threw off his capuchin's hood, grasped the sword, and at the head of the armed country people, women as well as men, during a whole day withstood the attack of the French army, until at length, compelled by overwhelming numbers, they gave way. The monastery of Einsiedel is a shrine of great sanctity among the Swiss, and thousands flock to it annually, but this year the crowd of pilgrims and sight-seers has been much greater than usual.

An English publisher announces as in press, "The Letters of Boswell, now first printed from the original MSS." These memorials of Dr. Johnson's famous biographer cannot fail to be interesting.

A continuation of Baronio's work, "The Annals of the Church," was published last month in Rome, in three volumes; they are by Father Theiner, and are dedicated to the Emperor of Austria. Theiner has devoted the last ten years of his life to this work, and given to it the most unwearying diligence and labor; the mass of MSS. which he has consulted in the course of his studies is said to be enormous.

The Schiller Society, in Germany, has purchased the house in which the poet lived, in Gohlis, for a sum of two thousand dollars; the building is an old tumble-down tenement, and has long been offered for sale.

Professor Tischendorf has lately made a journey in the southern parts of Germany and Switzerland, visiting all the principal public and private libraries in these countries, and devoting himself with equal skill and perseverance to the examination of the Biblical MSS. they contain. Through the courtesy of the head librarian at Munich, he has been enabled to prepare for publication two manuscripts, which will be welcomed by all versed in Biblical lore; they are both Latin translations from the Greek, the so-called "Itala" of the New-Testament, as it existed before the time of Jerome, previous to the fourth century. One of these Munich manuscripts contains the four evangelists almost entire; the other, perhaps even more important in Biblical hermeneutics, and valuable for its great rarity, consists of fragments of St. Paul's Epistles, copied in the fifth century, in the handwriting of that time. Among the Greek manuscripts one, which in the catalogue is simply marked as a Palimpsest, interested Professor Tischendorf extremely; he found it to consist of fragments of four very ancient and almost obliterated MSS., one in Minuscal, (or minute character,) the other three in the Uncial, or larger handwriting of the eighth century. By a skillful application of the blue tincture, Professor Tischendorf succeeded in deciphering the whole of these highly interesting documents. They contain fragments of the apocryphal history of the apostles, and of the Indian apostle Thomas, and King of "Misdeos."

We take the following extract from a poem just published in England:

"Farewell, Tarrengower! and Ganawarra!
Farewell, Wegra-Barjarg! and Irrawarra!
Farewell, Burra Burra! Polliah! Morang!
Farewell, Merrimingo! and thee, Burnewang!
And thee, Booroondara! and Goomalibee!
Farewell, Nareb Nareb! and Hinnomongy!
And Wimmera plains, by Tongeomungle!"

If the poem is all like the foregoing, it must be a rich and ingenious work.

Arts and Sciences.

Ocean Soundings.—*Lieutenant Berryman*, who was sent out by the Navy Department, in the ship "Arctic," to ascertain the depth, by soundings, from Newfoundland to Ireland, with reference to the practicability of a submarine telegraph, submitted his report, together with the maps and charts, to the Navy Department. His report is brief and to the point. He starts out by making soundings every thirty or forty miles, varying from one hundred fathoms to two thousand and seventy-five fathoms; no place beyond the latter figure, that being the deepest point. In almost every sounding he brought up various kinds of curiosities, such as shells of every description, gravel, quantities of mud, etc., all of which have been deposited in the Smithsonian Institution. On his return he made the same experiments of sounding with the same success. Nowhere did he find any obstructions or impediments in the way, and establishes clearly and conclusively, and beyond the shadow of a doubt, in his judgment, the practicability and feasibility of the submarine telegraph between those two points. He believes that the whole thing can be accomplished in ten days after everything is in readiness, and that the best time for doing it is during the month of July. He further states that the wires would sink down into a soft, muddy bottom, and that nothing could possibly interfere with them. This settles, beyond all question, the practicability of connecting the two continents by a submarine telegraph.

Martin's three pictures, of "The Last Judgment," "The Great Day of Wrath," and "The Plains of Heaven," are, says *The Churchman*, his last, and probably greatest paintings. There is some wretched drawing, especially one angel of destruction, whose left foot shows either an impossible anatomy, or a degree of deformity by no means angelic. All kinds of extravagance, also, will be found, exceeding even Martin's own previous efforts in that line, which is saying a great deal. His notion of heaven is misty in the extreme, and would do about as well for a Mohammedan as a Christian. His ideas of Gog and Magog are clearer, being more akin to what has been seen and known on the earth. His collection of saints on Mount Zion has many portraits, which show that Mr. Martin's idea of saintship includes mainly those who have been acknowledged as great men on earth —a slight mistake. The chief proof that the "Plains of Heaven" represent a new heaven and a new earth, is, that the foliage of the trees is such as was never seen before—except in some of Martin's previous pictures. The architecture of Mount Zion, also, bears a very close resemblance to that of Babylon and Egypt, as depicted years ago by the same painter's extended powers of perspective; and here, also, we think, there must be a slight mistake. At least, our ecclesiological tastes rebel against so close a family likeness between Babylon and Zion. The pictures are excellent Protestant pictures; for there is the pope, with triple tiara on his head, and crucifix in hand, preparing to bite the dust at the feet of a woman in purple and scarlet, who looks as if she might well be all that she is said to be, in the Book of Revelation. As to bishops, the painter is divided in sentiment; there are lawn sleeves on Mount Zion; and at least one pair of them, on the other side, along with some puritanical-looking long-faces, in gown and bands. But, with all their faults, there is much about all these great paintings that is grand, bold, and striking; and even, to the general apprehension, sublime. Portions of them are painted up with the greatest care, and beautiful effect; and as admirable specimens of the pure *Martinesque* style, they will well reward a half hour's study.

Prices of Sculpture.—The best sculptors in Paris, such, for instance, as Baron Frigetty, receive on an average four thousand dollars for statues ten feet high. But the ablest sculptors in Italy receive much less than this sum. The statues recently erected in Florence to the memory of the illustrious men of Tuscany, sixteen or eighteen in number, cost something over one thousand dollars each, most of them executed by men who rank higher in this department of art than Mr. Powers. It is not pretended that this sum adequately rewards their talents, but they accept such commissions to further the patriotic objects of their government. Mr. Powers himself gives a guide by which to estimate the price of a single statue, in his several copies of the Greek Slave, which he has sold at three thousand dollars each. Give his workmen an additional thousand dollars, and they will execute the slave ten feet high, the sculptor having no extra labor to perform.

The rapid increase in the consumption of paper, especially in this country, is well known, but its whole extent may not fairly be anticipated. The amount of paper produced annually in France is about 150,000,000 pounds, of which 17,000,000 are exported. England produces about 177,000,000 pounds, of which about 16,000,000 are sent abroad, and 161,000,000 are used at home. The United States consume about 270,000,000 of pounds, an amount greater than England and France combined. A large proportion of this is manufactured at home, and the remainder imported from Europe, chiefly from France and England. The consumption of paper in England and France is about four and a half pounds for each person, while in the United States it reaches ten pounds for each individual. The rags required to make the 270,000,000 of paper consumed in the United States amount to 337,000,000 pounds, one and a quarter of rags being required to make one pound of paper.

A monument is to be erected to the ex-king Louis of Bavaria in Munich, and to be placed in the square of the Odeon. It is to be an equestrian statue, modeled from a drawing of the late sculptor, Schwanthaler, and which was originally designed for a monument to be raised in Pesth to the late Archduke Palatine of Hungary.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1857.

LOGAN'S MONUMENT.

THE LAKES AND LEGENDS OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

"One of those still lakes
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky."

EMBOSOMED in Central New York is a chain of beautiful lakes varying from ten to forty miles in length. The region which embraces them was the home of the Six Nations, and is, therefore, rich in historical associations and legends.

Both shores of the Owasco were formerly the haunts of the Cayugas, and famous hunting and fishing grounds were they a century ago. Some of the older inhabitants remember the brush fence

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Curtiss & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

which ran diagonally between the Owasco and Skaneateles Lakes, from six to eight miles in length, and built for the purpose of hemming in deer.

The first settlers found, on the different points which extend into the lake, several clearings made by the Indians for raising corn and other vegetables. I remember to have seen the remains of one of their wigwams there but a few years ago. At the foot of the Owasco is an interesting Indian mound so ancient that a tree of considerable size has grown, decayed, and perished upon it. Its form is that of an oval, nearly twenty feet in length and four in height. Mr. Hubbard excavated one end of the mound a few years ago, and found the skeleton of an Indian of immense size, the skull of which was nearly half an inch thick. Copper implements, much more ancient and elaborate than the rude stone hatchets of the Iroquois, have also been picked up in the immediate vicinity. The mound consists principally of stones, doubtless heaped up in this manner over the grave of a celebrated warrior or chieftain by passers by, as is still the custom of some of the Indian tribes. Beautiful resting-place for the honored dead! where,

> "'Neath the sportive wing
> Of the 'sweet south,' the leaves are waving,
> And shoreward, gently murmuring,
> Owasco's waves her beach are laving."

The principal Indian village in the vicinity was Osco, (written Was-kough in the treaty of 1789, by which the Cayugas ceded their territory to the State of New York.) It was situated on the outlet, two miles and a half north from the foot of the lake, where now stands the city of Auburn. The great trail of the Iroquois crossed the outlet of the Owasco, or Osco,* at this point on stepping-stones. The village was situated on Fort Hill, an eminence which, in Mr. Schoolcraft's language,

"Has attracted notice from the earliest times. Its height is such as to render it a very commanding spot, and crowned as it was with a pentagessimal work, earthen ramparts, and palisades of entire efficacy against Indian missiles, it must have been an impregnable stronghold during the periods of their early intestine wars. The site of this work is the highest land in the vicinity, and a visit to it affords one of the best and most varied views of the valley of the Owasco, and the thriving and beautiful inland town of Auburn, with its public buildings, prison, and other noted public edifices. The ellipsis inclosed by the embankments, (six feet high at the beginning of this century, but now not more than two or three,) with their intervening spaces, has a circumference of twelve hundred feet."

Limited space alone prevents me from giving a more detailed description of the Indian fortifications on Fort Hill. Suffice it to say, that the fortress of Osco was not erected by the Iroquois, but by a race antecedent to them in time, and far surpassing them in intelligence.

Who were the architects?

The traditions of the Mexican nations uniformly assert that the mound-builders of our Western world were a people denominated Alleghans, "who originally hunted south and west of the Mississippi River." It is supposed that in the eleventh century, before the overthrow of the Toltec, and the establishment of the Aztec empire in Mexico, "they removed northward and eastward into the valley of the Ohio, where they subsisted about three hundred years."

The traditions of the Cayugas also state that the Alleghans came from the same region; that very far back in the past the parent stock of the Iroquois were engaged in protracted but successful wars with red men from the southwest, who had irrupted into that portion of their domain south of the lakes, and constructed along the valley of the Ohio, and as far east as the ancient village of Osco, earthen altars for the worship of the sun, mounds for the sepulture of their dead, and embankments for personal defense; and that while they were in the actual possession of these works, and before they had fully completed them, they were forced to acknowledge the rightful sovereignty of the Iroquois over these woodlands and rivers, and to evacuate all their fortified posts east of the Mississippi,* having, however, given their name to the Alleghany range and to an important river in the United States.

The Alleghans, so far as can be learned from traditions and the study of their monuments, were driven from the eminence of Osco during the thirteenth century,

* The name Osco signifies a crossing by means of stepping-stones.

* The curious reader will find a full description of these interesting relics in the works of Schoolcraft, Macaulay, and E. G. Squiers.

leaving behind them their altar and the ashes of their dead. Osco, then, was the terminus of a series of strongholds extending up the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio, which, in a state of perfection, had two necessary concomitants, an earthen altar for the worship of the sun, generally situated, as here, in the center of the fortification, and a burial-place outside.*

But the Alleghans, like their successors, the Cayugas, are gone, all gone:

"Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have disappear'd as wither'd leaves
Before the autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore."

Osco, according to the traditions of the Cayugas, was the birth-place of Logan, the greatest of the Iroquois. Tah-gah-jute was the Indian name of the famous chieftain and orator. He was the second son of Shikellimus, a distinguished sachem of the Cayugas, and compeer of Ontonegea, whose daughter he subsequently married. About fifty years before the Revolution, when Osco was the principal village of the Cayugas, some two hundred members of the tribe removed to the region of Shamokin, Pennsylvania. This emigration was occasioned by a scarcity of fish and game in the old haunts of the Cayugas. Tah-gah-jute was then about seven years of age. Shikellimus became the friend of the white man, and was soon afterward appointed Indian agent. Having embraced Christianity, as also the Pacific doctrines of the Quakers, the chieftain and his family were received into the Christian Church.

Tah-gah-jute, on the occasion of his baptism, received the name of Logan in honor of James Logan, secretary of the province. Ever the firm friend of the Indian, his name has been rendered doubly illustrious by the noblest of the Cayugas.

Logan inherited the talents and the peaceful virtues of his father, after whose death he became a chieftain. In conformity with the parental wish, he married, the same year, the daughter of a sachem of great renown. They were united in marriage by the good missionary, Ziesberger.

Alvaretta, the daughter of Ontonegea, and wife of the eloquent Logan, is represented to have been remarkably beautiful. The surviving Cayugas, when relating their legends, still love to speak of her piercing eye, her comely figure, and gentle manners. They say that on account of her marvelous beauty the Indian maid received an English name from an officer at Fort Orange, whither Ontonegea once carried her in her childhood.

But little, however, is positively known of Alvaretta beyond the sorrowful story of her death. But we delight to think of her as the loveliest of the dusky maidens whose feet were kissed by the murmuring ripples of the Osco.

"A gentle creature,
Of raven eye and tress;
And dove-like were the tones that breathed
Her bosom's tenderness,
Save when some quick emotion
The warm blood strongly sent,
To revel in her olive cheek,
So richly eloquent."

There is a legend among the Cayugas that Alvaretta, after her father's death, was adopted into the family of Shikellimus, by whom she was taken into the sylvan land of Penn. Logan was the child of misfortune, and never was kindness to white men requited like his.

The conversion of Logan to Christianity and the pacific doctrines of William Penn furnishes the key to his character. Mr. Hall says:

"Habitually upright, charitable, and kind, the noble chieftain was unprepared for demonstrations of wanton violence in return. He had befriended white men to the extent of his opportunity and his means; he had opened the door of his cabin to all who were disposed to accept of his hospitality; he had given meat to the hungry, and raiment to the naked; he was the generous, abiding friend even of the pioneers whose axes were demolishing the forests which supplied his table with venison."

Yet Logan was an Indian. Descended from a noble ancestry, and animated by a hitherto indomitable spirit, he could not quietly endure the unprovoked wrongs heaped upon him. His implicit faith in the white man had been shamefully violated; his relatives had been murdered in cold blood. The fond memory of his beloved wife and children, and the base ingratitude of those whom he had looked

* The burial-place of the Alleghans at Osco was about fifty rods north of Fort Hill. For this information, and much that pertains to Logan, I am indebted to B. F. Hall, Esq., of Auburn.

GLEN HAVEN—HEAD OF SKANEATELES LAKE.

upon as his friends, prompted him to action. Forsaken as he thought by God and man, there was no alternative for Logan but revenge, and if his sun went down in darkness and gloom, let us charge it not to him, but to those who should have strengthened and beautified so noble a soul instead of crushing it into the dust.

Who of us has not read that remarkable speech delivered at the treaty of Lord Dunmore and the Indians, immediately after the war in which Logan had greatly distinguished himself against the whites?

"I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the close of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed, as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cressap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my wife and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Thatcher says:

"The melancholy history of Logan must be dismissed with no relief to its gloomy colors. He was himself a victim to the same ferocious cruelty which had already rendered him a desolate man. Not long after the treaty a party of whites murdered him as he was returning from Detroit to his own country. It grieves us to add, that toward the close of his life misery had made him intemperate. No security and no solace to Logan was the orator's genius or the warrior's glory."

Among the Iroquois, "the Romans of the Western world," there may have been other chieftains as brave as Logan, but tradition says that he was their greatest orator and wisest sage. He was the noblest of them all.

When the inhabitants of Auburn had determined to preserve the antiquities on Fort Hill, by converting its magnificent grounds into a rural cemetery, it was deemed proper that they should exhibit some tribute of respect to the memory of Logan.

On Fort Alleghan, upon the sacrificial mound of earth where the Alleghans once paid adoration to the sun, and the Cayugas in later times worshiped the Great Spirit,

a stately monument has been erected to commemorate the greatest of the Iroquois, bearing upon its marble tablet no modern epitaph, but inscribed with that touching and eloquent sentence,

"Who is there to mourn for Logan?"

The somber pile of native limestone rising from the earthen altar of the Alleghans, is truthfully represented in our engraving. Since its erection in 1853 delegations from the surviving Cayugas, Senecas, Onondagas, Mohawks, and Tuscaroras, both in Western New York and Canada, have, at different times, visited Fort Alleghan. After remaining long in solemn and silent contemplation, they took occasion to express, in various ways, the deepest gratitude to the builders. At the time of its erection Logan's monument was the only one of importance built by white men to commemorate the children of the woods. Proudly it rises among stately forest trees, "surrounded by marks and vestiges" that tell us of an ancient people who dwelt there, and who, wiser, though weaker than the Iroquois, passed away centuries ago.

"Art hovering o'er thy once wild home,
Poor red man's spirit, now,
Where thy free nature loved to roam
Like bird from bough to bough?

THE OWASCO.

'Who mourns for Logan?' O, not one!
Ah! brave and stalwart chief,
'Twas phrensy to thy soul, that none
O'er thee should bow in grief.

"Sweet, quiet spot, thy spreading trees,
Thy angel-guarded dells,
Thy dappled sunlight—chanting breeze,
Like spirit voice that swells—
Thy throats of song, thy insect hum,
Make this a pillow blest
To lay one's weary head upon
For welcome, heavenly rest."

My sketch of the Owasco would be incomplete without a legend or story of some kind. The good old Dutch grandmothers, in crimped caps, and garments cut in the antique style, love to set aside the spinning-wheel, and taking a chair by the great open fire-place, tell about the ghosts and spooks they have seen of a dark night in the graveyard, long, long ago. How solemnly and believingly, looking over their silver spectacles, they repeat these wild and weird stories of their younger days; and you listen and listen there before the glowing coals on the wide hearth till the pictured remembrance of those olden times becomes more bright and beautiful, and you verily love the good old creature before you, though not precisely as

"Grandpapa loved when he was young."

Seventy-eight years ago there was not a white settler within the present limits of Cayuga County, and there are but few of

the old men now living who cannot tell of personal adventure with the Indians, or relate exciting stories of hunting and trapping among our beautiful lakes. Unfortunately, but few of the legends of the Cayugas, having a local interest, have been preserved. The Indian romance of the Owasco has, however, been woven into a beautiful song by Peter Meyers, Esq., and published under the name of Ensenore. The author will forgive our numerous extracts from his volume, and the reader, we are sure, will wish, from our introduction, to become more fully acquainted with one of the most graceful and beautiful Indian poems in our language.

Ensenore, though an Indian appellation, belonging, originally, to a chieftain in Virginia, is the name of the hero, a gallant young borderman, skilled in war and Indian devices.

"And many a Huron mother wept
For the returnless ones who slept
Fallen beneath his single hand."

The opening scene of the poem is laid at the destruction of Schenectady. Among those who mourned the results of that dreadful tragedy were,

"An aged pair to whom kind Heaven
A pure and sinless child had given.
Sole solace of their failing years,
Sole center of their hopes and fears,
The only light of their lone hearth,
The only tie 'twixt them and earth—
They saw her struggling with the foe,
And borne away they did not know,
If it were given at once to die,
Or a protracted death to live,
But they had heard her last wild cry
Invoke the aid they could not give."

Immediately after the bloody work is done, the warriors, with Kathreen, (the betrothed of Ensenore,) start westward for

"Their chosen hunting ground
Amid the seven fair lakes that lie
Like mirrors 'neath the summer sky:
There, oft, the fervid heat to shun,
What time the lion holds the sun,
The panting deer resort to lave
Their burning breasts within the wave;
There, 'neath the cool translucent tide,
The finny race were seen to glide,
And in the overarching blue,
Circling afar, the wild-fowl flew.
Embower'd within the silent wood,
Reposed each calm and placid flood;
Unknown to them the cumbrous keel,
Unknown the sound of plashing wheel;
Sped not before the evening gale,
As now the light and snowy sail,
And all unheard in glen or glade
The voice or laugh of merry maid.
Unseen by one admiring eye,
The bow of promise spann'd the sky;
And when, at eve, the gentle breeze
From far its spicy treasures bore,
Bow'd 'neath its breath, the graceful trees,
And waves went murmuring to the shore.
Such was the region which they sought,
A fairy land with beauty fraught."

Leaving the Mohawk at the point where it bends northward, they pursued their way through the forest, avoiding the great trail of the Iroquois, for fear that speedy vengeance might overtake them. Kathreen, in her anguish, prayed that the ordinary doom of the captive who fails in strength or speed, might be accorded to her; but when overcome by fatigue, she was borne along in a rude litter made of boughs and leaves. In three days the warriors reach

"Their fav'rite Western hunting-ground,
Upon the shore of that fair lake,
Whose waters are the clearest, brightest,
Whose silver surges ever break
Upon her pebbled margin, lightest:
* * * * * * * * *
Owasco's waters sweetly slept,
Owasco's banks were bright and green,
The willow on her margin wept,
The wild-fowl on her wave were seen,
And nature's golden charms were shed,
As richly round her quiet bed,
From flower'd mead to mountain brow,
A century since, as they are now;
The same pure, purple light was flung
At morn, across the water's breast;
The same rich crimson curtains hung
At eve around the glowing west,
But seldom then the white man's eye
Imbibed the beauties of that view;
Unnoticed, spread the cloudless sky
Its canopy of spotless blue;
Unnoticed, back to Heaven, the wave
That azure sky's pure semblance gave."

It was evening—the evening of the day upon which the warriors reached their destination—when a solitary canoe might have been seen rounding one of the beautiful headlands of the Owasco:

"A single oar that boat propell'd,
A single occupant it held;
Who saw him as he onward sped,
His cap of fur, his plume of red,
His gaudy dress and painted face,
The trophies of his mountain chase,
His beaded belt compactly tied
With all a Narragansett's pride,
The jewels pendant from his ear,
His oaken bow and quiver near,
His arm of bronze, inured to brave,
Unscreen'd, the summer's burning heat;
The broider'd moccasins, that gave
A grace to his converging feet:
His sinewy frame, his noble air,
His lofty brow and martial frown;

Who saw him thus, might well declare
A sachem he, of high renown.
The scene was such as never night
In all its solemn beauty knew;
Yet fair, beyond the power of pen,
The art of pencil to portray,
In quiet beauty, even there,
Thy silver wave, Owasco! lay.

* * * * * * * * *

Their tent had scarce been pitch'd an hour,
Scarcely an hour their fire had glow'd,
Ere fearless toward their merry bower,
That skill'd and rapid boatman row'd.
Silent he moor'd his light canoe,
His bow upon his shoulder threw;
Need it to name, that on the shore,
Beneath that guise, stood Ensenore?
Long on their trail the youth had been,
And that same day had pass'd unseen,
That thus, as from a different way,
He might appear by chance to stray
Near where their evening tent-fires glare,
And seem by them attracted there."

Ensenore, well versed in all the arts and wiles of the red men, was more than a match for them in cunning and deception. With a composed mien and stately pace he entered the wigwam. No one questioned the guest. Their rude courtesies are passed, and the calumet goes round the dusky circle. As his eye falls upon Kathreen, half reclining on a rude couch, a sigh involuntarily escapes his lips. Though slight, it is heard by the maiden, who gazes wildly round, her eye burning for a moment with a brighter luster. Meanwhile the stranger chieftain

"In guttural tone,
In their own tongue, proceeds to tell
Of wandering from his tribe alone,
Who in far Western forests dwell,
As far beyond the tribes that stay
Near the great cataract's ceaseless spray,
As, westward of the Huron, they;
Where, on a shell-strewn island, stands
A bell, not made by mortal hands,
By which, when they neglect to pay
Due sacrifice, their ears were stunn'd.
He could not tell how far the way
The sun went down, but just beyond!
Nipercenns they—a race, he said,
Of whom himself the honor'd head,
Was known afar by friend and foe,
The firm and fearless Ivanough.
'I need not tell the story o'er,
Known well,' said he, 'to you before;
How from the northern water's shore,
Before the Iroquois we fled,
Compell'd to leave the sacred dead.
Now all unhonor'd is the sod
That rises o'er their loved remains;
By strangers' feet their graves are trod,
And much my father's ghost complains.

* * * * * * * * *

Meanwhile my royal rights I waive,
And as a pilgrim seek the grave
Where my ancestral relics lie;
And if that name protect me not
From foes who haunt that hallow'd spot,
I am content to die.'

* * * * * * * * *

With ear attent they hear him tell,
Their only comment, 'It is well.'"

After admiring for a while his rich costume, they relate to Ensenore the incidents of their recent expedition; how their chieftain had rescued from the upraised knife a dark-haired maiden of surpassing beauty, and bade them treat her as his future favorite wife. Gone on a secret expedition three nights before, he had bidden them encamp by the Owasco, and much they talked of the pastime soon to come:

"When he, the Eagle Eye, should wed
The lost maid of Schenectady."

A few mornings after the events just related, and while the dusky warriors were gone to the chase, the captive maiden was permitted to retire to a secluded spot on the shore of the lake where she might weep alone, and unobserved. Suddenly a strange hunter, whose gaudy dress indicated him to be a chief, emerged from the forest trees, as if he had accidentally strayed from his companions. Having never seen Eagle Eye, she supposed the sachem to be the one who had saved her life:

"Nor were her torturing fears allay'd,
When distant far a pause he made,
And bending to the earth his knee,
A token mute of amity;
With hands ungauntleted he grasp'd,
And backward bent his bow of oak;
Its parent tree, had it been clasp'd.
With such a force, had well-nigh broke!
Answering the loud report that rung,
A thousand echoes seem'd to wake,
When rising to his feet he flung
The fragments midway o'er the lake."

Slowly and cautiously he approaches, while the terrified and trembling maiden stands on the shore, knowing not which way to escape:

"He pauses—*speaks*, 'Kathreen! Kathreen!'
She does not hear; her streaming eyes
See but that savage face and mien.
Then with new strength she turns and flies—
'Kathreen! Kathreen! O stay, love, stay!
'Tis I that calls,' cried Ensenore.
He shouts again, but only hears
The elfin echo mocks his cry,
'O love, return, 'tis I—'tis I!'"

Kathreen flies to the camp, and the stranger chieftain hastens to the chase.

At night the warriors return: a feast is prepared, and Kathreen feels some relief in not being noticed by the chief, who joins in the revelry. Yet she doubted whether it could be Eagle Eye:

"Nor doubted long—for even then,
Follow'd by four athletic men,
The sachem enter'd at the door,
And cross'd with stately step the floor.
Kathreen turn'd pale with new affright,
And Ensenore, when his first view
Told him that Eagle Eye was near,
'Twas well his artificial hue
Was fix'd beyond the reach of fear.
Too well he knew each Indian trait,
To show one symptom of surprise;
And seeming still with drink elate,
He quietly withdrew his eyes,
Call'd for the bowl with careless laugh,
And quaff'd, or *seem'd*, at least, to quaff."

Eagle Eye, having merely glanced at the revelers, seated himself for a time apart from the warriors in silence; but after his favorite calumet had been smoked, he rose in quiet dignity, and in the brief, emphatic tones peculiar to Indian oratory, told of the adventures of his daring little band:

"Then pointed with an Indian's pride
To scalps yet reeking at his side,
And counted with a miser's care,
To see that each red tuft was there."

Suddenly, during the long revel which succeeded, a folded billet falls at the feet of Kathreen—from whom she knows not. While the warriors are enchained by a wild speech from their honored guest, she glances at the contents, and falling in a swoon, breathes the name of Ensenore. Though it is lightly spoken, a dozen warriors start to their feet. Suspicion did not for a moment rest on the stranger. Approaching the spot, he coolly asked the cause of the alarm, and offered to go as a scout in search of any lurking foe. At last, one by one, they retired to rest; passing by the maiden, while looking another way,

"'Sleep not, Kathreen!' he whisper'd low,
Then threw himself upon the ground;
And, far as outward signs could show,
None slept more suddenly or sound.
'Twas midnight, and the clouded sky
O'er canopied that darken'd tent;
The bird of night flew wildly by,
The forest 'neath the blast was bent;
Not darker, deeper is the gloom,
That dwells within the rayless tomb;
Came from the lake the sullen roar
Of billows beating on the shore;
And, as the frequent lightning threw
A sudden glory o'er the scene,
The opposing forests rose to view,
And all the watery waste between,
Where crested waves each other chase,
Like snowy coursers on the race."

Kathreen makes the first trial, glides past the dreaming sentinel with spirit-step, and in a few moments stands upon the beach, but Ensenore is discovered. Countless voices rend the air, and the flitting lights of those in pursuit glare like specters in the darkness. The demon yells ring louder and nearer. Bearing

FOOT OF THE OWASCO.

SPRINGSIDE, WEST SHORE OF THE OWASCO.

Kathreen in his arms, he flies, unharmed by random shots and rustling arrows, toward the cove, where he has concealed his canoe in readiness for flight. But, alas! it floats far away from the shore, having been loosened by the billows, or by some designing hand. The foe is almost upon him. They reach the canoe, but are discovered from the shore:

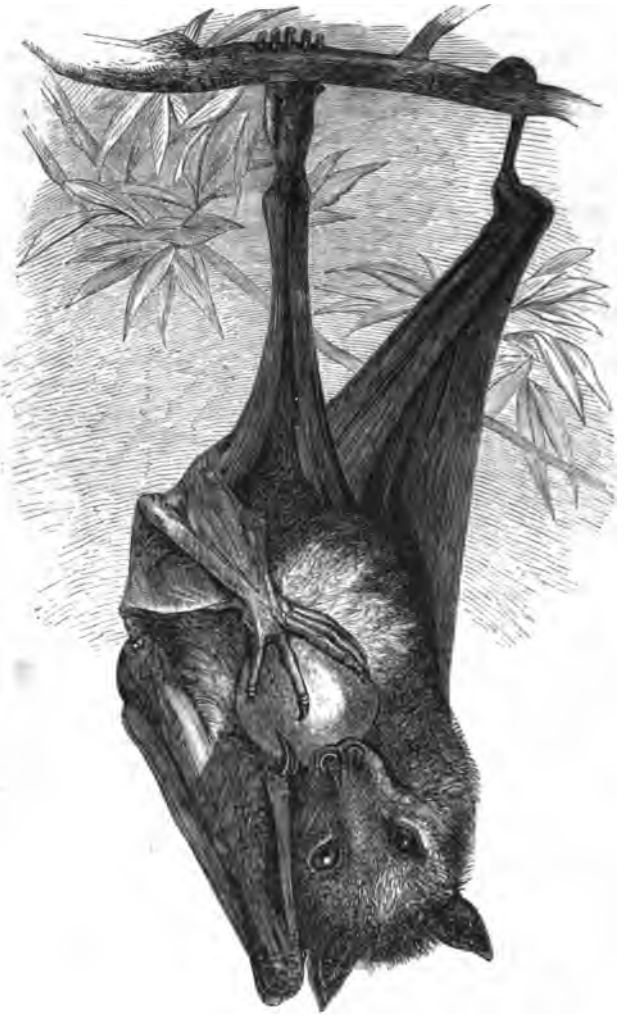
"And soon, well-mann'd, each bark canoe
Across the billow wild is dancing;
While like the mystic lights that glare
At midnight in the church-yard air,
The torches o'er the waves are glancing."

Ensenore turns southward, toward the head of the lake, propelling his canoe with one arm, and sustaining the trembling maiden with the other. Well knowing that he can, by artifice alone, elude his pursuers, he doubles on his track like the fox:

"Now near and nearer comes the foe,
A furlong scarcely lies between,
And the wild-waving torches throw
A lurid light upon the scene.
More near, he sees each scowling brow!
'O heaven! withhold thy lightnings now!'
Silent he sat with flashing eye,
And watch'd their dark forms flitting by;
And heard, in tones of mutter'd ire,
Himself condemn'd to funeral pyre.
So rapidly they glided past,
He breathed not till he saw the last;
Then dropp'd his oar into the wave,
And to his boat new impulse gave."

They reached home in safety, after a succession of remarkable adventures in the then wilderness of Central New York, and at the hymeneal altar, Kathreen became the happy bride of her brave and well-loved Ensenore.

The shores of the Owasco and the Skaneateles, as may be seen from our beautiful engravings, present some of the most picturesque and romantic scenes. With a few more mountains, the lake region of Central New York would be the Scotland of our country. The Skaneateles is sixteen miles in length, the Owasco twelve, and in one place the two beautiful sisters approach within four miles of each other. At the head of the former, embosomed among forest-clothed mountains as grand as the Highlands of the Hudson, is Glen Haren, where hundreds of invalids annually seek health, and the lovers of wild scenery and woodland sports may find a summer home with our genial friend, Dr. Jackson. Beautiful villas are scattered along the more modest shores of the Owasco. At the foot of the lake are the "Cottage" and "Meadow Farm;" and "Springside," reposing lovingly on the western shore, is the seat of a celebrated school, whose proprietor was formerly a missionary to China, and is said to have instructed the late insurgent Tae Ping Wang in the doctrines of Christianity.



FOX-BATS.

IN this section of the country that bat is deemed a large one whose wings, when measured from tip to tip, exceed twelve inches, or whose body is above that of a small mouse in bulk. In some parts of the world, however, there are members of this well-marked family, the wings of which, when stretched and measured from one extremity to the other, are five feet and upward in extent, and their bodies large in proportion. These are the Fox-bats, a pair of which were lately procured for the London Zoological Gardens. It is from one of this pair that the very characteristic figure of Mr. Wolf has been derived. There is something very odd in the appearance of such an animal, suspended as it is during the day *head downward*, in a position the very sight of which suggests to the looker-on ideas of nightmare and apoplexy. As the head peers out from the membrane, contracted about the body, and investing it as in a bag, and the strange creature chews a piece of apple presented by its keeper, the least curious observer must be struck with the peculiarity of the position, and cannot fail to admire the velvety softness and great elasticity of the membrane which forms its wings. It must have

been from an exaggerated account of the Fox-bats of the Eastern Islands that the ancients derived their ideas of the dreaded Harpies, those fabulous winged monsters sent out by the relentless Juno, and whose names are synoymous with rapine and cruelty.

Some of these bats, before they were thoroughly known, frightened British sailors not a little when they met with them. Captain Cook, in the narrative of his first voyage, alludes to this; one of the seamen of the Endeavor, when that ship lay off the Australian coast in 1770, during his rambles in the woods, told his messmates on his return that he verily believed he had seen the devil:

"We naturally inquired in what form he had appeared, and his answer was in so singular a style that I shall set down his own words: 'He was,' says John, 'as large as a one-gallon keg, and very like it; he had horns and wings, and yet he crept so slowly through the grass, that if I had not been *afeard* I might have touched him.'"

Cook's party afterward encountered this prodigy, which turned out to be a large bat, as big as a partridge and nearly black in color. The ears of the Fox-bat could readily convert themselves into horns to the superstitious eye of one who fancied he saw Satan, as many artists have figured that minister of evil.

Dr. Foster, who accompanied Captain Cook on the voyage round the world from 1772 to 1775, observed Fox-bats at the Friendly Islands, where they were seen in large groups of hundreds. Our traveler even notices that some of them flew about the whole day, doubtless from being disturbed by the wandering crews of the British discovery ships. He saw a Casuarina tree of large size, the branches of which were festooned with at least five hundred of these pendent Cheiroptera in various attitudes of ease, according to the habits and notions of the bat tribes, who can hang either by the hind or by the fore feet. He noticed that they skimmed over the water with wonderful facility, and he saw one in the act of swimming, though he cannot say that it did so with either ease or expertness; they are known, however, to frequent the water in order to wash themselves from any impurities on their fur or wings, as well as to get rid of the vermin which may be infesting them.

Captain Lord Stokes found the red-necked species to be very abundant during his survey of the north coast of Australia. As the boats were engaged in the survey, flights of these bats kept hovering over them, uttering a disagreeable screeching noise, and filling the air with a faint mildewy odor, far from agreeable to the smell. The sailors gave these bats the name of "monkey birds," without being aware that naturalists in their systems consider them as following closely the order which contains these four-handed lovers of trees. Captain Stokes observes that the leathern wings have a singularly heavy flap, and that a flight of bats would suddenly alight on a bamboo, and bend it to the ground with their weight. Each individual struggles on alighting to settle on the same spot, and like rooks or men in similar circumstances, they do not succeed in fixing themselves without making a great deal of noise. When first they clung to the bamboo, they did so by means of the claw on the outer edge of the flying membrane, and then they gradually settled.

Among the wild and varied scenery of those groups of islands called the Friendly Islands, the Feejees, and the Navigators', species of Fox-bat form one of the characteristics of the place to the observant eye; while, if the traveler should happen to be blind, their presence among the otherwise fragrant forests would be readily perceived from the strong odor which taints the atmosphere, and which, says the naturalist of the United States Exploring Expedition, "will always be remembered by persons who have visited the regions inhabited by these animals." A specimen of the Fox-bat was kept in Philadelphia for several years; and like most creatures, winged as well as wingless, was amiable to those persons who were constantly near it, while it showed clearly and unmistakably its dislike to strangers.

On its voyage, this strange passenger was fed on boiled rice, sweetened with sugar; while at the Museum it was solaced and fed during its captivity chiefly on fruit, and now and then appeared to enjoy the picking from the bones of a boiled fowl.

Mr. Macgillivray discovered a new species of Fox-bat on Fitzroy Island, off the coast of Australia, when he was naturalist of the British ship Rattlesnake. He fell in with this large fruit-eating bat

(*Pteropus conspicillatus*) on the wooded slope of a hill. They were in prodigious numbers, and presented the appearance, as they flew along in the bright sunshine, of a large flock of rooks. As they were approached, a strong musky odor became apparent, and a loud, incessant chattering was heard. He describes the branches of some of the trees as bending beneath the loads of bats which clung to them. Some of these were in a state of inactivity, sleeping or composing themselves to sleep, while many specimens scrambled along among the boughs and took to flight on being disturbed. He shot several specimens, three or four at a time, as they hung in clusters. Unless they were killed outright, they continued suspended for some time; when wounded, they are difficult to handle, as they bite severely, and at such times their cry resembles somewhat the squalling of a child. The flesh of these bats is described to be excellent, and no wonder, when they feed on the sweetest fruits; the natives regard it as nutritious food, and travelers in Australia, like the adventurous Leichhardt on his journey to Port Essington, sometimes are furnished with a welcome meal from the fruit-eating Fox-bats which fall in their way.

Travelers observe that in a state of nature the Fox-bats only eat the ripest and the best fruit, and in their search for it they climb with great facility along the under side of the branches. In Java, as Dr. Horsfield observes, these creatures, from their numbers and fruit-eating propensities, occasion incalculable mischief, as they attack every kind that grows there, from the cocoa-nut to the rarer and more delicate productions, which are cultivated with care in the gardens of princes and persons of rank. The doctor observes that "delicate fruits, as they approach to maturity, are ingeniously secured by means of a loose net or basket, skillfully constructed of split bamboo. Without this precaution little valuable fruit would escape the ravages of the kalong."

We have mentioned that the Fox-bats are occasionally eaten in Australia. Colonel Sykes alludes to the native Portuguese in Western India eating the flesh of another species of Pteropus; and it would seem that but for prejudice, their flesh, like that of the young of the South American monkeys, is extremely delicate. The colonel says, writing of the *Pteropus medus*, a species found in India, "I can personally testify that their flesh is delicate and without disagreeable flavor."

The Javanese Fox-bat occasionally affords amusement to the colonists as well as natives, who chase it, according to Dr. Horsfield, "during the moonlight nights, which, in the latitude of Java, are uncommonly serene. He is watched in his descent to the fruit-trees, and a discharge of small shot readily brings him to the ground. By this means I frequently obtained four or five individuals in the course of an hour."

William Dampier, in 1687, observed the habits of a Fox-bat on one of the Philippine Islands, though he has exaggerated its size, when he judged "that the wings, stretched out in length, could not be less asunder than seven or eight feet from tip to tip." He records that "in the evening, as soon as the sun was set, these creatures would begin to take their flight from this island in swarms like bees, directing their flight over to the main island. Thus we should see them rising up from the island till night hindered our sight; and in the morning, as soon as it was light, we should see them returning again like a cloud to the small island till sunrising. This course they kept constantly while we lay here, affording us every morning and evening an hour's diversion in gazing at them and talking about them." Dr. Horsfield describes the species, which is abundant in the lower parts of Java, as having the same habit.

During the day it retreats to the branches of a tree of the genus Ficus, where it passes the greater portion of the day in sleep, "hanging motionless, ranged in succession, and often in close contact, they have little resemblance to living beings, and by a person not accustomed to their economy, are readily mistaken for a part of the tree, or for a fruit of uncommon size suspended from its branches." The doctor describes their society as being generally silent during the day, except when a contention arises among them to get out of the influence of the sun, when they utter a sharp, piercing shriek. Their claws are so sharp, and their attachment is consequently so strong, that they cannot readily leave their hold without the assistance of their wings, and if shot when in this position they remain suspended.

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

THE Deserted Chambers, in addition to their other horrid attractions, contain some very curious and dangerous pits—the more frightful for the chaos of darkness that hides them from observation.

The shortest branch contains three or four: over one of these projects a rock in the shape of a side-saddle, where, if the visitor is fond of fearful sights, he may seat himself and view the ragged dome above, or peep into the capless cavern beneath.

Not far from the Side-Saddle Pit is the Covered Pit, alike curious and perilous. It is about fifteen feet in diameter, and covered by a thin plate of rock, which lies on it like the lid of a pot, though it is a lid somewhat too small for the vessel, to which

it is attached only at one point, and by the most trifling support. By placing the ear at the crevice of the lid the dashing of water may be heard below, though it cannot be seen. Should the reader delight in new sensations, he can probably originate one, if when he visits the cave he will take his stand on this scanty cover, and test the strength of its one slender hinge.

But the Bottomless Pit is the chief terror and glory of this division of the cave. Dr. Bird says:

"The explorer suddenly finds himself brought up on its brink, standing on a projecting platform surrounded on three sides by darkness; a gulf on the right hand, a gulf on the left, and before him what seems an interminable void. He looks aloft; but no eyes have yet reached the top of the great overarching dome. Nothing is seen but the flashing of water dropping from above, and smiling as it shoots by in the gleam of the unwonted lamps."

Nothing meets his gaze below but thick darkness, and no sound greets him save one wild, and mournful, and wearying melody. Few visitors care to sit long "on the rock that hangs over the wave," for certainly it is not the place "to dream that we catch through the mantle of shade a glimpse of the dim distant land of the blessed." It will, perhaps, be destructive of the romantic terrors which the imaginative reader conjures up in connection with the Bottomless Pit, to mention the circumstance of its having been sounded by Mr. Lee, with a lead and line, and that he found bottom at a depth of one hundred and seventy-three feet. Nevertheless, it is still supposed by the lovers of the marvelous, to run pretty nearly through the earth, and if the reader please he may discredit Mr. Lee's assertion, for it may neither have a perpendicular descent, nor smooth, continuous walls, and what more probable than that the deceitful lead should have lodged on some projecting shelf of rock? A few feet from the Bottomless Pit is a narrow passage called the Covered Way, terminating in a side pit fifty feet below the platform, as low, probably, as the reader would care to penetrate, however much lower he might be willing to send his thoughts. Those poets who delight in visiting the vaults and walking among the tombs, might profitably descend here, and for once take their fill of silence and gloom.

Mammoth Dome is one of the special wonders, and is so vast and gloomy that the most powerful illumination brings out its recesses but imperfectly. The roof is three hundred feet above the floor, and in architecture resembles Westminster Abbey.

Pensacola Avenue is ornamented by some singular formations of crystallized gypsum. "But the Mecca's Shrine of the Pilgrimage," says Mrs. Child, "is Angelica's Grotto, completely lined and covered with the richest and largest dog's tooth spar." One of the most magnificent masses was broken off some years ago, by one of those upright beasts who have not the fear of God before their eyes. To his lasting discredit, he has left his name in place of the sparkling crystals he carried away. Pensico Avenue has a smooth and level floor of sand, which seems to have been washed there by some waters since dried up. Thence descending through a deep arch, you enter the Winding Way, an irregular, zigzag cleft, so narrow that a stout man could barely squeeze through. As you look back, the stones seem to have fallen together, and you are reminded of the waves of the Red Sea parted for the children of Israel to pass through. This tortuous opening has probably been gnawed by some persevering water-course, for of all workers nature is the most patient, being sure of her results. Suddenly, after squeezing, and stooping, and crawling, the cleft rises and widens, and the traveler finds himself in a magnificent hall, called the Great Relief—doubtless to his great relief. This conducts to the River Hall, so called, and this again to the Smoke House; a small, dark cave, hung with projections of rocks very closely resembling hams.

Nothing can be more picturesque than a troop of men and women, bearing torches, and blotching with gleams of intense light the gloomy masses of shadow as they sweep along the solemn defiles, the sublime and numberless wonders of the many-colored domes and ceilings, cornices and pillars, seeming rather to be a momentary creation of glory, than revelation. The press of awe and grandeur made upon the heart by such a pilgrimage can never be effaced by all the fretful trifles that wear upon it subsequently, but the soul, tired of noise and "insolent light," may go back when it will, and be calmed and quieted within the cool, dim grottoes where "heavenly, pensive contemplation dwells" everlastingly.

The Dead Sea is a broad black pool of water, eighty feet below the shelving platform from which you look down upon it. This dreadful stream must apparently keep its secrets to the end of time, and Eugene Aram might have sunk his *unburiable* corpse within it without much fear of its ever floating it up to the sight of humanity, and obliging him to take it up and run. It is a place to make one cry,

"Show me a way out of this stifling place,
Ye powers of aidance! Show me such a way
As I am capable of going. I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue prattler,
I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me
Magnanimously: Go; I need thee not."

As we approach the end of the Grand Gallery we discover a deep hollow cutting across it, and bounded on the farther side by a wall solid and abrupt, and joined to the roof above, along which are a good many great holes, through which water is continually falling; in the time of heavy rains, torrents that shake the foundations of the cave as they pour in, dash themselves upon the rocks below, where they are broken to pieces and lost.

The roof at this point is filled with irregular cavities, from which masses of rocks have tumbled out, and crushed their way through the floor into the cavities beneath, leaving it nearly level.

Some years ago a great rock was tumbled into the mouth of a pit, which, setting other rocks in motion as it crashed from point to point, produced a terrific uproar, and resulted finally in a considerable sinking of that part of the cave.

Through openings in the wall the roar of invisible cataracts may be heard, calling to one another through the darkness.

Lying flat down, and crawling on one's face through a narrow fissure, we enter what is called the Solitary Cave, an awfully grand and silent chamber, where the misanthrope may shut himself out from his fellow-men by walls as thick as he can desire.

Crawling out through another passage in the same manner as that by which we entered, we find ourselves in more comfortable quarters, and surrounded by groups of curious and interesting figures which the action of the water has worn among the rocks. Beautiful stalactites drop from the roof. Some of them reach from the floor to the ceiling, in fluted, solid, and irregular columns. There is one clump called the coral grove, where the columns are split and divided, and strangely tangled and convoluted one with another, and perfectly representing the roots of trees.

When the torches and lamps have lighted up this grotto with its grim rows of statuary, and its forest of stalactites, no festal hall could be made so wonderfully enchanting, and it is no uncommon thing for parties of visitors to spread their cloth over some rocky table, and "take their little porringers and eat their suppers there."

Returning to the Grand Gallery, and following the majestic sweep it makes where the steamboat sits on her bed of rocks, we come to another wide and lofty curve, from which we see through an opening into the Sick Rooms.

The atmosphere of the cave is exceedingly pure and equable; indeed, "so nimbly and sweetly recommends itself," that travelers are never weary of expatiating upon it. The effects it produces upon the system are said to be quite marvelous; in fact, so wonderfully exhilarating and buoyant, that the most feeble and unaccustomed pedestrian finds the miles slipping under his feet without the least sensation of weariness.

The beneficial effects produced upon the miners by this delicate air, and on the oxen which were stalled and kept altogether within the cave at the time the niter works were in operation, started the idea, some years ago, of erecting within the cave a hospital for consumptives, and some deserted stone huts still stand to mark the spot where the experiment was tried. These are called the Sick Rooms. So far as I have been able to learn, no salutary effects have followed the unnatural experiment of such burial in the cave, though it has been a good many times repeated.

However fat oxen may have become here, I cannot imagine the possibility of a human being thriving so shut out from the sweet external influences of grass and sunshine, and trees and dew. The air is said to smell grave-like, from the absence of that vitality which vegetation gives the atmosphere above ground; and the silence and darkness would surely be bad substitutes for the smiles and comforting kindnesses of friends. Those who have been lost in the cave, and experienced almost the terrors of death in its awful cells, make pictures of their sufferings that are terrible

to look upon. He must needs have a great deal of "light within his own clear breast, who can sit in the darkness and enjoy bright day," for any very protracted period.

Among the many accidents that have occurred in the cave, none, I understand, have been fatal. Doubtless it is very difficult, sitting by one's own fireside, to appreciate the dark imaginings that rush through the mind and blind its reason when a man finds himself alone and in total darkness that shuts him from every hope of escape without human assistance. Fear is an ill counselor at best, but of all places in the world the Mammoth Cave is the last that should give him a hearing; and if the lost person would only stop to think, instead of running up and down among pitfalls, and calling vainly to the unanswering silence, he would discover that his situation was not extremely dangerous. There is no possibility of hope in any endeavor whatever, and the chance of relief narrows itself, therefore, to one course, which is to sit still, and wait for relief to come, which will probably happen before many hours. The exploring party must discover, sooner or later, that one of their number has gone astray, and of course aid and comfort will be immediately dispatched. But experience proves that the best theory is lost upon a lost man, and that wise and simple, brave and timid, yield to apprehension alike. Some men, it is said, become wonderfully devout during the imprisonment, but that the devotion is generally left behind them with the darkness. The following story is told by Dr. Bird. He says:

"We had the good fortune, when on our way to the Mammoth Cave, to stumble on a worthy gentleman, in a certain city of the Southwest, who, among his many virtues, public and private, was not supposed to lay any particular claim to religious devotion; or, if he did, he took no great pains to make it evident; on the contrary, we heard it very energetically averred by one who was a proficient in the same accomplishment, 'that Captain B. could swear harder than any man on the Mississippi.' The captain, ascertaining whither we were directing our footsteps, congratulated us on the pleasures we had in store, and concluded by informing us that he had visited the Mammoth Cave himself, and with his guide had been lost in it, remaining in this condition, and in the dark, for eight or nine hours.

"'Dreadful!' we naturally exclaimed; 'what did you do?'

"'Do!' replied the captain, with the gravity of a philosopher; 'all that we could. As soon as our lights went out we sat down upon a rock, and waited till the people came in and hunted us up.'

"We admired the captain's courage, and went on our way until we had arrived within two miles of the Mammoth Cave, where a thunder-shower drove us to seek shelter in a cabin by the wayside. There we found a man who had been born and bred, and lived all his life, within a short distance of the cave without having ever entered it; in excuse of which deficiency, he told us he 'had a brother who had been in it often enough; had sometimes officiated as guide, and had once even been lost in it. He was along with a gentleman he was guiding, Captain B., of ——; perhaps you know Captain B.?' said our hospitable host.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, he was the gentleman my brother was guiding; they lost their lights, and were kept fast in a desperate hole for nine hours, awfully frightened too.'

"'What! Captain B. frightened?'

"'Just as much as my brother; and I have heard *him* tell the story over a hundred times. They got to praying, both of 'em, as loud as they could; and my brother says the captain made some of the most beautiful prayers he ever heard in his life! and he reckons, if the captain would take to it, he'd make a rale tear-cat of a preacher!'"

The River Hall is a gradual slope, with a gray ceiling stretching away before the vision grand as the firmament; but description must fail to awaken anything like the feelings of solemnity and awe with which the visitor descends toward the sunless waters washing along the hollow at its extremity. These waters are black and deep, arched over with rocks, and appropriately bearing the name of the River Styx.

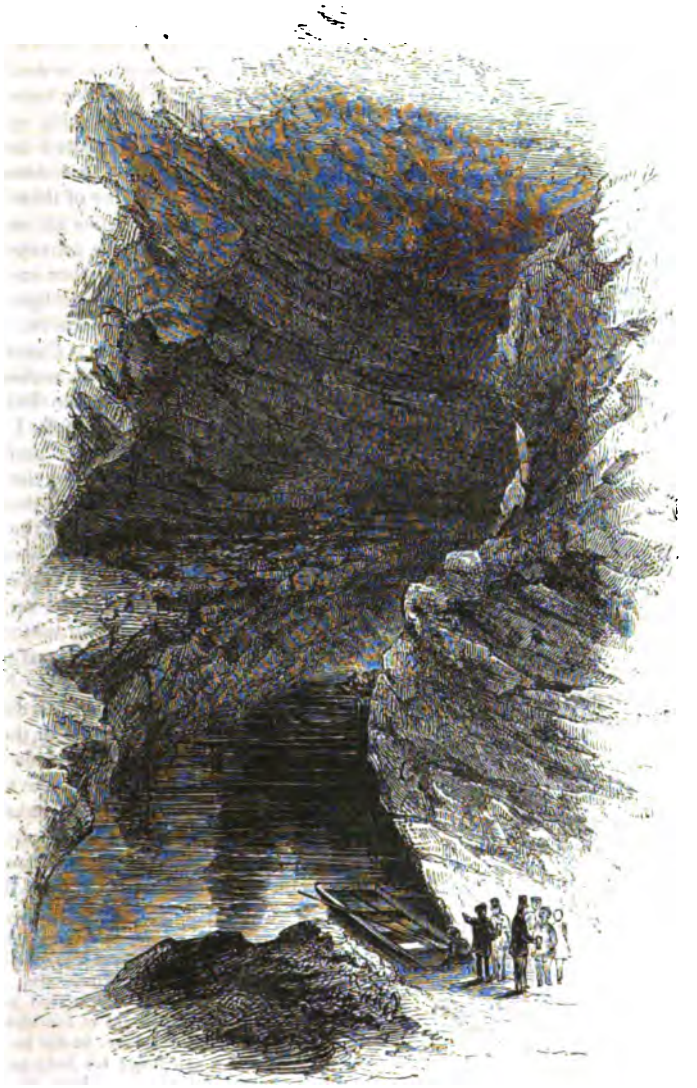
Involuntarily the beholder stands still, almost expecting to see that bad being of whom Milton tells us:

"With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaze, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extending long and large,
Floating for many a rood."

An atmosphere of superstition so envelops the visitor as he is rowed across these unearthly waters as to make him aptly say:

"Take, O boatman, twice thy fee,
For invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me!"

Only two passengers can be conveyed in the canoe at once; and they are required to sit motionless, as any movement might disturb the balance. Two or three lamps are fastened to the prow of the boat, and the beating hearts of the passengers "keep time to the dip of the oar."



THE RIVER LETHE.

If the visitor prefers, there is another mode of crossing the Styx, by means of a bridge, composed of abrupt precipices, and rising some eighty feet above the surface of the water. To reach the bridge he must climb a steep stairs made of cliffs, and pass through a cave about three hundred feet long, when he will again stand on the river's brink. Seen from this position, the canoe, with its silent passengers and row of lamps glancing upon the water, presents as spectral a picture as one may see out of the land of dreams.

Leaving the Styx behind,

> "With its banks all thickly set
> With stones that prosper in the wet,"

the tourist soon finds himself on the borders of another stream called Lethe. Mr. Willis says:

"A shallow skiff waited to receive us, and the stream, black as ink, under the dim glare of our lamps, disappeared suddenly around a corner of rock, leaving all that was beyond entirely to the imagination. Dark and gloomy cliffs walled in, and roofed over the entrance; not a weed, nor ripple, nor breath of air, gave

token of life further on. It was to be a launch into blank darkness."

"The passage," he continues, "is like an aisle of a cathedral, a mile long, traversed with a lamp at midnight. The gliding between its gray walls in a boat, silently, and without effort, adds a strange mysteriousness to its effect. The ceiling of arched rock, which roofs it in, varies from twenty to forty feet in height, and half way up runs a shelving gallery, as designedly architectural as anything could well seem; and along under the gallery is a succession of empty niches of the shape commonly constructed for busts, a natural Westminster Abbey."

The voyage is interrupted by an accumulation of sand, passing over which the boat is resumed, but the name Lethe gives place to that of Echo River. There appear to be caves at various distances, which send back very sweet echoes of whatever is said on the river. The guide sometimes sings a song as he rows, and the effect of the mournfully recurring echoes is alike curious and beautiful.

If a pistol be fired, the roar is like the crashing of a thousand thunders, and the continued and lessening reverberations sound like the subsiding of a storm.

But the silence comes at last, and "the grass must stop growing, and the stars hold their breath, to give those above ground any idea of it."

The Echo River is considered to have depth and breadth sufficient to float a steamship of the largest class. The boats in use accommodate a dozen persons, and the novelty of the journey, together with the magnificence of the scenery it affords, call up an ecstasy of delightful emotions, and make the passage one of the highest interest and enjoyment. How the ancient solitary reign of silence must be disturbed by the rowing of a pleasure party down the waters of Lethe. We can imagine it running to hide away from their faces, as once Severn's flood,

"Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank."

The Echo River is some three miles in length. "There is a rise in the water of only a few feet, through which three rivers are united," and after a succession of spring or fall rains they have been known to rise to a height of more than fifty feet, exhibiting an aspect of sublimity and grandeur.

Passing the Lethe, and entering a rocky hall, called the Great Walk, and proceeding for half a mile, you arrive at another river called the Jordan. In descending this stream, the rocks with which it is roofed drop so low in one place as to oblige the passengers to double down in the boats. The inconvenience is slight, however, as the gap speedily opens to a vault more than a hundred feet high. This stream is subject to sudden and incredible rises, and if one of these happens to take place when parties are on the farther shore, they must be conveyed by the boat to the level of an upper cave, called Purgatory, so low as to oblige them to crawl on their hands and knees.

Not far from this place is Cascade Hall, where a hidden waterfall makes music, and neighboring this is Ole Bull's Concert Room, a name obtained, I believe, from the circumstance of a performance having been given in it, by the musical Norwegian, to an audience fit though few.

Every one has heard of the eyeless fishes to be found in the rivers of the Mammoth Cave. It was supposed for a good while they must possess some organ of sight, but on their being subjected to a scientific examination, no visual provision whatever could be discovered. Nature is wonderfully economical in her disposition of things, as she illustrates in the formation of these fish; having made them to live in everlasting darkness, she has given them no eyes, which would have been a superfluity. To atone for this deficiency, they are gifted with hearing excessively acute. A recent writer says of them:

"We halted on the bank of the River Forgetfulness, to catch one of the eyeless fish. I held the lamp while the pole-net was quietly slipped under the little victim of celebrity. He saw no danger, poor thing, and stirred never a fin to escape being taken out of his element, and raised up to a higher sphere. In size he was about an inch and a half long; his body quite white, translucent, and wholly without an intestinal canal. The stomach (what there was of it) was directly behind the brain, (if brain there was,) and all the organs of the system were forward of the gills, the head alone having blood, or other discoloration. Under the chin he disposed of what was superfluous in his nourishment. He was curiously correspondent, indeed, to the poetized character of the place—like a fish in progress of becoming a fish in spirit-land; his disanimalization having commenced radically at the tail, and working upward. Nothing could be more purely beautiful and graceful than the pearly and spotless body which had heavenlified first, leaving the head to follow."

The rivers of the Mammoth Cave were crossed for the first time in 1840; and

though researches have been made with the most energetic zeal, the mystery of their beginning and ending is likely to keep its secret. In addition to the bats and fish that inhabit the cave, there are, it is said, numberless rats, but our authority appends to his statement the fact that he never *saw* any of them.

In one of the passages a nest was found some years ago, containing some walnut-shells, and resembling a rat's nest, but it may have been brought from the upper world by some stream; and in another branch was found a tooth, resembling a beaver's, which may have been brought in the same way.

Human bones have been dug up in the cave, and numerous Indian relics discovered; and this suggests the interesting probability of its having been, at some remote period, inhabited by them.

It is the opinion of Dr. Bird, that it was actually inhabited by the Red-men, as no frequency of *visits*, however much of a *lion* it may have been among them, justifies the numberless vestiges they have left. "There are," he says, "vast quantities of half-burned, broken canes lying among the rocks of the chief city;" and it appears they are scattered in greater or less profusion throughout the cave. These, Dr. Bird argues, are the remains of torches and fires. Some of the canes are tied together with strips of young hickory bark, into fagots. The interstices of the rocks, he says, are stuck full of them; and though thousands of fires have been built of them to light up the cave, from time to time, there is no probability of their becoming exhausted, and enough for an illumination can be collected in five minutes. These canes, it seems, grow in large quantities on the banks of the rivers in the neighborhood of the cave. Besides the torches, there have been found stone arrow-heads, axes, hammers, and pieces of pottery, with moccasins, blankets of woven bark, and other Indian valuables. There are some remains of artificial walls in the grand gallery, which mere visitors evidently would not have taken the pains to build; and the fact that whole floors have been cleared of rocks and other rubbish, is a strong supposition in favor of its having been inhabited. The walls, in some of the rooms, have been picked and beaten smooth with stone-hammers, and rocks are found entirely separated from the adhering earth, and carefully heaped up into tables. Every nook seems to have been penetrated, and bears still such memorials as the prints of naked feet and moccasins in the moist clay and sand of the floors; fragments of torches, long ropes, and withes of hickory bark, all arguing in favor of its having once been inhabited.

But the torches have long since gone out; and, however interesting the subject they suggest, they throw no light upon it. Perhaps the imagination kindles nowhere so readily as among the pits and caverns of the earth; for fairy people, and awful giants, ferocious animals, and, in fact, all the terrible creatures of the elements, naturally resort to those places where no honest sunshine comes; and the Mammoth Cave has its share of legendary marvels. There are supposed to be in its vicinity caves without number, to which there is no entrance from the upper world; here and there the roof of one has fallen in, and revealed the secret; and sometimes unwary travelers have been precipitated into such of them as are only roofed over by a thin layer of soil. There is a story of one gentleman, who, finding himself sinking thus, saved himself by leaping from his horse, that, sinking to a depth of fifty feet, became wedged among the rocks, and perished. In the same way, a planter, who was riding over his grounds, saved himself and lost his horse, except that in this case the poor animal sank to a spacious cavern, where he walked about until he was starved to death.

But it is time to leave the Mammoth Cave, with all its wonders, real and imaginary, and come back to the sunshine, where

"Murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves."

And, doubtless, the reader who has accompanied me in my dark pilgrimage, is prepared to say with King Richard:

"I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth! I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears,
And smiles in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth."

COLIN AND LUCY.

THIS ballad, which is the composition of Tickell, the friend of Addison, bears evidence of having been written in Ireland; but it is in no degree Irish, except in the reference it makes to "Leinster" and "Liffy's limpid stream." It was printed in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," by Bishop Percy, who states, "It is a tradition in Ireland that this song was written at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, at the request of the then Mrs. Conolly, probably on some event recent in that neighborhood." But, according to Dr. Walsh's "History of the City of Dublin," the ballad is said to have been composed at Glasnevin, now the famous Botanic Garden adjacent to that city.

This conjecture is by no means improbable, for here Tickell resided; the plans, as they still exist, were formed un-

der his directions; the trees are now flourishing which his own hand is said to have planted; and one of the walks (believed to be unchanged) bears to this day the name of his friend Addison. It is a straight avenue of yew trees crossing the walk which leads to the well. The garden originally formed part of Tickell's demesne, and was purchased for a sum of £2,000 from his representative.

The neighborhood of this garden may truly be said to be classic ground: adjacent to it is Hampstead, formerly noted as the residence of Sir Richard Steele; in the next parish lived Parnell, who was Vicar of Finglas; not far off was the mansion of Dr. Delaney, where the best days of Dean Swift were passed; and in the house of Tickell Addison was a continual guest. It is, therefore, more than likely that here was written the ballad of Colin and Lucy, a ballad that has long been, and continues to be, in high favor with all who appreciate genuine and natural poetry.

Tickell's residence in Ireland was, however, accidental. He was born in 1686, at Bridekirk, in Cumberland. A complimentary poem, which he addressed to Mr. Addison on his grand "Opera of Rosamond," immediately attracted the attention of that distinguished man, and led to an intimacy very beneficial to the one and satisfactory to the other. Their friendship continued during the life of Addison, and was of value after his death. Tickell had the charge of publishing his works; and received from him a solemn recommendation to the patronage of Craggs, a recommendation which had the effect of continuing him in the office of under-secretary of state, to which Mr. Addison had appointed him. He afterward, however, became secretary to the lords' justices of Ireland, a very lucrative situation, which he held till his death in 1740.

He is said to have been a man of most pleasing and gentlemanly manners, and of unquestioned integrity; his conversation was gay and lively, and he was "at least a temperate lover of wine and conviviality." Literature was his relaxation, and not his business. Through all his poetry, according to the quaint expression of Goldsmith, "there is a strain of pure BALLAD-THINKING to be found;" and probably to this rare quality much of his popularity may be attributed; for in his own time it was by no means inconsiderable. With the exception of his "Lines on the death of Addison," and his pathetic tale of "Colin and Lucy," his works are now generally forgotten. The elegy addressed "to the Earl of Warwick, on the death of Mr. Addison," is perhaps the finest and most vigorous of his compositions. "A more sublime or more elegant funeral poem," says Dr. Johnson, "is not to be found in the whole compass of English literature." It sufficiently negatived the

assertion that he was indebted to the tasteful and judicious touches of his friend for much of the merit of his earlier productions. In this tribute to his memory he could have had no such assistance.

Or Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

O! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay:
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows;
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

"Then, bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He and his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet."

She spoke, she died; her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her beneath one sod,
Forever he remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

The above lines call to mind the well-known and long-favored ballad of "Barbara Allen's Cruelty," published by Dr. Percy from an old black letter copy. In that case it was the lady who was faithless, and the lover who was broken-hearted. There is, however, more natural painting, a higher poetic feeling, in the ballad of "Colin and Lucy." In its style and imagery, indeed, it is an exquisite example of the comparatively modern ballad; less simply and "naively" effective than the ancient method, but equally touching, pathetic, and true to nature.

TREBIZONDE.

TREBIZONDE, the ancient *Trapezus*, spoken of by Xenophon as the spot where the memorable Ten Thousand reached the sea, is one of the principal cities of a mountainous country lying on the coast of the Black Sea, extending from the eastern limits of Anatolia to Caucasia. The surrounding country is delved into steep valleys, or bristled with rugged hills, whose summits are, during a portion of the year, covered with snow, while the coast presents a charming succession of small bays.

Such a configuration of country sufficiently accounts for the difference of climate, perceptible at even a few miles' distance; for, while the temperature of the valleys in winter is mild and agreeable, the hilly country is almost uninhabitable. A succession of snow-storms succeed each other during several months, and the spring is far advanced before tillage is rendered practicable. Wheat, barley, and maize are, however, easily raised; while in the more genial valleys the vine, the fig, and the orange luxuriate in primitive vigor. The hill-sides present numerous forests, under whose shadows roam flocks of sheep and goats, and many a bee-hive is well stored from its richly-carpeted river banks and prairies.

The principal commerce of the inhabitants of the coast consists of fishing, which is more abundant here than on any part of the Black Sea; and with which even the markets of Constantinople are supplied, while in the interior of the country, a considerable trade is carried on in honey and beeswax.

The importance of Trebizonde seems to have been apparent at the remotest period of its history. The agreeable aspect of the hill on which it is built, its peculiar adaptation as a port, and its situation as outlet of one of the most fertile portions of Asia, must have greatly influenced the choice of its first colonizers, who, according to Greek historians, were attracted thither from Sinope. At an early period it fell into the hands of the kings of Pontus, who were in turn conquered by the Romans. For several centuries it was known merely as a commercial city; but, in 1203, after the taking of Constantinople by the French, it suddenly issued from its obscurity by the will of Alexis

Comnène. Alexis made it the capital of a new state, which, under the name of Empire of Trebizonde, reached from the mouths of the Phase (the present Rioni) to those of Hallys, (now Kizel-Ermak.) Its glory, however, lasted but two centuries and a half; when, in 1461, Mohammed II. dethroned its last emperor, David Comnène, and the whole country submitted to the yoke of the Mussulmans.

These diverse phases in the history of Trebizonde reveal the character of the various ruins still in existence there, and which remain as traces of each of the nations who have by turns occupied it. The city, composed of two parts, (the city proper, and the suburbs,) inclines toward the shore, and presents the figure of a *trapezum*, from which its name is primitively derived; now called by the Turks Tarabozan. Two ravines of great depth, and united by a ditch hewn in the rock, protect it on the east and on the west. These natural fortifications are crowned by a line of ancient fortresses, in a decaying condition, having been sadly neglected by the pashas.

The city is entered by six gateways, one of which, surmounted by a Greek inscription, opens in the direction of Erzeroum. The suburbs appear to have been once comprised in the ancient city, as we find there a great number of churches and other edifices whose style recall a splendor anterior to the Mussulman domination.

The modern city, especially the upper part, is built of stone and mortar, and roofed with red tiles, the dwellings being half hidden in the verdure of the rich gardens which surround them. The houses, separated by narrow, unpaved streets, present an arid and uninviting appearance; ornament and luxury, according to Oriental custom, being wholly reserved for the interior. It is only in the lower part of the city, along the sea-shore, that the traveler sees any of the bustle that would indicate a commercial city.

The monuments are chiefly of a religious character. The city contains eighteen spacious mosques, ten Greek churches, and one Catholic church: there are five public baths, and eight markets, those rendezvous everywhere in the East so picturesque, where the passing stranger regales himself on so many peculiarly Oriental traits. A fine aqueduct traverses the valley which separates the city from the suburbs, and sheds on each the freshness of its waters. One of its most remarkable edifices is the Greek church of Saint Sophia, about a mile from the city, built upon a height which commands a magnificent horizon, embracing rocky heights and precipitous ravines, with a rich interchange of forest and plain, the whole heightened by the panorama of blue waters which unroll themselves beneath. The church is built of stone, and is surmounted by a cupola, supported by four marble columns, and decorated with a peristyle of Corinthian columns of the purest white marble. According to antiquarians, its foundation was laid in the reign of the Emperor Justinian; but its original beauty was much mutilated in 1461, the epoch when the Mussulmans converted a portion of it into a mosque. It contains some very curious paintings, which no European artist has yet copied.

Descending from this spot toward the coast, we reach a narrow peninsula, on which are the ruins of an ancient palace, called Eski-Serai, which has probably served as the residence of some prince of Trebizonde. On each side of this peninsula, to the east and west, are two small bays. The eastern bay, better sheltered against the violence of winds from either sea or shore, offers a safe retreat to those vessels which choose to wait a favorable moment to enter the port of Trebizonde, situated at Platana, which is about nine miles to the west of Trebizonde. Platana has been chosen because of its spacious harbor, and the security it offers for anchorage. It is here, in fact, that the greater part of the commerce is carried on.

A late writer computes the imports of Trebizonde at ten millions of dollars annually, about two thirds of which are taken by Persia. Several steamers run regularly between Trebizonde and Constantinople. The population is principally composed of Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Jews, Circassians, Tartars, Georgians, and a number of English.

The heat of the climate is tempered by wind from the sea and the mountains, some of whose summits are shrouded in perpetual winter. The coast and environs are strewn with most picturesque landscapes, formed by the rich vegetation of the forests, the diversity of the valleys, and, above all, by the presence of the ancient monuments which crown the summits of the neighboring heights.

SKETCHES OF HUMANE INSTITUTIONS.

LAST month we gave a continuous history of the schools for the blind at Paris, without stopping to notice similar institutions for the blind in other countries which have been cotemporaneous with them, but it will be necessary, in order to give a comprehensive view of the subject, to look back to the closing years of the last century.

The asylum for the blind at Liverpool was established in 1791, seven years after Haüy's little school was first gathered. Its principal object, for fifty years after its establishment, was the instruction of the blind in manual labor. Intellectual culture received very slight attention.

In 1792, through the efforts of the celebrated Dr. Blacklock and Mr. David Miller, (both blind men, who had triumphed over the difficulties under which the blind labor, and become eminent for scholarship,) an Asylum for the Blind was opened at Edinburgh. It was the desire of Dr. Blacklock that this institution should devote special attention to the mental culture of the blind, but it did not do so; extensive arrangements were made for their industrial education, but their minds were almost entirely neglected. Subsequently to 1830, however, a change seems to have taken place, and much more attention was given to mental training.

The Bristol Asylum for the Blind was organized in 1793, but was not very efficient or largely attended, until by large endowments bestowed upon it in 1829 and 1830, it received a new impulse; and since 1832 it has been one of the most successful of the English schools. The "School for the Indigent Blind" in London was established in 1799. It is amply endowed, and has accommodations for two hundred pupils; but for many years confined its operations mostly to instruction in industrial occupations.

The "Hospital and School for the Indigent Blind" at Norwich was established in 1805. It combined a school for the young, with a hospital for the aged; but it taught little, except manual labor.

The Asylum for the Blind at Glasgow was founded in 1828, by the benevolence of John Leitch, Esq., who was himself partially blind. It was at first almost exclusively industrial in its character.

The Yorkshire Asylum, at York, was established in 1835, and the Manchester Asylum in the same year. There are six Asylums for the Blind in Ireland; three of them rather intended as homes for the adult blind than as places of instruction, and in but one of the six is there any considerable instruction, except in those trades by which the blind usually attempt to support themselves.

Indeed, it may be said with truth, that up to the year 1826, there was not a school in England or America where the blind were taught to read by means of raised letters, nor a blind person in either country who could read these characters, although the blind had been instructed to do so in France for nearly half a century. The school for the blind at Vienna was established in 1804 by M. Klein, who commenced by the instruction of a single blind pupil; and at our latest advices, this veteran philanthropist was still at its head. The school had prospered and acquired a high reputation under his instruction; but the amount of intellectual training seems to have been small, and no printing was done in raised letters before 1830 or 1831, nor, indeed, any considerable amount until within the last eight or nine years.

In 1806 the Berlin institution was established by M. Zeune, aided, perhaps, by the presence and counsel of Haüy, then on his way to St. Petersburgh; this school has uniformly maintained a high standing. More attention has been paid to intellectual culture than in most of the continental institutions. For some years they procured their books for the blind from Paris; but of late they have commenced printing for themselves. M. Zeune was, at our last advices, still at the head of this institution.

The School for the Blind at St. Petersburgh was established by Haüy, under the patronage of the czar, in 1807. He remained at its head till 1817, when, owing to the infirmities of age, he was desirous of returning to France, and resigned his situation, greatly to the regret of the Czar Alexander. The enemies of Haüy have represented this school as a failure; but it seems to have been successful during the ten years of his connection with it, and to have declined only from the incompetence of its subsequent managers. It still exists, though not maintaining a high rank. It has a press, and has issued some books for the blind, but only of late years.

In 1806 a school for the blind was established at Stockholm. In 1808 similar institutions were founded at Prague and Amsterdam; in 1809, at Zurich; in 1811, at Copenhagen, and at Schaffonuse, in Switzerland.

Subsequently the number has greatly increased, till now there is hardly a city of fifty thousand inhabitants in Europe which has not an institution for the blind, and many of the smaller cities even have organized them.

While it is obviously impossible to mention all of these in detail, we cannot forbear a passing notice to one, the institution for the blind at Lausanne, in the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland. This institution unites under one direction an Ophthalmic Hospital and a school for blind children. The school is not large, the number of pupils not exceeding thirty; but the earnest devotion of the director, M. Hirzel, to his work, the care and discretion with which he weighs every proposed measure for the improvement of his pupils, and the conscientious fidelity with which every department of instruction is conducted, are worthy of all praise, and render the institution in many respects a model school. M. Hirzel visited this country in 1851, for the purpose of ascertaining what improvements had been made here in the instruction of the blind.

We shall reserve our account of American institutions to another chapter, merely remarking here that the first was incorporated in 1829, but not organized till 1832, and that at the beginning of 1834 there were three; namely, at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

In this connection it will, we think, interest our readers, if we give the history of the different modes of printing for the blind. As there are many errors in the popular narratives on this subject, we have been at great pains to ascertain the truth, and our readers may rely implicitly upon our statements. We have already said that Haüy was the inventor of the art of printing in relief for the use of the blind.

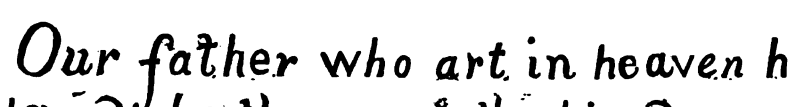
To render this mode of printing serviceable to the class for whom it was designed, it was necessary that it should be larger than ordinary type, well defined both as to the distinctness of the embossing, and the form of each letter, and that the letters should possess such marked and peculiar forms, that one would not be readily mistaken for another.

To accomplish these desirable ends, Haüy selected the Illyrian letter, which, being square where the ordinary letters are round, would, he thought, be more easily deciphered by the blind. He was undoubtedly correct in this opinion; but his embossing was faulty in not elevating the letters sufficiently. Dr. Guillié attempted to modify this type somewhat, and congratulated the public on his success; but the greater part of the editions of the twenty-two volumes, folio, printed in his type, were subsequently sold as waste paper, being too indistinct to be read successfully by the blind.

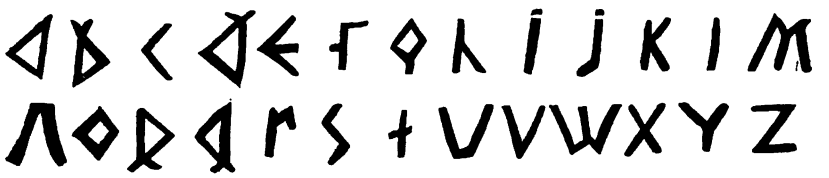
It was probably during the administration of his successor, Dr. Pignier, that the change was made from the Illyrian to a common letter, somewhat analogous to script, of which we give an example. It is certain that this letter was used as early as 1833, for we have in our possession specimens that were printed in that year. This type is still used throughout the continent of Europe, having been slightly changed in order to increase the sharpness of the embossing, by M. Dufau, the present director of the institute for the blind youth at Paris.

With that reluctance to believe that any good thing could come from France, which was so marked a characteristic of the English people in the early part of the present century, this invention remained entirely unnoticed in England until 1826, for no other reason, apparently, than because it originated in France and was invented by a Frenchman.

In 1826 Mr. James Gall, Principal of the Edinburgh Institution for the Blind, commenced a series of experiments with a



THE FRENCH ALPHABET.



GALL'S TRIANGULAR ALPHABET.

great variety of alphabets, including all the common and several arbitrary alphabets, with a view of ascertaining what form of letter was best adapted to be read by touch. On the 28th of September, 1827, he published a "First Book for Teaching the Art of Reading to the Blind." This is a small oblong octavo volume of nine pages, with four preliminary leaves giving some account of the principles of the art of printing for the blind. It was printed from wooden type in very high relief, and is believed to have been the first book printed for the blind in Great Britain.

In 1828 he issued a prospectus for the publication, by subscription, of the Gospel by St. John, in raised letters. He did not succeed in perfecting his type to his own satisfaction, however, until 1831, and did not print the book till 1832. It was not published till 1834.

We give above the form of the letters which he adopted. It is known as Gall's triangular alphabet. He published several other small elementary works in this letter, and in 1837 issued the Epistles to the Ephesians and Philippians in letters of the same form, but with serrated edges. He subsequently modified his alphabet by assimilating it more nearly to the Roman letter, but committed the error of introducing capitals.

He has issued, in this letter, the Gospel by St. Luke, the Acts, and a series of tracts for the blind. Mr. Gall's books have never come into general use, probably from their dissimilarity to the ordinary Roman letters; they are well embossed, and the blind read them quite readily. He is entitled to great credit for his unwearied efforts to call attention to the necessity of a literature for the blind, and to the importance of giving them an education.

About 1830 two blind men, David Macbeath, one of the teachers in the Edinburgh Institution, and Robert Milne, a friend of Macbeath, published a description of a string alphabet invented by them, and which was used to a considerable extent in the Scottish schools for the blind. The Asylum at Glasgow caused the Gospel by St. Mark, the 119th Psalm, and several small works to be executed in it.

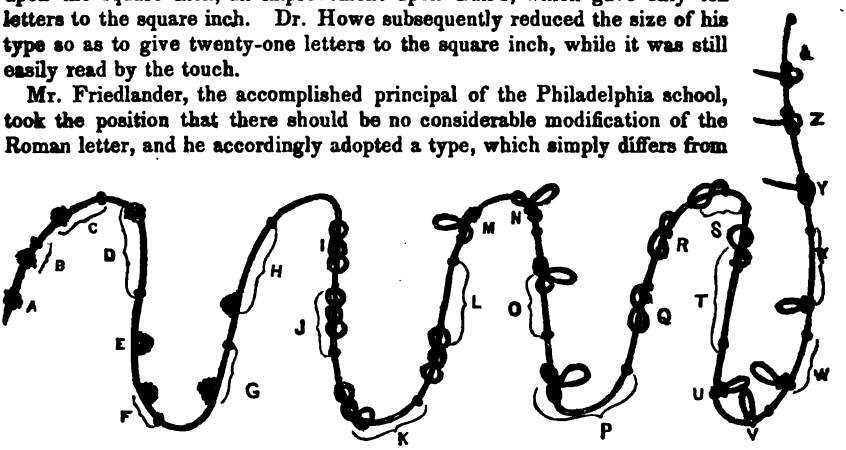
We subjoin an engraving of the alphabet, which will be rendered more clear by a brief description.

The inventors distribute the alphabet into seven classes of four letters each, except the last, which (including the character &) has but three. The first or A class is distinguished by a large round knot; the second or E class by a knot projecting from the line; the third or I class by the "drummer's plait;" the fourth or M class by a simple noose; the fifth or Q class by a noose with a line drawn through it; the sixth or U class by a noose with a net-knot cast on it; and the seventh or Y class by a twisted noose. The first letter of each class is denoted by the simple characteristic of its class; the second by the characteristic with a common knot close to it; for the third the common knot is half an inch distant, and for the fourth one inch distant. This alphabet possesses some advantages for correspondence, the material being cheap, readily procurable, and the letters easily formed under almost any circumstances. We are not aware, however, that it is now used to any considerable extent.

The years 1833 and 1834 seem to have been prolific in alphabets for the blind, no less than three different styles having been adopted in the course of that period. They were all invented in this country, and each, it is believed, at first without the knowledge of the other. Dr. Howe of Boston had been experimenting upon the best form of letters for the blind; and taking much the same view of the subject which Mr. Gall had done, he modified the common English small letters so as to render the form of each as peculiar as practicable, and angular rather than round. His first type contained fourteen letters

upon the square inch, an improvement upon Gall's, which gave only ten letters to the square inch. Dr. Howe subsequently reduced the size of his type so as to give twenty-one letters to the square inch, while it was still easily read by the touch.

Mr. Friedlander, the accomplished principal of the Philadelphia school, took the position that there should be no considerable modification of the Roman letter, and he accordingly adopted a type, which simply differs from



MACBEATH AND MILNE'S STRING ALPHABET.

the ordinary Roman capitals in being deprived of the seruphs or small strokes at the extremities of the letters. His first experiments were made with a type so large as to render the books too cumbrous; this was subsequently modified till their present type has about seventeen letters to the square inch.

Meantime Dr. John D. Russ, the principal of the New York Institution for the Blind, impressed with the difficulty of conveying to the blind the idea of the various sounds of the vowels in our common alphabet, invented a phonetic alphabet which should represent the different sounds of the language. Of these he made forty-one, each of which was indicated by a different character; to these he added twenty-two characters for suffixes and prefixes. These characters were very ingenious, and retained so nearly the form of the common letters as to be acquired with but little difficulty by seeing persons. They seem to have formed the basis of Andrews and Boyle's phonetic alphabet. Dr. Russ argued that they would greatly facilitate the acquisition of pronunciation by the blind; that they would offer to them no greater difficulty than the common letter, and that, as many of the characters comprised several letters, they would reduce the size and bulk of books for the blind. This alphabet, however, did not go into general use.

We subjoin specimens of most of these alphabets. To the reader who is blessed with sight the Philadelphia letter (which, being so well known, we have not copied) seems decidedly preferable; but an experience of more than twenty years has fully demonstrated that the Boston letter invented by Dr. Howe is superior to any other for the use of the blind. This is owing mainly to these qualities: the angular form of the letters; the peculiarity of each letter, which does not permit it to be mistaken for any other, and the sharpness and perfection of the embossing. The Jury of the London Crystal Palace on paper, stationery, printing, and book-binding, after a very full account of the different styles of printing for the blind, gave this the decided preference; and in 1854 a convention of superintendents of blind asylums in this country, in which thirteen of the fifteen institutions in the country were represented, by a unanimous vote, expressed their opinion of its superiority.

ȣR ғaȶr W arT rn hevn hȶLoeD
B ȶI nAm ȶI kᵯDom kUm ȶI WIL B
DUn on rȶ ȶZITIZ In hevn

DR. RUSS'S PHONETIC ALPHABET.

sPecimens of tYPe.

and i will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; i will lead them in Paths that they have not known: i will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. these things will i do unto them, and not forsake them. isaiah, chapt. xlii, v. 16.

DR. HOWE'S BOSTON LETTER.

In 1837 Dr. Fry, of London, received the prize medal from the Edinburgh Society of Arts, for the best specimen of an alphabet for the blind. This alphabet was neither more nor less than the Philadelphia letter, which had then been in use there four years.

This style of letter was adopted by Mr. Alston, the Principal of the Glasgow Institution for the Blind, who commenced at once the issue of books for the blind, and who has furnished most of the institutions of Great Britain and Ireland with his books. This type requires more surface than the Boston, and the books printed are of course necessarily higher. Since the death of Mr. Alston, in 1846, very little printing has been done by this press.*

In 1835, Mr. T. M. Lucas, of Bristol, England, invented for the use of the Blind Asylum there a stenographic alphabet, said to be founded on Byrom's system of stenography. The alphabet is composed of thirteen simple characters, and thirteen formed from the roots of these, with a crotchet-head to each. There are ten double letters from the same roots distinguished also by the crotchet-head; in all, thirty-six characters. The last ten also represent the nine digits and cipher. The alphabet is said to be simple, speedily learned, and easily read even by persons of no great tactile sensibility. The Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, and John, and the Acts, were printed in this letter at Bristol. In 1840 the types and printing apparatus were removed to Lon-

* Besides the Bible, in nineteen volumes, Mr. Alston printed the following books: Catechism of the Church of England, one volume; Catechism of the Church of Scotland, (shorter,) one volume; Selections from Eminent Authors, one volume; Selections of Sacred Poetry, with Tunes, one volume; Map of England and Wales; Ruth and James, one volume; First and Second Book of Lessons, one volume; Æsop's Fables, one volume; Psalms and Paraphrases, (Scotch version,) two volumes; Lessons on Religion and Prayer, one volume; Psalms and Hymns, (Tate & Brady,) one volume; Morning and Evening Services, one volume; Epitomized History of the Bible, one volume; Musical Catechism with Tunes, one volume; English Grammar, one volume; Todd's Lectures, three volumes; Description of London, one volume; Meditations on the Sacrament, etc., one volume; Scottish Songs, one volume; Introduction to Astronomy, one volume; Alphabet on card; Outlines of Natural History, Quadrupeds, one volume. In all, forty volumes.

don, and a society formed, under whose direction the Bible has been printed, in about twenty-five volumes, the Psalms in meter, the Prayer Book and Liturgy, a hymn book, Scripture lessons, two class books, two alphabets, maps, &c. The inventor was very sanguine that the abbreviations admitted in his system would enable him to print books in smaller compass and at much less expense than any other system, but his books are in bulk more than twice, and in price nearly three times as much as those printed in Boston.

In May, 1838, the "London and Blackheath Association for embossing the Scriptures in various Languages, and for Teaching the Blind to read on the Phonetic System," was established. Its object is to stereotype the Scriptures in James Hartley Frere's phonetic characters. The characters of this system are similar to those of Gurney's system of short-hand. Soon after the formation of this society Mr. Frere devised a cheap plan for embossing and stereotyping.

Small wires bent and cut to the form of his characters were arranged on tin plates; the plates heated to melt the tin, into which the wire sunk and remained fast when cold. The embossing was done with a common printing press. Mr. Frere's books are read from left to right and back, like the ancient Greek Boustrophedon writing. Besides the New Testament and part of the Old, Mr. Frere has printed in this character, a grammar, a book of morning and evening prayers, hymns from Cowper and Newton, and five addresses to those who wish to go to heaven.

In 1847, Mr. W. Moon, principal of the Brighton Blind Asylum, invented another alphabet of arbitrary characters, which, though larger and more expensive than Mr. Frere's, is read in the same way, and printed by a similar process. In this character he has printed the New Testament and about twenty other small books, mostly of from ten to fifteen pages 8vo. each.

The objections to the processes of Messrs. Moon and Frere are too numerous to permit their books ever to be used extensively; they are read with more difficulty than those in the ordinary letter, particularly by that large class of the blind who have lost their sight after having learned to read; they are more than twice as expensive as the books printed in the Boston type, and full twice as large. In addition to this, every attempt at enabling the blind to read in an arbitrary letter serves to isolate them from community, and thus making them a separate class, to cut them off from the sympathies of those with whom they are in habits of daily intercourse. This is an evil to be avoided at almost any sacrifice.

The Institution for the Blind at Staunton, Virginia, commenced printing for the blind in 1848, and has issued since that time Parley's History of the United States in four volumes, the Little Story Book in one volume, and several French and other elementary books; in all, about twelve volumes.

We have thus passed in review what has been accomplished in printing for the blind since Haüy's discovery of raised letter printing. The aggregate seems quite large, yet in reality it furnishes a very meager supply for the intellectual wants of a class whose minds are so active as those of the blind. Let us analyze these lists of books a little; and as we have to do mainly with those who speak the English tongue, we will confine our attention to the books printed in English.

It has been estimated, and probably correctly, that there are at least fifty thousand blind persons who speak the English tongue. These are divided something in this way: United States and Canada, fifteen thousand; Great Britain and Ireland, twenty-five thousand; British colonies, except Canada, ten thousand.

At least one fifth of these can now read, or might easily be taught to do so. Now what is the intellectual aliment afforded to these ten thousand readers in raised letter volumes? We must leave out of the account the books printed by Frere's and Moon's processes; as, aside from the few pupils under their own care, it is not probable that they will supply many readers, and the omission is of less consequence, because most of the books published by them are also published in the common letter. Upon examining Dr. Howe's catalogue, we find that, aside from the Scriptures, (which the Bible Society have arranged to render accessible to all the reading blind,) and the text books used in the institution itself, and in other institutions, there are eight volumes of a Cyclopedia, to be completed in twenty volumes,

and twelve other volumes, of which one is the Book of Common Prayer, and another a collection of hymns for the blind. Many of these are quite small, such as "Sixpenny Glass of Wine," "Dairyman's Daughter," "Harvey Boys," etc. The Philadelphia press has issued twelve miscellaneous books, of which a magazine for the blind, published from 1838 to 1843, comprises six. The Glasgow press has nine miscellaneous volumes, the Virginia Institution five. In all, then, there are forty-six miscellaneous books published for the reading of the blind in the English tongue, or, if those published by Messrs. Frere and Moon be added, there are fifty-five. Of these, full one half do not exceed seventy-five pages each.

Such a supply is evidently entirely inadequate to the wants of persons of ordinary intelligence; and while so meager in quantity, the prices at which the books are necessarily held, place them beyond the means of by far the greater proportion of the blind. The fifty-five volumes would cost at least seventy dollars. It is plain, then, that there is but a single alternative: either printing for the blind must be relinquished, and these unfortunates, already deprived of sight, be compelled to undergo the further deprivation of intellectual culture, or attain it by means of the voices and eyes of others, or some more efficient method must be devised for providing and furnishing to them the literature of the English tongue.

So deeply have the instructors of the blind been convinced of this, that in the summer of 1853 a convention of the superintendents of blind institutions was held in New York, and at that convention a committee was appointed to memorialize Congress for a grant of land, "a portion to be equitably applied to all the states, for the education of their blind, and a portion for a specific fund for printing books in raised letters."

This application has not yet been successful, but it is to be hoped that, under the auspices of a new administration, a favorable ear may be turned to a petition which, if granted, would bring joy to so many desolate homes, and render so many sad hearts happy.

In our next we shall describe the various processes for enabling the blind to write, and also give an account of the efforts for their industrial education.

JOHN FOSTER.

AS a writer, John Foster has had few superiors; as a thinker, few equals. But his crowning praise is, that his splendid talents and attainments were consecrated to the cause of evangelical religion, and that his life furnished convincing evidence of the power of Christianity to dignify and adorn the character. The history of such a man is interesting and instructive. To the young, especially, it presents an example worthy of emulation, while it unfolds some of the noblest aspirations, efforts, and triumphs of the soul.

He was born at a small place in England called Wadsworth Lanes, September 17th, 1770. His parents followed the occupation of farming and weaving. They were persons of sound understanding and fervent piety, and lived to a very advanced age. John assisted them at the loom until his fourteenth year. He was remarkably diffident and awkward, and such were the maturity of his ideas and language, and the gravity of his deportment, that his companions applied to him the epithet of "old-fashioned." Doubtless few of his neighbors had sufficient discernment to perceive that these peculiarities were but the foreshadowings of the distinction which awaited him in after life. He seldom mingled in the sports of his youthful companions, and ever carried about with him a painful consciousness of a want of congeniality between himself and those by whom he was surrounded. He early displayed a fondness for the contemplation of the works of nature, especially those of a grand and impressive kind, and so powerful was the principle of association in his mind, that the very sound of the words *woods* and *forests* was capable of exciting strong emotion. While at home, he devoted his leisure hours to assiduous study. His favorite branch was English literature, although the range of his reading was necessarily rather limited. He was particularly fond of books of voyages and travels, which gratified his love of the romantic. Poetry and theology also interested him much. Young's "Night Thoughts" suited the somber complexion of his mind, and he often perused it with intense pleasure. At the age of fourteen he experienced decided religious impressions, and at seventeen he connected himself with the Baptist Church at Hebdenbridge. The pastor,

Rev. Dr. Fawcett, who observed, with much pleasure, his uncommon intelligence and seriousness of disposition, advised him to dedicate himself to the work of the ministry. He accordingly became an inmate of Brearley Hall, an institution of an academical and theological character. Here he pursued his studies with so much zeal as to excite apprehensions in regard to his health. What he did was done slowly but thoroughly. He dayly exhibited the qualities of decision, energy, and perseverance. His biographer says of him:

"One method which he adopted for improving himself in composition, was that of taking paragraphs from different writers, and trying to remodel them, sentence by sentence, into as many forms of expression as he possibly could. His posture on these occasions was to sit with a hand on each knee, and, moving his body to and fro, he would remain silent for a considerable time, till his invention in shaping his materials had exhausted itself. This process he used to call *pumping*."

While at Brearley Hall he preached frequently, and spent much time in visiting the poor, the sick, and the aged. Besides conversing and praying with them, he was accustomed to read the one hundred and forty-fifth Psalm. After spending three years at Brearley, he was admitted into the Baptist college at Bristol. Here he formed an acquaintance with Rev. Joseph Hughes, classical tutor in the institution. This acquaintance soon ripened into a warm and delightful friendship.

His letters, written during his stay at Bristol, are charming specimens of epistolary composition. Some of them are quite humorous, but, in general, they are pervaded by that elegant pensiveness which formed so marked a feature of his character. In one of them he speaks of having spent a day at the residence of Hannah More, who lived a few miles from Bristol, and pays a fine tribute to her talents and virtues. The following extract from a letter to his former pastor, Dr. Fawcett, shows how earnest, at this time, were his longings after moral and intellectual greatness:

"I can sometimes grasp the idea of universal and transcendent excellence; and it always excites at least a temporary ebullition of spirit. I cannot doubt the possibility of becoming greatly wise and greatly good; and while such an object places itself in view, and invites pursuit, no spirit that possesses the least portion of ethereal fire can remain unmoved. I despise mediocrity; I wish to kindle with the ardor of genius; I am mortified, almost to death, to feel my mind so contracted, and its energies so feeble or so torpid; I read such writers as Young and Johnson with a mixture of pleasure and vexation. I cannot forbear asking myself, Why cannot I think in a manner as forcible and as original as theirs? Why cannot I rise to their sublimities of sentiment, or even to an elevation still more stupendous? Why cannot I pierce through nature with a glance? Why cannot I effuse those beams of genius which penetrate every object, and illuminate every scene? I believe the possible enlargement of the human mind is quite indefinite, and that Heaven has not fixed any impassable bounds.

"I am solicitous to cultivate warm and growing piety. I know that on it happiness entirely depends, and that without it intellectual pursuits either cannot be successful, or in proportion to the degree of success will be injurious. That character is the most dignified which reflects the most lively image of the Divine excellence. Heaven is the proper region of sublimity; and the more we dwell there, the more we shall triumph in conscious grandeur of soul. Intimate communion with the Deity will invest us, like Moses, with a celestial radiance. At the same time, I am experimentally convinced that the spirit of religion is extremely delicate and fine, and no moderate degree of vigilance is requisite to preserve it. This vigilance is absolutely incompatible with indolence and thoughtlessness; and these are the evil spirits that most particularly haunt me, and from which I have suffered, and still suffer greatly. O for a mind all alive to religion, completely consecrated to God, and habitually devotional."

From Bristol Mr. Foster removed to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he presided over a small congregation. While here he lived in strict retirement. He remained in this place only three months. Having spent some time with his friends in Yorkshire, he accepted an invitation to preach statedly for a small society worshiping in Swift's Alley, Dublin. His success in this situation was by no means flattering, and we next find him at the head of a classical and mathematical school, which, however, he abandoned in eight or nine months. During his residence in Dublin he was also connected with an ultra-democratic association, called "Sons of Brutus," a connection which nearly cost him an imprisonment. At this period his religious opinions were in a fluctuating state, and we actually find him requesting a friend to inform him of an Arian congregation in want of a preacher, and proffering his services at the same time, in case such a society could be found. In a letter written about this time, he declares, in strong terms, his aversion to everything *institutional* in religion, and his preference

to regard it as a "grand spiritual and moral element," entirely independent of rites and ecclesiastical corporations.

Upon the recommendation of Rev. Robert Hall, *clarum et memorabile nomen*, Mr. Foster was solicited to become the minister of a congregation in Frome, to which place he removed in the early part of 1804. In a letter to a valued female friend, he complains of a want of a proper warmth and earnestness in his public ministrations. He says:

"My greatest difficulty is to feel the influence of religion in my own mind, a sufficient degree of which would inspire in public a zeal and energy that would easily triumph over a few difficulties, and most of all over that barren, uninterested coldness which I so often feel and deplore. My dear friend, to cultivate individual Christianity is, and probably ever will be, the greatest of all our difficulties. Do you not find it so? With a full measure of this religion in the heart, half the gloomy feelings of life would vanish; for the prospect of its end would be divinely animating, and all the cares of the course would be alleviated by an habitual trust in Providence, and a solid assurance of all dispensations and temporary evils tending and conducing toward final and infinite felicity. Let us then resolve to make more vigorous and constant efforts to obtain a large augmentation of this internal, this infinite and never-failing consolation."

During his residence in Frome, his Essays, upon which his celebrity is chiefly based, were given to the world. They were respectively entitled, "On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself;" "On Decision of Character;" "On the Application of the Epithet Romantic;" and "On some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been Rendered less Acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste." They were in the form of letters, and were addressed to the lady to whom he was afterward married. Before their publication, they were subjected to frequent and careful revisions, and to the critical inspection of Rev. Mr. Hughes. They were very much admired, and scarcely four months had elapsed before a second edition was demanded. In 1806 a third edition was published. About this time he began to contribute to the *Eclectic Review*, a journal whose pages were graced by his productions during a long series of years. Mr. Foster's health now began to suffer, to such an extent, indeed, that he was compelled to resign the pastoral office. The four months following his resignation were spent at Battersea and Margate. On his return to Frome, he resumed his literary labors, upon which he now became entirely dependent.

In May, 1808, Mr. Foster was married to a lady whose intellectuality and moral worth rendered her a fitting life-companion for such a man. If the saying be true, that some unions are formed in heaven, this was certainly one of them. To both parties it seems to have been productive of almost unalloyed felicity. In one of his letters he observes:

"We both every day express our gratitude to Heaven for having given us to each other; and we hope that it will continue a cause of the most lively gratitude as long as we live, and also in a state after death. I most entirely believe that no man on earth has a wife more fondly affectionate, more anxious to promote his happiness, or more dependent for her own on his tenderness for her. In the greatest number of opinions, feelings, and concerns, we find ourselves perfectly agreed; and when anything occurs on which our judgments or dispositions differ, we find we can discuss the subject without violating tenderness, or in the least losing each other's esteem, even for a moment. Greater trials of our mutual affection and respect than any that have yet occurred will undoubtedly arise in the course of life, if it is considerably protracted; but the experiment thus far has given us a stronger confidence in the perpetuity of tenderness and harmony than it was possible for us to have, previously to any experiment at all."

In 1810 Foster's domestic happiness was increased by the birth of a son. Writing to one of his friends shortly after this event, he says, in his characteristic way:

"If the fellow turns out *good*, I shall not so much mind about his being extra clever. It is goodness that the world is wretched for wanting; and if all were good, none would need to be able. I am willing to hope that by the time he comes to be a man, if that should ever be, the world will be a little better than it is at present, and will have made a perceptible advance toward that state in which talents will be little wanted. It is at the same time needless to say that it would be gratifying that a son should have some qualifications for being an agent in the happy process. Physically the chap is deemed, I understand, as promising as his neighbors. The young fellow has not yet been thought worth calling by any name. My sisters-in-law do not approve of either Adam or Cain, and one does not like to expose one's self to a veto a third time. If he is lucky enough to get *any* name at last, I should not wonder if it were to be, according to your injunction, John."

During his residence at Bourton, where his eldest child was born, four other children were added to his family, of whom

two died in their infancy. His life now flowed onward in an even tenor, diversified by literary labors, in frequent preaching, occasional visits to his particular friends, and domestic cares and enjoyments. He made a second effort to perform acceptably the duties of the pastoral office in Downend, but he soon relinquished his engagement entirely. Many fruitless experiments had demonstrated to himself and others that he was better fitted for a life of literary exertion than for the discharge of the ministerial functions.

In December, 1818, Mr. Foster delivered a sermon in behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which he afterward expanded into his essay on the "Evils of Popular Ignorance." The work was published in 1820. It shows that he had long been a careful observer of the moral, social, and political condition of a large mass of his countrymen. His views are expressed with a force, a pungency, and a depth of feeling, which show how keenly he sympathized with the intellectual and spiritual degradation so rife in his native land. The work contains, at the same time, a stern rebuke, and one sadly needed, to the dominant classes, whom he regarded as, in some degree, the efficient causes of that state of things which he deplored. In the autumn of this year he commenced the revision of the work for a second edition, which was a laborious process, and occupied several months.

In 1821 Mr. Foster removed to Stapleton, within three miles of Bristol. Here he wrote his "Introduction to Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." In October, 1826, he experienced a heavy affliction in the loss of his only son. The youth died at the age of sixteen years. His disease, consumption, had manifested itself some time previously, and had been temporarily arrested at different times, but at length its progress became so rapid that all the resources of art, and all the efforts of affection, could not avert the fatal stroke. He was a boy of bright promise, and was supported in the season of sickness and death by the precious consolations of the Gospel. It is equally affecting and delightful to read the letters in which the father alludes to the sad event, hallowed, as they are, by a spirit of true Christian resignation.

Mr. Foster was far from being an uninterested observer of the passing events of the religious world. He took a lively interest, at this time, in the Serampore controversy. After the death of Mr. Fuller, in 1815, a difficulty arose between the missionaries at Serampore (Carey, Marshman, and Ward) and the Baptist Missionary Society, which resulted in their acting as separate bodies. In 1826 Dr. Marshman arrived in England, and spent some time under Mr. Foster's roof, engaged in preparing for the press a vindication of himself and his missionary brethren. The explanations of this gentleman satisfied Mr. Foster that he and his compeers had been grossly misrepresented, and that they were men of remarkable Christian devotion. It was not to be expected that Foster's pen would remain idle when so favorable an opportunity was presented of wielding it in the cause of truth and virtue. Accordingly, he prepared an introduction to Dr. Marshman's work, and entered into an extensive correspondence for the purpose of promoting the objects which that gentleman had in view.

The agreeableness of Mr. Foster's residence at Stapleton was greatly enhanced by the return of Rev. Robert Hall to Bristol, and by the settlement of Rev. W. Anderson in the same city, as tutor in the Baptist College. In these extraordinary men he found congenial associates, and many were the happy hours which he spent in their society. Mr. Hall was ever an object of his enthusiastic admiration and respect, and it cannot be a matter of surprise that these sentiments were sincerely reciprocated. He constantly urged that gifted individual, either personally or through his friends, to engage more largely in writing, and thus to extend more widely his influence, and leave behind him a greater number of permanent memorials of his character. On the occasion of his funeral, Mr. Foster was requested to preach a discourse, but, being too unwell to speak in public, he declined. In lieu of this, however, he prepared a tribute to the memory of his lamented friend, which he called "Observations on Mr. Hall as a Preacher."

In the year 1832, Mr. Foster was called to mourn the death of her who had so long been his appreciating and affectionate companion. Her death, which had been preceded by an illness of protracted duration, was calm and serene. His letters

show that the bereavement was mitigated by the reflection that she had gone to a better world, whither the precarious state of his own health led him to believe that he would soon follow her. Not long after this he had to lament the decease of his attached friends, Anderson, Hughes, Coles, Fawcett, (son of Dr. Fawcett,) and his only brother. His parents had died previously. Thus the ties which bound him to earth were being rapidly sundered.

On the 24th of September, 1843, he took to his room, and never more left it. His cough increased, and the slightest exertion produced much exhaustion. When not prevented by extreme weakness, he talked upon religious subjects to those around him, and dwelt with special emphasis upon the evil of sin, and the efficacy of the great atonement. One evening, when he appeared to be weaker than usual, some one said to him, "You are very languid to-night." "Yes," he replied, "I shall languish out of this mortal life some time not long hence."

On October 14th, feeling considerably worse, he requested to be left alone during the afternoon and evening. At six o'clock the next morning, an old and valued servant quietly entered his apartment, and found that he had expired. "His arms were gently extended, and his countenance was as tranquil as that of a person in a peaceful sleep. Death had taken place but a very short time, for only the forehead was cold." On the next Saturday he was buried in the graveyard belonging to the chapel at Downend, where he had formerly preached.

In forming an estimate of Foster's character, we scarcely know whether to assign greater prominence to his intellectual or moral qualities. In both his proportions were colossal. His mind presented a rare combination of the speculative and the practical. He was not satisfied with superficial views upon any subject, but probed every question to the very bottom. He was an earnest and untiring seeker after the truth, especially in matters pertaining to religion. We have not traced, step by step, the progress of his religious opinions; but it is sufficient to say that he abandoned his early errors, and came at last to hold the tenets of the Christian faith, excepting only the doctrine of eternal punishment, on which point he had doubts to the last. His heart was full of warm and kindly impulses. He was accustomed to say that he possessed a "convergency of feeling" which would not permit him to have many friends. To those which he had he was devotedly attached. Nor was he deficient in a spirit of enlarged philanthropy. No one deplored more than he the vices and follies of his race. He was benevolent to the poor, and even dumb animals shared his tenderness. In large companies he was not talkative, but among a few of his attached friends his tongue was loosed, and he spoke freely and eloquently. He was passionately fond of music, and took great delight in works of a graphical character, of which he had many in his well-filled library. But the brightest charm of his character was his unaffected piety. He constantly lived under the influence of the things that are "unseen and eternal."

It is unnecessary to enter into any extended remarks in relation to his writings. These are well known, and to the meditative reader must ever prove a rich treasury of thought and feeling. The language in which they are written is an exact exponent of the ideas which it was intended to convey. It is, as it were, the transparent vesture through which can be seen the movements of the mighty spirit which animates it. Of his works, probably the best is that "On some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been Rendered less Acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste." It is a masterpiece of metaphysical analysis. Among the productions which we have not already specified, as emanating from his pen, are his "Letters to Miss Saunders," his "Letters on the Established Church and Dissent," and his "Letters on the Ballot," which last were addressed to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places.—*Milton.*

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

WE give the following strange narrative on the credit of the narrator. At the close is indicated a fact upon which the story may have been founded.

One evening toward the close of a visit to Germany, Fritz and I were sitting alone in the *rauch-zimmer*, chatting pleasantly over our early friendship, and recalling the *burschen* life with all its vanished joys and sorrows. It was a wild night. The wind howled in fitful gusts across the mountains, and came moaning through the old belfry in accents of despair. Heavy masses of clouds scudded rapidly along the heavens, and everything betokened a storm. It was just such a night as the spectral huntsman and his lawless gang would choose for their unearthly glee amid the Harz Mountains—such a night as, if sleeping alone in a certain ruined tower not far distant, I should fully expect about two o'clock the panel of the wainscoting to open with an unearthly sound, and a lady in white to advance stealthily to my side, and imprint *three* frozen kisses on my brow, then, with uplifted finger and a reproachful glance, slowly again retire. In fact, it was one of those nights when, bluster as we will, we are all of us superstitious, and when, for my own part, I would assuredly prefer the society of a boon companion, to being left alone in any ruined tower in any part of Germany. The wind rose higher and higher, and the dismal shriek-owl mingled its notes with those of a dog in the village, baying at the moon. We drew nearer the fire, threw a fresh log on, and smoked hard. My friend was evidently distrait and uneasy; and after an unusually long pause, during which he puffed out enormous mouthfuls of smoke, he turned suddenly round and said:

"Harry, since you have been here, you have often wondered how I became possessed of my present fortune. I know it. I could see it in every look. I enjoyed mystifying you; but I never intended letting you depart without telling you how I made my money. You remember a Werterish sort of letter I wrote you a year or two ago. About that time I was in considerable trouble. Our regiment had been stationed for some months in a small town on the Bohemian frontier; and, as I had nothing else to do, I managed to fall in love, veritably over head and ears in love, with the daughter of a neighboring nobleman. At first all went on prosperously enough, and I had already constructed some very magnificent *châteaux en Espagne* for our future abode. My love was amply returned; and the confiding innocence of a young country girl, fresh and pure as one of her own mountain flowers, contrasted so favorably with the artificial graces of the great ladies I had recently left in Vienna, that I felt a tremulous rapture, difficult to describe, in possessing the affections of so pure a heart. Matters went on in this happy way for some time; but 'always to woo and never to wed,' although good in a song, becomes a bore in reality; so I screwed up sufficient courage one afternoon, as we were sitting alone chatting, to ask the count's consent to our marriage. He seemed perfectly astonished, and asked me what fortune I had to support a wife upon. Here was a knock-down blow to all my hopes. Fortune—my fortune! Surely it must be a joke for any one to ask Lieutentant Fritz von H—— what his fortune was. But I resolved to use no deception; so I gave the old gentleman a minute and graphic account of my worldly possessions. As I concluded, he rose, saying very quietly:

"'I wish to avoid all recriminations. If you have been wrong in playing the *rôle* of an adventurer—pardon the expression—I was equally to blame in encouraging your visits; therefore I cast no reproach upon your conduct; it was what men of the world and romance writers would applaud. Now, let there be no further doubt on this subject. You are a suitor for my daughter's hand; her affections, you say, are already yours, and I believe your general character to be fair and honorable. I therefore will not raise any unnecessary obstacles in the way of your union, (I was ready to embrace the old fellow for joy,) but there are conditions (my face fell immediately) which must be fulfilled before my consent can be obtained. I consider that it would not be prudent for two young people in your station of life to marry much under a yearly income of 6000 florins. My daughter's marriage portion will not exceed the moiety of this sum. Therefore, my young friend, you will see that, until you can make up the difference, I should not be doing my duty were I to yield to your wishes;' and ringing the bell, he bowed me out with perfect courtesy.

"I left the house mechanically without saying a word. I was quite stupefied, and continued so for the next few days. I have the recollection of writing a letter to the dear girl I was losing, but what about, it would puzzle me much to tell. At length the colonel, seeing how ill I looked, gave me a month's leave of absence, and advised me strongly to travel. Caring but little where I went, I found myself, after a week's ramble, deposited one afternoon just outside the pretty village of Homburg, where I engaged a quiet lodging for a few days. The neighboring scenery pleased me; and that was lucky, for I cared nothing just then, as you may believe, for sociality of any kind. That evening I read part of *Zanoni*, took a stroll in the Frankfort road, and returned to bed at an early hour. When I awoke next morning, the first object that met my eye was a large heap of gold carefully piled up on the dressing-table. Strange that I had not observed it before. I must have mistaken my bedroom, or made some confounded blunder; so I immediately rang the bell, and demanded an explanation of the mystery. The landlady could not solve it; I was in my own room; no money was left there last night; the servants had neither seen nor heard any one moving about the house; consequently, I must have placed the gold on the table myself.

"Unable to get at any explanation, I carefully counted the money, which amounted to the large sum of ten thousand florins, and locked it up in my portmanteau, fully expecting to have a claimant for it in the course of the day. But, to my great surprise, no such person appeared, and I went to bed that night with these riches still in my possession, previously taking the precaution to lock my door and place the key under my pillow. The following morning, a similar heap of gold and bank-notes stood on my table. I sprang out of bed, unlocked my portmanteau, and found the money I had deposited there untouched. I next examined the room: there was no entrance but through the door, and this was fastened, and the key safely stowed away under the pillow. I now called the landlady, and somewhat sternly rebuked her for permitting these practical jokes in her house; but the poor woman's face too plainly showed that she at least was innocent of all participation in them; so that I again counted the money, and placed it with the other sum.

"That night, before going to bed, I made a minute survey of the premises, carefully hasping the window and locking the door; but the good fairy who supplied me so liberally with gold, was not to be shut out thus easily, and I found, on awakening, a larger sum than ever on my table. It was perfectly useless asking the landlady or servants any further questions—they only stared at me; and the other lodgers were by no means persons of affluence. Unable, therefore, to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, I rambled about the promenade in a somewhat dreamy state of mind that day. I thought people seemed to look at me in a peculiar manner as I passed along, but this was probably mere fancy on my part. Toward evening, I received a letter from my darling girl, saying that she had at length succeeded in inducing her father to accept me as his future son-in-law, and that they were now on their way to Homburg. The count added a few lines, wherein he stated that this decision was caused partly by his daughter's entreaties and failing health, and also by the excellent character my colonel had given him of me. You can easily imagine my joy at this unexpected announcement; in fact, it was almost greater than I could with safety bear in my then excited state of mind. Brimful of happiness, I ate a light supper that evening, smoked two or three pipes, and was sound asleep long before midnight; but although I went to bed at an early hour, I felt unusually lethargic in the morning, and when I awoke, it was ten o'clock, and the count was waiting for me in the adjoining room. I sprang out of bed to embrace him.

"'Hold, sir!' said he, drawing himself up proudly. 'I promised my daughter's hand to a poor but honorable man; it shall never be given to a wealthy blackleg;' and he pointed scornfully to the table, where, as usual, lay a mass of bank-notes and gold.

"I felt the blood mount to my head as he uttered these words, but I made a grand effort to be calm.

"'My dear sir,' I replied, 'I know you do not wish to add insult to my other misfortunes, and therefore I attribute those harsh expressions entirely to misapprehension. I never was a gambler. I have

no wish to deny or even extenuate my many transgressions, but I solemnly assure you that I never was a gambler. Let me know the name of your informant, and he shall either eat his own words or bite the dust before another day is over.'

"The count shook his head, and pointed to the heap of gold.

"'I most solemnly protest that I am ignorant of how that money came here!'

"The count still shook his head, and smiled ironically.

"'In the name of God, here on my bended knees, I protest I know not how it came there; and as a soldier and a man of honor, I pledge my life that what I have said is true.'

"The count still shook his head, and his lips wore the same incredulous smile.

"'If, sir, you neither believe my word as a Christian, nor my word as a gentleman,' said I, rising indignantly, 'I have nothing further to add, save merely this—that had any other man but the Count von S. insulted me in this manner, his conduct should not have passed with impunity. For your daughter's sake, for the deep love I shall ever bear toward her, I am content to suffer this indignity unavenged;' and I rang the bell for the servant to open the door.

"'You renounce all pretension to my daughter's hand?' said the count, perfectly unmoved.

"'Never!' cried I, passionately—'never at the bidding of a fickle and remorseless tyrant! never until she herself renounces me.'

"'She has done so!' calmly replied my visitor, opening his pocket-book and delivering to me a letter.

"I clutched the paper frantically in my hand; I fastened my eyes on the well-known characters. It was too true—she discarded me! In a few calm but decisive sentences, blotted with tears, but not otherwise evincing any grief, she acquainted me with my doom. The missive fell like a stone from my grasp, and an icy chill shot into my heart.

"'You no longer refuse my request?' asked the count, moving across the room.

"'I do not, sir,' replied I, with a great effort at self-control, all my pride coming to my temporary assistance. 'I willingly renounce every claim to your daughter's hand, and hope she may enjoy the happiness she so fully deserves. With the greatest imaginable pleasure, count, I renounce *your friendship*, and trust that your chivalrous conduct on this occasion will ever continue to be a subject of self-gratulation. I have the honor to wish you a very good-morning, Count von S.;' and so saying, I most courteously attended my visitor to the door.

"When he had gone, I staggered back to my chamber, and fell almost senseless into the arm-chair. How long I continued there, I cannot say. The hours passed without my taking the slightest heed of their rapid flight. Breakfast was brought to me, and I ate it; the same with dinner and supper; I ate them heartily, I believe, but without the slightest appetite. I smoked, I drank wine, but all mechanically, as it were, without enjoyment, and yet I was not positively ill. One single thought, the thought of my mysteriously acquired wealth, preyed upon my mind with the morbid tenacity peculiar to an over-strung nervous system. It haunted me like a specter, that heap of gold; and I would have willingly given the whole of it to learn by what stealthy means it came into my possession. But fruitless were my endeavors to solve the enigma; and I finally determined, by way of quieting my mind, and at the same time convincing the count of the injustice he had done me, to state the entire case to the municipal authorities, intrust the money to their care, for the benefit of the poor, in case no one claimed it within a certain period, and then to leave the place. After forming this resolution, I felt much relieved, and took up my hat for a stroll. It was a lovely evening, and groups of gay promenaders were out enjoying the balmy summer air; and at a short distance from the village, I met the count, his daughter, and an elderly gentleman, who was talking to his companions in an unusually grave manner. As I approached, the stranger gazed at me with much apparent interest, the others passing by with a very slight mark of recognition. I observed, however, that the poor girl looked pale and much dejected; and cut to the quick by the spectacle of her unhappiness, yet smarting under a sense of her cruel conduct, I returned home, fully resolved to depart in the course of the following day, and by active employment in some foreign country, endeavor to forget my past misery.

"To my infinite surprise, however, I was awakened next morning by a loud rapping at the door, and on opening it, was warmly embraced by the count, who, with many apologies for his harsh conduct, begged that I would dismiss all recollection of it from my mind.

"I started back, rubbed my eyes, and stared at my companion in perfect amazement. Was he mad? or was I dreaming? or were we, both of us, a couple of lunatics? I felt my head wander, and knew not what to say.

"'Forgive me, my dear boy,' said he, pressing my hand; 'forgive me for my unjust suspicions yesterday; and if you can so far forget what then transpired, my daughter may still live to be a happy woman.' Here he gave me a letter from her, full of repentance, of joy at my innocence, and of passionate love.

"I was more amazed than ever. The usual heap of *rouleaux* and bank-notes, my fairy gift, lay on the dressing-table; nothing was altered; why, then, this violent change in the count's conduct? I began to suspect that his mind was slightly disordered, and that this was the real cause of his eccentric behavior. He evidently guessed at my thoughts, for he said, with a quiet smile:

"'No, no, my boy; it is not so; but I will at once explain this strange story. After you left V., my daughter's health appeared to be in danger of breaking down; and hearing Colonel von Stein speak so favorably of your character, I determined on waiving all further objections to your union; but no sooner had I arrived at Homburg, than I heard every one talking of the extraordinary luck of a young Austrian officer, who had for the last week been a nightly visitor and large gainer at the rouge-et-noir tables. I listened attentively, struck by the resemblance this young officer bore to yourself; and, on further inquiry, learned that it was no other person than my accepted son-in-law who was becoming so notorious. At first, I could scarcely credit this tale; but hearing it confirmed on all sides, I was compelled to believe it. From your landlady, I gathered that it was your habit to retire to bed at an early hour, then to get up, dress, and leave the house; that you usually returned about midnight with a bag of money, which she was informed you had won at the Kursaale.

"'"Ah, sir, I fear the poor young gentleman is touched here," said the woman, pointing to her forehead, "for in the morning he will call me up, and ask a hundred questions about how the money came into the room."

"'As there could be no further doubt concerning your identity, I informed my daughter of the result of my inquiries; and the poor girl, although with a breaking heart, saw at once the infamy of marrying a blackleg; for it was the general opinion that your invariable success did not proceed from mere chance. The scene that took place yesterday was in consequence of these discoveries; and although no one can regret it more than myself, I still think the circumstances that had then just transpired at all events serve to palliate my conduct. However, to proceed, for I observe you are eager for the *dénouement*. At the table-d'hôte, I sat next to a celebrated physician from Berlin; the same gentleman you saw with us last evening; who, among other things, told me that he was then watching a curious case of somnambulism, and that, if I felt any interest in such matters, he would be happy to show it me. I accepted his offer; and we were talking the matter over, when you passed by us, and the doctor, to my great amazement, whispered in my ear:

"'"That is the young man; he frequents the *salon de jeu* every night at a certain hour, and wins large sums of money."

"'My curiosity was now highly excited, and I accompanied my friend to the gambling-rooms, where I anxiously awaited your arrival. At length the door opened, and you entered the apartment, took your seat at the table, opened your pocket-book, and drew out some notes with the most perfect coolness. I confess I was astonished, for, after your violent protestations of innocence, I did not expect you would have had the effrontery to ply your black art before my very eyes. As for the somnambulism, I frankly confess I did not believe a word of it: your eyes were wide awake; you even surveyed me quite unabashed; and your fixed look and rigid manner I attributed to trick. The game proceeded: a crowd of eager spectators flocked round the table; you played heavily, and constantly won. At length, after a pause, you laid the highest stake permitted by the laws of the establishment

on the *zéro noir*. There was a stir of excitement among the bystanders; the croupiers looked grave, and the banker took copious pinches of snuff. At length the ball was sent whirling round the cylinder.

"'"Le jeu est fait," said the croupier with unusual excitement, and immediately the ball fell.

"'An exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of all present. By one of those rare chances in the game, the zero had won, and the manager had prepared to pay you thirty-five times the amount of your stake; at the same time informing the company, that in consequence of the run of ill-luck it had sustained, the bank was broken for the night; whereupon you quietly gathered your money together, and rose from your seat. Our eyes met, but you showed no mark of recognition; and boiling over with indignation at this unparalleled charlatanry, I was on the point of openly accusing you of your barefaced trick, when the doctor suddenly pulled my sleeve.

"'"For God's sake, do not speak to him at present," said he in evident alarm. "If you awake him now, he will probably never leave this room alive;" and he held me back.

"'We followed you out of the building, and saw you walk steadily home with your bag of gold, take out a key, open the street-door, light a lamp, and mount the stairs to your bed-room. From a gate on the opposite side of the road, we could see you arrange your money on the table, then quietly undress, get into bed, and extinguish the light.

"'"That young man's case is one of the most curious I have yet met with," said the doctor.

"'"And do you seriously believe that he has been asleep all this time?" asked I incredulously.

"'"Most assuredly. I am as convinced of the fact as that we two are now awake. In the course of a pretty long practice, several strange instances of sleep-walking have presented themselves to my notice, and, as you are possibly aware, I enjoy some little reputation in this branch of the science. Had you startled that young man, the probability is that he would have dropped down dead at your feet. So you now see, my dear sir, the peril you have just avoided."

"'"But, doctor," said I, becoming greatly alarmed, "do you think you could cure him?"

"'"Of course I do," replied he with a good-humored smile. "In a couple of months, I will guarantee that he shall have no trace remaining of this peculiar habit, and, with proper care on his part, that he shall not be subject to relapse."

"'So, my dear Fritz, I hope you will make my daughter a happy woman, by putting yourself under the doctor's care for a short time.'

"'With the utmost pleasure,' replied I, perfectly bewildered at these strange revelations.

"The physician now entered the room, and his pleasant, cordial manner, soon removed all feeling of uneasiness on my part. After half an hour's friendly gossip, the count proposed that I should pay my *devoirs* to another friend; and taking my arm, he hurried me along to his hotel, where I found Bertha, full of self-reproaches and generous affection, ready to welcome me. We spent a happy day together; and the kind-hearted physician removed all alarm by again assuring me that my case would soon yield to proper treatment; so I counted my involuntary gains, which amounted to the large sum of 100,000 florins, and accompanied the doctor next day to Berlin, where I continued to reside, under his hospitable roof, for a couple of months, at the termination of which period he dismissed me as perfectly cured.

"The rest is briefly told. I resigned my commission, and married Bertha, who has since proved the greatest treasure of my life. For some time we rambled about the continent, until an opportunity presented itself of purchasing this old property, then in a sadly tumbledown state. I immediately began to busy myself with its restoration; and, occupied with my farm and blessed with a darling little wife, I have been ever since one of the happiest fellows in the world. To the best of my knowledge and belief, I now sleep peacefully in my bed, without disturbing honest people at untimely hours by any further nocturnal prowling propensities. So you see, my dear boy, that there are more ways than one of making money, and that what I never could do when awake, became an easy task when under the influence of somnambulism."

[In the year 1853, there occurred a similar instance of somnambulism in Wiesbaden. A young man frequented the Kursaale, in his sleep, for several nights, and won considerable sums of money at the gaming-tables. The singularity of the case created some excitement, and was duly chronicled in the continental press.]

ANSWERING A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

IT was toward the close of the reign of Louis XIV., when that monarch imagined that he was establishing the decrees of his government upon the obligations of religion, that theology and metaphysics became fashionable studies; the various parties at court imagining that in them they found inexhaustible arsenals whence they might select their weapons for attack or defense. The law of the Church had become that of the State, and crowds of distinguished persons, who had hitherto complied with the ceremonials of worship from habit and the accident of education, without being at the pains of inquiry, suddenly became skeptical in matters of religion, through motives of policy; for, according to the current notions, to establish the errors of the believers in Christianity was to attack the fountain of authority at its source, and convict the throne of tyranny and injustice.

At that period (says the narrator of the following scene) I was living at Paris. It was one of the hottest days of summer; the sun, pursuing his course in mid-sky, shed such intolerable radiance upon the waters of the river, the roofs of the palaces, and the tops of the trees, that my vision was oppressed with the glare, and I sought relief in the shade. Desirous of solitude and meditation, I repaired to the umbrageous avenue of the Cours-la-Reine; there, in lonely reverie, I was reflecting on the power and benevolence of the Creator, and the innumerable incentives which man has to the exercise of gratitude and praise, when I heard myself accosted familiarly by an acquaintance — a self-constituted metaphysician and professor of logic, whose passion was reasoning, and who wanted but reason to make him an adept in his art.

All his motions seemed actuated by a satisfaction which he could not contain; his eye sparkled with joy; and so soon as I had caught sight of him, he entered at once into conversation, like a man who, bursting with impatience to impart great tidings, has no time to throw away in the empty formalities of ceremony. "My friend," said he, "congratulate me; I have been engaged in a most interesting work upon the *soul*. I have made a grand discovery, and am at length in the condition to prove that what men call the soul is but a word—an empty word—void of signification, and that neither you nor I, nor anybody else, ever had a soul!"

"Stop a moment," said I, recoiling from his proffered embrace; "empty words and void of signification, are those you have just pronounced; you may rank yourself with the brutes, if you choose; permit me to decline that honor."

"Calm yourself, my friend," said he; "I knew you would not surrender without proofs; but, thanks be to philosophy, I can furnish them. Let us reason coolly, for I am going to combat this ideal existence of the soul, not by vain declamations, too common at the present day, but by triumphant arguments derived from the perpetual contradictions of a host of learned, and, as you esteem them, wise men, who have treated of this subject. Now, as Quintilian says, 'When men of intellect, acknowledged as such, cannot, after entire ages of impartial discussion, agree concerning a cause or an effect, we are justified in denying both;' and as this is a recognized maxim among philosophers, who by its means have settled the question of ghosts, phantoms, and specters, in asserting a negation, which negation is the sole truth; therefore I set out with this principle, and hasten to put my first question: What is the soul? 'A nature always in motion,' says Thales; 'A self-existent quantity,' says Pythagoras; 'A subtle air,' says Plutarch; 'It is rather an active fire,' says Aristotle; 'You deceive yourselves,' says Hipponius, 'it is an ethereal fluid;' 'You should rather say it is a composition of earth and water,' says Anaximander; 'Silence, you are all partly wrong,' cries Empedocles, 'it is a mixture of all the elements.' Whereupon a thousand voices are babbling at once: 'It is a simple essence,' says one; 'No, it is a compound,' says another; a third declares it is a 'celestial flame;' a fourth, that it is a 'mere harmony;' a fifth, that it

is a 'cohesion of infinitesimal atoms;' while a sixth will have it that it is 'a portion of the Divinity;' and a seventh contends that is 'nothing but a conflict of the senses.' Then, where is its seat? Hippocrates places it in the vestibule of the brain; Epicurus in the stomach; Erasistratus makes it serve for an envelope to the head; while Strabo contents himself with placing it between the eye-brows. 'It is in the blood,' says Critias; 'Yes, in the heart,' adds Empedocles; 'Say rather in the diaphragm,' contends Plutarch; 'Stuff!' says Descartes, 'it is in the pineal gland.' Now, after so many evident contradictions, and centuries of doubt, I invoke the principle of Quintilian —I apply my negation, and declare boldly that the soul is but a dream of our good ancestors, which the full light of reason will banish forever, with the philosopher's stone and the histories of hobgoblins."

While he was thus speaking, we had wandered from the green alleys under which my logician had found me meditating, and the river ran lazily at our feet in an uninclosed spot exposed to the burning rays of the sun. "My friend," said I, seizing him forcibly by the arm, and constraining him to remain immovable before me, to shield me from the more oppressive influence of the sun, "I very much admire your mode of reasoning; in thus striking at the foundations of a contested subject, You have got rid of so many serious difficulties, that really I am tempted to experiment in your way of thinking and reasoning. Really you and Quintilian are two very clever fellows."

"You flatter me," said he; "but permit me to take a more convenient position to receive your compliments; for I assure you I feel as though I were frying in the sun."

"What, the sun! You, the foe of prejudice, can you not free yourself from such a simple one as that? You believe in the sun?"

"The sun a prejudice! My good sir, I am forced to believe in it; it is burning me up."

"Let us reason coolly," said I, fixing him in his former position. "I had hitherto believed that this admirable harmony of nature—the grandeur of man, the might of his intellect—the marvelous spectacle of an entire creation submitted to his industry—his reason governing the tempest of his fiery passions—all sufficiently indicated the distance which separates him from other animals; but now that, by the law of contradictions, you have demonstrated that his intellect is naught but base matter, and that his existence is without an object, permit me in my turn, by the same arguments, to cure you of your error relative to the sun.

"What is the sun? Is it a cloud inflamed, a burning rock, a fire that extinguishes and renews itself, a mirror, a fifth element, a composition of different fires, a spiritual flame, a globe which transmits rays of light, or receives them, as Xenophon, Metrodorus, Democritus, Philolaus, Aristotle, Plato, Antisthenes, Pythagoras, and Newton, have in their turn averred? Then, how large is it? Heraclitus gives it a diameter of one foot; Anaxagoras extends it to the size of the Peloponnesus; Anaximander makes it the size of the earth; while Eudoxis believes it nine times, and Thales sixty times as large as the moon; Lucretius says it is just the size it appears to be; and Anaximenes reduces its circumference to that of a leaf; and, lastly, Cassini pronounces it a million times bigger than the whole earth."

"Agreed, agreed! but it burns me."

"It cannot burn you if it does not exist, of which I am going logically to convince you. Let me proceed. Xenophon asserts that each zone has its particular sun; Empedocles admits two; thus you see contradiction on every side; I invoke, therefore, the principle of Quintilian and your own, and declare boldly that the existence of the sun is but a dream of our good ancestors."

"Believe what you like," cried my enraged reasoner, bursting violently from my grasp; "but your negative has damaged the membranes of my brain by keeping me here in the heat."

"Go and recover yourself," said I; "and, sage logician as you are, endeavor to comprehend that the immortal soul is to the moral creation what the sun is to the material: man and sovereign of the earth, cease to pride yourself on treading your glory under your feet, and renouncing your immortality."

He who is catching opportunities because they seldom occur, would suffer those to pass by unregarded, which he expects hourly to return.—*Johnson.*

ADVICE EXTRAORDINARY TO A YOUNG PREACHER.

LETTER FROM ANOTHER OF THE FATHERS.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,—Doubtless you were edified by the letter of the venerable O. P. Q. in the last number of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. As was the custom in former days, I propose to exhort a little after him, and I begin by saying that I was forcibly struck by the fact that most of the old man's advice seemed to be founded upon the Decalogue. "Thy commandment," says the Psalmist, "is exceeding broad; and the breadth of the moral law is, indeed, wonderful." For instance, I presume you had no difficulty in tracing his remarks about swearing in the pulpit to the third of those prohibitions which were given amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai. It expresses the idea perfectly: "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." There is no provision, you perceive, for clergymen. Steamboat captains and the managers of railroads may be willing, out of respect to the cloth, to abate one half of the severity exercised toward other travelers; even occasionally to overlook ministers, as irresponsible dead-heads, when the cry is made to come to the captain's office and settle. But this exceedingly gratifying partiality appears not to have been thought of when the moral law was enacted; and it is too late now to apply for an amendment.

Then, as to plagiarisms, against which our venerable friend deemed it not out of place to warn you, there is a very short but exceedingly nervous prohibition. Until you can make it appear, by some kind of sophistry that will pass for sound logic in heaven, that stealing a man's sermon is not just as really theft as stealing his spoons, it will be safer, to say the least, not to pilfer in this direction. The plea that good may be done, by thus appropriating the property of another, does not avail the ragged pickpocket at the bar of the police justice; and it is questionable, if he who has worn fine broadcloth all his days, will find it any more satisfactory at the judgment-seat of a higher tribunal. Let it be noted, too, that the ordinary thief is not under any greater delusion in hoping to escape detection, than the minister in the pulpit. There are unseen hearers in every congregation. Saint Chrysostom's eyes were opened once, and he saw them crowding the communion rails. They were not members of the star-police, but belonged, nevertheless, to the detective service of Him, whose unqualified commandment is, "Thou shalt not steal!"

It will need no great sagacity on your part to perceive that what is said in the decalogue about covetousness, could not have been more pointed if the Lawgiver had had distinctly before him, as undoubtedly he had, the practice of spunging upon tradesmen and shopkeepers with hints about small salaries and large families. The prohibition is not merely against coveting thy neighbor's ox, and his ass, and his wife, but against coveting anything that is thy neighbor's; his superfluous chickens, his wasting corn-crib, or his unnecessary accumulation of manufactured articles, which would enhance your comfort wonderfully.

So, too, all indelicate allusions are manifest violations of the seventh commandment; and laboring, after a week of laziness, to get out a sermon on Sunday morning, is forbidden by the fourth; for on the day hallowed by the Almighty, a clergyman has no more right to cobble sermons, than a cordwainer has to cobble shoes.

But these things are too plain to need an argument, and I will not dwell upon them. There is one point, however, wherein I differ a little from our sagacious friend. I refer to his remarks on the subject of extemporizing. Like all other general rules, there are exceptions to it. You remember father Kife? The good old man was very apt to taper off his sermons by a narrative of his own religious experience. It was a common saying among the less reverential portion of his hearers, that if he gave them little novelty in the substance of his discourses, they were always sure to hear something new when he related that. It was at best a doubtful compliment, and the elderly people shook their heads and sighed. They said the old man's memory was failing.

If you do not yet see the point at which I aim, let me tell you a little piece of my own experience. I went, last Sunday night, to hear a celebrated revivalist, whose name I need not mention. As soon as he gave out his hymn, I knew what was coming. It was that terrible sermon of his about Procrastination. I had heard it twice before, but with variations, for

my friend is always extemporaneous, and adds and retrenches according to circumstances. The gift of volubility was strong upon him that night, and he amplified wonderfully. In the peroration we had, as usual, that awful story about the young lady who went to a ball. I remember, when I first heard it, two years ago, it thrilled me with unutterable horror. The second time I listened more composedly, and detected, as I thought, some little variations; but last Sunday night he so piled up the agony, that I was driven to the conclusion that some of his facts were, in reality, mere flights of his exuberant imagination. It is unnecessary to detail the discrepances. There was certainly a mistake somewhere. If he told the story truthfully on the first occasion, and he related it as a veritable matter of fact, it is clear that last Sunday night he gave us particulars which could by no means be reconciled with the original narrative.

Now I do not suppose there was any intention to deceive on the part of the eloquent preacher; he fell into the very common error of extemporizing matters of fact; and facts are such stubborn things, that the ingenuity of an angel cannot bend them into imaginary shapes.

I am free to admit, also, that in the embellishment of a story, or an anecdote, the preacher may have a very good motive. He draws upon his imagination to make the thing more thrillingly impressive. I admit, too, that very frequently he may be successful. Tears may attest his power, and resolutions on the part of his hearers to become Christians, may be the gratifying evidences of his success. Could truth itself do more? Probably not; and yet I am not aware of any passage in the Bible that authorizes even a minister to do evil that good may come. If a lie would save the souls of an entire congregation, it is far from clear that you would be justifiable in telling that lie.

This, then, is the exception to the rule about memorizing your discourses. In your illustrations, which may be made up of stories, brief narratives, or even anecdotes, keep always to the facts. Write them on paper, if you cannot write them upon your brain; and never allow the father of lies to succeed in tempting you to swerve from the truth, even for the sake of heightening the interest, or increasing the effect.

Indulge me now in a few remarks upon some contingencies that may, or may not, be found serviceable in your future progress. And, in the first place, it is possible you may be tempted, at some time or other, to give up your commission as a minister, and seek some other field of labor. If you are thus tempted, do not think that some strange thing has befallen you. On the contrary, it would be strange if it were otherwise. It will be optional with yourself to yield to that temptation, or to resist it. On the supposition that you conclude it best upon the whole to yield to it, as many hundreds have done before you, let me advise you to be honest about it, and give the true reason.

Don't try to cheat the devil by alleging temporary attacks of bronchitis, or an anxiety to be more useful as a pedagogue, or a providential opening in a line of business where you can do more for the Master's glory than in the pulpit. I could give many reasons for this advice; but content myself with the simple fact that whatever may be the case with you or your good wife, old Nick is too shrewd to be humbugged in this way. In fact, his patience has been so often tried by such shams, that I think it must be pretty nearly exhausted.

No! my friend. If the real reason be a desire to get money faster, avow it boldly. If it be envy at the greater popularity of those around you, or uneasiness at the mill-horse round of duty, or an evident consciousness that you have lost the life and power of godliness, and really do not want it back again, out with it. Tell the truth and shame the devil. We shall all know all about it one of these days. You may as well tell us now as leave us to learn it when the books are opened. It will be far more pleasant when we meet in our walks through the golden streets of the celestial city, to remember, in heaven, that here you told the truth on this subject, than to be perpetually reminded that you had the ineffable meanness to lie about it. I say this on the hypothesis that you do expect to be welcomed into the abodes of the blessed as a good and faithful servant. But if you have forever abandoned all hopes of that, why then my argument, I confess, loses somewhat of its strength.

There is another sore spot somewhat akin to the last mentioned. If you are in the habit of dressing neatly, and tie

your white neck cloth gracefully, more especially if you can read prose tolerably well, it is more than probable, with the smattering of Latin that was beat into you at the grammar school, that you will have overtures to enter another inclosure. Visions of silk gowns and linen surplices will dance before your imagination. Respectability will loom up like a fog bank in the Gulf stream. Now it is far from me to say a word that will discourage you from gazing in that direction, or to hint that it is impossible to do as much good in one Church as in another. I should belie myself to make the assertion, for I don't believe it. The good old Dr. Bond, when taken to task by some overzealous members of his own Church, for preaching in the pulpit of another denomination, replied: "I have preached to prisoners in the penitentiary, and if the fellows over there are worse than they, so much the more do they need my preaching."

But this is a digression. The point I aim at is this: when you leave your own Church, the people among whom Christ found you and you found Christ, and seek to become a minister among another people, don't give, as a reason for the change, doubts of the validity of your ordination. I say this not because it cannot possibly be true, for by the time you are ready for the leap, I dare say you will doubt, not only the validity of your ordination, but of your conversion. At any rate, if you don't, others will. Nor do I thus advise, because of the implied insult to the people you leave. There is something in one of the old prophets about forgetting the hole of the pit whence you were digged, but nothing, so far as I remember, about despising it. Assumed contempt will be the best counterpoise on your part to real contempt on theirs. But my object in cautioning you against giving this reason for changing your ecclesiastical relations may be gathered from a little episode in the history of a man I once knew, and of whom, in all probability, you never heard. His name was Pigeon, Philander Percival Pigeon.

He was the only son of a very poor widow, who denied herself many comforts in order to clothe and educate this darling boy. Philander repaid her anxious care by dutiful behavior and diligent attention to his books. In the summer he assisted in the labors of the neighboring farmers, and the winter was devoted to the acquisition of knowledge. He studied geography and history, astronomy and algebra. He could translate the easier parts of Cæsar's Commentaries, and knew all the letters of the Greek alphabet. He was, indeed, the brightest boy in his native village, and his good old mother regarded him as a prodigy. One of the fondest wishes of her heart was answered; but kind Heaven had in store for her an infinitely sweeter cup of bliss.

At a protracted meeting in the schoolhouse, Philander sought and found the Saviour. Ministering spirits seldom bear sweeter tears to heaven than those she shed that night, upon her knees, when giving thanks to God for his wonderful goodness. As everybody expected, Philander, now in his twentieth year, believed himself called to the ministry. The little Church, made up of a few poor, simple-hearted Christians, endorsed the call, and the young man was regularly licensed. In all honesty, I must say, that his first attempts were not remarkably promising. He broke down two or three times; and when he did come to a regular conclusion, at the end of twenty minutes, it required some little charity on the part of his hearers to dignify what they had been hearing with the name of a sermon. But they said he would improve, and they called to mind many precedents of similar failures, among them Robert Hall, for instance, who afterward rose to eminence.

Time passed on. Philander did improve. He was regularly ordained, was popular and successful. Each new scene of pastoral labor was more important than the preceding. He began to pay more attention to his personal appearance. He bought himself a gold-headed cane, and assumed a decidedly clerical air.

At the end of his fifth ministerial year, his services were earnestly sought by a wealthy congregation, who worship in a new church where there is an organ. They said he was just the man they wanted; in fact, the only man that would at all suit them in their emergence. Of course, Philander thought so too; but some others, who had a word to say upon the subject, and who had the responsibility of deciding the question, thought differently. Hardscrabble, a village so little that you will scarcely find it upon any map, was

designated as his field of labor. The announcement fell upon Philander's ears like a clap of thunder; and then, strange, wasn't it? his friends heard him for the first time express doubts of the validity of his ordination. His old mother did not hear his lamentable wailings upon the subject; or, if she did, they failed to disturb her calm spirit as once they would have disturbed it, for the fact is, she had gone up home, shouting, three months before.

Of course, with these doubts upon a point so vital, the Rev. Mr. Pigeon could not think of ministering in holy things to the little flock at Hardscrabble, more especially as just then the road to another ordination was made plain to his vision. He took that road, and after some very humiliating steps—before honor is humility, you know—his unctuous hair was pressed gracefully by graceful hands, and all doubt about validity oozed out, like perspiration from the pores of his skin.

A happy hour that for Philander, you may be sure, although there did seem something slightly savoring of satire in some of the compliments paid him by his new associates; and there was upon his cheek the slight semblance of a blush, as the hint fell upon his ears that, during all the period of his ministry, even in those places where sinners had been converted, he had been doing that which he had no right to do. But then it was intimated that repentance, though it could not undo the wrong, might make pardon possible; just as he who robbed hen-roosts in his boyhood has it not in his power to restore the chickens, but may, nevertheless, repent of his predatory propensities.

But now an unforeseen difficulty stared him in the face. He found out that something more was necessary to his comfort, and, indeed, to his usefulness, than a valid ordination, and that was a valid claim to the bread and cheese essential to keep up the requisite clerical rotundity. Ordination did not imply installation, and, valid as it was, it gave no title in fee, nor even a leasehold of a comfortable parsonage. I know not how it may be now, but just then very few flocks of the finest fleece happened to be in want of a shepherd. The hands that conferred upon Philander the undoubted right to re-preach his old sermons, appeared to have sufficient employment without manipulating a comfortable nest for him. So he took his stand in the ecclesiastical market-place, and hawked his wares, if I may use that expression, meaning by it that he gave samples of the provender he had provided for hungry sheep, whenever an opportunity was afforded him.

But I must hasten. After months of diligence, and when the poor fellow's best coat began to look seedy—like Franklin's fisherman, he had had several nibbles, but never a bite—he was invited to give a sample to a vacant church which had afforded its former minister quite a comfortable support.

The impression produced by Philander was quite favorable. The leading female singer called him a love of a man, and at her special instance he was invited to dinner by her mamma.

In these specimen discourses, and in his social visits among the wealthier members of the church, Mr. Pigeon was especially severe, caustic, indeed, upon his former religious associates. He harped continually upon his reasons for quitting them, among which he made prominent, that against which I wish to warn you when you determine to follow his example, namely, doubts of the validity of his ordination.

In due time the leading sheep had a meeting to consult upon the question whether Philander had the requisite qualifications to become their shepherd. They discussed his merits with all the ability of which sheep may be supposed capable, and were on the point of deciding the question in his favor, when one of the older members, a bell wether, I might call him, speaking figuratively, arose and upset all Mr. Pigeon's prospects by repeating an old adage. It was this: That is a foul bird who fouls his own nest!

Now whether the mere truth of the sentiment, or the evident pun upon the name Pigeon, or both together, produced the effect, I am not able to say. It was, at any rate, a stunner for Philander Percival Pigeon. It not only barred his entrance to that nest, and left him no hope of incubation there, but it stuck to him everywhere like the poisoned shirt of which we read in profane history. The result was, that after fruitless journeyings from one place to another—Paul was in journeyings often, you remember—and the repetition of trial-sermons, until the paper upon which they were written was almost worn out, Philander esteemed himself fortunate

in being permitted to gather a new church in a little village, somewhere, if I mistake not, on the east end of Long Island. There, with an annual stipend of a hundred dollars from a missionary society, and the emoluments derived from teaching a little school, he is enabled to preach every Sunday, when the weather is pleasant, to a few rustics, none of whom, I believe, doubt the validity of his ordination, nor crack cruel jokes about the foul bird who fouled his own nest. †

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

NO. II.—THE TEMPTATION AND FALL.

AS it is written in the Book of Genesis, (ix, 3,) *The Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?* What a question was that! Full well God knew where he was and what he had done, but the question brought vividly to the mind of Adam his guilt, and showed him that that guilt was known to his God. Conscience, with her scorpion sting, had already been at work, and we see him and his wife attempting to hide themselves from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden. Is this Adam? Is this he who yesterday delighted to meet his Maker, rejoiced in his presence, and found his happiness increase by communion with him? Does he now shun his God? Is this he of whose knowledge the last lecture gave us so high an idea, and is he already so ignorant as to hope to hide himself from the all-seeing eye of omniscience? Yes, it is he, but O, how fallen! How is the glory departed! Let us turn our attention to his fall, and its consequences. Man fell, the Scriptures teach, through the power of temptation, and in considering his fall we are led to notice the tempter, his artfulness, and his success.

The tempter is called the serpent. By this phrase we are not to understand merely a beast of the field, but an intelligent and malignant being who had entered into the serpent for the purpose of effecting man's destruction. St. John explains this matter by telling us that this tempter was Satan, called in other parts of Scripture the Devil, the prince of darkness, the leader of that rebel host who revolted from their allegiance to God, kept not their first estate, and were thrust down to hell. Very strikingly is his cunning manifested in the mode of his temptation.

In the first place, he chose the most intelligent of the brute creation as a medium of access to the ears of our first parents. Whatever may now be the form or shape, or intelligence of those serpents with which we are acquainted, it is evident that he was very different in his original state; he was more subtile or wise than all the beasts of the field, and the creeping motion which has since been a characteristic of his nature is a part of the curse entailed upon him by the Almighty.

It is of course unknown what may have been his form and appearance originally, but from his known intelligence, his addressing Eve in the manner he did, was likely to cause less surprise than if any other animal had been employed for the purpose. Then, again, he selected a time when Eve was alone, separated from her husband, and, of course, without the benefit of his counsel. Had they been together, it seems very probable that their mutual strength would have repelled those insinuations which were sufficient to prevail over one. He commenced his address to her with a question which appeared to indicate merely curiosity and surprise, and not calculated to excite any alarm or suspicion:

"Yea," said he, "hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" Is it possible? Why not? What are the trees for? For whom do they bear fruit if not for you? Is there not some mistake about this? His questions, while they were artfully calculated to effect his object, were framed in a manner least likely to excite suspicion. In the native simplicity and honesty of her heart Eve replied, "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden, but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." Thus was the subject brought to the point at which the tempter aimed, and thus an opportunity was given him to seduce the heart of his victim without a direct denial of the Divine prohibition.

He replied accordingly, "Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods," or angels, as it might have been rendered, "knowing good and evil." Two or three causes will show the artfulness of the

tempter here in a still stronger light, and, at the same time, if they do not palliate her guilt, may serve to account for the apparent ease with which Eve fell into the snare laid for her. And first, she had never before heard a falsehood. A lie was to her a thing unknown. Of the rebellion of the angels she probably knew nothing, and of the character of the tempter she had no suspicion. Then, again, the lure held out to her was a thing in itself desirable. It was not wealth nor pleasure; of them she had a sufficiency; but it was wisdom, knowledge. She should be like an angel, like one of that higher order of intelligences whom she had doubtless often seen, and with whom she had probably conversed. The declaration of the tempter may have led her to suppose, too, that it was by means of this very fruit that angels became possessed of their superior knowledge and glory. It is not difficult to believe, moreover, that, as Milton has it, the serpent may have alleged that *he* had eaten of the fruit, and that it was owing to its happy influence that he was thus raised above the brutes around him. Further, it was not probably a difficult matter to persuade Eve that she should not die, although God had expressly declared death to be the penalty of transgression. Death was an evil which she had never seen; of which she could form, consequently, but a very vague idea. At the same time, the fruit was pleasant to the eye; of its beauty, and probably of its fragrance, she had before her ample demonstration. In this frame of mind, and revolving, probably, such thoughts as these, the language of the serpent was eminently calculated to effect his object. "God," said he, "doth know that in the day ye eat thereof your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods;" thus insinuating that the true reason why the tree was forbidden was that God knew this to be its nature and efficacy; that the prohibition was therefore insincerely and unkindly made; and that the whole proceeding on the part of God was ungenerous, arbitrary, and oppressive. Thus an entirely new aspect was given to the character of that being to whom Eve had hitherto always looked up with feelings of veneration, gratitude, and love. The temptation was gradual; by listening at all she prepared the way, step by step, for her own ruin, and at length the fell design of the arch adversary was accomplished; she reached forth her hand, plucked the forbidden fruit, and sin entered and blasted the blooming paradise of God.

"Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost."

How long after this it was before Adam followed her example we are not told; probably, however, but a short season. She gave unto her husband, and he did eat. This is all that the sacred writer says on the subject, and the odium thrown around the character of Eve, when she is represented as seducing Adam to be a partaker of her guilt, has no foundation in the language of the inspired record. "The woman," says the apostle, "was deceived," but Adam was not deceived: he sinned with his eyes open.

And where, some will ask, where was the great harm in all this? Infidelity has, in every age, sneeringly proposed, in amount, the same question, but to infidelity all sin, unless it call down the human laws, is of trifling magnitude. I argue not with infidelity; but to those who sincerely seek truth, I shall offer a few considerations that have a tendency to show the heinous and aggravated nature of this transgression.

And first, it was a violation of an express command. God had said, Thou shalt not eat of it. The sin, therefore, is not to be estimated by the value of the fruit, nor by the injury done to the Almighty. It matters not what the prohibition is; it is the violation of God's law that constitutes sin. It is precisely of the same character in this respect as it would have been if the act had been one which in human estimation had been a thousandfold more flagrant.

Further, the apparently trivial nature of the transaction aggravates the guilt of the transgression. Do you say, it was a small matter to pluck and eat the forbidden fruit? Would it not have been a very easy matter to let it alone? Was the commandment a grievous one? If the Divine wisdom saw, as doubtless he did, that it was necessary to lay them under some restraint, could he have done less than prohibit the fruit of *one* tree, when he had freely given unto them all the rest? Do you not see in their conduct also apparent ingratitude and discontent? Surrounded as they were by so many blessings, with such a rich profusion of every-

thing lovely and estimable, why could they not rest content? Was it not ungrateful to act thus toward that bountiful being from whom they had received so much? May we not also see pride and ambition in their worst forms exemplified by their conduct? They should be as gods, they would aspire to and reach a higher state than that in which the Creator placed them. Finally, as the crowning evil principle of the whole, and as the source of all the rest, their conduct showed that *unbelief* had full possession of them. God's most solemn threatening was disbelieved, and the voice of the tempter, "Ye shall not die," was listened to and accredited.

I made some observations showing the craft of the serpent, and tending, in some degree, to account for the apparent ease with which he succeeded in effecting his purpose. Do not let it be supposed, however, that God left them at all in the power of the tempter. With all the power of which he was possessed, he could not have compelled them to sin. Sin is always voluntary on the part of the transgressor. Freedom enters into its very nature, just as it does into the nature of holiness. No man sins, no man is holy by compulsion. When he is compelled, the merit or demerit of the act is not his, but that of the compelling power.

There can be no doubt, too, that had not our first parents at this time forgotten God, they had not fallen. A prayer to him, a whispered aspiration, would have been heard; strength would have been received, and the tempter baffled. It was true then, as it has been ever since, and will always continue to be: Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. By multitudes Eve is severely censured for yielding to the persuasions of the adversary, for being overcome by the finished cunning and insinuating address of the father of lies; yet how many of her descendants, even with her example and her fate before them, are led away by less ingenious sophistry and by more gross solicitations. I may not apologize for her guilt, nor attempt to cover it up, but I will say, Let no man cast the first stone at our first parents, unless he have the consciousness that he himself has not yielded to similar temptations, and in like manner violated the commandments of his God.

Let us consider now the consequences resulting from this transgression; and first, with reference to themselves. They lost the original glory in which they had been created. This, as we have seen, consisted in knowledge, holiness, and happiness. How did the mind once so clear become confused and darkened? "*Where art thou, Adam?*" Attempting to hide from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden, he answers, "I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid." Afraid of what? Of the displeasure of his Maker? No. He does not say this; but because "I was naked I hid myself." What could have induced the supposition that he might hide himself from God? and what but the loss of innocence, conscious guilt, could have led him to desire such concealment? Alas! he needed no voice from heaven to tell him that he had fallen.

An inward monitor, whose voice had hitherto whispered naught but peace, now thundered in his ear his guilt with all its horrors. An emotion heretofore unknown took possession of him, *fear;* not that filial fear which once distinguished him, but a fear that had torment, a fear that has been ever since the constant companion of guilt. He was afraid of God. He was consequently unhappy, wretched, and miserable. In this state neither of them manifests any sign of contrition or penitence. The woman, when questioned as to her guilt, instead of frankly confessing it, refers her Maker to the serpent, who had beguiled her, and Adam seeks to palliate his transgression by charging it upon Eve. This was sufficiently unmanly, but not the worst. It was the woman, said he, the woman *thou* gavest me. As if he had said, it was altogether the woman's fault, and then, *thou* thyself didst give me this woman by whom I was led into this transgression. He is willing the blame should rest anywhere, even upon God himself, so he may roll it from his own shoulders.

Having thus fallen from their high estate, the next consequence of their guilt was, banishment from the garden of Eden. God, it is said, drove them out, and placed cherubim and a flaming sword that turned every way to prevent their reëntrance. A melancholy hour was that when they went forth from that loved abode. It had been the scene of peace and pure enjoy-

ment, and now they leave it, their home, to enter upon an unknown world, a world, too, against which they had just heard God's curse denounced. "Cursed," said he, "is the ground for thy sake. Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field."

It is probable, too, that this curse fell also upon the brute creation. They were certainly harmless previous to the fall. Then, they neither shunned man through fear, nor threatened him through hate; but ever since the greater portion of the animal world have looked upon man as their direst enemy. Almost incessantly at war among themselves, they seem to have an instinctive hatred to the human race.

In addition to this, man was doomed to a life of toil. Originally, indeed, he labored, but without toil. His faculties were firm and undecaying; his labor was a delightful privilege; he knew no weariness; he was incapable of fatigue. Now, how changed his condition in this respect. "In the sweat of thy face," said God, "thou shalt eat bread; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." In sorrow! and what is sorrow? What a fearful amount of meaning is there in that word! a word unknown and unheard before, but soon by bitter experience to be fully appreciated. Fear, pain, sickness, disease opened their bitter streams, from which man was doomed to drink until he should reach his final doom, the fair fabric, his body, be dissolved, and the denouncement of his God be accomplished, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Thus much with reference to the immediate consequences of the first sin, so far as relates to the transgressors themselves. The Scriptures open to us a far more extended view of its lamentable results. They teach very clearly that the curse has descended through *them* to all their posterity. However reluctant men are to receive and admit this doctrine, however mysterious it may appear, facts clearly establish, first, that all men are liable to pain, and sickness, and death; and, secondly, that the human heart is naturally prone to sin. They who reject the Scriptural teaching on these subjects, are equally bound to account for these facts with those who receive it. Let them throw aside the Bible; let them believe that the whole account of man's creation and fall is an allegory or a fable, will they tell us how it is that the human race universally is subject to pain and sorrow? why fears of danger and distress haunt him every day and everywhere? why he is subject to disease from the air, the earth, the ocean? from his birth, his food, his exercise, and his rest? What has made this earth one vast hospital, filled with tears, and groans, and lamentations to such an extent, that no dwelling-place is an exception, and no family exempt? Are these questions too difficult, too extended, too vast? Take the case, then, of one infant who has just opened his eyes upon this world, and why does he suffer? Instances, not rare nor few, are to be found where the sufferings of a helpless babe have been such as to wring the mother's heart with anguish, and force from the father's soul a prayer that God would take the child away. These, I say, are facts of every day occurrence. It becomes him who denies that they are the result of the original curse, to account for their existence in some other manner.

Equally clear is it, that men come into this world with a natural and instinctive proneness to sin. You see it in the first buddings of infancy, in childhood, in youth, in manhood. It is perceptible in all lands, in every climate; in the tasty dwelling of civilization, in the tent of the wanderer upon the desert, in the wigwam of the savage of the wilderness. I know it has been said, that all this is the result of parental example: but this does not, even were it true, remove the difficulty. Why is parental example always bad? If it be not always bad, why are there not some exceptions? Why is it that the man, nay, the child who has arrived at years of accountability, cannot be produced who is not conscious of having chosen evil when good was present? that the human being has yet to be found who is not sensible of being prone to sin; who can lay his hand upon his heart and say, I am guiltless before God of actual transgression? If these be facts, and they cannot be successfully denied, how are they accounted for? Philosophy has no answer. Unaided, human reason is incompetent to the task. The pure light of God's own revelation comes in and tells us that, after the fall, Adam begat a son in his own fallen likeness; that by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin: and *so* death passed upon all men, for all have sinned.

Sufficiently gloomy, indeed, is this representation of the dire consequences of the first transgression. Gloomy as it is, however, it is not the whole, nor yet the worst. Loss of Paradise, pain, sickness, death, and all these entailed upon millions of the race, what are they all when viewed in connection with the fact, that although man's body molders into dust, his soul is destined to exist *somewhere* forever? whither shall the disembodied spirit wing her flight? where find a resting-place? Unholy, defiled by sin, and bent on sinning, it cannot endure the bright and awful purity of God's presence. Self-condemned, like Adam when the Almighty called him, it would seek to hide from his presence; but, alas! in heaven there is no hiding-place; all there is the effulgence of unsullied light. The gloomy caverns of the damned, the midnight murkiness of hell, are the only places in all the universe congenial to the defiled, polluted soul.

Just here, while all was the blackness of darkness; the present, wretchedness; and the future hopeless, a voice of mercy is heard like the glory of a meridian sun flashing upon the gloom of midnight. The promise of a Redeemer is made; the means whereby man may be made alive from spiritual death, and being thus restored escape death eternal, are through the boundless goodness of God spread out before him.

The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, is the declaration of Jehovah; and doubtless He who had thus provided a remedy, informed them of the means whereby the great atonement could be rendered available in their behalf. Did they avail themselves of it? Were they saved?

These are thrilling questions. They are not answered definitely in the Bible; but the presumption is, the hope, if we go no further, that they became penitent and were accepted of God. If so, one thing is clear: They were saved only by faith in the promised Redeemer. They looked forward to that same Jesus, to whom we are directed to look back; without faith in whom there is for us nothing but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation. But while we may not definitely answer the question, "Where art thou, Adam?" there is one to thee of infinitely more importance: Where art thou? Upon which side of the dividing line that separates the friends from the enemies of God, dost thou find thyself? It is not the part of wisdom to shun that question. It is manly rather to look it full in the face, and prudent not to give thyself a moment's rest until it is answered to the satisfaction of thy soul.

A LAY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THERE is good common sense, and not unfrequently sound philosophy, in the poetry of Whittier. The following, from his pen, appeared originally in the "*National Era*:"

One morning of the first sad Fall,
Poor Adam and his bride
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—
But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit,
For the chaste garb of old;
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit,
For Eden's drupes of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the morn,
Their forfeit garden lay;
Before them, wild with rock and thorn,
The desert stretch'd away.

They heard the air above them fann'd,
A light step on the sward;
And lo! they saw before them stand
The angel of the Lord!

"Arise!" he said; "why look behind,
When hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind
Your loss may yet restore?

"I leave with you a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruit and flower
As fair as Eden had.

"I clothe your hands with power to lift
The curse from off your soil;
Your very doom shall seem a gift,
Your loss a gain through Toil.

"Go cheerful as yon humming bees,
To labor as to play!"
White-glimmering over Eden's trees,
The angel pass'd away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth,
Obedient to the word;
And found, where'er they till'd the earth,
A garden of the Lord!

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit,
And blush'd with plum and pear;
And seeded grass and trodden root
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parents' fate,
And in our turn and day
Look back on Eden's sworded gate,
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
The pitying angel leaves,
And leads through Toil to Paradise
New Adams and new Eves.

GUINEA-MEN.

THE reader is about to peruse one of those articles of which the title gives no clew to the subject. Who and what are Guinea-men? To a late number of the *Journal of Popular Literature*, conducted by William and Robert Chambers, and published simultaneously in London and Edinburgh, we are indebted for all our own knowledge upon the subject, and having received freely, we freely give.

The writer commences by gravely reminding us that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." The remark may be extended over a far wider range of society than that to which at first sight it appears applicable. As generally intended, it comprises only those waifs and strays of humanity whose position is most anomalous, and subsistence most uncertain. It comprises those wretches who, upon some three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, rise in the morning without knowing how or where they may break their fast; and see the sun set without knowing how or where they shall spend the night. These unrecognized members of our social body—these Bashi-Bazouks of society—pass their existence in a manner, and obtain a subsistence by means, which "respectable" people can hardly understand, even when explained and depicted with minutest fidelity by our literary daguerreotypists. Their modes of life and resources of livelihood are altogether subterranean. When successful, the members of this class may repose during the night in the common lodging-house, whose hospitalities are purchased at the rate of 2d. or 4d. *per noctem*, according to the magnificence of its decorations; and fare sumptuously upon savory viands purchased with the shilling, of which, if you inquire how it came into his possession, the only possible reply must be that he picked it up "promiscuously." In unlucky times, the night is passed under a dry arch, and the day's hunger appeased, if at all, by an eleemosynary crust.

But at present we have no intention to write a history of the "wild tribes of civilization:" our immediate subject relates to a far more exalted class in the social scale; to men who live in respectable districts; who pay rates and taxes, and have a vote for the borough; whose credit is good with the butchers and bakers of their vicinity; above all, whose names pass current in "city circles." Of these there are many, of various classes and pretensions. "My dear Alfred," says the knowing captain in one of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's sparkling comedies, "I am now forty-five; I had run through my whole fortune at twenty-five; I never inherited a sixpence since; I never spent less than four thousand a year; and I never told anybody how I did it." But the captain enjoyed the *entrée* into exclusive clubs, was the recognized cicerone to rich greenhorns at their entrance into fashionable life, and was a prime hand at ecarte. How he contrived to "do it," could be a mystery only to the uninitiated. The class with whose fortunes we are more particularly concerned belong to the same genus, but cannot aspire to rival these members of the "highest flight." They cannot spend their four thousand a year, nor sport their cabs, nor hire opera-boxes and ballet-dancers by the season. Their arena is more limited, and their operations more innocuous; yet they still belong to that singular species of human beings, of whom it must be said that nobody knows how they live. In numbers, they are, on the other hand, far more extensive, especially in seasons of commercial activity. Their sphere of action is found almost exclusively in the city of London, where they are received with a kind of silent tolerance and negative respect, which might seem surprising to any one who did not know the important part they really play in the great system of metropolitan enterprise. The class we allude to is commonly known as that of the "Guinea-men."

The Guinea-man obtains his designation from the circumstance that, while his functions, his profession, and his duties, are of most various, and sometimes indescribable character, the remuneration for his services is almost invariably fixed at one guinea on each occasion. Although he may subsist partially, if not wholly, on these guineas, they cannot be said to be earned by a profession, for the Guinea-man has often no profession; nor by trade, for he has still more rarely a trade. He seldom embarks in mercantile pursuits, and, on the whole, dislikes speculation, even though indirectly he lives by it. The Guinea-man, in short, is the dummy director of public companies, the "silent

member" at commercial boards, the item among the managing committee who takes no part in the management of the concern. His duties, as may be supposed, are not very laborious. He is commonly attached to several companies; indeed, the Guinea-man, in order to obtain a respectable income, must have a rather extensive connection in that line. In his note-book are entered the days and hours appointed for the meetings of his several "boards." These are commonly held by each company once a week; or at longest, every fortnight. Punctuality is the soul of the Guinea-man. True to the minute, he enters the board-room, where, of course, business has not yet begun. He signs his name in the "attendance book," which is all he can be said actually to "do" in exchange for his guinea; passes some small joke to the secretary; and may occasionally venture to pry so far into the mysteries of the company he "directs," as to inquire how they are getting on, and whether there is anything new. He then subsides quietly into his own chair at the long green baize table, behind his own inkstand, blotting-case, and quire of foolscap for notes; listens silently while the secretary reads over the "minutes" of proceedings at the last meeting, and brings forward successively the "agenda" for the present one, and duly holds up his hand when the chairman puts any resolution to the vote. This ceremony over, the Guinea-man departs in peace. In very genteel companies, he finds, on withdrawing, that his guinea, neatly wrapped in tissue-paper, has somehow been smuggled into his hat. In such circumstances he takes up the packet carelessly, as something for the amusement of his curiosity at a leisure moment—having, of course, no idea of what it contains—and walks out with the air of a man who had performed an important service "free, gratis, and for nothing." Ordinarily, however, he takes the money as he passes through the outer office, from the clerk at the counter, who pays him out of the till, without any disguise about the matter.

To explain the origin of the class of Guinea-men, we must trace the working of the "association principle." Association, as we are told nearly every day in leading articles, is the great fact of the age. It has given extension to commerce, impulse to enterprise, profit to small capitals, and cultivation to many fields of productiveness, which must otherwise have remained barren. These, and many more, are the virtues incessantly, and not unjustly, ascribed to the association principle. But in developing this principle, a very cumbrous and complicated organization is rendered necessary, partly by the provisions of the law, and partly by the exigences of commercial caprice—we can call it by no other word. Without a long list of directors, no company can command public credit or capital; yet the business of even the largest undertakings can always be better managed by a few than by many, and not seldom better by one than by a few. The matter, so far as regards the companies, is most commonly settled by a compromise. For exterior considerations, it is found expedient that the ostensible number of directors should be large; the internal and absolute direction must, on the other hand, be confided but to one or two. To meet this difficulty, the Guinea-man has been invented. He swells out the list of directorate to respectable dimensions, and he fills a seat with equal respectability at the board, but never hampers the operations of the real managers. Content with his position and his guinea, he does not look beyond; he has learned the value of the old proverb, and will not spoil the associated broth by endeavoring to meddle in its cooking.

The ranks of this class, of course, extend as the list of public companies becomes larger, and it is already tolerably capacious. Yet, although figuring only as a sort of fifth wheel to the great association machine, the Guinea-man is harmless, if not very useful. There are hundreds of companies enjoying a very sound prosperity, whose administration is entirely committed to an astute chairman or active secretary, and half a dozen Guinea-men. In starting a new company, again, the agencies of this class are highly beneficial. Say that some inventive genius or pushing man of business has hit upon some new branch of enterprise, or novel development of an old one—has got together a connection—has discovered a new machine, become owner of a valuable patent, or obtained the hypothetical proprietorship of a mine, and wants to form a company for the *exploitation* of the opportunities so afforded—how is he to set about it? Such men rarely enjoy access to a circle of individuals fit to be-

come directors in the projected association. But if he can get introduced to a single city firm, especially a legal firm, who are acquainted with a few good Guinea-men, his business is accomplished at once. Thus have innumerable railway companies, assurance companies, mining companies, steam-navigation companies, and trading or manufacturing companies of all sorts and sizes been launched, often not unsuccessfully, upon their career of commercial enterprise.

We say nothing of the bubble schemes, whose promoters trade upon public gullibility, and which are started with the view only of securing some illicit profit upon the first issue of shares, and then disappear, leaving their shareholders in the lurch. The Guinea-man abhors such nefarious and evanescent projects. If he can help it, he would not be associated with a company whose shares afford scope for speculation, or when any temptation can be offered to the "knowing ones" to rig the market. It is not his game to play for a great stake. He never wants to throw the trading dice with £30,000 or the Bench depending on the hazard. He prefers quiet and steady-going concerns, where there is little risk, and where the profits are safe, even if small. Well is he contented if he can earn his guinea regularly, with the chance possibly of gaining an odd fifty-pound note occasionally by way of bonus upon the issue of preference shares. Fortunately for him, such companies are numerous; their names appear thickly in the *Commercial Directory*, though quite unknown upon 'Change, and their shares bear a steady value among a small circle of friends, although—or perhaps because—they are never quoted in the stock-list. What is more important, their affairs flourish; the profits paying a handsome and regular dividend, besides affording his modest fees to the Guinea-man.

Periods of great speculative activity are eminently perplexing to the Guinea-man. The bubbles from which the common mass of adventurers derive such enormous plunder are a nuisance to him, and too often his ruin. During the railway mania of 1845, for example, the class of Guinea-men sustained disasters from which it was long ere they recovered; so many new railway companies were started, and invited his coöperation, among which it was absolutely impossible to distinguish the sound from the unsound, the bad from the good. The Guinea-men fell victims by hundreds to these solicitations. When the collapse came, and writs fluttered down as thickly as snow-flakes upon every one whose name had figured upon a railway board of directors, the members of the class suffered quite as severely, though far more innocently, than many of their partners in misfortune. The population of Boulogne was actually doubled in the succeeding autumn, and house-rents rose cent. per cent. through the multitude of refugee directors. But among the covey of birds of higher flight and gayer plumage than their own, there was a considerable colony of Guinea-men, who gave an unwonted respectability to that place of voluntary transportation for the debtors and blacklegs of England.

In personal appearance and domestic habits, the Guinea-man is respectable and inoffensive. He must maintain his credit and character, for these are his stock in trade, and for the same reason he avoids everything approaching to dash or eccentricity. Being necessarily attached to the metropolis, he resides generally in some respectable, but not fashionable suburb; around the Regent's Park, for instance, or at Notting Hill. The Surrey side is rather objectionable. A private residence is, indeed, indispensable to his status as Guinea-man; and if he can give his address at some Park Villa or Laburnum Lodge, his value will rise in the company market. He will also sacrifice much in the way of personal comfort for the sake of keeping a gig—not in the spirit of ostentation, but as an index of respectability. Almost always, moreover, he is married, and has given hostages to fortune in the shape of children. The loose, fly-away habitudes of bachelorhood, would almost unfit him for the peculiar place in commercial society which he is required to fill. It will also be commonly found that he either has or has had some means of independent livelihood. He must almost perforce have been "independent" to some degree before he could have been eligible for the function of Guinea-man. The enjoyment of half-pay and a handle to his name in her majesty's service is an immense advantage. A captain "R.N.," or "R.M.," or "R.E.," if qualified in other respects, may almost pick the market as a Guinea-man.

To a member of the general public, the very idea of a company conveys some grand and mysterious meaning. The weekly board-meetings are especially considered with a sort of awe—much as a Venetian citizen might be supposed to regard the colloquies of the Council of Ten. In these secret conclaves it is believed that vast projects are matured, enormous capital handled, and irrevocable resolutions taken. Some persons who have been introduced at one of these meetings on business—as when wishing to insure their lives, or to effect some delicate arrangement with their joint-stock bank—have brought away a life-long impression from the awful gravity and solemnity of the spectacle. But the effect is due entirely to imagination. Any knowing city-man, on reading the names of the grave and reverend councilors whose demeanor had been so impressive, would say at once that nine tenths of them were Guinea-men. An acquaintance who happened to be initiated in the affairs of the company, might whisper the additional information that the bland chairman at the head of the table, or the secretary, who sat apart at a little desk, in reality "had the board in his pocket." Like many another mystery, the mechanism of the joint-stock company system ceases to be mysterious when looked at closely.

The part played by the Guinea-man in that mechanism is a very slight one, although, from his position, somewhat conspicuous. According to certain harsh judgments, he must be designated a humbug; and no doubt he occupies an ostensible position, whose duties he does not and cannot fulfill. But we are not disposed to judge him harshly. His position is rather a matter of accident than choice; and if he does little, he is contented also with little pay. He does not pocket for years a large salary on account of work left constantly undone, and at the end expect to retire with a handsome pension and the order of C.B. On the whole, he is honestly intentioned. He never thinks of swindling himself, even under its modern and polite name of "speculating;" nor would he allow others to swindle. He could not, for example, quietly sit by at the board while the chairman and his more active colleagues helped themselves wholesale to other people's money. This, at any rate, is something in his favor. As a director himself, the worst that can be said of him is, that he is a nonentity. Nor is it his fault. If he possessed the genius to plan a new company, or the energy to push and extend its operations over a wider range of enterprise, he might become a better director—or perhaps a worse—but he would then cease to be a Guinea-man.

THE DRY SEASON OF CALIFORNIA.

AMONG the many peculiarities of the most peculiar state in this very peculiar republic, are its seasons and their attendant phenomena. It might be said that the whole year is divided into but two seasons, the rainy and the dry; and that the latter, commencing with May, ends with October, for, though showers are not unfrequent near its commencement and close, no heavy storm is expected between the two periods mentioned. Flowers of many hues and various shapes grace the opening of this season, and the pure, exhilarating air may rival that of far-famed Italy, whether we gaze into its sapphire depths or receive its soft pressure as it steals along in its affectionate sportiveness. But as the season advances, flower after flower bows its head and drops its petals, and in a few weeks the ardent sun has, with the assistance of the heated blast, deprived the stems of moisture and left scarcely a trace of Flora's beneficent donations. The trees and some few shrubs still retain their greenness, but in all the interior country, save some spots where gurgles a stream or oozes a spring, presents a most desolate and uninviting appearance.

The soil itself becomes literally baked, and is generally dried to the depth of many feet, so that during the greater part of the season, save in the rich bottom lands of the rivers and creeks, it is impossible to raise vegetables without copious irrigation. Cereals, however, planted in the fall, or rather at the commencement of the rainy season, arrive at maturity in the most arid positions, and the hay is of the finest quality. Perhaps no state in the Union can produce better or larger crops of grain than California, and she certainly has a great advantage in the "merry-harvest time," from the fact that the crops can be cut and left for days or weeks in the fields without fear of being injured by rain,

a greater part of the grain being prepared for the mill without being carried under a roof.

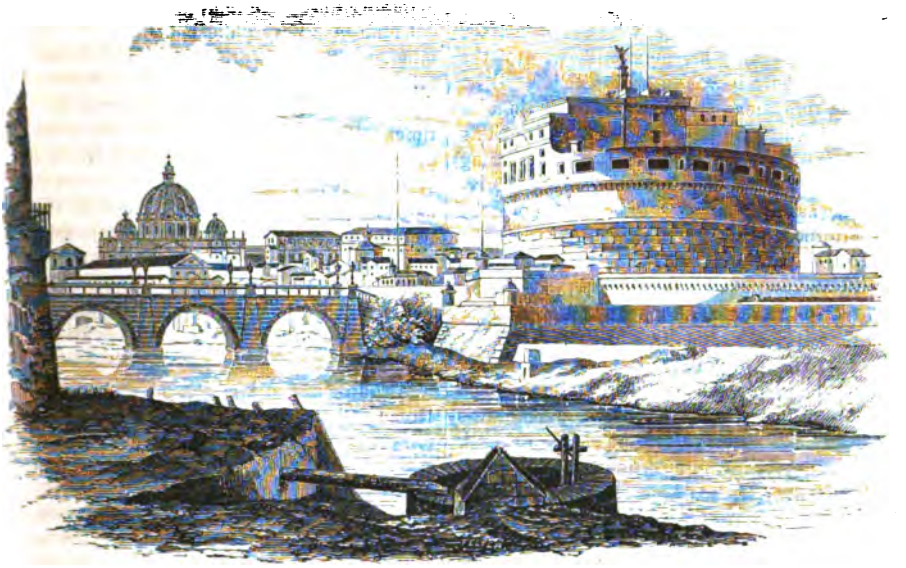
The roads become intolerably dusty from the long drought, and stage coaches being the chief means of locomotion, it is anything but a pleasure excursion to travel, especially if the direction be with the wind which prevails in all parts of the state with a greater or less force at certain hours of the day. Starting from San Francisco, where the wind blows a gale the greater part of the day through most of the dry season, the currents of air spread out in a fan-like manner, and ascend the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and San José valleys. In the latter valley, as it lies near the coast, and has at its entrance San Francisco Bay, the breeze is generally cool and refreshing; but in the two others, as it blows over a large heated surface, the breeze comes like the blast of a furnace, and in some localities is almost as scorching as a sirocco.

Long, clear, and bright are the days of our dry season, and many succeed one another without a cloud being seen. The air becomes very dry as well as warm, and greatly affects many articles of household furniture, and the houses themselves. Chairs, bureaus, etc., are ready to fall to pieces from the severe shrinking which they undergo, while leather bookcovers curl up like birch bark. The sides of houses, which in many instances are constructed of boards placed perpendicularly, though nicely conjoined in the rainy season, are contracted by the heat, and display large interstices, while the same is the case with the floors, doors, and partitions.

While, however, the effects of the dry season are so injurious with respect to these things, the animal frame seems to suffer much less than in the older states. Man and beast can here perform much more labor in a given time without feeling any ill effects, and fatal cases of *coup de soleil* are very rare, the writer having heard of but one since his residence in the state, the subject being a Chinese. Still we think that this intensely dry heat is detrimental to severe mental exertion. With the philosophical cause of the exemption of manual labor from the lassitude which so frequently attends it elsewhere, we are not acquainted, though it may be owing to the lack of humidity in the atmosphere, the presence of a large quantity of electricity, or the coolness of the nights, a remarkable feature of this season, which materially tends to sound slumber, and thus enables one to fully recuperate. The night air is dry also, and powder may be left exposed a week without losing any of its inflammable or explosive properties.

But while we thus write let it not be supposed that we are giving a description of the climate in all parts of the state, though it be a truthful statement with regard to its great interior; for on the east the Sierra Nevada, rearing themselves as a great wall between us and our far away homes, pierce the clouds with pinnacles which always retain some of the snowy treasures of winter. And then, on the other hand, the coast country differs considerably from the interior, the most remarkable difference being observable at the metropolis of our state, San Francisco and its vicinity. In this locality, as we have intimated, a sea breeze prevails with greater or less intensity during most of the dry season, owing to a depression in the coast range of mountains. It does not prevail all day, but rises generally just before noon, and continues, perhaps increasing, till sunset, when it subsides. A fog usually accompanies it, and this, added to the coolness of the breeze, renders the climate there quite wintery, and oftentimes disagreeable; so that while the interior is sweltering in the heat, the Bay City, donning her winter cloak, furs, and mittens, warms her feet at a grate full of glowing anthracite. This difference of climate is frequently a source of great annoyance to the thoughtless. "The gentleman from Pike" starts from his home to see the city clad in a suit of nankeen or linen and a straw hat. In going down the river he finds it becoming cooler and cooler, and when he arrives at the city he perceives that he is the "observed of all observers" on account of his *thin habit*, and is uncomfortably conscious of a great want of caloric.

This difference will also account for the great disparity there may be in the statements regarding climate contained in letters written from this country on the same day. Taken altogether, this is a strange, a singular State, yet no less noble, and wealthy, and healthy, than her older sisters.



CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

SIGHTS IN AND ABOUT ROME.

FLORENCE "had been done up," to use the phrase of continental tourists. Its beautiful environs had all been visited. Its treasures of sculpture had been studied, and its inexhaustible wealth of paintings. Nor had the ancient palaces, so illustrative of mediæval life, been neglected, or its beautiful environs, and still we lingered at Florence, unwilling even to commence our journey toward the Eternal City. Christmas found us at the midnight mass of the Annunziata. The veturino that had been engaged for the journey to Rome was dismissed, as rumors were in circulation of banditti upon the road. At last we paid our final visit to the Bello Sguardo, and watched for the last time from this point the rich light of the setting sun falling upon the towers and domes of the city, and changing the flowing Arno into a river of gold; took our last drive in the Cascine, our last walk along the Arno, wandered for the last time through the glories of the Tribune and Pitti Palace, received at the railway station the parting bouquet of our pretty flower girl, and were off for Siena.

We left Florence by railway, and the same evening arrived at the picturesque old city of Siena. The place was quite full of strangers, on account of a fête which was about to be celebrated there. But we succeeded in getting comfortable quarters in a quaint rambling old inn. The bare brick floors looked cheerless at first, but a wood fire was soon kindled in a capacious fireplace, which shed an air of comfort about us. The cathedral of Siena is the principal object of attraction. This magnificent pile was completed in the early part of the fourteenth century, and although it exhibits the work of various periods, yet the *ensemble* may be said to be of the thirteenth century. Immense and elaborate as is the present structure, it was designed to form only one of the side naves of the grand edifice which was originally projected. The interior is singularly impressive; the walls, incrusted with black and white marbles, present a striking contrast to the lofty roof of azure studded with golden stars. The whole is surmounted by an open hexagonal cupola, giving to the structure a singularly sublime and beautiful effect.

The people of Siena have the reputation of being a merry, industrious, and honest race. A traveler relates that on entering a bookseller's shop on his first arrival there, he inquired for the best description

of the town. "The worthy bookseller," says he, "told me that there was a better edition than the one which he had for sale, and sent his man with me to the shop where it was to be found."

From Siena we proceeded in a singular lumbering diligence toward Rome. The appearance of the country, after passing the line of the papal states, is not as thriving as in Tuscany. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived near the Lake of Bolsena, upon the shore of which is the little town of Bolsena, greatly celebrated for its malaria. This small town is all that indicates the least life upon its borders; not a cottage, not a peasant was to be seen. The stillness of death reigned upon the expanse of waters. Not a boat was there, or anything upon the shores to break the dreary monotony and silence which prevailed.

It was near evening when we arrived at Montefiascone, one of the most picturesque towns upon the whole route. Situated upon an isolated hill, its fortifications and cathedral present, as approached, a bold and pleasing outline. This place is quite celebrated for a wine that is produced in its vicinity. We were shown here, in the Church of St. Flavian, the tomb of the German Bishop Fuger, who died at Montefiascone, as it is said, from drinking too freely of Moscatelle wine. This prelate is represented in a recumbent posture upon the tomb, with a goblet on either side of his miter. One might almost fancy that the place selected for the tomb of the bishop had some reference to his propensities. It is a dark, chilly spot, not unlike a wine cellar. The epitaph upon this tomb, "*Est, est, est, et propter nimium est Johannes de Fuger dominus meus mortuus est*," has been explained as follows by a learned Roman:

"The bishop, a lover of good wine, sent his secretary on before him when traveling, to ascertain where the wine was good, and to apprize him of the places by the word *est*, (it is here.) It is this fatal *est*, thrice repeated at the door of the tavern of Montefiascone, that the secretary has engraved on the tomb of Fuger."

Continuing our journey through the night, we arrived at about nine o'clock, the next morning at Viterbo. A breakfast at Viterbo is one of those experiences of Italian travel, which is likely to become as indelibly impressed upon the mind, as many of the glories of Italy. A journey by diligence of some twenty-four hours, including the whole night, is not likely to conduce to a very philosophical frame of mind. But, however, after an unsuccessful attempt at breakfasting and paying for what we did not eat, some four or five times more than the usual charge, we concluded to make the best of it, and started out in search of some of the curiosities of the city. Viterbo was in the Middle Ages a place of some considerable importance, and has been called "the town of fine fountains and of handsome girls." We, of course, made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Viterbo Helen, of the twelfth century, who, as tradition says, was the means of kindling a war between Rome and the Republic of Viterbo. The fair lady reposes in an ancient Roman sarcophagus, ornamented with a boar hunt in *basso relievo*. It is related that the Romans were defeated, and, as a source of consolation, they *only* demanded in their capitulation that they might be allowed a last sight of the fair Galiana. The people of Viterbo consented to this, and she was accordingly shown to them from the window of a tower which is still pointed out.

It was growing dark when we arrived upon the Roman Campagna, and near ten o'clock when we found ourselves crossing the *Ponte Molle*, the Pons Milvius of the ancients. Who that has ever visited the Eternal City cannot call to mind the flood of associations which crowd up from the depths of memory as one finds himself for the first time crossing the Campagna, and actually approaching the "lone mother of buried empires?" How intense is the eagerness with which one stretches forward to catch the first glimpse of the seven-hilled city. We entered by the Porta del Popolo, the most magnificent entrance of modern Rome. The *piazza*, or square, which is approached by this gate, is of circular form. It is surrounded by imposing edifices. The center is occupied by an immense obelisk. Upon the left as we entered, the gas lights reflected upon the magnificent marble staircase which leads up to the Monte Pincio. Its splendid marble balustrades and lines of statues, standing out in bold relief, conveyed to the mind an impression of something worthy of the seven-hilled city even in the days of her glory.

We had but little trouble with the offi-

cers of custom, whose duty it was to examine our luggage, as a few pauls seemed readily to satisfy them, and we proceeded to the Hotel d'Angleterre with very slight detention.

Nothing can be more bewildering to the mind than the effect of the first few days at Rome. One of the first places to be visited is necessarily St. Peter's. Then the Vatican opens its treasures of art. The three hundred churches, many of them rich in art and association, claim their share of attention. While at the same time ancient Rome seems from day to day more and more inexhaustible in its treasures of architecture and lessons of history.

Having entered the city by the Porta del Popolo, we found ourselves in the morning in the midst of modern Rome, which is for the most part built upon the ancient Campus Martius, and quite removed from the remains of the original city of Romulus and Remus. The traveler, particularly if he arrive during the night, will be disappointed at the appearance of the city as the morning light develops it to his view. Surely this is not the Rome of his imagination. He looks in vain for the gigantic shadows of the past. Here are no clustering columns or ruined temples,

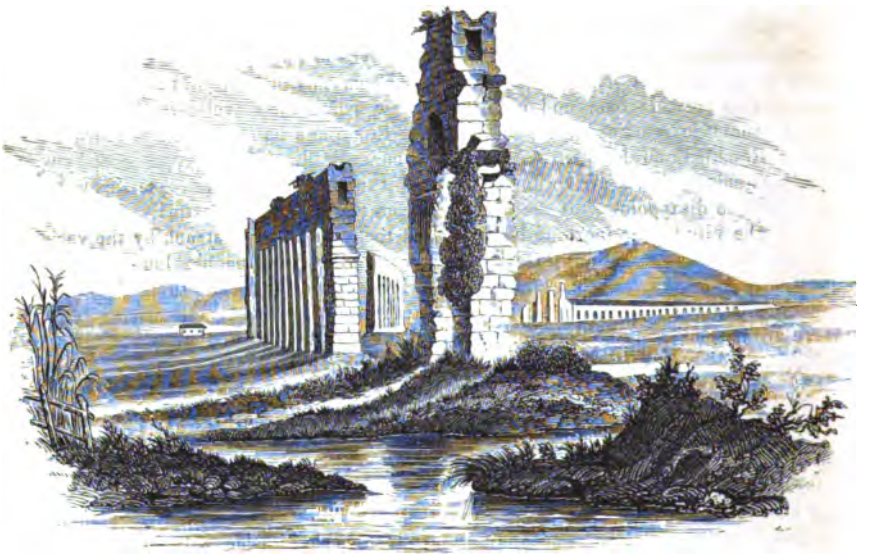
> "With two thousand years of ivy grown,
> The garland of eternity."

All about him seems modern. He passes along the Corso to the Piazza del Popolo, and so by the Babuino to the Piazza di Spagna. In these streets he sees nothing characteristic of his ideal Rome. He sees English signs upon the shops about him, and hears English spoken constantly in the streets. He sees a succession of buildings which might be those of Berlin, of Vienna, or Paris, and were it not for an occasional Contadina costume, he would scarcely realize that he is not in some one of these cities. He drops in upon Peali's book-store and circulating library. Here he finds the *New-York Herald*, *Times*, etc., besides stacks of English and American books. He may here purchase Harper's cheap edition of the "Improvisatore," and many other novels. He speaks to the master of the shop in English, and is responded to in the same language. The English mail has just arrived, and seated about the reading-room are many gentlemen in whose faces he distinctly traces the Anglo-Saxon lineaments, to say nothing of the heavy *dreadnought* coats and red-covered guide books of one John Murray, which in themselves are sufficiently indicative of the race. These guide-books are, by the way, such tell-tale affairs of one's nation, that I have known persons who have had them rebound in some different color, whether only as a matter of taste, or partly with reference to economy, I am unable to say. I think there may be decided economy in this change of cover, as the Anglo-Saxon race, known to all hotel-keepers, *commissionaires*, etc., by the color of their guide-books, are liable to be cheated in accordance with it, as the wealth of the *milords Anglais* and *Americaine* is so exaggerated in the eyes of the continental *sharpies*.

From this quarter of the city the first view which the traveler is likely to take of Rome and its surroundings is from the Pincian Hill. This he approaches by way of the magnificent staircase leading up from the Piazza di Spagna. At the foot of these stairs he is struck by the various costumes of the people lounging about. Here are presented all the different costumes of the Campagna. These persons are employed as artist's models, and here all the varied and picturesque costumes so associated in the mind with the landscapes of Italy, are to be found. Here is the pointed conical hat, adorned with gay feathers and ribbons, with the goat-skin breeches, just the figure for a brigand picture; an old man with flowing robe and pilgrim's staff; a boy with fanciful hat and long shaggy goat-skin breeches, who might do duty as a juvenile Pan. A young mother, with a scarlet bodice and snowy-white, contadini head-dress, holding in her arms a dark and bright-eyed infant, reminding one of some of Murillo's pictures of the Madonna and Child, who always have a peasant look. These varieties of character, and often many others, may be found of a fine morning in winter upon the first landing of this magnificent staircase, basking in the sun, and waiting, like the hackman in the square, for orders ready to appear in almost any character upon the canvas; now giving life to a scene among the ruined arches, tombs, and towers of the Campagna, or again appearing in some rural fête or vintage scene. Some of these faces and costumes

have been so often copied by artists that the stranger in Rome feels at once that he recognizes many countenances about him, as though he had indeed known them before, or that they had appeared to him in his dreams. This staircase, consisting of one hundred and thirty marble steps, with its several broad and spacious landing places, combining as it does with the Church of Trinita di Monti and the Egyptian obelisk immediately at the head of the stairs, presents altogether one of the most picturesque and imposing features of modern Rome.

While the winter lasts, and up to that time when the crowd of strangers have taken their flight, there is one well-known character always to be found upon the upper landing of this staircase; here he has a broad space for his perambulations, which he seems to monopolize to the exclusion of all others of his craft. This well-known beggar is the original of Uncle Peppo in Anderson's novel of the "Improvisatore." It is by no means an easy matter to pass up this staircase without paying black mail to this most importunate of beggars. In spite of his torso form, being destitute of legs, he manages to hobble about upon wooden clogs, serving both for his legs and hands, with wonderful activity. A recent writer says:



THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT.

"He is a living torso; his figure from the hips upward being vigorous and manly; but at that point the creative energy of nature has paused, and to this sturdy trunk are appended the feeble and boneless legs of a new-born infant."

From his elevated position on the stairs he marks his victim at a distance; it is useless to attempt to escape him; his disagreeable and stereotyped grin, with the universal "*Buon giorno, excellenza,*" spoken in a whining tone, are sure to greet one.

It is said that Uncle Peppo may be *bought off* by paying him one or two scudi upon one's arrival here, and that this will secure the stranger a season ticket. There are numerous rumors in Rome of the wealth of this man. At all events, he is known to ride every day to his business, and clambers up and down from his donkey with great ease and dexterity. I one day amused myself somewhat by questioning him upon the character that Anderson has given him in his work. Uncle Peppo replied that he had "heard of some one who had written a book about him, and that it was all a lie."

Monte Pincio, (the Pincian Hill,) the favorite promenade of modern Rome, presents but little extent of surface. The general plotting of the grounds is stiff and formal. The effect of the whole is greatly enhanced by the fountains and numerous busts which peep out here and there amid

THE MARCIAN AQUEDUCT.

a variety of foliage and flowers. Here are plots of ground devoted entirely to plants and trees of tropical climes. The stately palm, the cactus, and numerous plants and trees of tropical vegetation, present a pleasing contrast to the native trees and shrubs about them. Rome is emphatically the city of strangers. Here congregate the people of all nations, and on a fine afternoon of winter, under the genial sky of Rome, the variety to be met with here is most remarkable. Among the equipages a close observer will detect the neatly appointed English, the German, the French, and the Russian. Sturdy Englishmen stride up and down the walks in their coarse, loose clothes, which they style morning dress. Broadway exquisites, in their fine and closely fitting habiliments, glossy hats, and light kid gloves, which render them so marked all over the continent. Here are English matrons and English maidens, with fair complexions and fully developed figures, nurses with English children, frolicksome boys rolling their hoops, intent upon their sport, forgetful of all the glories of Rome, ancient and modern. Here is a German party, there a Russian, and many delicate figures pass along with which we have been familiar in the United States. In the conversation the ear catches the sound of all the European languages. Here are superb military costumes; a French military band is playing; artists pass along with long beards, fantastic hats, and velvet sacks; cardinals in their red carriages: ecclesiastical students in their long black robes with cocked hats, and monks in the various costumes of their orders. Altogether it is a strange and motley assemblage which collects upon the Pincian Hill on a fine afternoon near sunset.

The beauty of Monte Pincio is rather in its surroundings than in itself. On the one side is the Villa Borghese, with its magnificent grounds, costly fountains, and varied ornamental structures, its splendid oaks and pines, with statues peeping out from among the trees. And still beyond is the Campagna, with the storied Sabine and Alban Hills, forming the line of the horizon. In the opposite direction the bold outline of Monte Mario strikes the eye, with its dark and picturesque line of cypresses; near it, the classical Tiber wends its way through green fields. To the west, looking from the bold terrace, is the principal part of the modern city, with the Janiculum, the magnificent dome of St. Peter's, and the immense range of the Vatican palace and museums. Immediately at your feet is the Piazza del Popolo, with its fountains, its magnificent surroundings, and its ancient obelisk of the time of Moses. Still beyond all these objects the eye catches occasional glimpses of the

Rome of the Cæsars, and stretching far away in the distance, the Campagna, looking like a rolling sea.

The sunsets from Monte Pincio are world renowned. In midwinter the sun, as viewed from this spot, disappears immediately behind St. Peter's. The bold outline of its dome, relieved by a crimson sky, with the gigantic pines of the Pamphili Doria on the one side, and the cypresses of Monte Mario on the other, present altogether a combination of rare beauty.

FEATURES OF THE CAMPAGNA.

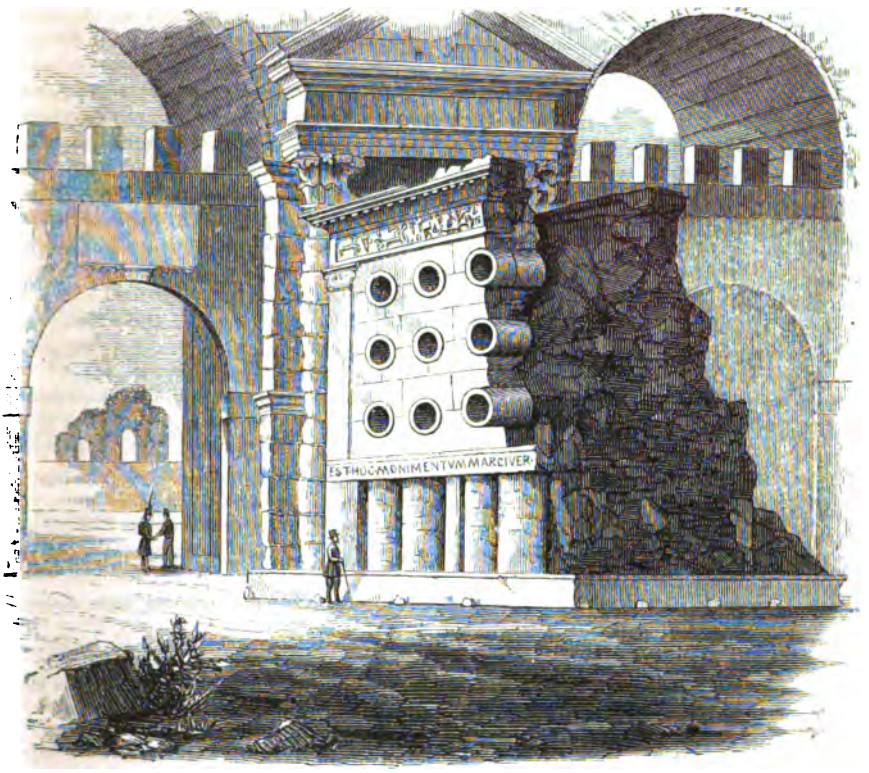
THERE is nothing in or about Rome more impressive or peculiar in character than its Campagna. This vast tract stretches a distance of ninety miles along the sea, its greatest breadth being about thirty miles. It includes considerable portions of ancient Latium and of Etruria.

That portion known as the Roman Campagna is usually applied to the lowlands of the Tiber or territory of the city of Rome, which comprises about four hundred and fifty thousand acres. This region has been compared to "a green and motionless sea, of which the Sabine and Volscian Hills are coasts, and in which the Alban Mount is an island." In the vicinity of other cities we find farm-houses and suburban residences stretching for a considerable distance from them, so that the change is more or less gradual, from the pulsation of life which beats in the city to the solitude of the rural districts. But once outside the walls of Rome, the waste of the Campagna extends in all directions, and there is upon it scarce anything which bears evidence of life. It is a scene of singular and desolate beauty. For there is a subdued and dreamy beauty in this vast expanse which one can scarcely realize who has never viewed it. It is the silent and majestic beauty of the Sphynx, or the strange beauty which at times enchants us in the solemn repose of the dead. Here is no throb of life, and the wanderer over the Campagna lives not in to-day, but in the past. The flitting images of buried ages people, with shadowy forms, its desolation. No cheerful sound is here heard. The shepherd, clad in goat skins, seems to imbibe the solitude and dreariness of the spot, and wears a countenance as solemn and as dark as the shadows of the ruined tombs and arches about him. Leaning upon his shepherd's staff, with his long mantle, he seems like a statue in a deserted garden, to be a part of the scene of desolation. Now a ruined tomb is passed, which exhibits in the vastness of the structure the pride of the ancient Romans in erecting such an edifice to guard the shrunken and decaying remains of mortality. Here a tomb has been changed to a fortress in the Middle Ages, and the more modern portion of the structure is scarcely discernible from the original edifice; ages have swept over it, and yet it stands, impressing the mind with the nothingness of man's life compared with his works.

The Campagna presents nothing at once so grand and impressive as its ruined aqueducts. The long line of arches belonging to the ancient Claudian and Marcian aqueducts form a series of ruins at once stupendous and beautiful. The quick perception of the beautiful in form, of the ancient Romans, doubtless contributed to the erection of these splendid monuments of the greatness of the Imperial City, as nothing could be more picturesque in landscape than these lofty arches, stretching away for miles over a surface like that of the Campagna. And now, in their ruin, broken here and there, with the clambering ivy struggling to hide their imperfections, and the wall-flowers peeping out from broken clefts, they present a feature of beauty in the landscape which, in their perfection, they must have fallen far short of.

The Claudian aqueduct, a sketch of which I have presented, was founded by Caligula, continued and completed by the Emperor Claudius, A.D. 51. The whole length of this stupendous work was forty-six miles. Of this distance, thirty-six miles were subterranean, and the remaining ten miles were carried over arches. Of this great work there still remains a line of arches more than six miles in length bestriding the Campagna. This, it will be remembered, was only one of the nine principal aqueducts which supplied the Imperial City with water.

The Marcian aqueduct was completed B.C. 145. Its source was between Tivoli and Subiaco. It was more than sixty miles in length, and entirely subterranean, with the exception of the last six miles, which were carried over arches. The arches, now standing, are built of peperino,



THE TOMB OF EURYSACES.

and some antiquarians claim that a great portion of that which remains was built in the time of Augustus.

The Campagna is by no means, as many persons imagine, a vast plain like that which extends around Munich and Berlin, although it has that appearance when viewed from a considerable eminence. But here is an undulating surface slightly broken like the waves of the sea, here are streams of water and deep pools. There is a depth of green in the verdure of the Campagna throughout the year, with the exception of a short period during the months of July and August, which adds greatly to its charms. There is, indeed, no season in which the botanist will not be repaid for a ramble over it by a multitude of flowers. But in the spring and early summer, after the crowd of strangers have taken their northern flight, then the Campagna puts on her bridal apparel, as if unwilling to disclose her beauties to the descendants of the northern barbarians whose ancestors have so robbed her of her architectural glories. Then it is, that she displays her "snow banks of daisies," and that the sweet-scented honeysuckle and numerous wall-flowers look out from the clefts of the ruined arches, and shed their fragrance upon the whole atmosphere.

ROMAN TOMBS.

Among the gigantic remains of the city of the Cæsars nothing impresses the mind so much as the ruins of its tombs. The taste of the ancient Romans seems to have been to render their mausoleums as conspicuous as possible. Upon the Appian Way the origin of the old epitaph, commencing "Traveler, pause as you pass by," would strike the mind as having been Roman, for here upon a great traveled road, one of the principal outlets of the Imperial City, for a distance of some twelve miles, there was a constant succession of tombs, built like the houses upon a street, and were evidently originally equally compact. The tomb of the Emperor Augustus now serves as a theater. Upon the Appian Way is the

Casal Rotonde—so large, that upon its top are now a house, a barn, and an olive grove. The mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian now serves the purpose of the great fortress of modern Rome, the Castle of St. Angelo.

This massive structure, of which I present an illustration, was erected by the Emperor Hadrian about A.D. 130. It is a circular tower of one hundred and eighty-eight feet in diameter, built of peperino. After the time of Hadrian it was used as a place of sepulture down to the time of Septimus Severus, A.D. 211. Here Lucius Verus and the Antonines were interred. Antoninus Pius was buried here A.D. 161. Marcus Aurelius, 180; Commodus, 192, and Septimus Severus seems to have been the last interred here, A.D. 211. The tower stands upon a substructure of two hundred and fifty-two feet on each side.

The portion which seems to have been originally designed for the place of sepulture in this vast pile consists only of two small chambers in the center, which are approached by spiral passages. These passages are thirty feet in height and eleven in width. They are built of very solid brick work, and have evidently been faced with marble.

The tomb of Eurysaces, sometimes called "the tomb of the baker's wife," is upon the outside of the Porta Maggiore, and is one of the most unique and remarkable remains of ancient Rome. This was for a long time inclosed in the work of the gateway and walls which adjoin it; its existence until a recent period was unknown. This interesting tomb possesses peculiar value as illustrative of the domestic life of the ancient Romans. It is of quadrilateral form, the sides unequal, consisting of different divisions or stories. The substructure, as will be seen in the engraving, is plain. Then comes a series of stone mortars of the same description as those used by the ancients for kneading the dough. This is separated from the next division by a band, on which is the following inscription: "*Est hoc monimentvm Marcei Virgillei Evrysacis pistoris redemtoris apparet.*" Above this band are again stone mortars, placed upon their sides, so that their mouths front the spectator. These are said to have formerly contained each a stone ball to represent the dough. The frieze represents in *basso relievo* the various operations in making the bread, carrying the corn to the mill, grinding the flour, kneading the dough, molding the loaves, heating the oven, baking the bread, and so on to the weighing of the loaves. The form of the whole monument is said to typify the ancient *panarium*, or bread basket. This work is generally attributed to the first age of the empire, and supposed by some to be of the time of Augustus.

"PAIRED, NOT MATED."

The wedding procession is passing this way,
The church-bells are merrily ringing;
The young peasant-maidens, in festal array,
Sweet flowers on the footpath are flinging;
And o'er the clear stream that flows tunefully by,
The sunbeams soft radiance are shedding.
O! surely no proud city pageant can vie
With this lovely and gay village wedding!

The bridemaids—I note them—how graceful, how fair!
The bridegroom—mine eye hath descried him—
How gallant his bearing, how noble his air,
As he bends o'er the matron beside him!
I guess, by the smile that his whisper has won,
That his loving and age-stricken mother
Rejoices to witness the bliss of her son,
Though that bliss be derived from another.

The bride—is she near us? My question, in sooth,
Derision and jest has excited.
Amazement! they say that the vows of the youth
To that old feeble dame have been plighted!
Yon mansion is hers; and her tenants are ranged
Around in obsequious attendance:
For lands and for gold has her bridegroom exchanged
Peace, honor, and free independence.

O! shame, that he forfeits such bounties to gain
The vain tinsel gauds of existence.
Hath he force in his arm? hath he power in his brain?
Could he toil not for dayly subsistence?
He hath lost the esteem of the good and the wise;
He shall turn from the base adulation
Of a sycophant crew, who in secret despise
His self-sought and deep degradation!

The joy-bells are tuneless and harsh to me now;
They seem as pronouncing a sentence
Of chastisement meet for a false, heartless vow,
Of long, bitter years of repentance.
I willingly seek the vast city again,
Since Mammon its empire is spreading
O'er calm, sylvan scenes, and has dared to profane
This lovely and gay village wedding!

MILK AND DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

FEW of the substances suitable for the food of man, afforded by either the animal or vegetable kingdom, are of more extensive and universal advantage, and add more to our comforts and luxuries, than milk; and there is not one which, in itself alone, so sufficiently supplies the various elementary principles necessary for the building up of the animal frame.

That it should contain all the necessary materials for the support of animal life might be inferred from the fact of its being a provision of nature for the nourishment of the young of all animals belonging to the class called Mammalia.

On analyzation, milk is found to be composed of albumen, oil, sugar, various salts in a small proportion, and water. And these are in themselves sufficient to support the animal body by affording the materials required for the nutrition and renewal of the tissues.

The caseine, or albuminous portion of milk, goes to form the albumen, and subsequently the fibrine and gelatine of the animal tissues; the oil and sugar supply the fat; the various salts contain phosphor, iron, soda, and sulphur, with one or two more elementary substances in a small proportion; these are necessary for the formation of the bones, and enter into the formation of some of the tissues. The iron is an important element in the blood.

The animals whose milk is used as an article of human food are tolerably numerous. Among the Bovidæ we find the cow, the buffalo, and the yak, and among the Capridæ the sheep and goat. Of these, the sheep and goat may be looked upon as belonging peculiarly to the temperate regions of the earth. The inhabitants of the cold North are supplied with milk by the reindeer, which finds scanty, yet sufficient means of sustenance amid the snows of Lapland and Siberia. In the parched deserts of the torrid zone the patient camel affords nutritious milk to the wandering Arab of the Sahara, and the milk of the mare is used to a great extent by the wandering Tartar tribes. The Chinese, always peculiar in their choice of comestibles, are said to use sow's milk. In Great Britain asses' milk is considered to have restorative qualities, and is sometimes taken on this account by persons in delicate health.

Most of the animals whose milk we use for food, have been domesticated from the earliest times. In the Sacred Volume we read of oxen, camels, and asses, in the enumeration of Abraham's riches; and earlier still, Jabal, a descendant of Cain, is spoken of as the father of those who "dwell in tents and keep cattle." Abel is stated to have been a keeper of sheep, which may perhaps favor the conclusion that the sheep was domesticated at an earlier period than the ox or camel. The goat is first mentioned in Genesis xv, 9, where Abraham is commanded to offer a goat, as well as other animals, in sacrifice. Jacob was desired by Rebecca to go and fetch two kids of the goats to make the savory meat wherewith he was to deceive his aged father; and goats are also mentioned as forming part of the hire Jacob was to receive for his third period of service to his uncle Laban.

We find also milk spoken of as an article of food in these same early times. Abraham set butter and milk before the strangers whom, while hospitably entertaining, "he entertained angels unawares." Again in Deuteronomy xxxii, 14, we read of "butter of kine, and milk of sheep." And the excellence and desirableness of the promised land, were expressed in its designation, "a land flowing with milk and honey."

From what original wild stock our domestic ox has sprung is a question on which naturalists are quite undecided; and there is much doubt as to whether any of the races of oxen, called wild, are really so, or whether they have not rather been derived from the domestic race, some individuals of which have accidentally escaped from man's control. This we know to have been the case with the immense herds which roam the llanos and pampas of South America, oxen having been introduced into that country by the Spaniards, shortly after its discovery. The soil and climate of the New World were peculiarly favorable to them, and their numbers increased with great rapidity. And notwithstanding the multitude of oxen that from time to time have been destroyed when the great rivers have flooded large extents of country, in some districts almost totally destroying the herds, in a very few years after such devastating visitations they have increased to their former numbers.

In Scotland there is a celebrated breed of wild cattle, namely, the Chillingham white ox, which by some naturalists has been considered as specifically distinct from our domestic ox. The differences in structure, however, do not seem to be greater than are to be found between the different breeds of domestic cattle. Professor Bell, the talented and observing author of "The British Quadrupeds," is of opinion that our domestic oxen and the wild white cattle of Chillingham are of the same race, and that the fossil bones of oxen, found in this country and on the continent, belonged to the original stock of our domestic breed. He considers it, however, a matter of doubt, whether the Chillingham cattle be descended from domesticated individuals which have accidentally become wild, or whether they be the actual remnants of the original stock.

All the Bovidæ, in their wild state, show peculiar ferocity of disposition, which domestication does not wholly eradicate.

Two species of the family are natives of North America: the Bison and the Musk Ox. Neither of these has ever been brought under the dominion of man. They are both fierce animals, and the bison especially is remarkable for its very powerful make. Enormous herds of bisons used to roam over the prairies of the far West, and the musk ox used to abound in the more northern latitudes of the continent, but both have for many years been rapidly diminishing in numbers. The European bison, which is a larger and heavier animal than its American congener, is nearly extinct. Formerly it had a wide range, but is now only found in a swampy forest district of Lithuania.

The bisons are exceeded in sullen savageness of disposition by some of the buffaloes.

The Cape Buffalo is a most formidable beast, and it is extremely dangerous to come in contact with it. It will with wanton fury attack the traveler who may unfortunately chance to come in its way, and will never be satisfied but with the utter destruction of its victim. Happily, its ponderous size interferes with great celerity of motion; and its activity of pursuit is further lessened by the enormous size of its horns, which, bending downward, greatly impede its sight.

The domestic buffalo of Europe and Asia is derived from the Arnee, or wild buffalo of India, but centuries of domestication have but very partially altered its naturally morose and sullen temper.

Instances, however, are given, which afford evidence of some kindliness of feeling on the part of these animals to their keepers. Buffaloes in India and Sumatra have been known to attack a tiger, which had seized and carried off their herd, and to deliver him from the deadly gripe of the savage foe.

The Gour, a noble-looking animal of great size, and which in appearance bears more resemblance to the ox than to the buffalo or bison, inhabits the jungles in the north of India, where it is seen in small herds of fifteen or twenty. It has the character of being excessively fierce, and is looked on by the native inhabitants of the country with feelings of superstitious dread.

The Yak, or grunting ox of Thibet, inhabits the Altai mountains, the higher parts of the Himalaya, and the other mountain ranges of the Thibetian tableland. In a wild state, and ranging at will amid its native fastnesses, it is a savage and dangerous animal. In a domesticated state, it is employed by the various tribes of Thibet and Chinese Tartary as a beast of burden, and is also kept for the sake of its milk. The white silky tail of the yak is valuable as an article of traffic with India, where it is used as a fan, to keep away flies. Among the Tartars of the Thibetian table-land is also found a hybrid between the yak and cow: the male animal being called in their language the dso, or bull, and the female the dso-mo, or cow. "The dso is used for the plow, being much more tractable than the yak, and the dso-mo yields more milk than the yak cow, and of a much richer quality."

Our domestic oxen often show traces of their native fierceness, and are sometimes even dangerous. Still, like almost all the brute creation, they are capable of being affected by kind treatment, and under proper training show a high degree of intelligence and docility. It is impossible not to perceive this, wherever oxen are used as beasts of burden. The draught ox usually shows great good temper and patience, and is quick to understand the voice of its driver. In the Basque provinces of France and Spain a small, but strongly built breed of oxen are

used for draught, and it is interesting to see the facility with which the drivers turn them in whatever direction they wish, merely by pointing a long rod or wand over the heads of the cattle to the right hand or to the left.

The most remarkable instance, however, of docility, afforded by this genus, is to be found among the large, long-horned cattle of South Africa. It is the custom of some of the Caffer tribes to train a certain number of these animals to war, and when they have received this sort of education they are called Backleys. But it is not only for warlike purposes that these backleys are employed. They also act the part of guardians to the flocks and herds, and of protectors to the kraal or village against robbers. The affection and fidelity they show to their masters are very remarkable. They are said to know every inhabitant of the kraal to which they belong, and never on any occasion to molest them. But should a stranger venture to approach any kraal thus guarded, unaccompanied by one of the inhabitants, he would be in extreme danger from the attacks of these warlike brutes.

The cow, in our own country, is usually gentle, but when her calf is with her, she should be approached with caution, for her anxiety for the safety of her offspring often causes her to show great fury toward any one she is not well acquainted with. The manner of a cow's attack is different from that of the male of the species; for while the latter makes threatening gestures, tearing the ground with his horns, and stamping with his fore-feet, the cow usually runs straight at the object of her anger, without any previous demonstration of hostility, so taking her enemy at an unfair advantage.

The following anecdote, taken from "Bell's British Quadrupeds," gives an amusing instance of good-temper and forbearance in a cow, under trying circumstances:

"A cow, which was feeding tranquilly in a pasture, the gate of which was near the road, was much annoyed by a mischievous boy, who amused himself by throwing stones at the peaceful animal; who, after bearing with his impertinence for some time, at length went up to him, hooked the end of her horn into his clothes, and lifting him from the ground, carried him out of the field, and laid him down on the road. She then returned calmly to her pasture, leaving him quiet for a severe fright and torn garments."

The ox has a wider geographical range than any other animal whose milk is used for food, being found to thrive under a tropical sun, as well as in countries of a very high latitude. Very large herds of oxen are kept, both for their flesh and milk, by the various tribes of tropical Africa. Some of the East African nations are remarkable for extreme cruelty and thirst for blood, and we find this wicked ferocity displayed not only to their fellow-men, but also in their relations with the brute creation. It is known to be no uncommon thing among the Gallas, when on a journey, and finding a difficulty in carrying dead provision, to cut away dayly, from the living ox, a sufficient quantity of flesh for the day's food, and to continue this revolting cruelty as long as the poor animal's strength will bear the torture, or until it is no longer necessary for their own convenience.

It is pleasant to turn from such barbarities to the contemplation of the rural sights and sounds, and the ideas of peace and plenty, associated in our own country with these useful animals.

How pleasing is the sight of the clean and well-fed cows, with fragrant breath and mild eyes, driven home at milking time, all taking the well-known path to the farm-yard, where they are to be relieved of their rich burden.

How pleasant in the spring, when the grass is yellow with buttercups, and the hedges, and hedgerow trees, covered with their first tender green, when the violet puts forth its purple blossom, and every bank is adorned with tufts of fair primroses, to see the cattle, in some sunny meadow, quietly cropping the rich herbage, or lying at their ease to chew the cud, with what we might almost think an expression of peaceful content in their quiet faces.

The contemplation of the beauty and perfection of all God's creatures, of the abundant provision for the wants of all, of the evident fitness of every one for the station it holds in creation, must fill the heart with gratitude and the lips with praise. And while part of the function of some is to minister to the wants of man, or of other living creatures, let us not forget the more glorious ministry all have to perform, the declaring of the glory of God, and the showing of his handiwork.

THE SMITH OF RAGENBACH.

IN the Principality of Hohenlohe, Laugenburg, is a village called Ragenbach, where about twenty years ago the following heart-rending but heroic event took place. One afternoon in the early spring or autumn, my kind informant did not exactly know which, in the tavern-room of Ragenbach, several men and women having assembled from the village, sat at their ease, none anticipating what would happen on that eventful day. The smith formed one of the merry company, a strong, vigorous man, with a resolute countenance and daring mien, but also with such a good-natured smile upon his lips that every one who saw him admired him. Every evil-disposed person shunned him, for the valiant smith would allow nothing wrong in his presence, and it was not advisable to have anything to do with him except in a proper manner. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fists like forge hammers, so that few could equal his strength of body.

The brave smith sat near the door, chatting with one of his neighbors, I know not what; all at once the door sprang open, and a large dog came staggering into the room, a great, strong, powerful beast, with a ferocious, frightful aspect; his head was hanging down and his eyes bloodshot, his red-colored tongue hanging half way out of his mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was bath keeper of the place, seen the animal, when he became deathly pale, sprang up, and exclaimed with a horrid voice, "Good Heavens, the dog is mad!"

Then rose an outcry! The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance; no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left, and no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up and shrank from the furious dog with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them, and as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog, and he formed a resolution, the like of which is scarcely to be found in the history of the human race for high-mindedness and nobleness. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled with Divine fire, and an elevated resolution shone from the smooth brow of the simple-minded man.

"Back all!" thundered he, with his deep, strong voice. "Let no one stir, for no one can vanquish the beast but I. One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim; I will hold the brute, and while I do so, make your escape." The smith had scarcely spoken these words, when the dog started toward the shrieking people. But he went not far. "With God's help!" cried the smith, and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the door.

O, what a terrible struggle followed! The dog bit furiously upon every side in a most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death which must ensue, he held down with an iron grasp the snapping, biting, howling brute until all had escaped —till all, all were rescued and in safety. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, locking the door after him. Some persons shot the dog through the windows. But O! merciful God, what will become of the brave, unfortunate smith?

Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him, who had saved their lives at the expense of his own. "Be quiet, my friends; do not weep for me," he said; "one must die in order to save the others. Do not thank me, for I have only performed my duty. When I am dead think of me with love, and now pray for me that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I must certainly become mad." He went straight to his workshop, and selected a strong chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock. He then, with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs, and around the anvil so firmly that no power on earth could break it. "There," said he, "it's done," after silently and solemnly completing his work. "Now you are secure, I am inoffensive. As long as I live, bring me my food. The

rest I leave to God; into his hands I commend my spirit." Nothing could save the brave smith, neither tears, lamentations, nor prayers. Madness seized him, and after nine days he died; but truly, he died only to awake to a more beautiful and glorious life at the right hand of God. He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time.

Search history through, and you will find no action more glorious and sublime than the deed of this simple-minded man, the smith of Ragenbach. It is easy for noble minds to die like Winkelreid or Martius Curtius, the high-spirited Roman youth, but to go to the sacrifice with the certainty of death, and, moreover, being obliged to wait a death so awful, during long, fearful hours and days, that is to die not once, but a thousand times. And such a death was that of the smith of Ragenbach. Such a sacrifice the smith of Ragenbach made in order to save his neighbors. May his memory ever be sacred.

A NEW KIND OF BABY.

NOT a newly-born infant, but a really new baby, or, to speak as a naturalist, a new *species* of baby. How this strange phenomenon came into my possession I shall presently relate: I now wish to give the public, and particularly the better half of it, some account of the baby itself, its appearance and habits. I know not the little innocent's age; it may have been a few days, or a few weeks, or even months old when I first obtained it. The only guide to its age is, that it had not a tooth in its head. Two days afterward, however, it cut its two lower teeth, and it was exactly a month more before the two corresponding upper teeth began to appear. From these dates, no doubt, its age may be speculated on by those learned in such matters; but, as I am a bachelor, and am not a doctor, I have not myself the most remote conception. It must always be remembered, too, that as this is a new baby, it is not to be supposed that it cut its teeth at the same time, and in the same manner, as common babies.

For the same reason, its size can be no proof of age. I have a suspicion, however, that it is a baby of the smallest size, being not quite a foot and a half long; but then, as it has very short legs, its body is larger in proportion, and its arms are as much too long as its legs are too short. In color it is a dirty brown; something of the color one may imagine to be produced by a mixture of all the races existing upon the earth, which makes me think it must be a descendant of some very primitive people. Its hands and feet, and mouth and eyes, are, however, much paler, and very much like those of any other baby; but its greatest peculiarity is its long red hair, remarkably long for so young an infant, which has a propensity to stand out on end like that of an electrified doll, making the little creature look always frightened, which I am sure it is not, as it is a sweet-tempered baby, and very seldom cries but when it wants to be cleaned or fed.

I hardly know how to describe the personal appearance of the infant prodigy, so as to give a proper idea of its numerous peculiarities, without making it appear less pleasing and pretty than it really is; but the attempt must be made. The general appearance of its head is very much the same as that of other infants, except the red hair, which is certainly a rare phenomenon. Its face, however, is remarkable for a very large mouth and a very small nose, rather more depressed than in the little children of the Earthmen tribe, the Aztecs, exhibited in New-York a few years since. Its arms, as before mentioned, are very long; as are also its fingers, which, however, in other respects, present nothing peculiar. Its little short legs have a strange facility of motion; they are either held aloft in the air, or bent back against the sides of the body, or its toes are put into its mouth for want of something else to suck; but I believe other infants besides this do the same thing. Its feet, however, are most remarkable in having very long toes, and a little thumb to them instead of a great toe. The skin of its neck, breast, and stomach is quite smooth; but, strange to say, all its back and the outside of its arms and legs are covered with long, soft red hair.

"Why," exclaims the reader, "the creature must be a monkey!" But I beg leave entirely to repudiate the suggestion. The baby in question has no sign of a tail; and if you could see its expressive countenance while slowly eat-

ing its soft rice, you would scorn the insinuation as much as I do.

Another peculiarity which this interesting infant possesses is an appearance of extreme old age. To look at, it you can hardly believe that it is only just cutting its teeth, and is quite incapable of going alone, or of eating anything but what is put into its mouth by other people. The little wrinkles about its mouth and eyes give it an air of precocious wisdom, and the workings of its countenance express so many feelings and passions, as seem quite incompatible with a state of helpless infancy. Still more extraordinary is its possession alike of strength and weakness to an unparalleled degree. It cannot turn itself over on the ground; it is incapable of moving an inch; and yet the most active sailor could not hold on to a rope with so much tenacity, and for so long a time. It will sometimes hang so for an hour together, and seem quite contented; and I generally give it some exercise of this sort once a day to keep it in health. Its little, long fingers are bent at the ends, and even its nails turn inward, as if formed expressly for hanging on to something, which it is always wanting to do. It sleeps with its hands tight clutched, or sometimes grasping its own hair. There is nothing, in fact, it likes to catch hold of so much as hair. It has a very passion for hair; and if, while feeding it, I inadvertently approach too close, it seizes the opportunity, grasps hold of my whiskers as if it would tear them out by the roots; and when, after some difficulty, and many twinges, I have made my escape, it generally sets up a scream, which can only be stopped by immediately administering a mouthful of rice.

Another thing that would lead one to think it must have come of decent parents, is its love of being clean. If I hear a scream at any time other than eating-time, I am sure the poor creature is dirty, and wants to be washed. And how it enjoys its washing, and being rubbed dry, and having its hair brushed! It never screams or kicks, as do many naughty children under the wholesome operation, but lies perfectly still, however long it may take, and seems rather sorry when it is over.

In my bachelor establishment I was, of course, put to some shifts to provide for such an unexpected visitor. I contrived a pap-bottle with a wide-mouthed phial, till I found the baby would eat out of a spoon. A small box did duty for a cradle; but as I was obliged to be out a good deal in the day, and the nights were rather chilly, I purchased a little monkey, to be a companion to my abnormal infant, and to keep it warm at night. It might not have been quite proper, but necessity has no law, and I am glad to say the baby was much pleased with little Jacko, and they became excellent friends. The baby, however, was a little exacting, and would try to keep Jacko always with it, seizing hold of his hair and grasping his tail; and when all was of no avail, and the monkey, by desperate efforts, succeeded in escaping, screaming violently with rage. Still, however, they got on very well together, and after the baby had been fed, Jacko would always come and sit upon its stomach, and pick off any little bits of rice that were left about its mouth, or even put in his hand and pull out whatever baby had not quite swallowed.

But, alas! milk was not to be procured, and a diet of rice and water was not sufficiently nourishing for so small an infant. It pined away, and suffered from a complication of diseases, from diarrhea or dropsy. I once gave it a little castor-oil, after which it recovered for a time; but a relapse again occurred, and, after lingering some weeks, death terminated its sufferings.

I had indulged hopes of sending this infant prodigy to your city, where it might have rivaled in popularity the ape-like Aztecs, and the public would have been enabled to judge of the accuracy of my statements. Such hopes, however, being now entirely frustrated, and it being highly probable that neither I nor any one else will ever look upon its like again, I shall simply narrate the circumstances of its discovery, and leave every one to form his own opinion.

I was walking in search of game in one of those vast primeval forests which clothe so large a portion of the tropics; no human habitation or sign of culture was near; parasitical plants swarmed upon the trees, and twisted climbers hung in festoons from their loftiest branches, or, trailing on the ground, helped, with prickly canes, to form impenetrable barriers. All was somber and silent. No birds fluttered on the branches, and but rarely an insect's

wing glittered in a stray gleam of sunshine. Suddenly I heard a rustling in the topmost branches of a lofty tree. I gazed upward, and for some time could not discover its cause; but after moving right and left, so as to see in succession every part of the tree, I discovered a large red animal walking along a branch in a semi-erect posture. Without losing a moment, I fired a ball, which apparently only served to make the creature move more rapidly. It passed along till the branch became so slender as to bend beneath its weight, when its long arms enabled it to seize the adjacent bough of another tree. This with great strength it pulled toward it, till it had hold of a portion sufficiently thick to bear its weight, when it swung itself across with surprising agility, and continued its journey to the opposite branches, where it succeeded in passing on to a third tree in the same manner. I now fired again, and with decisive effect, for in a sudden attempt to escape more rapidly it lost its hold, and fell with a crash to the earth. I of course imagined that it was dead; but what was my surprise, before I could reach it, to see it rise from the ground, and grasping with its large hands a small tree close to it, begin to ascend again with great rapidity. It had reached a considerable height before I could fire again, when it again fell to the ground, this time mortally wounded, and soon breathed its last. It was then that I discovered, close to where it had first fallen, the singular infant whose eventful history I have here recorded, lying half buried in a sand-hole, to which my attention was drawn by a half-stifled little scream. Some water being near, I washed the mud out of its mouth and eyes, and discovered a marvelously baby-like looking and innocent little creature, apparently quite unhurt by its fall, and which clung to me with most amazing tenacity. I had killed the mother, so I determined, if possible, to save her offspring; with what success has been already seen.

Some natives of the country brought the dead body to the place where I was living. It was three feet six inches high, and its outstretched arms were six feet across. The natives called it a "mias," but the Malays say it is an "orang-outang," which means "man of the forest."

THE PLANETS.

IF we pass from the central orb to the planets of the solar system, the first thing that strikes us is their complication of movement. The Sun has one motion only—that on his axis. The planets have each a motion on its own axis, and another motion around the Sun. As the basis of both of these, science recognizes a necessity which it yet cannot interpret, the necessity for an original projectile force. Mere attraction would simply have drawn such a body as our Earth to the Sun, and fixed it there, supposing it to have come within his range. Its rotation can be accounted for, only on the principle of an original impetus communicated to it, independently of the Sun. But an original impetus, sufficient to produce that velocity of rotation which it now has, might, according to its direction, have sent the Earth either right into the Sun, or indefinitely beyond his influence, to wander in boundless space. To originate a motion around the Sun, two things required to be calculated and exactly adjusted: the *force* of the impetus, in other words, the amount of the velocity, and the *direction* of the impetus. The Earth projected into space, (science does not, cannot explain how or when,) in order to acquire that motion which it actually now has around the Sun, must have been so projected; with a *certain* amount of force and no other, and in one *precise* direction and no other. Thus it must also have been, in like manner, with all the planets. In the case of each, to originate the self-rotation and the vaster circuit around the Sun, the projectile force must have been mathematically precise in its *amount* and in its *direction*. Here, as everywhere, we find ourselves in a region of almost pure thought. We are conversing with matters of nice calculation, with the palpable products of reason, with Divine ideas, with a work which was first ideal and then real, and which has no meaning and no explication, except in connection with profound thought.

But there is a still greater complication of planetary movement, which must be noticed. Besides the self-rotation and the course around the Sun which belong to the primary planets, there are many secondary spheres, the satellites, that have a third movement around the orbs with which they are severally connected. Besides the

original projectile force, its amount and its direction, besides the complication of movements that has been named, there are several other important elements that enter into the calculation, and that bear immensely on the result—the magnitudes of the planets, primary and secondary, their distances from the Sun and their relative distances from one another, their position, whether in the same or in different planes, their movements, whether in the same or in different directions. It must not be overlooked, that not only are all the planets attracted by the Sun, but they are also attracted by one another. Each attracts and is attracted by the others. With these actions and reactions, these various magnitudes and velocities, it was required to originate a system that should be uniform and permanent. Why, we may ask, are all the planets nearly circular in form? Why, in each case, is the shortest axis that which is chosen as the axis of rotation? Why do they all move, whether on their own axis or around the Sun, in one direction from west to east, as the Sun himself moves? Why do they all move nearly, though not quite, in one plane, forming by their orbits a series of nearly concentric circles? The variations in the case of the minor planets, situated between Mars and Jupiter, need not here be named. With this exception, the orbits of Mercury, Venus, and the other larger planets, are so many concentric circles, the outermost of which is the mighty orbit of Neptune, at a distance of two thousand nine hundred millions of miles from the center.

It has been triumphantly shown that the existing arrangement possesses the highest advantages over every other that could have been selected. It has been shown, that even a slight deviation in a single case from the actual form of the planets, their magnitudes, their relative distances, their axis of rotation, their velocities, the direction or the plane of their movement, must have given rise to causes which had certainly ended in the derangement and utter destruction of the whole. By the existing arrangement, a system overwhelmingly grand is constituted, which, while its harmony is of surpassing beauty, seems at the same time to be indestructible.

Two mighty laws lie at the foundation of the solar system, and secure its harmony and its permanence—the law of attraction and the law of repulsion. The latter is connected with that primitive projectile force, with which it may be conceived the planets were at first launched into space. This force originates self-rotation, in other words, the tendency of the separate parts of a compressible sphere to fly off, modified by the antagonist tendency to cohere, producing, according to the amount of velocity, an expansion of the equatorial circumference and a flattening around the poles of the axis of motion. On the other hand, and in the same way, this force originates the tendency in the body as a whole to resist and repel every influence that would draw it aside from the direct onward line of motion into which it has been projected. Let us now suppose the Earth, or any other of the planets, speeding its onward course in obedience to the original force that launched it into space, at length suddenly coming within the range of the Sun. His enormous attractive power would tend to draw it completely in to himself. But it is already endowed with a tendency to move right onward in a straight line and to fly off from him. There are thus two forces acting upon the planet, and it is the proportion and balance of these that give it its movement around the Sun, which might, according to circumstances, have been circular, or elliptical, or any one of the numberless possible combinations of these. The actual fact of our system is, that the two forces, the one centripetal or attractive, the other centrifugal or repulsive, are so proportioned, that the motion of the planets around the Sun is nearly circular. Each planet is thus, as it were, supported by the combined action of two antagonistic forces, the one drawing it into the Sun, the other urging it every instant to strike off at a tangent, both together keeping it at nearly a uniform distance from the center. A planet in this view involves profound and intricate calculation; it is a mighty idea realized, a distinct, articulate utterance of thought.

Of the two laws, on whose adjusted antagonism the harmony and permanence of the solar system depend, an immense amount of influence belongs to attraction or gravitation. This may be said to be the one pervading and reigning force in the material universe. It is the same in our Earth, and in each of the planets, and in the Sun himself—the same in the atom and in the sphere. Every single particle of matter attracts, and is attracted, by

every other. Every combination of particles, small or large, and of whatever form, attracts, and is attracted by, every other combination. One law reigns in a drop of water, the fragment of a rock, and the revolutions of the spheres. The force of gravitation acts according to a determinate rule, and its amount is always and everywhere mathematically exact. It is greatest when bodies are immediately near to one another, and diminishes in proportion as their distance increases—diminishes in a fixed and invariable proportion, the proportion of the squares of the distances. The solar system is governed by this mathematically precise law, and all the magnitudes, distances, orbits, planes, and forms of the planets, are adapted to it with critical exactness. So much is this the case, that La Grange has shown that, but for the very ratio in which the law of gravitation acts, the inverse ratio of the squares of the distances, by a deviation ever so slight, fatal derangement was inevitable. But it is not meant to be conveyed that there are no apparent imperfections and irregularities in the existing planetary system. It is certain, on the contrary, that changes have occurred, and are occurring; for example, in the eccentricity of the Earth's orbit, in the velocity of the Moon's motion, and in the obliquity of the ecliptic, which may be conceived to affect the permanence of the economy. The question is perfectly legitimate: Is there no likelihood that these or other changes may yet prove fatal? Whewell says:

"It was shown by La Grange and La Place, that the arrangements of the solar system are stable, that in the long run the orbits and motions remain unchanged, and that the changes in the orbits which take place in shorter periods never transgress certain very moderate limits. Each orbit undergoes deviations on this side and on that of its average state; but these deviations are never very great, and it finally recovers from them, so that the average is preserved. The planets produce perpetual perturbations in each other's motions, but these perturbations are not indefinitely progressive: they are periodical, they reach a maximum value, and then diminish. The periods which this restoration requires are, for the most part, enormous; not less than thousands, and in some instances millions of years, and hence it is that some of these apparent derangements have been going on in the same direction since the beginning of the history of the world. But the restoration is in the sequel as complete as the derangement, and in the meantime the disturbance never attains a sufficient amount seriously to alter the adaptations of the system."

SENSATIONS OF THE DYING.

"MUNICH!" exclaimed old Mr. G., as we were talking of my recent travels in Germany, "ah! how many a strange memory does that one name call up! It was there that life—that is, the life of cities—first broke upon me in all its brilliant hollowness; and yet what do I know? Is there more real honesty beside the plow or in the vineyard? Well, no matter, man is man all the world over, but it was not at Munich that I first learned all the treachery of which man is capable. It was there that I passed some of my happiest hours, and there, too, that I died."

"Died!" I exclaimed, doubtful whether I heard aright.

"Yes, died," replied the old gentleman in a calm, matter-of-fact tone, so that when I had opened my eyes to the full extent allowed by the School of Design to depict the passion of wonderment, and had asked myself two or three times whether he could possibly mean that he had dyed his whiskers there, or had really talked himself into such an autobiographical state, that he thought it necessary to bring the narrative down to his own decease, I came to the conclusion that my old friend was doting.

"I suppose you speak metaphorically?" I suggested.

"Not a bit of it. I can understand that you should be surprised when I say that I died. But it is a fact, literal, positive, and unqualified, at least—but, not to spoil a good story, suppose I begin at the beginning.

"It is forty years since I went to Munich. I was *attaché* to the embassy of the most popular, because the most amiable and liveliest minister that Bavaria has, perhaps, ever known.

"It was a terrible winter at Munich, where every winter is frightfully severe, and I was not strong. I was beginning to suffer from the intense cold, and was growing rapidly ill. For a week I lay on my bed, more dead than living; and every hour brought me lower. For hours I was unconscious. I was afterward told the doctor had come and pronounced me in danger. I knew it well myself. I felt so powerless, so down-stricken, that I could not hope to survive.

"Toward night, however, I recovered a little. I became conscious. But I lay without a movement, with one hand

stretched upon the counterpane, cold as ice. The first thing that I recognized was something warm beneath this hand. It was the broad muzzle of my dear old dog Cæsar, who had watched beside my bed, fearful to disturb me, and now, by that wonderful instinct which God gives the dog that he may be man's friend, had perceived that I was conscious, and quietly assured me thus of his presence and love.

"I tried to speak, and in low, gurgling sounds I bade my valet be kind to poor Cæsar.

"'I am dying, Karl,' I said. 'I know I cannot live over to-night. You have been a faithful servant, and to you I leave all that belongs to me in the way of personal property. In return, you must take care of the dog. And—and when I am gone—you must write home and tell them all.'

"I could say no more, for I felt death was stealing fast upon me.

"The man bent over me, and wept like a child amid his promises.

"Then came the awful thoughts of death. From what a life of careless worldliness was I passing into eternity. I had been gay, indifferent, thoughtless. I had lived for the world, and with it. How many a vice or sin, which I had once thought trivial, now reproached me with its glaring wickedness; and as eternity seemed to open upon me, and the awful judgment threatened, how vain, how wicked did all my life seem. Even that treasure, that one thought to which I had now long devoted my whole heart and soul, was a trifle, a folly, a vanity before God and that awful awakening. I was too weak to pray; I could only dread; and gradually my thoughts grew dimmer and dimmer. My memory passed; I felt that life was going from me. It was dreadful. I struggled to keep it. I drew a long breath. It was in vain. The breath came quick and thick; I felt it growing weaker and weaker. My head, my brain seemed to melt even, and then the last breath rattled up through my throat, and I was—dead.

o o o o o o o

"What I felt when feeling returned, I will tell you. At first it was an icy coldness, far surpassing any winter chill that you can imagine; no outer cold, but a complete absence of warmth, within as well as without, even in the breath of my nostrils. Still I felt it most in my hands and feet. My next sensation was one of utter powerlessness, and that, too, of will as well as of muscle. I lay; I was conscious of existence; but there was no thought in my mind, no movement in my body. My heart may have beat, probably it did so, but I knew it not. I scarcely even felt the breath pass through my open mouth, and as much as I did feel was cold and heavy. I say I was conscious. But that was all. I might have been dead. This might have been the grave. I knew not. All thought, all memory was gone.

"Then little by little my feeling grew sharper. I felt the cold more keenly still, and it was frightful agony. Then, too, I felt a strange pain in my stomach, as if it was shriveled up.

"I know not how long I endured this, but it seemed to rouse my dormant will, and as that returned, the use of my other senses returned likewise. My eyes were closed, but I knew that I could see, for I perceived a weight of darkness above the shut lids. Presently, too, I grew aware that there was something in my right hand, and as my senses grew keener and keener, and the agony of cold and weakness became still more unbearable, my will grew stronger, my thought returned dimly, though my memory was utterly gone, and I determined to make an effort to move. I had no idea that I was dead, for I had no memory that I had ever been alive, but I was conscious of existence, and instinct, I suppose, prompted self-preservation.

"My first attempt was to open my eyes, and in this I at length succeeded. But I saw nothing. All was dark. Only when I had lain for some time, gazing upward, did I know that there was a space of dark air above, and that I was not shut in close.

"My next effort was to feel what was in my hand. Whatever it might be, I knew that it was smooth, and somewhat warmer than the icy flesh that held it. Then I strove to raise this arm. But in vain. Again and again I tried, till suddenly with an unexpected jerk it bounded up, the muscles not being wholly under my will, and as it did so, I felt some hot drops fall on my face.

"It was this that saved me; this, as it were, that awoke me. These drops brought the blood more quickly through my ice-bound veins and thawed me into life. Then I knew at once that I held a bottle in my hand, and in my frightful, gnawing hunger,

instinct guided it to my mouth. I poured half the contents down into my throat, and O! how fearfully they burned, yet how completely they restored me.

"It was brandy, and my memory returned sufficiently for me to know that it was so. Yet I guessed nothing from that. My mind could not do more than perceive. I was too powerless to draw an inference.

"But now the pain was lessened, my blood was warmed, I felt that my heart beat. I was conscious that I was alive. And now, too, though I was still unable to move, I could feel that I was shut up in some narrow casing. My feet touched something upright below them. My arms were laid close to my sides, and my fingers and elbows found something upright and wooden on each side. I was frightfully cramped, and this was a new pain, and a source, too, of a vague fear. I felt my strength returning, and longed to be free. Yet I could not move. I felt as if imprisoned, and this feeling was almost worse than the rest.

"I raised my arm again with an effort, and swallowed some more brandy. Then my sight became clearer, and I discovered a dim, gray light, as of the morning twilight, stealing upon the darkness.

"Presently I could move my arms; I passed them about my body, and felt a number of brass buttons, and the smooth cloth of a coat, and the smoother satin of a large embroidered waistcoat. This taught me nothing. I thought it quite natural, but that was all. I remembered nothing at all.

"Then I tried to pass my arms over the wooden casing that held me, and when I had succeeded, I found something crisp and flimsy, which reminded me of muslin, and something limp and smooth, which my returning memory told me was ribbons.

"I asked myself what all this meant, whether I was alive or dead, dreaming or awake. In vain I tried to remember anything about myself: my memory seemed bound up beyond those simple limits. But I could bear it no longer. I made a great effort, and by the aid of my arms, raised myself into a sitting posture.

"O! how dreadful was the scene. I was surrounded by dead bodies in coffins in every direction, and corpses, too, not in a natural state for corpses to be in, but decked in fine clothes, and surrounded with flowers—sham flowers, made of crape or muslin, and gay ribbons—corpses in marriage garments.

"I knew not what it meant. For some minutes I gazed in simple unconsciousness. Next to me was an old man with white hair, his cheeks sunken in on both sides, his jaw broken down, as it were, from his face; and he was in the blue and red uniform of a general, and a star—mockery! —upon his breast, and around his coffin, roses and tulips of every gaudy hue. His eyes were closed, but on his face was a look of pain.

"On the other side of me was a fair girl, of nineteen perhaps. She was in a ball dress of white; and O! how that brought my memory back. I remembered that I had often seen such a dress. I knew not where or on whom, but the memory seemed painful to me.

"This girl was lovely. Her face was still round; her white lips parted in a gentle, heavenly smile; her white shoulders still smooth, but the young bosom that had once, perhaps, throbbed with love, now cold, sunken, still. I looked long at the face. It was beautiful. It produced pleasure in me. I did not remember it, and yet as I gazed I thought I had seen it somewhere, in some dream. There were many other bodies, and I stared at them all; at least all that the dim light allowed me to see; but suddenly I shook, shuddered, and trembled. I had at last remembered that this must be death, and then I knew that I was really alive, and the thought of being alive amid the dead was awful.

"I made a desperate effort, raised myself on my sinking legs, and crawled from my coffin. Before me was a large glass door. I remembered it must be a door. I crawled to it in agony—fearful agony—the pain of longing to escape, and the impossibility of doing so from weakness. At last I reached it, and by another effort stood up and looked out, and in the gray moonlight—for such it was—I saw a vast graveyard. O! even that sight, all alone as I was, was cheerful compared with what was behind me—the dead. I sought to open the door. I felt and found a handle, but it was useless. I tried to scream, and my voice fell almost without sound back into my lungs. Yet even its slight sound terrified me. I feared lest it should wake some of those bodies behind me, and this terror lent an unnatural force to my weak, wasted limbs.

"I shook the door with all my might. I thrust my fist through the glass, and then I uttered a wild, piercing shriek.

"O! how terrible was that solitude. The sound echoed through the dead-house, and passed over the white, quiet tombstones, and there was no answer. I shrieked again and again, and then, utterly weakened, I clung almost senseless to the door.

"It seemed an age that I hung there, shrinking close up to escape the horror behind me—an age of agony.

"At last a light gleamed close by.

"O! how it cheered me. I called for help, and no longer feared my own voice. Still there was no answer; but in a moment or two, a figure advanced slowly and cautiously, and I thought it was the figure of a dead man; so white, so full of dread was the face. It advanced, step by step, holding the light before it high up with a trembling hand. I cried, but still it answered not. I cried, 'For God's sake, let me out. Are you a man or a corpse?'

"He answered not, but came on slowly, and I could see him tremble. At last he came almost close up, but stopped and turned the light full upon my face. For some minutes, at least, he stood thus, and not knowing who or what he was, whether dead or alive, I could only cling to the door and gaze at him madly.

"Presently I heard a jingling as of iron, next a grating in the lock of the door, and then the door was opened, and I fell insensible upon my face.

"When I revived, it was with a feeling of pleasure about me. I was very warm and comfortable. Somebody was rubbing my feet—somebody else chafing my hands. Some time this lasted, and then I sat up.

"I was in a small room with a fire and a lighted candle, and the man of the lantern, whom I gradually recognized, was rubbing my feet, while another man, whom at last I recognized too as my own doctor, was standing beside me, clapping the palms of my hands violently.

"'Thank God!' I heard him exclaim, and the sound of his voice cheered me.

"At length I was alive again. They gave me food, which I devoured ravenously; they gave me a warm drink, which made me feel fresh and hearty, and after an hour's time or so, I was sitting up talking almost sensibly to the doctor.

"It was then for the first time that I discovered that I was dressed in full diplomatic costume. What absurdity!

"And now you will be asking what all this means, and I will give you the key of the wonder, to set your mind at rest.

"Of course you have guessed that I had been in a kind of trance; fortunately, however, of a slight kind, and one which only lasted two days. You must know, then, that at Munich and at many other Continental towns, the plague was once a terrible guest. In consequence of this, it is imperative to convey every dead body, an hour or two after death, to a public dead-house, where they lie in their coffins till all is ready for their interment. But as trances occasionally happen, and people have been known to come to life again, the friends dress them up in their clothes of state and surround them with flowers, in order that, should they awake, they may not be shocked to death again by finding themselves in a grave-cloth and a hard coffin. It is a pretty idea, to make death look so gay; for, after all, is not death a wedding, a marriage of the soul to its Maker, which brings us into the blessedness of eternal life? So, then, they deck them for a wedding, and they place in the hand of each a bottle or a flask of brandy, that they may not die of exhaustion.

"Of late years they have had recourse to another expedient, which unfortunately for me was unknown in my day. They attach to the fingers of the dead body a ring, to which is fastened the wire of a bell which hangs in the room of the guardian of the cemetery. The slightest movement of the limbs suffices to ring this bell, and the watcher, prepared with cordials and restoratives, rushes to the place, and rescues the wretched creature from the awful position. But in my day the instances of trance had been very few; the watcher had never known one before, which accounted for the alarm he was in.

"Is it strange or not that my first thought, when I recovered my memory sufficiently to know that I had thus awoke up from death, was thankfulness for this return to life, and a horror of death, an awful dread of dying again? The fact was, that my memory went no further. Up to this time I had remembered nothing that had taken place before the trance. All my past life was a blank, and I only remembered with a shudder the scene of death that I had lately gazed upon."

PULP AND ESSENCE.

FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Of extracts worthy of preservation, "Spice Islands passed in the Sea of Reading," as the editor of the *Home Journal* calls them, we give the first place this month to

A BEAUTIFUL PARABLE.

We find it in *Krummacher's Suffering Saviour*, where it is given as illustrative of the mockery before Herod's tribunal in the last tragedy of the "Saviour's Sorrows."

Adam was a king gloriously arrayed, and ordained to reign. But sin cast him down from his lofty throne, and caused him the loss of his purple robe, his diadem and scepter. But after his eyes were opened to perceive how much he had lost, and when his looks were anxiously directed to the earth in search of it, he saw thorns and thistles spring up on the spot where the crown fell from his head; the scepter changed, as if to mock the fallen monarch, into a fragrant reed; and instead of the purple robe, his deceived hand took up a robe of mockery from the dust. The poor, disappointed being hung down his head with grief, when a voice exclaimed, "Look up!" He did so, and lo! what an astonishing vision presented itself to his eye! Before him stood a dignified and mysterious man, who had gathered up the piercing thorns from the ground, and wound them round his head for a crown; he had wrapped himself in the robe of mockery, and taken the reed, the emblem of weakness, into his own hand. "Who art thou, wondrous being?" inquired the progenitor of the human race, astonished, and received the heart-cheering reply, "I am the King of Kings, who, acting as thy representative, am restoring to thee the paradisiacal jewels thou hast lost!" Our delighted first father then bowed himself gratefully and reverentially in the dust; and after being clothed with the skin of the sacrificed animal, fathomed the depths of the words of Jehovah, "Adam is become like one of us."

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

Some fair one, writing from the far-off shores of the Pacific, whither she had wandered, impelled by duty or interest, or perhaps by both, for there is no reason why they should be dissociated, says some pleasant and beautiful things about home and its memories:

Many and dear are the memories which cluster around that little old cottage—the far-away home of my sunny childhood. As I sit here, I can close my eyes, and the long gone past comes rustling back, and in imagination I once more see my cottage home peeping from the shading trees, and the vines and roses which climb and clamber over the lattice work, and up the pillars of the piazza, and peep in at the tallest window, and tap so gently on the pane. That dear old home! I seem to be a child again, and stroll carelessly up the walk, and pause a moment as I step on the piazza to enjoy the delicious coolness, and toss my curls to the breeze as it floats lazily by, and take a merry romp with Uncle William, while he pulls my hair and pinches my ears and cheeks till they are redder than June roses, and tickles my plump, fat neck and shoulders till I fairly scream with laughter, and then I pull away from him, and smooth my hair and pull down my rumpled apron, gravely telling him all the while that I never will go near him again; and it all ends in a rougher romp than ever. Ah! that dear uncle, it was a light spring morning that he kissed me for the last time, and passed into the silent evening land.

The smile is gone from my lip! I tread with noiseless step as memories dear and sacred come thronging by! It was in this little parlor where the "blessed sunlight" so loves to stray that sweet Sister Mary became a bride, and in all her bridal beauty—amid tears and blessings went from our number—and here, in one little month from that day, she lay so still and cold, and received our caresses with never an answering one. With white hands folded over the snowy robe, and up-turned face, she rested there; beautiful in life, she was still more so in death. A fitting mark was that fair sister for the spoiler. It was our first grief, and when the green clods hid her from us, we turned away, feeling that our home circle was broken—earth had one less tie!

There, too, our eldest brother bade us farewell, and went forth to seek his fortune in other lands. Tidings often reached us of the wanderer; yet still he turns to that old home, "as a sacred thing forever." And ever shall its memory be cherished by us; though time may thread our tresses with gray—though all things else fail, the memory of that dear old home shall be a joy forever.

THE BIBLE ALIVE—THE CHURCH DEAD.

From a volume entitled "The Earnest Minister," being selections from the Posthumous and other writings of Rev. Benjamin Parsons, we take the following:

Revelation is a vast field of every description of moral and spiritual truth that can touch the sensibilities of the soul; and reading through a Scripture history, prophecy, gospel, or epistle, is like perambulating the famed Gardens of Hesperides, wandering through the vales of Tempe, or climbing the heights of Parnassus, Tabor, Pisgah, Sinai, Olivet, or Lebanon. Doubtless Palestine was chosen as the father-land of the prophets, that men whose minds were nursed in the midst of the loveliest and grandest natural scenery, might be able, from their earliest associations, to clothe Divine truth in all the beauty and majesty of earth and heaven. Hence there is nothing dull or lifeless in the Scriptures. Even its genealogies have a biographic and poetic charm. There is, in fact, freshness and verdure everywhere, from Moses to John the Divine. And yet we shall not err if we say that not one of ten thousand in the Christian world is alive to these enchanting beauties. We have contrived by Sectarianism, Dissection, and System, to destroy life and loveliness. You cannot play the anatomist and preserve the vitality of your subject. Death and dissection generally go together. A collection of dry bones, of withered muscles and nerves, would be but a sorry representation of Adam and Eve in their original beauty and dignity. Our bodies of Divinity and Systematic Theology are very much of this character. They are mere skeletons, and stink of the sepulcher. Graves in more senses than one, are associated with churches and chapels. Too often you have as many dead above as below the turf. You have corpses in gowns and bands as well as in coffins, and the surplice may not be a bad emblem of the winding-sheet. The president, tutor, and preacher, are sometimes dead while they live, and stiff and cold, by way of antici-

pating dissolution. All is dark, and damp, and chilling. You have not only skeletons of sermons, but skeleton-sermons, and the sanctuary is made a mental and spiritual charnel-house. The priest is dead, and the hearers are dead, for the divinity is dead.

NO PRAISE WHERE JESUS IS NOT KNOWN.

An able writer furnishes a series of articles on "Christian Missions" for the London *Wesleyan Magazine*. From the number for November last we take the following eloquent and truthful passage:

There is no praise in the world where the name of Jesus is not known. Ancient and modern heathen nations have erected splendid temples in honor of their gods, and established a numerous priesthood, with manifold rites and ceremonies; but whatever their forms of worship, however multiplied their prayers, oblations, and strains of music, *there is no praise.* Satan, with all his arts of delusion, could not imitate, within the precincts of heathenism, those praises which he and his fallen angels once knew in heaven. "Thanksgiving and the voice of melody" none ever heard in a pagan temple from generation to generation. And poor, superstitious Africa, whatever may be the diversified sounds heard in her dreary deserts, or her villages and kraals, from the wild war-cry to the weary, monotonous sounds of the festive dance, never furnishes one note of praise. The Mohammedan ascends his mosque, or enters its portals, leaving his sandals at the door, that he may reverently bow to say his prayers; but Mohammedanism is silent as death in regard to praise. The Jews, indeed, retain the ancient forms of praise; but, until they believe in Jesus, though they "chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music, like David," (Amos vi, 5,) it is only like chanting among the dreary mansions of the dead. Thus, if the whole world were without Jesus, praise would utterly forsake the earth. Praise increases as his kingdom extends; and the people then "confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father," when they "sing forth the honor of his name," and "make his praise glorious." Psalm lxvi, 2.

MUDDINESS MISTAKEN FOR DEPTH.

Archbishop Whately, in his preface to an edition of "Bacon's Essays," has some very sensible remarks on the proneness of the multitude to mistake muddiness for depth.

One may often hear writers of this class spoken of as possessing wonderful *power*, even by those who regret that this power is not better employed. "It is a pity," we sometimes hear it said, "that such and such an author does not express in simple, intelligible, unaffected English such admirable matter as his." They little think that it is the strangeness and obscurity of the style that make the power displayed seem far greater than it is; and that much of what they now admire as originality and profound wisdom, would appear, if translated into common language, to be mere common-place matter. Many a work of this description may remind one of the supposed ancient shield which had been found by the antiquary, Martinus Scriblerus, and which he highly prized, incrusted as it was with venerable rust. He mused on the splendid appearance it must have had in its bright newness; till, one day, an over-sedulous housemaid having scoured off the rust, it turned out to be merely an old pot-lid.

It is chiefly in such foggy forms that the metaphysics and theology of Germany, for instance, are exercising a greater influence every day on popular literature. It has been zealously instilled into the minds of many, that Germany has something far more profound to supply than anything hitherto extant in our native literature; though what that profound something is, seems not to be well understood by its admirers. They are, most of them, willing to take it for granted, with an implicit faith, that what seems such *hard* thinking must be very accurate and original thinking also. What is abstruse and recondite they suppose must be abstruse and recondite wisdom; though, perhaps, it is what, if stated in plain English, they would throw aside as partly trifling truisms, and partly stark folly.

It is a remark that I have heard highly applauded, that a *clear* idea is generally a *little* idea; for there are not a few persons who estimate the depth of thought as an unskilful eye would estimate the depth of water. Muddy water is apt to be supposed deeper than it is, because you cannot see to the bottom; very clear water, on the contrary, will always seem less deep than it is, both from the well-known law of refraction, and also because it is so thoroughly penetrated by the sight. Men fancy that an idea must have been always obvious to every one, when they find it so plainly presented to the mind that every one can easily take it in. An explanation that is perfectly clear, satisfactory, and simple, often causes the unreflecting to forget that they had needed any explanation at all.

EXTREME SKEPTICISM LEADS TO CREDULITY.

The same author, in a charge delivered to the Dublin clergy, thus accounts for an occurrence which has of late become somewhat common in Great Britain:

It is a remarkable fact that of the persons who have gone over to the Church of Rome, a large proportion are of a character the very opposite of that for which most would have anticipated such a result. They are persons not distinguished by extreme self-distrust, or a tendency to excessive and unreasonable deference and submissiveness, and a readiness on slight grounds to acquiesce in what is said; but in all respects the very opposite of all this, arrogant, self-confident, willful, indocile, disdainful of any one who opposes their views, and inclined to demand stronger proof of anything they are called on to believe than the case admits of or a reasonable man would require. Yet such persons are found yielding to one of the worst supported claims that ever was set up, and assenting to a long list of paradoxical propositions, every one of which has a vast mass of evidence against it, and hardly anything that can be called an argument in its favor.

"The case seems to be that a reaction takes place in a mind of this description, and the individual rushes, with a vehemence which is quite characteristic, from one extreme to the opposite. He is weary of inquiring, discussing, investigating, answering objections, and forming a judgment on many separate points, and so resolves to cut short at once all this disquieting fatigue by accepting implicitly the decisions on all points of an authority which demands submission, not on the ground of a conviction of the understanding, but as an act of the *will*, commanding us to stifle doubt, to shun inquiry, and set evidence completely at defiance.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL

ARE thus contrasted, and a lesson taught thereby, in a paper from an author whose name has escaped us:

The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveler slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the Temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity itself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another; but the Pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence to the present day. The columns of Persepolis are moldering into the dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun, at Tadmor in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountains sparkle as freely in his rays as when thousands of worshipers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling brickwork; but the Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if the light of any name should still flash through the midst of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who, in his day, sought the happiness of his fellow-men rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying luster from generation to generation, imparting to its work something of its own immortality.

COCKBURN'S ELOQUENCE.

A WRITER in the *British Quarterly* for October thus relates a characteristic tribute which was paid to Cockburn's eloquence by the learned and excellent, though somewhat eccentric, Dr. Charles Stuart:

On one occasion, after listening to one of Cockburn's thrilling appeals to a jury, he was overheard muttering to himself, "O! that man! Would that God would renew his heart and make him a preacher of the Gospel, for surely with such a theme there would be no resisting him." We happened once to repeat this anecdote in the presence of a worthy citizen who had often, as a juryman, been brought under the spell of Cockburn's elocution, upon which he exclaimed, "Deed he micht weel say that. Od, sir! Hairray Cockburn tells a lee far mair solemnly and wi' far mair persuasiveness than maist ministers preach God's truth!"

As a barrister, Cockburn was noted for his tact in eliciting the truth from witnesses. He never browbeat them; nor did he try to confound them by sharpness and sophistry; nor did he lay traps for them so as to catch them and have them at his mercy; but he had a way of quietly worming himself into their confidence, and getting them to talk to him as if they were in the confessional. With rustic witnesses especially he was utterly irresistible. He broke through the triple brass of caution and reserve in which Scotch rustics usually incase themselves on such occasions, and drew them out as if they were talking to a confidential friend. There was something in that honest look of his, and something in that kindly Scottish tongue addressing them in their own undiluted Doric, that fairly captivated them, and made them feel as if reserve with such a man would be utterly ungenerous In this respect his advantage over his friend Jeffrey was immense. With his quickness, his scholarly language, and, above all, his Anglified pronunciation, his "clippit English," as the people called it, Jeffrey put himself fairly out of communication with a witness from among the peasantry.

We have often heard a story illustrative of the respective methods of the two in dealing with such a witness and their relative success. Both were retained on the same side in a case where an attempt was made to invalidate a will, on the ground that the testator was incompetent, from mental imbecility, to make one. They were on the side of the prosecution, and among other witnesses whom they had to examine was a peasant from the town of Auchtermuchty, in which the testator had lived. Jeffrey rose to conduct the examination. After a few routine questions, the following dialogue ensued:

"I suppose you were well enough acquainted with the defunct?"

"Eh! sir; what's your wull?"

"O! I want to know if you knew Mr. So-and-so?"

"Ou, ay; I kent him brawly."

"Well, in what estimation was he commonly held in your neighborhood? was he reputed *compos mentis*?"

"Weel, sir, I'll no be saying."

"What! can't you answer a simple question like that?"

"I'm no very sure, sir."

On this, Jeffrey turned round to his associate, and said, "I can make nothing of this fellow; will you try him?" Cockburn assented, and began:

"Weel, John, you belong to Auchtermuchty?"

"Ou, ay, sir, me and my father before me, for the last saxty years."

"Weel, John, it's no a very big toon; ye'll ken maist o' the folk there?"

"That I do, sir! a'body kens a' body there."

"Then, of course, as ye say ye kent Mr. So-and-so brawly, ye'll be able to tell us what the folks thocht o' him?"

"'Deed, sir, no vera muckle."

"Then ye did na think there was muckle in him?"

"In him, sir! Fient a thing was in him binna what the spune pit in."

This was sufficient, and the witness was dismissed; and Cockburn rejoiced not only over the eliciting of a valuable testimony for his client, but over the gain of a good story, which he valued hardly less.

SECRET OF GOOD WRITING.

THE following remarks by Göthe contain important practical suggestions, and ought to be read at least once by every one before he attempts to write for the benefit or instruction of the public:

The grand secret of good writing seems to be in this very simple maxim: Be sure you have an idea before you attempt to express it. If you clearly comprehend in your own mind what you wish to communicate, nature and reason, together with a little practice, will most certainly teach you to say it in an appropriate manner.

A single idea is fully sufficient for one mind to manage at one time. And it may be added, that if the idea is of much importance, it would be the most dignified by being honored with a private carriage.

"Divide and conquer," is as valuable a rule in liter-

ary as in military tactics. The more extensive the theme which the writer proposes to himself to discuss, the less, usually, he has to say upon it. Some subjects can be managed with ease by descending from generals to particulars, and treating of the subjects in their individual parts.

There is nothing more popular, especially with young writers, than brilliancy of style. This manner of writing is certainly excellent in its proper place, but there are many topics which do not require this quality, and many are much injured by it. The language of every dissertation should be that which is best calculated to express the thoughts in the happiest manner.

As the rays of the sun will not kindle a blaze, unless brought to a focus, so the thoughts of the writer will not set the hearts of his readers on fire, unless all are made to converge to a single point.

Some writers seem unable to express themselves in a cool, rational manner on any subject. With them every virtue is godlike, every fault villainy, every breeze a tempest, every molehill a mountain. They appear to think their manner of writing is sublimity; but their judicious readers (if they have any such) call it turgidity and absurdity.

The design of language is to give expression to thought; that style of writing, therefore, must necessarily be the best which most perfectly conveys to the reader's mind what the writer intended he should understand.

SATIRICAL.

THACKERAY is a little the sharpest in his satirical touches of any writer of the present age. Here is a specimen that will appeal for its truthfulness to a few at least of those who are happily mated. It is from "Rebecca and Rowena," a most humorous continuation of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." The great magician closes with the marriage of Sir Wilfrid and Rowena, leaving the forsaken Rebecca to be disposed of by the reader's imagination. Mr. Thackeray professes to give the sequel of the story:

Did you ever know a right-minded woman pardon another for being handsome or more love-worthy than herself? The Lady Rowena did certainly say with mighty magnanimity to the Jewish maiden, "Come and live with me as a sister," as the former part of this history shows; but Rebecca knew in her heart that her ladyship's proposition was what is called *bosh*, (in that noble Eastern language with which Wilfrid the crusader was familiar,) or fudge in plain Saxon; and retired with a broken, gentle spirit, neither able to bear the sight of her rival's happiness, nor willing to disturb it by the contrast of her own wretchedness. Rowena, like the most high-bred and virtuous of women, never forgave Isaac's daughter her beauty, nor her flirtation with Wilfrid, (as the Saxon lady chose to term it;) nor, above all, her admirable diamonds and jewels, although Rowena was actually in possession of them. In a word, she was always flinging Rebecca into Ivanhoe's teeth. There was not a day in his life but that unhappy warrior was made to remember that a Hebrew damsel had been in love with him, and that a Christian lady of fashion could never forgive the insult. For instance, if Gurth, the swineherd, who was now promoted to be a gamekeeper and verdurer, brought the account of a famous wild-boar in the wood, and proposed a hunt, Rowena would say: "Do, Sir Wilfrid, persecute these poor pigs; you know your friends, the Jews, can't abide them!" Or when, as it oft would happen, our lion-hearted monarch, Richard, in order to get a loan or a benevolence from the Jews, would roast a few of the Hebrew capitalists, or extract some of the principal rabbi's teeth, Rowena would exult and say, "Serve them right, the unbelieving wretches! England can never be a happy country until every one of these monsters is exterminated!" Or else, adopting a strain of still more savage sarcasm, would exclaim: "Ivanhoe, my dear, more persecution for the Jews! hadn't you better interfere, my love? His majesty will do anything for you; and, you know, the Jews were *always such favorites of yours*," or words to that effect.

MANLY SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

FROM a memoir of an English manufacturer, G. B. Thornycraft, of Wolverhampton, we take this touching incident, which occurred when the workmen who had been employed by the deceased gathered round his coffin, just before it was borne to its last resting-place:

One of them, a tall, robust, muscular man—shaved, and in his Sunday clothes for the occasion—marched straight up to the bier, fixed his glistening eyes upon the familiar face of the dead; without a word or motion, stood rooted on the spot for several minutes, as if lost in astonished contemplation of the wasted wreck of the fine manly form of what had been his master, when my informant suddenly asking him, "Are you an old workman?" "Who, me?" he roughly answered, and then suddenly recognizing in the querist one of the family, instantly changed his tones into the respectful words: "Sir, I mean—I've worked for him (pointing to the corpse) two and twenty years;" and then, as if the mention of their long fellowship had opened out the sluice of pent-up affection, he fondly took his dead master's hand into his own, gently pressed it, then, with a touching miscellany of reverence, and grief, and awe, put his hand upon the forehead of the corpse, passed down his thin-worn cheeks, and finally pressing his hand again, the whole in the deepest silence and obvious sorrow, he backed out of the room, with a natural and affecting grace, as one who had never turned his back upon "the master" before, and would not do so now he was dead; and then,

> We let him go,
> And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
> He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
> For out o' doors he went without their help,
> And to the last bended their light on him.

Such men don't weep; they have little of the "small change" of sentiment about them; but instead of a few tears that cost them nothing, and which the widow and orphan are not short of, their manlier sympathy would express itself, if it were needed, in a week's work for a friend's family, or in sending a widow half a batch out of their Saturday's big loaves, loaves as big as their hearts, and as honest as the bread they have eaten all their lives! It is out of such solid, rich material, the national character is socially manufactured, that character which unites and combines us into one great political amalgam, tough as our best iron, sharp as our finest steel, unequaled as our commerce, and sterling as our circulating gold!

THE STORK AND THE RUBY.

Our esteemed contributor, R. H. Stoddart, Esq., has recently published a volume of Poems, from which we take the following well-told tale:

A certain prince—I have forgot his name—
Playing one morning at the archer's game,
Within a garden where his palace stood,
Shot at a stork, and spill'd the creature's blood
For very wantonness and cruelty.
Thrice had he pierced the target in the eye
At fifty paces; twice defiour'd a rose,
Striking each time the very leaf he chose;
Then he set up his dagger in a hedge,
And split an arrow on its glittering edge.
What next to hit he knew not. Looking round,
He saw a stork just lighted on the ground,
To rest itself after its leagues of flight:
The dewy walk in which it stood was bright,
So white its plumage, and so clear its eyes,
Twinkling with innocence and sweet surprise.

"I'll shoot the silly bird," the prince exclaim'd:
And bending his strong bow, he straightway aim'd
His keenest arrow at its panting heart.
The lucky arrow miss'd a vital part,
(Or was it some kind wind that push'd it by?)
And only struck and broke the creature's thigh.
The poor thing tumbled in a lily bed,
And its blood ran, and made the lilies red.
It mark'd the changing color of the flowers,
The winding garden walks, the bloomy bowers,
And last the cruel prince, who laugh'd with glee—
Fixing the picture in its memory;
This done, it struggled up, and flew away,
Leaving the prince amazed and in dismay.

Beyond the city walls, a league or more,
A little maid was spinning at her door,
Singing old songs to cheer the long day's work:
Her name was Heraclis. The fainting stork
Dropp'd at her feet, and with its ebon bill
Show'd her its thigh, broken, and bleeding still:
She fetch'd it water from a neighboring spring,
And while it drank and wash'd each dabbled wing,
She set the fractured bones with pious care,
And bound them with the fillet of her hair.
Eased of its pain, again it flew away,
Leaving the maiden happier all the day.

That night the prince, as usual, went to bed,
His royal wine a little in his head:
Beside him stood a casket full of gems,
The spoil of conquer'd monarchs' diadems:
Great pearls, milk-white, and shining like the moon;
Emeralds, grass-green; sapphires, like skies of June;
Brilliants that threw their light upon the wall;
And one great ruby that outshone them all,
Large as a pigeon's egg, and red as wine
When held before the sun—a gem divine!
Through these he ran his fingers carelessly,
Like one who dips a handful of the sea,
To sun his eyes with dripping stars of brine;
At last he slumber'd in the pale moonshine.
Meantime the watchful stork was in his bowers;
Again it saw its blood upon the flowers,
And saw the walks, the fountain's shaft in air,
But not the cruel prince; no prince was there:
So up and down the spacious courts it flew,
And ever nearer to the palace drew.

Passing the lighted windows, row by row,
It saw the prince, and saw the ruby's glow:
Hopping into the chamber, grave and still,
It seized the precious ruby with its bill,
And spreading then its rapid wings in flight,
Flew out, and vanish'd in the yawning night.
Night slowly pass'd, and morning broke again:
There came a light tap on the window pane
Of Heraclis: it woke her; she arose,
And, slipping on in haste her peasant clothes,
Open'd the door to see who knock'd, and lo!
In walk'd the stork again, as white as snow,
And in its bill the ruby, whose red ray
Flamed in her face, anticipating day!
Again the creature pointed to its thigh,
And something human brighten'd in its eye,
A look that said, "*I thank you!*" plain as words.
The virgin's look was brighter than the bird's,
So glad was she to see it was not dead:
She stretch'd her hand to sleek its bowing head,
But ere she could, it made a sudden stand,
And thrust the priceless ruby in her hand,
And sailing swiftly through the cottage door,
Mounted the morning sky, and came no more!

THE DEAD CHILD.

The following lines will bear repeated perusals. Indeed, you will find them grow upon you in their simple truth and unaffected sorrow. They are from a volume recently published by Gerald Massey:

And there our Darling lay in coffin'd calm;
Dress'd for the grave in raiment like the snow,
And o'er her flow'd the white, eternal peace,
The breathing miracle into silence pass'd:
Never to stretch wee hands, with her dear smile,
As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers;
Never to wake us crying in the night;
Our little hindering thing forever gone,
In tearful quiet now we might toil on.
All dim the living lusters motion makes!
No life-dew in the sweet cups of her eyes!
Naught there of our poor "Splendid" but her brow.
A young Immortal came to us disguised,
And in the joy-dance dropp'd her mask, and fled.

The world went lightly by and heeded not
Our death-white windows blinded to the sun;
The hearts that ached within; the measureless lost;
The Idol broken; our first tryst with Death.
O Life, how strange thy face behind the veil!
And stranger yet will thy strange mystery seem,
When we awake in death and tell our Dream.
'Tis hard to solve the secret of the Sphinx!
We had a little gold Love garner'd up,
To bravely robe our Babe: the Mother's half
Was turn'd to mourning raiment for her dead:
Mine bought the first land we call'd ours—Her grave.
We were as treasure-seekers in the earth,
When lo! a death's head on a sudden stares.

Clad all in spirit-beauty forth she went;
Her budding spring of life in tiny leaf;
Her gracious gold of babe-virginity
Unminted in the image of our world;
Her faint dawn whiten'd in the perfect day.
Our early wede away went back to God,
Bearing her life-scroll folded, without stain,
And only three words written on it—two
Our names! Ah! may they plead for us in heaven!

The National Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1857.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WILLIAM RODERIC LAWRENCE, to whom our readers are indebted for several poetic contributions, has gone to tune his harp to nobler strains in a better world. He died, after a lingering illness, borne with Christian patience and a lovely submission to the will of God. During his last sickness he wrote several poems, which we may hereafter give to our readers. In the meantime, here are two, among the last stanzas he ever wrote, entitled

LIFE IS SHORT.

Life is short, and art is long,
So the poet truly said;
While his richest, sweetest song
Sounds still sweeter when he's dead.

So with all! the pen, the sword,
And the sculptor's chisel too,
Like a volume richly stored,
Seeming richer when read through!

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.—There has been, recently, much discussion in England on the subject of a new translation of the sacred Scriptures. The subject has been debated, to some extent, in the British House of Commons, and several publications, pamphlets, and bound volumes have been issued on both sides of the question. The Rev. W. Harness appears prominently among the advocates for an entire revision, contending that the errors and mistranslations of our present version are exceedingly numerous and grave, that the obsolete phrases tend to perplex and mislead, and that in the present advanced state of Biblical knowledge it is perfectly feasible to prepare a translation that shall be nearly, if not absolutely faultless. We give his summary of objections on the score of obsolete phrases:

"What," he asks, "was the opinion of Selden, a high authority on such a subject, at the time of its last revision? 'There is no book,' says that learned man, 'so translated as the Bible for the purpose. *If* I translate a French book into English, I turn it into English phrase, and not into French-English. "*Il fait froid*," I say, "It is cold;" not "It makes cold:" "but the Bible is rather translated into English words than into English phrase. The Hebraisms are kept, and the phrase of that language is kept; which is well enough so long as scholars have to do with it; but when it comes among the common people, Lord, what gear do they make of it!' Most extraordinary, indeed, is the *gear* they make of it! And none but those, who may have had the curiosity to turn occasionally into some of our country conventicles, in which the neighboring tailor, or the journeyman cobbler, officiates as the expositor of the Sacred Text, can imagine the miserable misapprehensions to which this peculiar, literal, word for word mode of rendering the Scriptures has given rise. It may, perhaps, be worth while to cite a few instances of the Hebrew phrases to which Selden alluded, and which, as literally translated, bewilder the understanding of the reader: 'A covenant of salt,' means 'a friendly contract;' 'they are crushed in the gate,' means 'they are found guilty in a court of justice;' 'branch and rush,' means 'the highest and lowest;' 'the calves of our lips,' means 'praises and thanksgivings;' 'rising early,' means 'acting with alacrity;' 'I have given you cleanness of teeth,' means 'extreme scarcity.' Such are the sort of Hebraisms which have been retained; and, as Selden says, 'What gear do the common people make of them?' But is it fair to the devotional feelings of the less educated classes of our countrymen that the Bible should be placed before them in so ambiguous a form without any explanatory notice, and that at the same time any one should be allowed, whether qualified or unqualified, to interpret it to them as he will?

"Language, like all other things of this world, is given to change. Its fashion passeth away. Though the language of the Bible has remained stationary, the language of society has kept moving on. Words and expressions which bore one sense in the days of Swift, have now become obsolete in that sense, and acquired another. Scriptural phrases, which were sufficiently clear to our great-grandfathers, have gradually but imperceptibly changed their meaning, and become altogether unintelligible to their descendants. For instance, CARRIAGE, in the Bible, signifies *the things carried*, such as baggage, with us means *the vehicle*. PREVENT, in the Bible, signifies *to help by anticipation;* with us it means *to hinder*. To LET, in the Bible, often signifies *to obstruct;* with us it means *to permit*. PITIFUL, in the Bible, signifies *full of pity;* with us it means *contemptible*. MEAT, in the Bible, signifies *food;* with us it means the *flesh of animals*. BY, in the Bible, sometimes signifies *against;* with us it has no such meaning. OF, to the confusion of many a passage, and the bewilderment of many a reader, is continually used as synonymous with *by;* a sense which it has so entirely lost that Gifford has a note upon it in his 'Massinger.' AFTER no longer means *according to*, as it did of old, but is restricted to the sense of *behind*, whether referring to time or place, or person. Perhaps the differences which have taken place in the use of these smaller words may be more injurious than any others, as they tend to give a vagueness to the meaning of the Sacred Text, and thus occasion fanatical feelings and mystical interpretations.

"In the Sermon on the Mount we find, 'Take no thought for the morrow.' *To take thought* formerly implied 'to be anxious or distressed.' The phrase is so used by Shakspeare in 'Julius Cæsar.' And in the age in which our translation was made it very correctly expressed the sense of the original text. But at present, in consequence of the changes that have occurred in our language, it has not only ceased to convey our Saviour's precept, but inculcates a carelessness of life which is incompatible with the Christian grace of prudence.

"In the cases mentioned above the words still remain with us, though their acceptation has been altered; but there are many words retaining their place in our version of the Scriptures which are no longer current among the people, and of which the signification is only known to the literary antiquarian. How many of us are there who have any notion of what is meant by '*ouches*,' '*taches*,' '*habergeon*,' '*brigandine*,' '*leaps*,' '*mesings*,' '*mufflers*,' '*wimples*,' '*tabring*,' or a number of other obsolete terms, which nobody, among the ordinary class of readers, is ever likely to meet with, except in the pages of the Bible?"

On the other side of this question are arrayed an equal, perhaps a greater number of learned divines, foremost among whom, somewhat to our surprise, we find the rather erratic Dr. Cumming. He argues that the present version is, on the whole, admirably executed, and although he is willing to admit the desirableness of certain emendations, he declares his conviction that any attempt to carry into action "the most moderate corrections" would unsettle much more than it would establish, and entirely fail to counterbalance by its good the mischief it would originate. Moreover, he contends that no fifty-four men of the present day would be unanimous in proposing corrections, and denies that their version would be so universally received as the present. On this latter point, cut up as the religious world is into so many opposing, if not absolutely hostile sects, there can be no room for doubt. The High Churchman and the Presbyterian will be slow in coming to an agreement as to the most appropriate rendering of sundry passages in Paul's epistles. Any alteration of the

great apostle's present English dress will be thought by one party or another to make him lean too much or too little toward Calvinism. What would suit the immersionist would be by no means, satisfactory to those he denominates the baby sprinklers. In fact, while the Bible as it is acts as a bond of union among sects of very different opinions, the first alteration in its pages would at once be the signal for strife and controversy. At present the words of the English Bible are in the mouth of all, even of those who hate one another for the love of God; if it were altered, the religion of the lips, that is, the familiar use of the Bible, which even in words only exercises a great influence among the people, and therefore much religion of the heart too, would vanish; and the end of it would be that, "in seeking to obtain a few rectified expressions of comparatively small importance, the public at large would lose a great treasure, and the few scholars in the land have gained nothing."

In the beautiful language of an eminent Biblical scholar, speaking of our present authorized version: "It lives in the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him forever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant, with one spark of religiousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

—

SPURGEON.—Some time since we had occasion to notice a volume of the sermons of this young Baptist, who is at present the most popular preacher in London. A writer in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* went to hear him, and gives the following descriptive and critical analysis of his powers:

"Mr. C. H. Spurgeon did not receive a collegiate education, but it does not follow, as has been remarked, that he is an uneducated man. On the contrary, his life—not a long one—until he became a London minister, was, from his infancy, passed at school; for some years as an usher at Newmarket, and afterward at Cambridge. He preached the Gospel to a small congregation in a rural village of Cambridgeshire, that no time might be lost. A deacon of New Park-street Church, in London, attended one or more services in this country place of meeting. The church in town to which he belonged was vacant, and he had discrimination to see that this young man might fill it. Such, we believe, is the history of his appointment to a London church, when he must have been little more than nineteen years of age.

"New Park-street Chapel became soon incapable of containing the audiences who wished to hear its juvenile preacher; and two years since the congregation had taken Exeter Hall, while their own building was being altered to suit their changed circumstances. At that time we succeeded one morning in getting into the hall. The appearance of the audience was very remarkable. The usual proportions were reversed, for two-thirds were males, and a great portion were young men.

"The preacher did not appear so young as the registry of his birth infers. His appearance did not promise that talent which he possesses. We should scarcely have expected that he was a very intellectual man from his cast of countenance. His services were conducted in the usual order of dissenting places of worship. He read a portion of Scripture very impressively. It was clear that he had learned to read the English language, and that is more knowledge than all his cotemporaries take time to acquire. He read the passage as it stands in the text first, and then proceeded with his commentary or notes, verse by verse.

"He had selected the first chapter of Peter's first epistle; and he paused before proceeding to read, and said that if any Arminians were present, they had better put off their Arminianism at once, because they must do so, after he had finished the passage. The announcement resembled an insinuation that they had never previously read the first epistle of Peter. We mention the circumstance, because it appeared to us more out of the common path than anything else done or said during the service. His discourse was not that of an orator. It was not very eloquent in any particular. It did not display great genius, except in an occasional aptitude of expression, in the quaint style of the early English divines, whose works we presume that he has read. It did display great earnestness. It was difficult to suppose that he who spoke did not also believe. His influence rests much on the basis of earnestness. His hearers conclude that he is anxious to accomplish all that he says. He usually deals with truths as they merit, and as if they were what they are, dread solemnities. Then he abounds with illustrations, or with passages not easily forgotten. Many hearers, we are confident, accuse themselves of 'forgetting the sermon.' They have not been supplied with the means of retaining it. The general argument employed by this preacher remains in our mind still, because it was enforced by a series of illustrative anecdotes, or pointed peculiarities of expression. Perhaps, then, these means should not be peculiarities. If the object of argument, of explanation, of persuasion, requires that they should be remembered, lawful means, we presume, should be employed for that purpose. Once or twice, perhaps thrice, some of these expressions or illustrations provoked a smile, or a repressed titter among his congregation; but they were all applied skillfully, and this erratic tendency was hushed to deep silence by the solemnity of the application. In a few passages the preacher seemed to us a little egotistical; but perhaps the style pursued, so much in the form of appeals in the first person singular, brought out these feelings. We have never heard him since, not because we disliked his services, but from other engagements; for we believed then, as we believe now, that he is capable of doing much good, and that he strained his capacity in his labors.

"He has been compared to a successful actor; but all comparisons are odious, and that is groundless. An actor plays a part, and recites the language of another. A preacher always or often addressing the same persons, must first construct, before he can deliver a discourse; and once delivered, the construction is lost, and he must build again.

"Mr. Spurgeon has been contrasted with Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer, with no better reason than that they both speak in public, if Mr. Gough, perpetually repeating the same stories, can be said to speak, in the intellectual meaning of the word. So far as we observed, the preacher exhibited none of the miserable contortions of limb and body employed by the lecturer, and was entirely free from the rant that disfigures the orations from the West.

"Mr. Spurgeon has been charged with a rash employment of expressions, that should be avoided, and in turning over some publications on the subject, we see evidence of the statement, according to our view of these expressions. It is quite possible that others have a different opinion, but if blemishes of style should be corrected, those of expression, that must offend weak-minded persons, 'little ones,' do more harm than they can possibly balance by good.

"When we heard Mr. Spurgeon he spoke of his adversaries, and of efforts made to prevent persons from attending his ministry. The existence of his enemies appeared to us doubtful at the time. We could see no reason for enmity to him in particular. A perusal of his discourses explains the feeling. In one sermon he says:

"'Last Sabbath I went into a place where the minister gave us the vilest stuff that ever was brewed. I

am sure I wished that I was back here, that I might preach a little godliness, or else hear it. Poor Wesleyan thing! He preached works from beginning to end.'

"We do not continue the quotation, but obviously 'a poor Wesleyan master or parent' might have some objection to his child or servant hearing this censure. Our experience leads us to believe that a good many persons preach works neither at the beginning nor the end. One party neglects the root of works, and another overlooks the fruit of faith. Connected, they would do well—separated, they both fail."

—

POVERTY OF AMERICAN INVENTION.—The names by which places are designated in all parts of this country have often been a subject of ridicule. A writer for the "Household Words" regards the national nomenclature as a permanent proof that we Americans are at once a remarkably imitative and unimaginative people. In the immense catalogue of the names of counties, towns, and cities, there is hardly one we can claim as our own invention. They are all of foreign or Indian derivation. The inconceivable repetition of certain names of towns is, without joke, "confusion worse confounded." The writer says:

"There are one hundred and eighteen towns and counties in the United States called Washington. There are five Londons, one New London, and I don't know how many Londonderrys. Six towns called Paris; three Dresdens, four Viennas, fourteen Berlins, twenty-four Hanovers. There are twenty odd Richmonds, sixteen Bedfords, about a score of Brightons, nine Chathams, eleven Burlingtons, sixteen Delawares, fourteen Oxfords, as many Somersets, a dozen Cambridges, twenty-five Yorks and New Yorks, and other English names in proportion. There are twelve towns with the prefix of Big, four Great, and sixteen Little. There are nine Harmonys, double as many Concords, (but no Melody;) thirteen Freedoms, forty-four Libertys, (and plenty of Slavery.) Twenty-one Columbias, seven Columbuses, and seventy-eight Unions. There are one hundred and four towns and counties of the color Green, twenty-four Browns, twenty-six Oranges, and five Vermilions—all the hues of an autumnal forest; but they shrink from calling any of them Black, though they sometimes would make white appear so, especially in the Repudiating States. Fifteen Goshens, eleven Canaans, thirty Salems, eleven Bethlehems, testify to the respect in which Scriptural names are held; while homage has been done to classic lands in sundry log-hut villages, some of them fast swelling in population and prosperity. 'Ilium fuit' is belied by the existence of sixteen Troys. There are twelve Romes, and eight Athenses; but only one Romulus—and I have not had the good fortune to meet with any of the Athenians.

"Many great writers have been honored in these national baptisms. There are several Homers, Virgils, Drydens, and Addisons, a couple of Byrons, but not yet (nor likely to be in any sense) a Shakspeare. There are, however, five Avons, three Stratfords, a Romeo, a Juliet; besides, defying classification, four Scipios, six Sheffields, twelve Manchesters. There are one hundred and fifty towns and counties called New somethings, and only six Old anythings. The most desperate effort at invention is to be found in repetitions of Springfields, Bloomfields, and Greenfields. All the cities of the East are multiplied many times, with the exception of Constantinople, which does not figure in the list at all; but, in revenge, there is one Constantine. There are very few attempts at giving to Yankee humor a local habitation and a name. But I have discovered the funny title of Jim Henry attached to a *soi-disant* town in Miller County, State of Missouri; and I am sorry to perceive the stupid name of Smallpox fastened (not firmly, I hope) on one in Jo Daviess County, Illinois.

"The comparative popularity of public men may or may not be inferred from the number of times their names may be found on the maps. It is remarkable that there are ninety-one Jacksons, eighty-three Franklins, sixty-nine Jeffersons, thirty-four Lafayettes, fifty-eight Monroes, fifty Madisons, fifty-nine Parrys, thirty-two Harrisons, twenty-seven Clintons, twenty-one Clays, sixteen Van Burens, fourteen Bentons; but there are only three Websters.

The indigenous fruits, shrubs, and trees, give titles to many of the streets in cities and towns, but to few of the towns themselves. There is one Willow, a few Oaks, (out of forty odd varieties of the forest king,) and not one Persimmon, nor, as far as I can learn, a Pepperidge, one of the most beautiful of American trees."

—

WHAT IS FAME?—A gentleman who recently made a tour through England and Wales, found himself in the neighborhood where Wordsworth spent so many years of his long life. As was natural, he was curious and inquisitive:

"We came up to a respectably dressed man, and he falls in, tells us he is going to Bowness to worship; becomes simply conversant, and thinks we are from London. Assured of the fact, he goes on to say that thirty years ago he was a visitor there also, for almost a day. 'But, bless ye, I could no more stand that rattle, than I could stand to have my head cut off. I wasn't made for it in any way. I went in with a flock of sheep and came out in a hay-cart. O dear, no. You see I was born at Bowness. I know every inch of ground from Bowness to Keswick. I have lived at Bowness this five-and-fifty year, and I expects to die somewhere hereabouts.' What a blessing it is, how consoling, for a man to feel pretty sure of the spot where he is likely to earth. 'As you appear to know all about this neighborhood'—'Every inch of ground, sir'—'Perhaps you know Ambleside, and Rydal Mount, and Grassmere?' 'Know them all well.' 'I believe Harriet Martineau lives at Ambleside, does she not?' 'That's a name I never heard afore; that don't belong to us down here, I'm sure.' 'Well, then, you must have known, or, at least, often have heard of Wordsworth—William Wordsworth, the poet, who has made your lovely lakes the subjects of universal admiration?' 'I cannot say I ever heard that name either. Wordsworth, Wordsworth? No. There is a man hereabouts who does a little poetry, but his name is Henderson; I never knew a Wordsworth.' But the civil man knows all the poetical points of the broad, bright, glowing panorama, that stretches out to hazy distance, like the Lake Avernus, of Turner. And he leads us where all the pictures lie; not by the road, but over the meadows, and through the lanes, till Bowness is at our feet, on the border of Windermere, which stretches away out of sight. It is a little nest of pretty villas, smothered all over with ivy, and honeysuckle, and flower gardens; with a small harbor of gay, but silent boats; and a church, as ancient as the parish it presides over; Saxon if you will."

—

COMMON THINGS.—The *Times* observes that the young gentleman is no more taught common things than the young plowman. If he knows the name of a tree, a shrub, or a flower; if he knows seedtime and harvest; if he knows the name of a star, or can point out a planet, and has the least inkling of its movements; if he knows the map of England, or of his own county; if he knows more than by sensation the chemical qualities of the food that he eats; if he knows how mysteriously and wonderfully his own physical frame is made; if he knows the laws of motion and the application of the mechanical powers, the composition of a watch, or the nature of any one substance he can put his hands upon, he must have picked it up precariously, irregularly, and almost stealthily out of school; for school teaches him none of these things, any more than it does English literature or the history of his own country.

—

FAMILY NAMES are rather a curious study. The English "Registrar General," lately published, shows that there are nearly forty thousand different surnames in England. It is estimated that among these there are fifty-three thousand families bearing the name of Smith, and fifty-one thousand bearing the name of Jones. The Smith and Joneses alone are sup-

posed to include about half a million of the population. "In an average, it seems that one person in seventy-three is a Smith, one in seventy-six a Jones, one in one hundred and fifteen a Williams, one in one hundred and forty-eight a Taylor, one in one hundred and sixty-two a Davies, and one in one hundred and seventy-four a Brown." Among the list of peculiar names given, we note the following: Affection, Alabaster, Allbones, Awkward, Baby, Bolster, Bowel, Brains, By, (the shortest English name,) Camomile, Corpse, Dagger, Eighteen, Fowls, Fussey, Gin, Hogsflesh, Idle, Jelly, Kiss, Lumber, Muddle, Nutbrown, Officer, Pocket, Quince, Rabbit, Sanctuary, Tombs, Unit, Vulgar, Waddle, Yellow, and Zeal.

—

THE DULLNESS OF GREAT MEN.—Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friend said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him." As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist in France, he was completely lost in society; so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he never was intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance has long been considered the model of style, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence. In conversation, Dante was taciturn and satirical. Gray or Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation; not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Milton was unsocial, and even irritable, when much pressed by talk of others.

—

NEW-YORK OMNIBUS DRIVERS.—The special correspondent of the *London Times*, in this country, in giving a description of our omnibuses and city railroads, thus describes the New-York omnibus driver, with the feeling of a philanthropist:

"To pass again to the rival vehicle, no philanthropist ought to withhold his pity from the driver of a New-York omnibus; he would gain considerably by being included in the act that protects his animals. It may be doubted whether any negro in the hardest worked gang of a Southern plantation has to undergo such toil. There is no conductor; he has to look out for hailing passengers, to stop at the will of twelve insides, to open and shut the door for them, to take the fares and give change, sometimes for dollar notes, seldom to be accepted without inspection, for they may be real notes of a defunct bank or the counterfeits of one existing, in either case worthless. He has to do all this, driving the while up and down a street, three miles of which is as crowded as Ludgate-hill at noon. He has some ingenious arrangements to aid him; he is connected with the door by a strap, and holds it closed; by the same strap he is pulled or tugged as a signal to stop; and behind him is a hole in the roof, like a miniature prompter's box, through which he receives the money; he has to manage whip, reins, and horses with one hand, give and take cash with the other, control the door with his leg, and thus, with hardly a limb unemployed, has to reckon cents, divide, subtract, and work perpetual sums in arithmetic. There are many busy avocations, but that of the omnibus driver must be the most harassing of out-door employments. Mrs. Stowe might give him a niche in her next tale without digressing from the theme of slavery."

—

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON HEALTH.—Excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life; but none of them are so bad as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous to preserve "a sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of time smoothly and securely, instead of being continually tossed about amid rocks and shoals which endanger its existence, to have a special care, amid all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

—

THE WOLF.—In his "Fur Hunters of the Far West," Mr. Alexander Ross gives us the following account of the artifice and stratagem employed by the wolf in making an attack upon the horse:

"If there is no snow, or but little, on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling, and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatted on their hind-quarters, look on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a slyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack their frolicsome approaches become very interesting; it is in right good earnest. The former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the ham-strings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim the same instant, one to the throat, the other to the flank; and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold until the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward, or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round, without attempting a defense. The wolf before then springs behind, to assist the other. The sinews are cut, and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless: the victory is won. At this signal the lookers-on close in at a gallop, but the small fry of followers keep at a respectful distance until their superiors are gorged; then they take their turn unmolested. The wolves, however, do not always kill to eat; like wasteful hunters, they often kill for the pleasure of killing, and leave the carcasses untouched."

After this, who shall say that "Little Red Riding Hood" itself is not a veracious history? We must henceforth credit the wolf with no small measure of that sagacity and cunning which has hitherto been monopolized by his vulpine cousin the fox.

ECCLESIASTICAL. — The last number of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* contains advertisements from a large number of curates who want employment. They represent all sorts of shades of religious opinion and social states, such as "sound," "moderate," "not extreme," "thorough church," "rubrical," "coincident with the Bishop of Lincoln," "single," "married," "a strong voice," "knowledge of music," "independent means," "energetic habits," "considerable experience"—while one gentleman offers to serve for board and lodging, and a trifling stipend. The rector of Oldswinford, Worcestershire, wants a curate, but seems difficult to please. He requires "a curate, young, unmarried, in priest's orders, not an extempore preacher, nor Irish, nor Tractarian, nor Evangelical."

—

A CLERICAL EXQUISITE.—The following appears in the *Churchman:*

DEAR SIR:

"When I can read my title *clee-ah*,
To mansions in the skies
I'll bid farewell to every *fe-ah*
And wipe my weeping eyes."

The above is the style of elocution in which the first lines of Dr. Watts's celebrated hymn was recently delivered from the deeply recessed chancel of that beautiful church, the rector of which, some time since, so solemnly announced that the "sufferings of the *poo-ah* increase with the approach of *wint-ah*," and who, from the pulpit, is in the habit of extolling the wondrous efficacy of the *Goe-pill* for the *cu-ah* of all the ills of suffering humanity.

The same accomplished minister, upon the same day on which he delighted, from the chancel, his ravished hearers with the above poetic gem, electrified them by the following burst from the pulpit, of eloquent and classic declamation:

"O, *sinnah!*
The judgment is *ne-ah!*
Life is but a *va-pah!*"

Are these the *lab-ahs* of love to which one who has taken upon himself the office of a public *teach-ah* feels himself called? Or is it to be tolerated that year after year, the devotions of a congregation are to be disturbed, the beautiful services of the Church desecrated, and the momentous truths of revelation degraded, by their unnecessary and censurable association with these and similar vulgar and irreverent exhibitions?

Is it not allowable to exclaim, in the words of the Roman orator, "How long wilt thou abuse our patience?"

—

SELF-CULTURE.—"It is," says Burke, "our business to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To model our principles to our duties and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy."

—

SECRET SOCIETIES are not, it seems, peculiar to white folks in civilized lands. Mr. Wilson, in his late work, on the "History, Condition, and Prospects of Western Africa," speaks of the curious secret associations of the men of Southern Guinea as follows:

"One of the most prominent among them is the association called *Nda*, and is confined to the adult male population. It is headed by a spirit of this name, who dwells in the woods, and appears only when summoned by some unusual event, at the death of a person connected with the order, at the birth of twins, or at the inauguration of some one into office. His voice is never heard except at night, and after the people have retired to rest. He enters the village from the wood side, and is so bundled up in dried plantain leaves that no one would suspect him of belonging to the human species. He is always accompanied by a train of young men, and the party dance to a peculiar and somewhat plaintive air on a flute-like instrument as they parade the streets. As soon as it is known that he has entered the village the women and children hurry away to their rooms to hide themselves. If they should have the misfortune to see Nda, or should be discovered peeping at him through the cracks of the houses, they would be thrashed almost to death. Perhaps no woman has ever had the temerity to cast eyes upon this mysterious being."

The women also have their mysterious societies, with rules, fees, etc., the proceedings of which are kept a profound secret. They consider it an honor to belong to the Order, and no one can be admitted without the payment of an initiation fee, which is very considerable. The ceremony of initiation requires several weeks, and girls of the age of ten or twelve years may be admitted if their parents will bear the expense of it. During the process of initiation all the women belonging to the Order paint their bodies in the most fantastic colors. The face, arms, breast, and legs are covered over with red and white spots, arranged in circles, and at other times in straight lines. They march in regular file from the village to the woods, where all their ceremonies are performed, accompanied by music on a crescent-formed drum. The party spend whole nights in the woods, and sometimes exposed to the heaviest showers of rain. A sort of vestal-fire is used in celebration of these ceremonies, and it is never allowed to go out until they are all over.

—

SOUTHERN VIEW OF THANKSGIVING. — The *Carolina Times*, alluding to a paper published in Baltimore, which had taken the liberty to suggest a suitable day which the states further South might set apart for Thanksgiving, thus eloquently depicts the condition of the population at the North, in which category it will be seen the Monumental City is included. We hope our Baltimore friends will bear the infliction meekly:

"We are impressed that the governors of the states south of Maryland are all at home and competent to decide for themselves when it will be proper to fix upon a day to offer thanks to the Almighty for past blessings. The movement on the part of Northern

executives is no criterion for Southern men. We are subject to law, common and divine, and need

> "'No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
> No hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
> Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
> To wash the dismal stain away.'

"It is meet and proper that the miserable, sin-stricken, polluted, and ungodly population of the North should beg pardon for their black sins recorded, committed against God, their country, and fellow-men. As a generation of vipers, they ought to be warned to flee the wrath to come; yet we believe that the waters of Jordan, Abana, and Pharpar, would fail to wash them and heal their leprosy, even though they were to dip seventy times seven. They have much to be forgiven, and we would advise them to pray often, pray long, and pray loud. Baltimore, especially, ought to be covered with sackcloth and ashes."

SMALL CHANGE.

GRACE, BEFORE AND AFTER.—Sister Blank had a large tea-party, at which were present most of the prominent members of the Church, including the pastor, who, unfortunately, was a little hard of hearing.

When they were all comfortably seated, the lady of the house at the head of the table, and the clergyman at the other end, facing her, she said in her blandest whisper:

"Brother, will you be so good as to ask a blessing?"

The good man, supposing the question referred to quite another subject, replied in a loud voice, to the great injury of the gravity of the company:

"I take milk, ma'am, but no sugar!"

On the other hand, it is said that one day, at the table of the late Dr. Pease, (Dean of Ely,) just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than *six* eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace: "For *this* and every other *mercy* the Lord's name be praised!"

But neither of these is so bad as the story told of a Western cattle-dealer, who rarely had the privilege of sitting down to meat with a family, and had never been in a minister's house in his life. He was benighted and lost in his ride across the prairies, and compelled to ask for lodgings at the first house he could find. Happily for him, it proved to be the dwelling of a good man, a parson, who gave him a cordial welcome, and what was especially agreeable, told him supper would soon be ready. The traveler's appetite was ravenous, and the moment he was asked to sit by he complied; and without waiting for a second invitation he laid hold of what he could reach. "Stop, stop!" said the good man of the house, "we are in the habit of saying something here before we eat." This hint to wait till the blessing was asked, the rough customer did not understand, but with his mouth full he muttered: "Go ahead, say what you like, you can't turn my stomach now."

—

THE POWER OF SILENCE.—A good woman in New Jersey was sadly annoyed by a termagant neighbor, who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney corner when next visited, take the tongs in her hand, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs without *uttering a word*. A day or two after, the good woman came again to her pastor, with a bright and laughing face, to communicate the effects of this new antidote for scolding. Her troubler had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade.

Snap went the tongs.

Another volley. *Snap.*

Another still. *Snap.*

"Why don't you speak?" said the termagant, more enraged. *Snap.*

"Speak," said she. *Snap.*

"Do speak; I shall split, if you don't speak!" and away she went, cured of her malady by the magic power of silence.

—

A NEW DISEASE.—"A friend of ours," says the *Knickerbocker*, "was visiting the White Hills, in the Granite State, last year; and one day, while passing a house, observed a little child at the door with what he considered a very dangerous plaything, namely, a chisel; and thinking it kindness, accordingly stepped in to inform the parent. 'Madam,' said he, 'are you aware that your child has got *the chisel!*' 'Why, the mercy on me!' exclaimed the mother. 'Well, I knew something was the matter, for *the child has been ailing a long time!*' The child was probably 'going it *full* chisel' at the very moment. What a dire disease! 'the CHISEL!'"

—

CHILDREN'S NAMES.—We have all heard of the good old couple who named their four sons, successively, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John; and, when a fifth made his appearance, had him christened Acts; but a recent paper tells us of a family, in the town of Detroit, whose sons were named, One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and whose daughters were named, First Stickney, Second Stickney, etc. The three elder children of a family near home, says an English periodical, were named Joseph, And, Another; and it has been supposed that, should any more children have been born, they would have been named Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. The parents of another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it were their last; but they happened afterward to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement.

—

CAPPING THE CLIMAX.—Lord Cockburn, in his memorials, relates several anecdotes of judges upon the bench, wherein this rhetorical figure is strikingly exemplified. Speaking of one of these worthies, he says:

"I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offense thus: 'And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his majesty's!'"

"In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled. But before administering the

oath, Eskgrove gave her the exposition of her duty: 'Young woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your vail, throw off all modesty, and look me in the face.'"

"When a butler gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. 'Lord!' he exclaimed, 'ye've little to complain o': ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her.'"

—

POETIC.—The writer of the following has a decided taste for literature, et cetera!

"Angel! beneath whose folded wing
My soul would rest,
Be mine, for lo! I've bought the ring,
And all the rest
Of those house treasures and et ceteras,
Which every one who tries his state to better has!"

It was the same gentleman, we believe, who, on a visit to his lady love, had what might be called a break down. "My dear Amelia," said he, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you; say you will be mine! Your smiles would shed—" and then he came to a pause; "your smiles would shed—" and then he paused again. "Never mind the wood-shed," says Amelia; "go on with the pretty talk."

—

DANGEROUS SYMPTOMS.—Snooks rushed to the doctor's with terror depicted on his visage in unmistakable character. He looked pale, his nostrils were dilated, and there was an uneasy look in his eyes. The doctor noticed it instantly, and inquired, with as little exhibition of excitement as the cause admitted of:

"Why, what's the matter, Snooks?"

Snooks dropped into a chair in all-gone activeness peculiarly touching.

"I do'no," he said, "I b'lieve I'm going to have the small-pox. I've got the first symptoms, sure."

"Why," said the doctor, "how do you feel?"

"O, do'no hardly," replied he, "but I feel a great reluctance to doing anything."

The fellow had been reading Gunn's Domestic Medicine.

The doctor inquired how long he had had the symptoms.

"Well, I've always had 'em," said poor Snooks.

—

Under the head of "Broken English," a Paris paper places such Londoners as get smashed up by railroad collisions or financially busted.

—

EXPLOSIONS.—A Philadelphia paper publishes a letter from a correspondent at Toledo, which gives us a pretty fair idea of how Western railroad conductors transact business. Here is an extract which shows how to *cure fever and ague:*

"The conductor went out kinder slow and telled the engineer to go to the west end of the side track and switch off, but afore they got there they met us, and then warn't there some *fun!* Joe Smashup says to me, 'What's them fellers tryin' to do? Ain't they on our time? Yes,' says he, looking at his watch, 'the track belongs to us, and I'm goin' to let her rip—sure's you live.' 'What,' says I, 'you goin' to run these trains together?' 'Look here,' says he, 'I'm runnin' on my own time; the track belongs to me, and I don't see any signals—so I ain't to blame if there's a smash. At the same time, between you and I, we'd always orter be ready to jump when we get near the depot'—and he gin me a wink, as if to say, 'Look out for yourself.' Now it's a mighty straight track across the country of Pileup, and we struck a pretty good gait. Joe had his hands on the irons, but he kept a lookin' mighty sharp. 'By George!' says he, 'we shall head 'em off. Get ready to jump! No, you needn't—it won't be a killer, for they've stopped, and are crawling off the other way! I'm *afraid* we shall run into them, though!' I did jump, though before she struck, but Joe stuck to the machine. He's used to it, and knew how hard they'd hit to a pound. The damage wasn't no great. The Lion, 'tother locomotive, was smashed up considerable, and one baggage car, and one passenger wern't no good afterward. Then all the couplings and platforms in both trains were smashed up. We lost our cow-catcher and lantern, but the old bully machine run just as well as ever that mornin'. Well, the passengers screamed—one man's ankle was smashed, one shoulder put out o' joint, and one passengar had his leg crushed all to pieces. We took him to the depot, and a young surgeon cut off his leg at the thigh. It's probable he will die. The young doctor has got to hangin' round Pileup station every night for the train. I believe he's cut off four legs there in two months. I heard him tell Bill Robinson that he was ahead yet, and as I heard a jaw between the conductors yesterday, I reckon on a job this morning. Now, Bob, come out here and get on a train with a gritty set of conductors and engineers, and you'll have a heap of *fun—sure's you live.* I haven't had the ager since, and I'll guarantee if you'll come out here, you'll get cured afore you run into half a dozen trains."

—

Speaking of fever and ague, reminds us of a few lines written by one who beheld a friend suffering severely from that *shaking* malady. He entitled his poem "The Hardest Case on Record." Here it is:

"He took the ague badly,
And it shook him, shook him sorely;
Shook his boots off, and his toe-nails;
Soook his teeth out, and his hair off;
Shook his coat all into tatters,
And his shirt all into ribbons:
Shirtless, coatless, hairless, toothless,
Minus boots, and minus toe-nails,
Still it shook him—shook him till it
Made him yellow, gaunt, and bony;
Shook him till he reached his death-bed;
Shook him till it shuffled for him
Off his mortal coil, and then it
Having made him cold as could be,
Shook the earth still down upon him,
And he lies 'neath his grave stone,
Ever shaking, shaking, shaking."

—

FAST.—A cotemporary says that the word *fast* is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The North River is *fast* when the ice is immovable, and then the ice disappeared very *fast*, for it was loose. A clock is called *fast* when it is quicker than time; but a man is told to stand *fast* when he is desired to remain stationary. People *fast* when they have nothing to eat, and eat *fast*, consequently, when opportunity offers.

—

In keeping with the above, is the following specimen of the grammar in which the Rev. M. Smithson, a Western divine, described the departure of a saint:

"When I *arroove* at the house of my *deseased* friend, he was perspiring his last. I stood by his bedside, and said, as he was too far gone to talk, 'Brother, if you feel happy now, *jist* squeeze my hand,' and he *squoze* it."

—

Mrs. Prewett, editress of the *Yazoo City* (Mississippi) *Banner*, gives a correspondent information concerning the fighting editor:

"Some misapprehension seems to exist about our editor, Mr. Smith. We are constantly receiving letters addressed to him. He is only the fighting editor, and has nothing to do whatever with the money matters of this concern. Challenges may be addressed to him as heretofore, and other war-like missiles, insults,

denunciations, etc. We have no objections to having the *duns* included in the category, as we regard *duns as personal*, and particularly offensive. Persons having business with this office will please address Mr. Smith, the fighting editor."

—

We find this in the *National Intelligencer* as having been written by Brantz Mayer, Esq., on finishing the perusal of Dr. Kane's interesting account of his Exploring Expeditions:

"From the dawn of creation the name of old *Cain*
Has been cursed as the author of *slaying*;
But glory awaits in our age on the *Kane*
Who *slays* not, though famous for *sleighing*;
So fill up the cup to the *Kane* of the *Pole*,
Whose marvelous tale, though no fable,
Attests that for generous deeds of renown
Our *Kane* in reality's *Abla*."

—

The following Pat-riotic epigram is from one of our city papers:

"Two honest Pats, (this phraseology
Borders, I rather think, upon tautology,)
For who e'er knew a Pat or Biddy even,
But was as honest as the sun in heaven?
Two Irishmen (will't suit) in Broadway meet,
One does the other thus right friendly greet:
'Musha, then, Teague, how's each six foot of you?'
But answered with, 'You take me for another,'
Gravely responds, 'An' pon my soul I do,
I thought 'twas you, but see you are your brother.'

But this seems to be only a poetic version of an older, if not a better story: "I met Pat Murphey this morning, and sez I, 'How d'ye do, Pat Murphey?'

"'Purty well, Teague O'Brien,' sez he. 'Faith,' sez I, 'ye've made a mistake. My name is not Teague O'Brien.' 'And my name is not Pat Murphey,' sez he. And sure enough it was neither the one nor the tother of us."

—

An advertisement in one of the morning papers says: "Wanted—A female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character." We suppose boots of a good moral character mean those that are well-SOLED.

—

"Have you read my *last* speech?" said a prosy orator the other day to a friend. "No," replied the person addressed, with a shrug, "I wish to goodness I *had*."

—

A doctor advertises in a country paper that "Whoever uses the Vegetable-Compound-Universal-Anti-purging-Aromatic Pills once will not have to use them again." Who doubts the doctor?

Recent Publications.

The Life of Rev. John Clark. By REV. B. M. HALL. *With an Introduction by Bishop Morris.* (*Carlton & Porter.*) We had the pleasure of a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the good man of whom Mr. Hall has here given a brief biographical sketch, chastely written, and as full as the circumstances of the case would permit. It is a volume that will commend itself to all who love the Lord Jesus, and specially to those who, like the subject of the memoir, have responded to the Master's call as laborers in his vineyard.

—

It seldom falls to our lot to notice a more perfect specimen of the bookmaker's art than is afforded by a volume from the press of *C. Scribner* of this city. It is *A Book of Public Prayer compiled from the authorized Formularies of Worship of the Presbyterian Church, as prepared by the Reformers, Calvin, Knox, Bucer, and others.* It is designed to furnish ministers, and laymen who may be called upon to conduct religious exercises, with models of public devotion, and to provide a liturgy for such of the Churches as may think proper to use it. The liturgy prepared by Calvin is made the basis for the order of worship and the administration of the sacraments, and there is appended a collection of prayers and collects for ordinary and special occasions.

—

The arguments on both sides of the question which separates the Baptists from other branches of the Christian Church have been pretty nearly exhausted. We have ceased to look for anything new upon the subject, yet it is possible to present the argument in different lights and with varying illustrations. The REV. DR. ARMSTRONG, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Norfolk, Virginia, has done this in a volume entitled, *The Doctrine of Baptisms. Scriptural Examination of the Questions respecting the Translation of Baptizo, the Mode of Baptism, and the Subjects of Baptism.* The discussion is arranged under three heads; first, "purely Scriptural;" second, as "adapted to the present state of the controversy in the Christian Church;" and thirdly, "Popular." If little may be expected in the way of converting to the author's sentiments those who differ from him, they will be constrained to admit that he has presented the strength of his case and fairly brought out his arguments. (12mo., pp. 320. *Scribner, New York.*)

—

New Granada: Twenty Months in the Andes. By ISAAC F. HOLTON, M. A., Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Middlebury College. (8vo., pp. 600. *Harper & Brothers.*) Of scarcely any part of the inhabited world have we so little reliable information as of that northwest corner of South America known as New Granada, "one of the most liberal and free nations on the face of the globe." Hence, this volume, prepared by an accurate and painstaking traveler, will be a real acquisition to every respectable library. The author's style is lively and gossiping, abounding in anecdotes and incidents, grave and ludicrous, which he met with during his journeyings, interspersed with observations on the geography, religion, and religious ceremonies, government, amusements, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of the people. The volume is illustrated

by maps and pictures, and has a most valuable appendix containing a glossary of peninsular Spanish words and phrases, a geographical index, an alphabetical list of places in New Granada, a chronological table, and other matters of permanent interest.

—

The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, by Dr. Robertson, has been for more than half a century a standard English classic. *Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*, of Boston, than whom few publishers exhibit more taste and good judgment in catering for the literary world, have issued a superb edition of the work in three octavo volumes. Its distinguishing feature, however, is *An Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication*, by that chief of American historical writers, William H. Prescott, who, having had access to the Spanish archives, with which Dr. Robertson was unacquainted, has been enabled to show us the monarch in his retreat, not only alive to the world, but acting a very important part in the control of its affairs. It is needless to say that this portion of the work, occupying nearly one half of the third volume, is well done, and equally unnecessary to commend a history without which no respectable library can be deemed complete.

—

André: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By W. W. Lord. (*Scribner.*) The author, although his poem is in the form of a play, with stage directions, did not intend it, he tells us, for theatrical representation. It is, in his own words, "An attempt to contribute something to our legitimate American and national literature," and the only stage on which he contemplates the representation of his drama is the mind of the reader. We copy part of the scene between Tallmadge and André, an hour previous to the execution of the latter, as a favorable specimen of the author's poetic powers:

"ANDRE.

"Ah! I feel wondrous calm: 'tis said, in drowning,
That, at a certain point, the distressed life
Gives up the struggle, and the full, deep quiet
Of death sets in, while one yet lives; and thus
It seems with me.

"TALLMADGE.

"Nature is merciful;
'Tis the unwilling soul that makes death painful.

"ANDRE.

"O, but not that alone! It is the love
Resisting death, the unwillingness of others.
I had a dream last night, my last, at least
My last one with a waking interval.
I was in England: all was as of old,
Too fresh-imagined to seem less than real,
Yet for reality too fair; and I,
Glad to be rid of all the cumbrous show
And wild excitement of unresting war,
Walked homeward through the quiet villages,
And praised the blissful and soft face of peace,
Unscarred by fire and sword. Joy was full-blown,
And like a rose within me; and sweet fancies
Hovered around and fed upon the flower.
So I passed on, until the blooming precincts
Of home embraced me, and the very air
Whispered low welcomings to the wanderer.
I saw them, all together, and unchanged,
Sisters and mother, and the one I loved.
They smiled, and all seem'd happy, and I said,
Ere I could hear them, Now they speak of me!
I entered full of gladness. My fond greeting
They did not answer, but gazed strangely on me:
I took the hands of her who was my love,
Each in a hand of mine: she shrank from me,
And pale, and shuddering, sank down like snow.
My sisters turned to stone: only my mother
Came slowly toward me, and in such soft tones
As I in childhood heard, and with such sad
And questioning eyes, she said to me, My son!
What ails my son? what have they done to thee?
And then I knew it all, and horror waked me!"

—

Dr. Strong, of Flushing, is the author of an *Epitome of Greek Grammar*, with which, and by the help of a good teacher, the rudiments of the language may be readily acquired. The professor has done his work admirably. The practical value of his manual has been thoroughly tested in a class of junior ministers, who, under his own supervision, have made great progress in the language in an incredibly short time.

—

The Laws of Health; or, Sequel to the House I live in. By William A. Alcott, M. D. (*Boston: Jewett & Co.*) Taking into the account the subject-matter of this volume, and the style in which it is written, we incline to give it a very high place among the really valuable publications of the day. The subject is one that concerns us all, health of body; and the author's aim is, first, to teach us how to keep what health we already have, and, secondly, how to increase and prolong it. These things he does, in language at once precise and plain, so that even a child cannot misunderstand him. The book is designed not only for families, but for schools, for which latter purpose it is admirably adapted, being furnished with questions upon the text at the foot of the page. Certain it is that in this country at least the laws of health are very generally violated, because they are to a great extent unknown; and we trust the day is not far distant when they will become a branch of study, not only in the academy, but the common school.

—

In a neatly printed pamphlet, entitled, *Inauguration of the Dudley Observatory*, we have Governor Hunt's eulogy upon the late Charles E. Dudley, from whom the institution derives its name; a discourse on the uses of Astronomy by Edward Everett; and a poem by Alfred B. Street, written for the occasion, but not delivered; together with the remarks made by other gentlemen on the occasion referred to, the whole forming a pleasing memorial of that interesting inauguration.

—

Modern Atheism under the Forms of Pantheism, Materialism, Secularism, Development, and Natural Laws. By James Buchanan, D. D., LL. D. (*Boston: Gould & Lincoln.*) Dr. Buchanan is known to the reading public by a volume on the office and work of the Holy Spirit. He is one of the most distinguished divines of the Free Church of Scotland, and is now the Divinity professor in the new college, Edinburgh. The present publication contains about half of a volume originally published by the author with the title, "Faith in God and Modern Atheism compared." It is, however, complete in itself, and the publishers indicate an intention to issue the remainder of the work. Dr. Buchanan's style is easy, and the reader is

borne along pleasantly to the close of the book with a feeling of satisfaction with the strength of the argument and the graceful manner in which it is presented.

—

Doré. By a Stroller in Europe. (*Harper & Brothers.*) And what is Doré? The stroller may tell you:

"Doré means simply the difference between the inside and outside of things, and as this difference has always struck the author more than anything else in Europe, he has adopted that title more as a fit emblem of the position of the Old World than as a representation of the general tone of this work, which is merely a book of travels, as little in the style of the guide-books as possible."

The book is a series of letters, written during a year's residence in Europe, and sent to the printer, without re-writing or re-reading. They would have been none the worse for it if they had undergone both these re's, and yet they are piquant, occasionally humorous, and intensely American throughout. The stroller sees a great deal of humbug and sham in all parts of the Old World; and whatever may be bad in the United States he is sure to find something worse in Europe. Occasionally he philosophizes, as in his first letter:

"That man was a poor judge who said a ship is the best place to betray one's true character. The only things that can be seen better at sea than on land are salt water and baked potatoes. A baked potato, at sea, has more character than a dozen inanimate passengers. It is really lovable, and seems to have as much affinity for a landsman as a pea-jacket for a midshipman. But more characterless things than a steamer full of passengers are not to be found except in James's novels; they differ only by nationalities. Frenchmen talk all day, and do nothing; Englishmen eat all day, and say nothing; Spaniards eat nothing, and say nothing; they are the strabilious favorites of Neptune; Americans drink and smoke all day."

He gives his countrymen some advice on the supposition that an eminent Italian play actress may visit our shores:

"If Ristori does go to America, pray do not let a few persons connect her with the humbug that greets nearly every great artist going to that country. The lessons of the past should teach the American public to greet coldly every *Barnumized* artist, and the evil will cease. These lessons, too, should check that spontaneity and cordiality with which the American people have been accustomed to welcome every great name, whether in literature or art. You are laughed at for it both by the objects of it as well as by the people of other countries. Don't make fools of yourselves by drawing Elslers in carriages, carrying Dickens on your shoulders, or paying for a chair near a Rachel as many dollars as can be placed on it at one time without falling off. No one admires you for it; on the contrary, the beneficiaries of it all laugh at you over their wine on your own soil, and ridicule you before the world on their return to their homes."

His bitterness against John Bull is intense. Here is an anecdote which he picked up somewhere at which John himself might laugh:

"An Englishman, full as a nut of the English phlegm of an Englishman, was traveling on a certain railway, when a sudden halt and loud report informed the passengers that some accident had happened. Every one rushed out, of course, to see what was the matter, except Mr. Phlegm, who sat tranquilly, as if not at all interested in anything beyond the halo of his own thoughts. Presently a person came up and informed him that the engine had burst its boiler.

"'Awe!'

"Then came another, saying that there were fifteen persons killed.

"The Englishman still sat unmoved, and grunted out another

"'Awe!

"But, finally, a third messenger ran up in great haste, and said,

"'My dear sir, your valet has been blown into a hundred pieces!'

"'A—awe! *Just bring me the piece that contains the key to my portmanteau!*'"

And then he lectures Great Britain, after abusing her a little, on this wise:

"What has England gained by a war commenced in hypocrisy and ended in shame? She has strengthened the arm of the very nation she wished to humble; the blow struck has recoiled on her own head. Russia never stood before the world with such proud dimensions as at present. By showing a power she was believed unpossessed of, she has gained a power she never possessed. She has gained an experience worth more to her than the men she has lost, (for she cares but little for men;) and, lastly, she has gained in moral strength what she has lost in physical, while her physical losses will soon be repaired. *She is not idle.* Russia now stands like a terrible giant, not threatening the liberties of Europe, perhaps, but promising a growth and force which will in future laugh balance-of-power diplomacy to scorn.

"But consider your ways, John Bull, and repent. Look at your great body stretched most indecently across the whole earth, your head on England, your left hand on Gibraltar, your elbow on Aden, and your enormous abdomen on India, a spot you had the good sense to select for that portion of your body, partly because it was of a suitable size, and partly because four capacious pockets would be forever agape just where they could be most conveniently filled. Your right arm is stretched toward America, with a thumb on Jamaica and Belize, and four fingers on Canada, thus spanning the United States, and having your hand in a most convenient position to tighten Jonathan's cravat if necessary. Your great feet rest, one on the Falkland Isles and the other on Australia. You feel a twinge of the gout, and all China cracks; you grunt, and all India quakes with fear. The whole world cries "*Quosque tandem*," which means, it will not endure much more from you."

Occasionally, he had the peculiar institution of our Southern States thrown into his teeth by Europeans; but he met the subject manfully, having lived in the South himself "a good many years." We quote, for what it may be worth, the "stroller's" summing up of this great question, with the italics and note of admiration just as we find them:

"However great a crime slavery may be, however sinful it might have been at first to bring these creatures from Africa, still I think that, in the year 2056 the world will say that *the greatest blessing that ever happened to Africa was the slavery of a portion of her people in the United States!*"

—

The New York Almanac and Weather Book for 1857, from the press of *Mason Brothers*, is a condensation of an almost endless variety of useful statistics and information, neatly arranged and compactly printed. It is a small-sized bound volume of two hundred and twenty-six pages, and sold for twenty-five cents.

—

The new volume of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, under the editorial management of Dr. Whedon, opens with an ornate eulogy of Sir William Hamilton. It is full of classical quotations, and abounds in sentences that may pass for fine writing. "The quality of the article," the editor tells us, "would have done no discredit to the pen of Sir William himself," which is not high praise, seeing, as the critic tells us, that Sir William's style had "great blemishes," and that he "affected peculiar phraseology." We have the promise of another paper from the same pen, to be devoted to a more special exti-

mate of the Hamiltonian philosophy. In the second article, President Collins, taking for his text "Post's Skeptical Era of Modern History," ably discusses the relative bearings of Protestantism and Popery. This is followed by an article on English Methodism, in which the writer, a Wesleyan minister in London, says that "for more than six years past" it (English Methodism) "has undergone a trial greater, perhaps, than any Church of Christ of equal extent has ever sustained; a trial, which, besides inflicting a loss of nearly one hundred thousand members, produced in a large proportion of the residue a sort of spiritual paralysis, unfitting them for action, or rendering their efforts for good feeble and fruitless." A better state of things, however, is now apparent, and the writer is full of hopefulness for the future. Then we have a condensed narrative of the doings of the celebrated Council of Trent, by J. K. Johnston, of Chicago; an appreciative critique of Dr. Peck's Central Idea, by the Rev. W. Kenney; and a paper on Christian Missions, from the facile pen of Dr. Strickland, founded upon the well-known article in the *Westminster Review* upon that subject. We may seem *captious*, but we must protest against the use of the word *caption*, as employed by the critic when he speaks of the "caption of the article." This is followed by a notice of Hibbard on the Psalms, from the pen of Dr. M'Clintock, the former editor. Fully endorsing the sentiment and concurring in the hope expressed, we copy the closing paragraph of an article to which we could wish that so "brief a limit" had not been "allotted:"

"We close by commending this book to the attention not merely of all theological students and ministers, but of all intelligent readers of the Scriptures, as a manual of rare excellence. Dr. Hibbard hints, in his Preface, that he may hereafter elucidate the Hebrew prophets in the same way. We sincerely hope that this intention may be carried out. No man can render a greater service to the Church than to put the word of God, or any portion of it, before the people in such a shape as to give new facilities or new attractions to its perusal. And this is what Dr. Hibbard has already accomplished for the Psalms; we wish him God speed in his further labors!"

There is also a letter from the former editor, in which he protests against the charge of an evil *animus* on the part of Dr. Schaff, in his exhibition of American Methodism, which, the *animus* aforesaid, was more than hinted in an article published in the *Quarterly* a year ago. The doctor's picture, we are told, "was wrought out with rapid strokes; his colors, hastily put on, were now and then put on too strongly, and the result was in some cases anything but a portrait. But this is very different from ascribing to him the *intention* to make a caricature." Very true. But then people *will* judge *of* a man's intentions by his performances.

Able as all these articles are, and varying in their literary merit, we have been most pleased with the departments which are mainly filled by the pen of the editor. His "Synopsis of the Quarterlies," including the foreign and American, is executed in a masterly style; and his "Book Table" indicates a sound judgment, and gives utterance to pithy and pointed critiques, untrammeled by partiality or prejudice. We copy a part of his "Editorial" article as indicating his specific aim and object, in the assured conviction that the proposed problem will be wrought out successfully:

"There can be no great change expected or made in the staple character of our Quarterly. To change its character would be to change its position, and how can it change position without trenching upon the premises of some of its neighbors? The ground of popular magazine literature is arrogated by the National; feminine taste is to be supplied by the Repository; while the broad field of the popular and perpetual is filled by the Advocates, rolling off their leaves as countless as the leaves of Vallambrosa. What is left for the Quarterly? The grave and permanent essay, the deeper and more thoughtful discussion, the critical review, the philological disquisition, the metaphysical analysis, the theological argument, the Biblical exegesis, the various forms of higher thought and classic style, which we wish to bind in fixed volume, and assign a place on our library shelves. The demand for the brief and sketchy class of articles can be carried too far. The demand for attention to home and current matters may be excessive. For articles of that special class, that class of tastes must go to their proper periodical. Yet our writers must learn the art to make solid thought attractive. The avoidance of prolixity, the freedom from the redundant, the pithy, spirited condensation, the happy turn of phrase and combination of idea may be brought into play upon the profoundest topics. To blend the felicitous diction with the precious thought, is the very problem of the able writer. To work this problem is the task of our contributors; and the attainment of the solution will be the success of our work."

—

The English Quarterlies continue to be reprinted with accuracy and great regularity by *Leonard Scott & Co.* of this city. They are (1) *The Edinburgh Review*, the exponent and advocate of the principles of the whig party of Great Britain; (2) *The (London) Quarterly Review*, tory in principle, and the able antagonist of the Edinburgh; (3) *The Westminster Review*, patronized and supported by the ultra-liberals; and (4) *The North British*, founded by the late Dr. Chalmers, evangelical in sentiment, but literary rather than theological in character. In addition, the same publishers issue *Blackwood's Magazine*, in a style fully equaling the Edinburgh original. Ten dollars per annum will pay for a copy of each of these five periodicals, and they are delivered in all the principal cities free of postage. The same works cost in Great Britain about *thirty* dollars a year.

—

The Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1856 are published by *Carlton & Porter*, in a pamphlet of nearly two hundred pages. They show an aggregate increase of eight hundred and ninety-six members for the year. In twenty-two of the conferences there has been a decrease. Baltimore has lost 1,258; Philadelphia 1,680; Providence 1,247; Black River 1,163; New York East 1,754. The largest increase was in New Jersey, 1,606; and in East Maine 1,567. There is recorded the death of forty ministers during the year, being thirteen less than in the year preceding. The average age at the time of death was about fifty years. Ten of them were not over forty-five, and seven had scarcely reached their fortieth year. The total number of effective traveling preachers is 5,161; and of local preachers 6,718. The amount raised for missionary purposes, as reported by the several conferences, is $200,970, being about three thousand dollars more than in the year 1855. For some unexplained reason there is no account of the missionary funds raised by

the Providence Conference, which may balance a similar omission by the Ohio Conference in 1855.

—

We have received Part III. of HERZOG'S *Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia*, of which, having already made favorable mention, we need only repeat our first impressions, that it will be a work of incalculable value, and, as a theological dictionary, far superior to any heretofore published. It is translated by Dr. Bomberger, with the aid of distinguished theologians of different denominations, and published by *Lindsay & Blakiston* of Philadelphia, in numbers at fifty cents each. When completed it will make two super-royal octavo volumes. We commend it heartily to all Biblical and theological students.

—

Derby & Jackson have issued a new edition of *The Puddleford Papers; or, Humors of the West.* By H. H. RILEY. We noticed this medley of fun and humor at the time of its publication. It deals somewhat in caricature, and occasionally descends to broad farce. Those who have had the misfortune to be members of school committees will appreciate the ordeal through which the examiners put a fiery-headed youth, who made application for the vacancy at Puddleford.

"He 'wanted a school, 'cause he had nothing else to do in the winter months.'

"He was accordingly introduced to our School Inspectors; the only one of whom I knew was Bates. The other two were rather more frightened at the presentation than the applicant himself.

"Bates proposed first to try the gentleman in geography and history. 'Where's Bunker Hill?' inquired Bates, authoritatively.

"'Wal, 'bout that,' said Strickett, our applicant called his name Isabel Strickett, ''bout that, why, it's where the battle was fit, warn't it?'

"'Jes so,' replied Bates; 'and where was that?'

"'Down at the east'ard.'

"'Who did the fighting there?'

"'Gin'ral Washington fit all the revolution.'

"'Where's Spain?'

"'Where?' repeated Strickett; 'Spain? where is it?'

"'Yes! where?'

"'Wal now,' exclaimed Strickett, looking steadily on the floor, 'if that ere haint just slipped my mind.'

"'Where's Turkey?'

"'O yes,' said Strickett, 'Turkey—the place they *call* Turkey; if you'd asked me in the street, I'd told you right off, but I've got so frustered I don't know nothin',' and thinking a moment, he exclaimed, 'It's where the Turks live. I thought I know'd.'

"'How many States are there in the Union?'

"''Tween twenty-five and thirty—throwin' out Canady.'

"Bates then attempted an examination in reading and spelling. 'Spell hos!' said Bates.

"'H—o—s.'"

—

The Living Way; or, Suggestions and Counsels concerning some of the Privileges and Duties of the Christian Life. By REV. JOHN ATKINSON. In plain and simple style, Mr. Atkinson has here brought together some of the more prominent consolations and promises of the Bible. His aim, evidently, is to do good, and all such attempts deserve encouragement. The volume is inscribed to Christians of every sect, and is for sale by *Carlton & Porter.*

—

OF THE JUVENILE BOOKS received during the last month we have a special charge from the young gentleman who does most of our reading in that line to say our very best for:

(1.) *Old Whitey's Christmas Trot*, a story for the holidays, by A. OAKEY HALL. He, the critic aforesaid, pronounces it, and we never had occasion to question his judgment in such matters, among the greatest books he has ever seen. It has sixteen original and admirably-executed illustrations. (*Harpers.*)

(2.) *The Play-Day Book* is a collection of short stories for little folks, from the versatile pen of FANNY FERN. It is beautifully finished and embellished. (*Mason Brothers.*)

(3.) For the older children there is another volume of ABBOTT'S historical series, entitled *History of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre*, just from the press of the *Harpers*. It is, as have been all the previous volumes of the series, tersely and graphically written. A few of the author's closing remarks are worth quoting:

"There is one great truth which this narrative enforces: it is the doctrine of *freedom of conscience*. It was the denial of this simple truth which deluged France in blood and woe. Let us take warning. We need it.

"Let us emblazon upon our banner the noble words, *Toleration—perfect civil and religious toleration*. But toleration is not a slave. It is a spirit of light and of liberty. It has much to give, but it has just as much to demand. It bears the olive branch in one hand and the gleaming sword in the other. I grant *to you*, it says, perfect liberty of opinion and of expression, and I demand of *you* the same.

"Let us then inscribe upon the arch which spans our glorious Union, making us one in its celestial embrace, *Freedom of Speech, Freedom of the Press, and Free Men.*

"The human mind is now so roused that it will have this liberty; and if there are *any institutions of religion or of civil law* which cannot stand this scrutiny, they are doomed to die. The human mind will move with untrammeled sweep through the whole range of religious doctrine, and around the whole circumference and into the very center of all political assumptions."

(4.) *Bright Pictures from Child Life* is a translation from the German by Cousin Fannie. It will be a universal favorite with the little folks, more especially for the sake of the pictures, which in beauty exceed anything we have yet examined. (*Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*)

(5.) From the same publishers, and translated by the same fair lady, are *Red Beard's Stories for Children*, with many unique and striking illustrations.

(6.) From *Brown, Basin, & Co.*, of Boston, we have a pretty little volume, entitled *Now or Never; or, The Adventures of Bobby Bright.* It is a well-told story, with a good moral. It would have pleased us more if the author had omitted the frequent repetition of phrases, which add nothing to the interest of the conversations, and sound very much like swearing, such as, By jolly, By gracious, and the like.

(7.) *Daisy; or, The Fairy Spectacles.* By the author of *Violet.* An allegorical tale, evincing love for the good and the true, and written in a pure and simple style, is from the press of *Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*, to whom we are also indebted for

(8.) *Worth, not Wealth, and other Tales*, by *Cousin Angie*, than which, for a good little girl, we do not know a more desirable volume.

(9.) From the same publishers, *The Last of the Huggermuggers*; and

(10.) *Kobboltozo*, a sequel to the Last of the Huggermuggers. Two wildly-constructed stories about dwarfs and giants. They are beautifully illustrated, and faultless in typography.

Literary Record.

The new volume about to be issued by the New York Historical Society will be of unusual interest. It will contain, 1. A translation of the Voyages of De Vries, from Holland to America, 1632–1644, executed with care and success by Mr. Henry C. Murphy, who, since his retirement from Congress, has devoted himself with renewed earnestness to American history and bibliography. After Hudson, De Vries was the only one of the Dutch navigators and travelers, as far as is known, who published a journal or narrative of voyages to the New Netherlands during the period in which this country was occupied by their nation. 2. A revised translation of Megapolensis's tract on the Mohawk Indians, with an introductory sketch of the author, by John Romeyn Brodhead. 3. The Jacques Papers, translated and arranged, with an interesting memoir, by John G. Shea. 4. Broad Advice to the New Netherland Provinces, translated by Henry C. Murphy. 5. An extract from Castell's Discourse on America: 1644. 6. An extract from Wagenaar, relating to the colony of New Amstel, on the Delaware, translated by John R. Brodhead. 7. The Seven Articles from the Church of Leyden, 1617, with an introductory letter, by George Bancroft. 8. An account of the negotiations between New England and Canada, in 1660, embracing the journal of Father Druilletes, etc. 9. The journal of the Proceedings of the first Assembly of Virginia, in 1619. This journal has long been regarded as irretrievably lost; indeed, some of the historians have declared there was never any such assembly in America. Of its general interest, as a record of the proceedings of the first legislative body convened on this continent, and especially its interest to Virginians, as the beginning of their documentary history, there can be no doubt. The volume is to be completed by an index to all the previous publications of the society, now amounting to fifteen.

The publication of the "Documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York" is going on rapidly under the directions of the Regents of the University, to whom the general authority over the matter was transferred by an act of the Legislature at its last session. The work is edited by E. B. O'Callaghan, LL.D., whose zeal and ability in illustrating the history of New York have for many years been well known among historical students. Volumes III., IV., V., VI., VII., and IX. have already been published, and volumes I. and VIII. are nearly ready.

The Legislature of Rhode Island has ordered the printing of an octavo volume of important manuscript documents, illustrating the history of that State.

Mr. Buckingham Smith, our Secretary of Legation in Madrid, is making an extensive collection of documents illustrating the history of the Spanish dominion in territory now subject to the United States. A royal order has been issued to the keepers of the archives throughout the kingdom to allow Mr. Smith to make copies of all such papers as he may need, wherever found.

Mr. J. Wingate Thornton, of Boston, is preparing a new edition of "Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts," with copious notes and illustrations. All the editions of this work are now scarce and expensive.

The Value of Learning.—The Chinese booksellers have an odd way of selling their volumes. They are disposed of not according to their value, at a fixed price, but according to weight! If, on weighing them, they are too light, the seller coolly tears some leaves from another book, and throws them into the scale.

A few of the members of the Massachusetts Historical Society have for some time had under consideration a project for starting a monthly journal, devoted entirely to historical matters, and to be an organ for all the historical societies in the United States, and a medium of intercommunication for our historical students. Mr. C. B. Richardson has decided to undertake the editorship of such a periodical, and will fill its pages chiefly with condensed reports of the proceedings of the historical societies, biographical and historical essays, notes and queries, etc., etc. It will be a monthly, in small quarto, like the London *Notes and Queries*.

Mr. Ballestier, an old Singapore merchant, has in preparation a volume on Cochin China and Eastern Asia, which it is believed will contain much information, of peculiar importance to the mercantile community trading with that part of the world.

There are few countries more interesting to the people of the United States, from a social, political, religious, or commercial point of view, than Brazil, and the nearly simultaneous appearance of three considerable works on the subject shows that the only empire of our hemisphere is now receiving no small share of curious attention. "Life in Brazil, or a Journal of a Visit to the Land of the Cocoa and the Palm," by Mr. Ewbank, formerly Commissioner of Patents, is an able and careful production, and it has to Protestant republicans an air of as much strangeness in some of its details as the travels of Marco Polo. The Historical and Statistical Society of Rio Janeiro, we learn by the last advices from that city, have appointed a committee, to refute some of the propositions of Mr. Ewbank, which are deemed erroneous. Perhaps they might as well occupy themselves with the correction of the evils he discloses.

The last number of the *North American Review* contains a sharp article on biographical dictionaries, in which the recently published Cyclopedia of Biography, by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, is made to suffer. Another and much larger work of this kind is about to be published by the Rev. Dr. J. L. Blake, of New Jersey, which promises to be more satisfactory. Dr. Blake is certainly a most indefatigable worker, and he has devoted several years almost exclusively to

the preparation of his American articles, which appear to be executed with singular exactness and judgment.

Dr. Pröhle, a much-esteemed German writer, has published a work entitled a "Monography of Gottfried August Bürger." It is a well-written and carefully-compiled life of the poet, and, besides, contains sixty poems which had never appeared in any previous edition of his works, and a letter of his to Frederic the Great.

The German journals announce that the "Schillerhaus" at Gohlis has been purchased, on the 11th of November, (Schiller's birthday,) for a sum of two thousand one hundred thalers, by the Leipzig Schillerverein. The "Schillerstube" has thus escaped the danger of falling into profane hands. When Göthe published (in 1828 and 1829) his Correspondence with Schiller, he resolved to suppress everything that might be unpleasant or offending to the feelings of any person living, an excellent resolution, which, however, has not been followed up throughout. Thus it happened that many letters were altogether laid aside; in others, certain passages were omitted; and most names were either changed or marked with initials, and even these were not always to be relied upon. A number of smaller notes were likewise put aside as of no importance, although they helped to throw a pleasant light on the friendly intercourse, social and poetical, of the two great men. The MS. letters were, after print, sealed up by Göthe's own hand, with the injunction, that before the year 1850 the seal should not be broken, and no complete edition of the correspondence be contemplated. The breaking of the seal took place in the year named, in the presence of Schiller's and Göthe's heirs, but the publication was delayed, and only quite recently the complete correspondence has appeared, at Cotta's.

A new edition (the sixth) of M. Guizot's "History of Civilization in France and Europe" has just been brought out at Paris. In a preface the distinguished author says that he has not found it necessary to make any alterations in the work, though thirty years have elapsed since it was first published.

Henri Martin, the distinguished French historian, who lately received from the Académie Française the great Gobert prize for his "History of France," has just brought out a "Life of Joan of Arc," which is written from recently discovered documents that throw an entirely new light on the career of the heroine, representing it exactly as it was, without, on the one hand, the poetical or fantastic exaggerations of legendary narratives, or, on the other, the unseemly detraction of Voltaire and his disciples.

The Prefect of Paris has received seven large boxes of English books, presented to the Library of the Hotel de Ville by the Lord Mayor of London, in the name of the Corporation.

Arts and Sciences.

A Machine has been put in operation at Sheboygan Works, Cleveland, Ohio, for manufacturing ice. It is said that it can manufacture ice at a cost of less than five dollars per ton. The machine is exceedingly simple. Chemical mixtures are employed to reduce the temperature of the water to be frozen.

Automatic Whistle for Locomotives.—Mr. J. Harrison, of this city, has put in successful use a device for whistling, automatically, at every point required on any given railroad. The manner in which all the details of Mr. Harrison's invention are arranged so as to overcome the practical difficulties and provide for all possible contingences, can hardly be too much admired. The motion is derived from one of the shafts of the truck. A strong worm or endless screw thereon gives a slow revolution to a stout wheel into which it meshes, and the motion of this is carried up to the top of the boiler by the aid of a shaft with universal joints and a strong sleeve-coupling, so as to allow for the bounding and working of the engine. It here results in giving a very slow rotation to a large screw, in the rectangular threads of which wedge-shaped stops or small cams are inserted so as to act on a lever and sound the whistle at a corresponding point in the track.

The track wheels never are tempted, like the driving wheels, to slip on the track, and being made of hard iron, chilled on the tread, never sensibly change their diameter by use, so that the motion of the screw, if correctly arranged at the first, never changes its relation to the length of road until the wheels are changed; but provision is made for adapting the parts to a change at any time with little trouble, and the engineer has always within reach a small handle which allows him to set the screw forward or back, so as to give all the signals a little sooner or later, whenever he deems it advisable, or temporarily to disconnect it altogether, and sound or stop the whistle by the ordinary means. The invention is a perfectly practicable one throughout, and appears to be a great step toward perfecting the railroad system.

A number of machines for cutting down forest-trees in a more expeditious manner than it can be done with the ax, have recently been invented. Whether these inventions have been sufficiently tested to prove their usefulness is more than we can at present determine. A late number of the *Scientific American* noticed favorably a new cutter, by which trees are cut down with a concave saw, although it prefers the convex for such purposes. The machine is simple. There is a frame and trestle with its appendages, upon which is mounted the saw. This machine is designed for handwork. It

can be readily taken apart, and without inconvenience be carried from place to place, and can also be put up in a few minutes by any person accustomed to using it. The saw is easily adjusted, and any desired tension can be given to it, by a cross-bar attached to the frame. It is worked by two men. This is a disadvantage, and we here question its saving in time. A handy axman will cut down a tree in the period it will take to adjust the machine and cut down a tree of the same girth.

In a recent sitting of the Geographical Society of France, a letter from M. Brun-Rollet, who is now exploring the eastern part of the African continent, was read. It states that he had visited the countries watered by the Gazelles or the Misselat, which he takes to be part of the veritable Nile, and that in them it overflows its banks to such an extent as to form actual lakes. It also gives an account of his visit to some native tribes, and among them to the Niam-Niams. These people, he says, are cannibals, and make war for the purpose of capturing men, whom they roast at huge fires, while they sing and dance around. When they happen to have no prisoners they cook and eat the sick of their own people. They prefer human flesh to that of any other animal. Their king, who practices the art of sorcery, enjoys the honor of being roasted after his death, and having his grease collected, it being supposed to possess marvelous virtues; while his remains are solemnly buried with his pipe and a quantity of tobacco. Four prisoners taken in war are slain and buried with him; but, though dead, their legs are cut off to prevent them from running away. The Niam-Niams possess abundant mines of copper, and though cannibals, are hospitable to strangers.

From Odessa papers we learn that an extraordinary discovery in the village of Alexandropol has set all the antiquarians and archæologists of the place in a state of the greatest excitement. M. Luzenko, the Director of the Museum at Kertch, and the well-known archæologist Sueljeff, have discovered in a hill the catacombs of the Scythian kings. Countless treasures in works of art in gold, silver, bronze, iron, and fictile ware, have been brought to light. This decides the existence and fixes the locality of the "Gerrhos," the necropolis of the Scythian kings mentioned by Herodotus.

A contrivance has been invented to prevent pedestrians slipping on ice. It consists of a central slip of metal, to which two arms are pivoted. The surface of each is mounted with a point which enters the ice. The extremity of each strip is hooked, and the hooks serve as clamps to the heel of the boot, to which it can be readily and securely fastened, by the wearer, in a moment. When not in use, it may be folded in compact form and carried in the pocket. The invention is neat, cheap, and convenient.

To deaden the sound of the anvil, a very simple contrivance has been suggested and adopted by a blacksmith. By suspending a piece of iron chain to the horn of the anvil, the loud noise caused by the percussion of the hammer on the anvil is sensibly diminished. Blacksmiths who adopt this simple plan will add very much to their convenience and comfort while working, and doubtless to the great relief of neighbors, whose ears have been rudely assaulted by the sharp and never-ceasing ring of their anvils.

According to the *Corrier della Dame* there are at Rome two hundred and forty-four painters of both sexes, one hundred and five sculptors, and one hundred and forty-four engravers, who were all born in that city, or have resided there for a long period. The number of foreign artists, the above journal declares, surpasses all belief.

A gentleman residing at Detroit has succeeded in making a beautiful white paper out of moss. It is spoken favorably of by the Michigan papers. We see no reason why paper cannot be made out of any vegetable substance that is reducible to pulp.

Consolatory Doctrine as to Comets.—M. Babinet, of the French Institute, in the course of remarks which he has published concerning the comet which is expected by astronomers in 1858, says:

"With regard to one of the questions to which this comet has given rise, I must protest against the idea that a comet possesses the power of imparting a perceptible mechanical shock. I can prove that the collision of a swallow, intent on suicide, and flying with full force against a train of a hundred carriages drawn by ten steam-engines, would be a thousand times more dangerous for the train in question than would be the simultaneous shock of all the known comets against the earth. What is a comet? It is a visible nothing."

Aluminum.—As everything that concerns the new metal, aluminum, is of interest, we may mention that recent experiments made in France prove that to unite it with other metals deprives it of some one or other of its peculiar qualities. Thus, copper or iron mixed with it in the proportion of one twentieth, deprives it of its malleability to such an extent, as to render it almost impossible to work it; a tenth of copper renders it as brittle as glass, and subject to get black in the air; and gold and silver have also a bad effect on it, though in less degree.

A gentleman of this city, the inventor of the Life-Preserving Seat, has recently patented a style of boat, it being metallic and collapsable, which is admirably adapted for ships carrying large numbers of passengers, and for the transportation of armies across intervening rivers, thereby facilitating their march without loss of life or time. The boat weighs from four to six hundred pounds, and is eighteen feet long and four wide. It can be folded and packed away in a small space. One weighing six hundred pounds can be folded into a thickness of twelve inches. The material is galvanized iron, securely fastened to oak frames of requisite strength. For military purposes several modifications can be made, so that boats of this class will form wagons, or when combined, pontoon bridges. The only boat yet completed under the patent, has been secured for the use of General Harney, as a service boat to be used in the Everglades of Florida.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1857.

TAGHANIC FALLS.

THE LAKES AND LEGENDS OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

"Sweet lake, beneath thy crystal wave
No classic nymph was wont to lave,
No lady of the lake to guide
Her fairy shallop o'er the tide;
There was no minstrel on thy shore;
Thou art thyself a minstrel hoar,
For a lovely nation ere it fell
Bade thee their name forever tell."

GENTLE reader, in our last number we parted with you among the beautiful villas on the shores of the Owasco. We did not, however, mention one of the loveliest, Willow Brook, almost concealed in a grove of forest trees and sweet-smelling locusts on the gently-rising eastern slope near the foot of the Owasco. The broad

acres of Willow Brook were purchased from the old Revolutionary soldier, to whom they fell by lot, by our own venerable great grandfather, of whom we know little more than the name and unquestionable Dutch origin. It was afterward for many years the residence of General Throop, with whom the sage of Kinderhook often spent part of the summer away from the world of politics,

"So to interpose a little ease."

Eight miles west of the foot of the Owasco, over gently undulating hills, the tourist strikes the Cayuga at no great distance above the bridge famous for many years as the longest structure of the kind in the world. At the latter place we may take a steamer, which ascends dayly to Ithaca, at the head of the lake, or follow the road that winds along the eastern shore. The Cayuga, a beautiful Indian name, is much larger than her eastern sisters, being about forty miles in length, and varying from one to four in width. What can surpass in rural beauty the slopes on her eastern and western shores, smiling with forests, and fields, and hamlets?

Southward, morning and evening, she takes lovingly on her bosom the shadows of the hills which swell into the Alleghany range, while her northern extremity is bounded by the low marsh lands of Montezuma.

As the steamer approaches the hamlet of Levanna, on the eastern shore, the eye rests on the beautiful rural landscape of Ingleside. From the summit of the gently rising hill the tourist has an extended view of twelve miles toward both the head and the foot of the Cayuga.

Ingleside, with its copses of wood, its quiet old mansion, and its neatly tilled and well-cattled fields, delights the lover of country life and agriculture. The possessor, Mr. W. R. Grinnell, nephew of the merchant prince of our metropolis, has made it the best farm in the county, if not the best in the state, by adhering to the old maxim,

"He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

Mr. Grinnell, of New York, often leaves his own lovely retreat on the Hudson to spend a few weeks in rural pursuits and pleasures at Ingleside along with the venerable Washington Irving, whose pen ever delights us with its sweet pictures of country life.

Three miles further up the Cayuga is another view of surpassing beauty. With all our familiarity with American scenery, we have seen nothing which so reminds us of an English landscape as New Park when viewed from the hill south of Aurora. Near this spot began the first settlement of Cayuga County A statelier mansion does not grace the banks of the Hudson. New Park is the residence of Mr. Wells, of the Express Company, a genuine pattern of American industry, which begins with nothing but an earnest purpose, and produces astonishing results.

Let the tourist on the Cayuga by no means neglect to visit Taghanic Falls on the west shore of the lake, about ten miles from the head. Neither Trenton nor Portage has wilder scenery, nor, in fact, so wild as when the spring torrent dashes down the frightful gorge of the Taghanic.

The fall is about a mile from the lake, and may be approached through the dark ravine of the creek, which, narrow at first, gradually widens into a grand amphitheater, with walls of rock varying from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet in height, at the head of which is the waterfall. This view is given in the engraving at the head of our article. The deep ravine presents a sea of foliage, while the summits and also the sides of the rocky barriers, when not perpendicular, are forest-feathered. The fall itself is about two hundred and fifty feet in height, the ravine through which the torrent leaps into the great amphitheater below being one hundred feet deep. The stream in the dry months almost disappears in white, milky mist before it reaches the reservoir whose deep and troubled waters lash the damp, cold rocks with angry surges and yeasty foam.

From this short description of the region of the Cayuga let us turn to its early history.

Sullivan's troop, on their return from Western New-York, brought back glowing accounts of its beauty and great advantages. In 1789, a number of persons having organized what was called the Little Lessee Company, leased of the Indians the lands between the Cayuga and the Owasco for a period of nine hundred and

ninety-nine years. The latter were to receive as a compensation a certain measure of dollars, the amount of which we have not been able to determine. The same year four members of the company, living in Wysox, Penn., visited the tract, and surveyed it into lots of one hundred and sixty acres each. They also raised some corn and vegetables, which were buried where the village of Aurora now stands, it being the intention of the party to return in the following spring.

In the month of March, 1790, Captain Franklin, White, Durkee, and Father Atwell, or Deacon Atwell, as he was more frequently called, with their families, left Wysox, Penn., in sleighs, for a permanent settlement in the wilderness of Central New-York. They ascended the Susquehanna on the ice, so far as was practicable, and then directed their way across the country to Newtown, now Elmira. From this place their route led them to the head of Seneca Lake. The journey was long and exceedingly laborious. They traversed a mountainous country, rendered almost impassable by rocks and thick forests. Torrents had to be crossed, and sometimes the women and children were obliged to hold fast upon the sleighs to keep themselves from being swept away by the angry waters. Part of the time the cold was intense, while the stopping places along the route were but few in number. Now they were swamped in the mud, and then impeded by deep snow. In one instance, they traversed a mountain where no team had ever before been, and where they were obliged to cut their way through the forest in the most laborious manner. Their unflinching resolution, however, overcame every obstacle. The party encamped several days at the head of Seneca Lake, both for rest after their excessive fatigues, and on account of the strong northwest winds. Here the sleighs were unloaded, and some of them sent back to the Susquehanna.

At the head of the lake the immigrants were so fortunate as to find a boat, which had been used by Sullivan's army for the transportation of artillery, and abandoned on the return of the expedition, eleven years before. This rude craft they repaired, and as soon as the weather became favorable the company set sail, leaving, however, one or two young men to drive a team, and a few domestic animals, to the destination of the company. Cheerfully they sailed down the deep blue waters of the Seneca, the only one of the sisterhood of lakes which Boreas never binds with his icy fetters, thinking that the hardships of the journey were at an end. In this, however, they were disappointed. At the rapids of Seneca River, where the village of Seneca Falls now stands, they were obliged to unload half of the cargo, and then return for what had been left behind. The dangers and delays were great; only those who managed the boat ventured to descend the rapids in her. She shot down them like an arrow, and was already unloaded when the women and children arrived on foot. The men then started with the boat for the head of the falls, in order to bring down the remainder of the goods, which included nearly all their clothes, beds, and provisions. They were, part of the time, obliged to wade in the cold water up to the waist, drawing the heavy boat against a swift and powerful stream. Night came on, and as it was impossible to descend in the dark, they were compelled to remain till morning. Meanwhile the families below, aware of the danger of the falls, and not seeing the men return, naturally supposed that the current had dashed them upon the rocks, and that all was lost. The women were in a distressing situation. One of them had been married to Mr. White but a few days previous, and feeling certain that her husband was drowned, suffered inconceivable anguish.

A dark storm came on, which seemed to menace them with speedy destruction. They wandered up and down the river, pitiably bemoaning their lonely condition in an inhospitable wilderness, until the thickly falling snow compelled them to gather closely around a little fire. Weeping and wringing their hands, they remained there until morning, when, to their great joy, the boat arrived in safety, and took the weary company on board. They were now within twenty miles of their destination; and as the boat floated quietly down the Seneca, all of them supposed that the fatigues of the journey were over. But disappointment again awaited the hardy little band. On reaching Cayuga Lake, they found it filled with ice. It was determined to cut a passage for the boat: but this was a laborious process, and it took them several days to make a distance of five miles. At night, the party en-

WILLOW BROOK.

camped on shore. When they awoke one morning, they saw, to their great joy, that the ice was all gone. The south wind had swept it entirely away. Both shores of the Cayuga were fringed with heavy forests; and as they coasted along the eastern side, they observed here and there the site of an Indian village. In scarcely more than one place, however, did they see the wigwam smoke curling above the tree tops. At the Indian Cove, a little south of Springport, lived a band of thirty or forty Tuscaroras, under Steel Trap and Queen Esther. How this little band became detached from their tribe, is not known. The Cayugas, who had been driven away by Sullivan's expedition in 1779, and the terrible winter that followed that campaign, had not yet returned to their old hunting-ground.

Having now a clear sea, Captain Franklin's party soon concluded their voyage. They landed at Aurora in the beginning of April, a short distance north of New Park, and formed a permanent settlement. Captain Franklin found the provisions he had buried the previous autumn undisturbed and in good condition. The latter formed, indeed, a very seasonable supply of food. Their first care was to erect temporary dwellings, in which to pass the summer. Mr. Edward Paine, Jr., whose father came on in the early part of the summer, says that Stephen Franklin and himself nestled in a cabin of their own erection, dimensions four feet by six, and made of long shingles. "Our buildings," continues he, "although differing in size, agreed as to the model or plan. Fancy to yourself a square shanty, the sides made of Yankee bar posts, set nearly perpendicular; a roof, such as it was, but no other floor than a piece of earth." The stock of provisions soon began to grow short; and though they were careful to plant abundantly, it was a long time to wait for the harvest and the ripening of the wild fruits of autumn. Nothing could be obtained from the Indians, and game was very scarce. The spring and summer of 1790 were, indeed, seasons of extraordinary scarcity in the newly-settled parts of New York and Pennsylvania.

On his way to the Lake country, Mr. Franklin had stored a quantity of grain at Tioga Point, and also deposited there a barrel of pork and another of flour. Soon after the arrival of the company at Aurora, his son Roswell and Mr. White returned for the purpose of bringing on these provisions. When they reached Tioga Point, however, they found that the pork and flour had been eaten up, or otherwise disposed of. Misfortunes do not generally come single handed. The mill had also been burned, with the grain stored in it.

Finding no provisions at Tioga Point, the two young men proceeded down the Susquehanna to Wysox, where Captain Franklin had left behind a small quantity of rye when his family removed. This they threshed, ground, and brought the flour back to Cayuga. The young men were absent five weeks, and during all this time the families at Aurora were entirely destitute of bread. They subsisted chiefly on the milk of their cows, with the rare addition of a few Indian potatoes, a species of ground nut, which they roasted, and found very palatable.

Mr. Paine thus writes to his friend:

"This summer we all received our rations at head-quarters, the Franklin Hotel, and fared sumptuously every day. Would you like to see our bill of fare? breakfast of boiled squash, dinner of string beans, and supper of green corn, with perhaps an addition of purslain—a charming variety, of which our vegetable doctors will surely not complain. Some unreasonable, skeptical folks, will think these were not halcyon days, which I cannot help; but at length we had an extraordinary time in the eating line. The bears wounded two small hogs, which it was necessary to kill, in order to save their lives. There was about as much fat on their bristles as under them; but we accepted Sir Bruin's offering as a feast of fat things, and devoutly hoped that he would call again. I happened once to slip into Deacon Atwell's, just as they were sitting down to a dinner of boiled purslain—nothing else. Deacon Atwell was our man of God for the time being. He used to hold meetings in his shanty on Sundays, and it would have puzzled all the lawyers in Philadelphia to have determined whether he was singing, praying, crying, or exhorting. As to post-offices, we did not want any: we were like the Frenchman, who said to Louis the Fourteenth, 'All a poor subject asks of your majesty is, that your majesty will be graciously pleased to ask nothing of him.'"

Toward autumn the condition of the little colony materially improved. Some of the Cayuga Indians appear to have returned to their former haunts, and doubtless brought in fish and game to be exchanged for such articles as the settlers could spare. The latter were too occupied in their preparations for the coming winter to spend much time in fishing or the chase. The forests also furnished an abundance of wild fruits and berries. They were not all so delicious as those now cultivated in the same region, but the strawberries and raspberries, ripening in the early part of the season, were especially grateful.

Later came a goodly supply of Indian plums and apples. The former were small, of a red color, and deliciously sweet. They were, in reality, French plums, the seeds, like those of the apple, having been brought from Canada by the Jesuit missionaries or by the Indians themselves. It will be remembered that all of the Six Nations, except the Tuscaroras, originally came from Canada. With one exception, they afterward sided with the English, so that an active intercourse was usually maintained between the two regions. The birds of passage in their annual migrations southward may have also transported seeds of various kinds.

Before Sullivan's campaign, apple and peach trees were very numerous among the lakes, not planted regularly as with us, but grown up in orchards where the forest had been felled by the winds, or singly, where a stray seed chanced to have dropped. These had for the most part been cut down by Sullivan's troops, who swept away the villages and cornfields wherever they went. Many, however, had been spared by the small detachment from the army which traversed the east shore of the Cayuga a few miles, and then returned to Canaderaga, near the foot of Seneca Lake. Here and there an Indian apple-tree of immense size still remains standing, its stout heart and big arms having so long withstood storm and decay, as if sorrowfully to remind us of the dusky maids and warriors gone

"To the land of the hereafter."

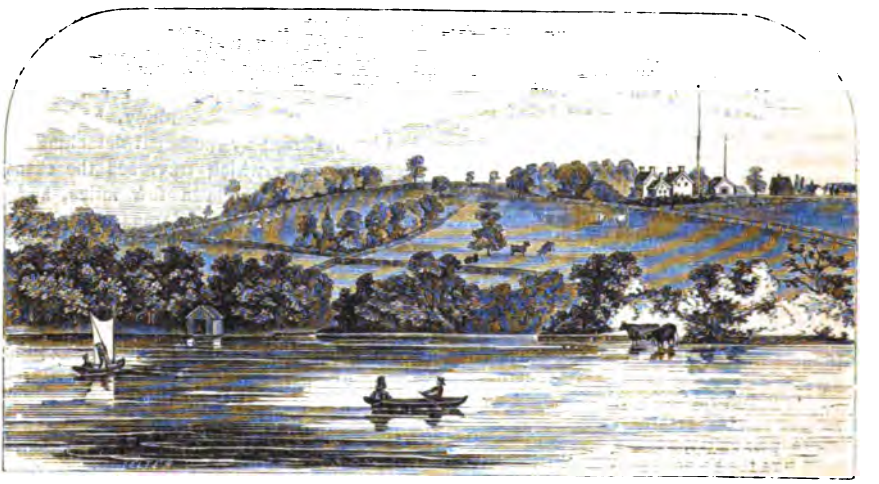
In a new settlement iron is better than gold; next to food and clothing it is, indeed, most essential. The early settlers of Cayuga were fortunate in obtaining a supply of that necessary article without cost or labor to themselves. They frequently found hatchets, knives, and arrow-heads of the best French iron, and sometimes articles of more elaborate workmanship, which had been lost or thrown away by the Indians. Gun barrels were in a few instances discovered, rusty, it is true, but of valuable material. The latter were more frequently found in the graves of the Indians. It was the custom of the Iroquois to bury with the departed warrior his pipe, his gun, or bow and arrow, and hunting dress, together with a small quantity of provisions, and a brass kettle to cook the same during the long journey beyond his coffinless tomb.

It was long customary to desecrate the

graves of the poor red man in search of these articles. The gun with which the simple-hearted child of the forest thought to shoot game in the beautiful hunting-grounds of the spirit-land often fell into the hands of the hardy settler, and the little kettle, useless in the journey beyond the tomb, again served the purposes of the living, or was laid aside as an object of curiosity. Alas for the poor Indian! driven from the earth by those who should have been his friends, and pursued even into the grave, where to others "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!" Thus it will be seen that many favorable circumstances attended the settlement of Cayuga.

The corn and vegetables planted in the spring yielded a good return. The nearest grist mill, however, was at Tioga Point, in Pennsylvania, a distance of about eighty miles. I should, perhaps, except Jemima Milkinson's mill at Jerusalem, on the west side of Seneca Lake. The Indian trail to Tioga Point was traveled only in case of absolute necessity. Until Edward Paine erected a pocket mill on Paine's Creek, a rude affair which at this day would pass for a great curiosity, the settlers of Aurora employed a simple contrivance instead.

"By the aid of fire and Yankee ingenuity," writes one of them, "we converted stumps into what are called samp mortars, where many bushels of corn were mangled or jammed into samp or hominy."



INGLESIDE, CAYUGA LAKE.

The corn was pulverized in a mortar prepared in this manner by means of a heavy wooden pestle, worked by hand, or to lighten the labor, frequently tied to the top of the nearest sapling whose flexible trunk could be made to answer the purpose of a spring.

The nearest store was they knew not where. Neither merchants, lawyers, nor doctors were among them. Being moneyless, squatters on lands not their own, it would have been necessary to trap an otter or kill a raccoon to barter for other commodities. By living according to nature, they had little occupation for a professor of the healing art. In their peculiar circumstances they were bound to live in peace and good fellowship with each other, and, indeed, they were too much occupied in supplying their dayly wants and providing for the coming winter to live otherwise.

At this point we will leave the history of the infant settlement to notice one of the institutions of learning which sprung up in Cayuga.

The pride of Aurora is the Academy, which, for many years under the direction of Salem Town, became one of the principal institutions of learning in Western New York. It was founded in the year 1799, (though not built until 1801,) only ten years after the first settlers landed in the wilderness of Cayuga, and twenty years before a church was erected in the village. During this latter interval, how-

NEW PARK.

ever, the inhabitants were accustomed to worship in the hall of the Academy, whenever a good missionary or transient clergyman visited that region. This educational zeal resulted from the fact, that nearly all the early settlers of Aurora had originally emigrated from New England. In 1801, only two years after the county was organized, John Ely was appointed principal of the Academy, with the respectable salary of $500 per annum. Those now living who studied in the old edifice, which was burned in 1805, may have heard an incident connected with its erection In October, 1799, Captain Squires, an old seaman, who sailed a rude craft on the Cayuga, called "Betty Morgan," ran down to the Indian Cove for a cargo of brick. It being a pleasant day, with a fair wind, Mr. Burnham, the supercargo, concluded to sail back to Aurora instead of returning on horseback. As soon as they were half a mile out there came on a dead calm. At night Captain Squires strung up a rude hammock for his companion, into which the latter crawled, somewhat hungry, as he had eaten breakfast before daylight, and there was not a crumb of food on board. Toward midnight a head wind sprung up from the south and soon blew very fresh. Mr. Burnham was aroused to take the helm, which he found himself unable to manage, as the motior of the boat gave him uneasy sensations about the epigastrium. The "Betty Morgan" sprung a leak, and the water was soon a foot deep in the hold. The supercargo had to pump or die. The pump handle, however, happened to be wanting, so that Mr. B. was obliged to lay hold of the rod with both hands, and work it with main force, which he did lustily for six hours, sustaining himself with an occasional draught of water drawn from the lake in a broken jug with a string. After crossing the lake eight times to make a distance of five miles, they reached the foot of Franklin Hill the next day, and went ashore from the rudder. So much for the nautical experience of my venerable friend, who has had the double honor of giving the electoral ballot of his district for John Quincy Adams, and, very recently, for John C. Fremont.

For many years after the first settlement of Western New York common schools were both rare and indifferent. The scholars had frequently to walk several miles through the woods to reach the log school-house, and were in no small danger of being attacked by bears or strolling Indians. The services of the children at home were valuable, and not unfrequently the schoolmaster was employed to go from house to house in a neighborhood for the purpose of imparting instruction, so that in the early settlement of the region the schoolmaster was truly abroad. Moreover, it was just after the late war, and

the people were generally too poor to spend much for education.

The log school-house was usually square, and contained but a single room, one side of which was nearly taken up by an immense fireplace. The chimney was so broad that the ascending smoke and descending current of cold air did not intermingle, which was supposed to be a sovereign remedy against smoky fireplaces. The wide chimney also served the double purpose of skylight and ventilator. The people in the neighborhood supplied fire wood, which was usually so crooked that it would scarcely lie upon the ground. Seats made of slabs, with four legs, were arranged on the sides of the room, and against the walls were forms of soft wood, upon which Young America freely exercised his peculiar talent for whittling, when not engaged in study or meditation. The days of charts and black boards were not yet; and the heavy ferule, that fell smartingly on the palms of delinquents, summoned the scholars from their sports by being rapped upon the door-post, just as, in European Turkey, where bells are not allowed, the Greek priest calls his parishioners to worship by the sound of a hammer.

The school teacher, although he might have been puzzled with questions which a child can now answer, was, next to the pastor, the most important personage in a settlement. The arrival of a new pedagogue was considered a great event, and in those ruder times his position depended in no small degree upon his physical strength. Whether he was to remain in honor or to be sent away in disgrace was often determined by a fight with one or more of the large boys, who entered the list as champions of the smaller urchins. Discipline was regarded as the all-important matter, and it was generally conceded that the sense of feeling, especially upon the palmar and posterior surfaces of the body, was a much better avenue of knowledge than either sight or hearing.

The ability to repeat the simple rules of orthography, without particular reference to their application, was requisite for a teacher's certificate. He must also be able to read, stopping long enough at semicolons to count two; and at colons, four; and the effect was thought to be greatly heightened by a nasal drawl and psalm-singing tone of voice, not unlike what one hears in a Jewish synagogue.

Much knowledge the people did not require, and a venerable pedagogue was once heard to declare, to the great wonderment of all his scholars, that he supposed he might be able to determine, by an arithmetical calculation, how many barley-corns it would take to reach around the world. The school teacher boarded with the families of the district, a week in turn with each, according to their convenience, and occupied the spare bed when they were so fortunate as to possess one. The extra fare during this week was especially grateful to the children, although the august presence of the pedagogue restrained their mirth. It was even remarked that in some instances the feathered bipeds of the barnyard became frightened by the great falling off in their number on such occasions, a fact which has also been observed in certain Methodist families of well-known hospitality, with the additional circumstance that only the cocks and pullets hide themselves on the arrival of an ordinary itinerant, while the turkeys and geese silently take to their legs on the appearance of a presiding elder.

For one day at least, during the winter, the relations of the teacher and his pupils became entirely reversed. Young America early shows his love of independence, and it was a traditional and time-honored custom to lock out the master on Christmas or New-Year's day. The scholars came early by common consent, nails were driven over the windows, the doors strongly barricaded, and a rousing fire built, so that no one might venture to let himself down the chimney.

A vigorous siege began on the arrival of the pedagogue. The large boys took their station behind the door, and the smaller children looked out of the windows with their happy faces, as the lambs in the fable are supposed to have looked down upon the wolf. Attempts were made to force an entrance through the door; the roof was scaled and boards placed over the chimney-top, in order, if possible, to smoke the inmates into submission. Did the teacher succeed in effecting an entrance, order was restored for the day, and the ring-leaders were fortunate if they escaped a flogging or a longer session than ordinary. His efforts, however, usually failed, and those within thereupon agreed to capitulate on condition of having no school for the day, and being treated to apples

and cider, in case they could be obtained from some neighbor's cellar.

For many years after the settlement of Western New York almost all the people received their entire education at the common school. The pupils varied, in age, from infancy to manhood and womanhood; in size, from two feet high to seven, and were generally arranged in no more than three or four classes. The Testament was for a long time the only reading book. As soon as a child had learned to spell in words of three letters, the Catechism was put into his hand, in order that he might next become acquainted with the doctrines of the vicarious atonement, complete justification, and the perseverance of the saints.

Philosophy and chemistry were strange words. Geography was confined mainly to teaching the source and direction of certain rivers. History meant little more than the names of the president, governor, and lieutenant governor then in office. The girl who could spell down the school was the belle of the neighborhood; a young man or woman who was able to parse well was looked upon as exceedingly promising, while a person who had ciphered to the "Double Rule of Three," was a prodigy whose fame circulated many miles around.

Composition was never thought of as an exercise, but an amatory epistle was now and then intercepted by the pedagogue, inspired by one of the buxom, red-cheeked damsels on the opposite side of the room, and written in red ink, as emblematical of a wounded heart. The country school-house was, in fact, a famous place for flirtations; it was so delightful to say the multiplication table, beginning with twice one is two, along with Miss Patience Van Diefendorf, or to be spelled down by the sweet-lipped daughter of Squire Diedrich Vanniniwidgen.

During the long intermission at noon the scholars built play-houses, typical, one might say, of the dwellings they were to inhabit in after life, but O how unlike the great castles of youth in which, I fear me, they never lived, although they sometimes seemed so near on the azure hills! And, without pride or selfishness, they played "old folks" in their grassy, moss-roofed houses under the spreading branches of the trees, just as many of them whose hearts are still warm would like to play "young folks" now.

The smaller children, not far enough advanced for the Catechism, were obliged to sit upright on seats without backs several hours every day, playing with their thumbs, for want of other occupation.

The time of the teacher was mainly devoted to setting copies, putting out words, showing the scholars how to do sums, mending their pens, and teaching them how to behave. The pedagogue was not always in good-humor. I have one in distinct remembrance, who was wont to leave indelible impressions upon the bodies as well as upon the minds of his pupils. He was in the habit of accusing the boys when thirsty of carrying salt in their pockets.

"John," said he, one day to a mischievous urchin of ten years' growth, "if you don't behave yourself I'll jerk you out of those boots!" John went home with a very crooked face, and complained, whiningly, to his mother, "It's bad enough to wear dad's boots without being twitted of it."

In those times people were slow to make improvements, and still slower to adopt them. They did not like the new inventions, or "conventions," as the latter were frequently termed. Even a trustee took his children out of school for the reason that the new teacher made his pupils write a round hand instead of using the old-fashioned, angular letters, each of which was distinct from its fellows. The appearance of Webster's Spelling-book created an unparalleled excitement, not so much on account of the frontispiece representing the temple of Fame, which it was thought would distract the attention of the scholars, as from the fact that words like motion were to be spelled with two syllables instead of three.

This last innovation incurred indignant opposition, which it required years to overcome. Times changed, however, and the schools of Central and Western New York are now unsurpassed in excellence. The appointing of county superintendents gave an impetus to the cause of education. Salem Town was one of the first to prepare suitable school books for children, and these are now so simplified and illustrated that the little learner is almost cheated into knowledge. Mr. Town is spending his old age in Aurora, still laboring for the cause in which he is so justly celebrated.

"EGG-GU-GU," ITINERANT NECROMANCER, AND MUSIC.

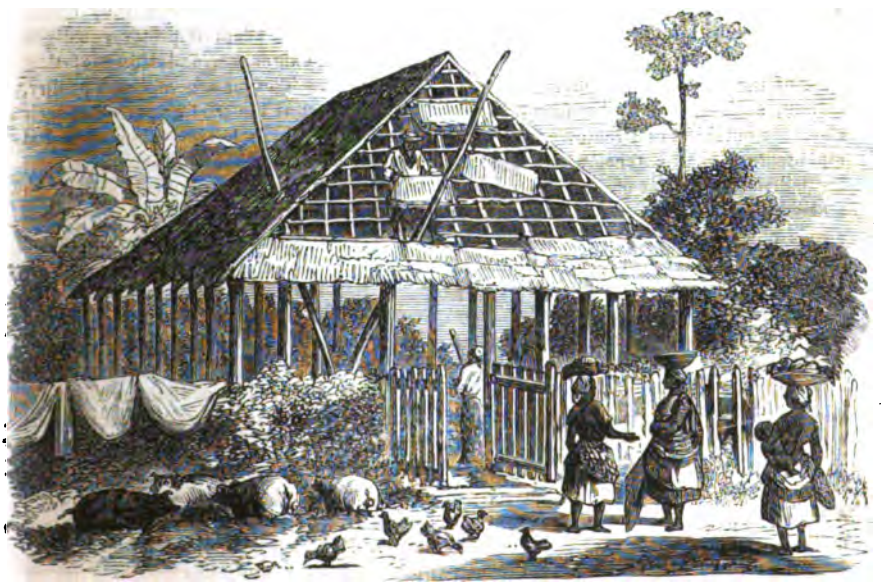
SKETCHES IN SIERRA LEONE.

SIERRA LEONE has acquired a reputation which, in the minds of most people, is so irresistibly associated with the name of the "White Man's Grave," with ideas of fever and death, a scorching sun, arid sands, and dry crisping winds, alternating with heavy and continuous rains, tornadoes, terrific thunder and lightning, fogs and mists, and their attendant consequences—damp, mildew, rust, and decomposition; with a climate in which the pestilential breath of death has been said to lurk in every calm, and to be wafted in every gale; and a train of et cæteras to complete the sum total of anomalies, physical, moral, and intellectual, which are identified with the West Coast of Africa generally, that a prejudice may, very naturally, have been engendered to an extent which has rendered most subjects connected with this interesting quarter of the world repugnant or distasteful to the generality of our readers. Nevertheless, we are not aware of any one exception to the sentiments which have been promulgated by visitors to this colony, expressive of the gratifying interest they had experienced on first contemplating the beauties of its scenery, the extent and pleasing aspect of its capital, and the most prominent characteristics of its African population, to whom no truthful delineator of nature could well fail to feel indebted for some of the happiest efforts to combine the grotesque, and even the burlesque, with the picturesque.

The situation and general character of Freetown and its harbor are too well known to call for particular notice; but the exigences of an increasing population during many years, arising from the frequent arrival of Africans captured and liberated by cruisers from the merciless grasp of the slave-dealer, having necessarily led to an extension of the town far beyond its original limits, there are a few spots in their vicinity of sufficient interest to divert the attention from the public of-

fices and the dwellings of the most opulent and respectable portion of the community. Our sketch is taken in Pademba road, which runs in an oblique direction from those limits, and, after intersecting a populous neighborhood to the extent of nearly a mile beyond them, terminates about a quarter of a mile further, at the foot of the mountains, which form a semicircular background to the city and harbor. The most prominent object embraced in the view looking toward the town from the point of observation is Christ Church, a stone structure built entirely by native artificers, and chiefly by local subscription. It affords commodious accommodation for the performance of Divine service in the upper division, which is gained by a flight of stone steps; and for a boys' and girls' school in the lower division. Both are generally well attended. A portion of the walls surrounding the barracks, which occupy the summit of a hill that is isolated from the range of mountains already noticed, is seen to the right. The houses fronting the road on both sides are generally occupied by native artisans and venders of various commodities, chiefly of European manufacture; among which crockery, linen-drapery, and haberdashery claim particular notice, in competition with the charms of two or three "grog-shops," licensed by the government "to sell rum and tobacco." The class of dwellings bespeak the industrious habits and consequent worldly advancement of a considerable number of the "liberated African" population; some of whom, from the condition of petty traders, have raised themselves to be classed among the most opulent merchants of Freetown.

All we need say for the characters introduced in our sketch is, that the private of a West India regiment, being on leave for the day, is, as far as we can judge, enjoying a complacent confabulation with the police constable, who, with his staff in hand, as the most significant badge of his authority, has no doubt established in his own mind perfect coördination of rank between himself and his companion, as trustworthy coadjutants in "*da serbice ob da Queen ob Englan!*" We care not to notice the palpably idle, nor the piebald, hairy-coated sheep, with their blundering innocence; but there is something laudatory in recreation, especially where it takes the character of labor; and the ebony-skinned urchins who, *in puris naturalibus*, are jumping, kicking, and sprawling in rampant joyousness; bobbing their bodies beneath the limpid waters of the rivulet, and vociferating their small-talk in discordant concert with the jabbering and occasional laughter of the washerwomen, claim of us a passing glance.



BAMBOOING A HUT.

A market-place is to be found in all the principal villages in the colony, although that of Freetown is by far the largest and most resorted to by the natives, whose products, natural or artificial, are most generally in demand. Supplies are brought here from the most remote districts. The market next in importance is that of Waterloo, the most populous location, with the exception of Freetown, from which it is distant about twenty miles to the southward, in the vicinity of the isthmus which connects the colony with the continent. Waterloo Market is upward of one hundred feet in length, and thirty feet in breadth, composed of three rows of heavy "hardwood" posts, supporting a thatched roof, and affording a commodious area well sheltered from the sun or rain. It occupies one side of a spacious quadrangle, which has in its center a circular inclosure, containing many choice fruit-trees belonging to government premises on the opposite side of the square, which are occupied by the superintendent of the district. At the end of the market-place, nearest to the foreground, a portion equal to the square of its breadth is partitioned off exclusively for the sale of meat; while the remaining portion, open at the sides and further extremity, admits of a free double range between the assembled retailers of reduplicated assortments of fruits and vegetables, dried fish, genuine native condiments, and a variety of the other products.

The principal building on the right is about as good a specimen as we could offer of the middle-class tenements in the colony, such as are to be found in and about the outskirts of Freetown; the principal feature is an extension of the rafters beyond the main body of a stone structure, and which, resting upon pillars, admit of a rude colonnade, wholly or partially surrounding it; the upper story being composed of a wooden framework with clapboarded sides and a shingled roof. There are still buildings of an inferior class, which, on account of their relative dimensions and the materials of their construction, nevertheless claim a superiority over some more humble tenements of the African population. The difference consists in the extent of the area on the ground floor only, which admits of two or three distinct compartments, according to the exigences of the family, above the condition of those who tenant one room only, with a discretional partition or screen; and whose walls are composed of mud or rough planking, with heaps of dried grass or some rude rafters for the roofing.

The former description of dwelling is more commodious; the framework and general construction are of better materials and workmanship; the flooring and divisions are neatly planked; the exterior of the structure, up to the plate on which the rafters rest, is composed of overlapping boards secured to dressed "hardwood" posts, and the roofing generally consists of "bambooing." This term very erroneously indicates the use of what we recognize as "bamboo," and we could never trace its derivation among the Africans, who apply it indiscriminately to the palm-leaves when worked, as represented in the sketch, into the forms for thatching, and to the circular covers used to protect what they may carry on their heads from the sun and rain. The former have the lengths of the leaves bent in equal divisions over a thin stick, commonly four feet in length, and stitched compactly together; the whole forming oblong surfaces, which are placed upon the rafters—commencing at the bottom in the same manner as in slating a roof.

A kitchen is a most important appendage to the domestic establishment of the Africans: cooking is their delight; although one meal in the day, or at its close, commonly suffices. In this they economize time, and adapt it pretty equally to their own exigences, and those of their live stock. The pigs, goats, and poultry, retire to rest at the feeding period of their owners, the fowls having taken their last repast round and about the wooden mortar in which the rice is pounded, and which is daily brought into requisition, on account of the rice keeping better in the husk.

In this kitchen we have a principle of construction common among the meaner dwellings, its walls being built by a process called "wattling," which consists of stout posts placed at a distance of about four feet, with one of less thickness alternating between them, and which receives a close series of thin sticks passed horizontally behind and before it, their ends being lodged at the back of the larger posts. Thick layers of mud are commonly plastered over this structure both within and without, which conceal the foundation

INTERIOR OF PIAZZA.

of the walls thus formed. Simple as the merely needful wants of the Africans are, until they acquire and encourage a taste for artificial comforts, it is very rarely that they are overtaken by superfluity, and in some instances it might be difficult to reconcile them to it. In most things they covet the useful more than the ornamental or unprofitable.

Their culinary utensils are generally limited to one or two iron pots, which serve for boilers or ovens, as occasion may need; and as for grates or fireplaces, they have as many constantly at hand as suffice for all extraordinary demands either upon their skill or their hospitality.

Besides the "Liberated Africans" and their offspring, who form the bulk of the population, there are some natives of the neighboring territories who have voluntarily located themselves on the soil, either to facilitate some petty traffic, or, from motives perhaps more prudential, to secure themselves protection within the limits of British jurisdiction. These have formed small detached settlements in the southern and western districts, which are most remote from the capital and nearest to the narrow isthmus, which secures to the colony the designation of a "peninsula," and affords a land communication between it and the adjacent countries. Prompted by a principle of clanship, which is so conspicuous a characteristic of the African that it shows itself in the smallest communities, and even among those who have been liberated promiscuously from slavery and settled in the colony, the inhabitants of these little villages consist generally of one tribe or nation, and collectively comprise, with two or three insignificant exceptions, the Kussoos and Sherbros, of whom the latter are the most numerous, and whose native land is the most accessible. It is here worthy of notice that both these people, but more particularly the Kussoos, are celebrated for the manufacture of "country cloths" from native cotton, which are mostly dyed in various colors and patterns, and constitute, generally, the only garment admitting of a name that is worn by the men, who wear it as a wrapper, and not unfrequently in a manner which might be taken for intuitive good taste. The Sherbros are more remarkable for the beautiful texture and patterns of their mats, hammocks, and other articles of a similar manufacture. An extremely interesting spot on the western shores of the colony, about seven miles from Freetown, has been selected by a few families of this nation, where they are

chiefly engaged in fishing, and in a petty traffic with the canoes which pass along the coast.

A more romantic locality, and one more in accordance with their predilections for shade and retirement, and at the same time eligible for their particular pursuits, could scarcely have been chosen; the little village occupying a small clearance completely surrounded by trees and shrubs of luxuriant growth, within the limits of a tongue of land which projects into the sea, and which affords them immediate access at the point to a natural wharf of rocks; and on one side of it to a fine sandy beach of a long bay, abounding with fish. From the peculiar character of the scenery, combined with the national costume and mode of constructing their houses, so different from the prevalent practices in the colony,

FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE.

the casual visitor might imagine himself in the far interior of the continent.

The body of their dwellings, whether circular or square, is generally composed of the same materials noticed in the construction of the kitchen in the foregoing sketch; the "wattling" being stouter proportionably to the size of the building, and for the better adhesion of a greater mass of mud within and without in completing the formation of the walls. An upright pole is raised from a cross-beam, from nearly the top of which the rafters radiate to about five feet beyond the tower upon which they rest; and there, having received a connecting bandage, they are supported by wooden pillars; and, the dried grass thatching being applied, the indispensable colonnade is thus formed most frequently round the whole structure. The

interior of such dwellings admitting of little light, and that, in most instances, only through two opposite doors, is almost exclusively devoted to repose at night, and regarded in other respects merely as a repository for their household goods or articles of trade; but the colonnade serves all the purposes of the reception-room and council-chamber. It is here the natives most delight to assemble to hold their "palavers," whether in the character of solemn discussions on politics or their municipal laws, or of a desultory chitchat. It is here, too, the hammock is scarcely less indispensable than the colonnade itself; the headman or chief at such meetings taking it as "the chair," in which he swings with peculiar self-complacency, while his compeers or guests are seated on mats and skins on the raised terrace. The hammock, indeed, is seldom vacated during the day, if in its neighborhood there happens to be an aspirant after the *otium sine dignitate*, which it is so well calculated to afford; and, if a *male* adult (the ladies never attempt it) is not to be found to enjoy his hour of recreation within it while framing wild fancies in the smoke from his tobacco-pipe, some young urchin is pretty sure to scamper into its folds to enjoy the luxury of a swing.

Probably in no part of the world does superstition exert a more extensive and baneful influence than in Africa. Consequently, itinerant doctors, necromancers, and impostors of every kind are everywhere to be found, who do not hesitate to practice their impositions within the colony.

The professions and reputation of this impostor cause thousands to pay him a sort of worship mingled with dread. He has credit for being familiar with departed spirits, and it is supposed by many that the soul of any deceased individual may appear in his own person. Such feelings and such notions, however, may be said to be universal only among the women; for, although a latent sense of dread, and an outward manifestation of the most profound respect toward him, are generally shared among the men, a suspicion lurks in the minds of many that he is not so great an adept as he professes to be. They are, nevertheless, glad to turn to account the influence he exercises over the softer sex; and, by a sort of rigid freemasonry

WATERLOO MARKET.

SHERBO VILLAGE.

among themselves, take good care, as occasion may need, to keep their wives and children in dread of being subject to his spells. He generally makes his appearance during the dry season of the year, attended by his confederates, who beat drums, and chant some taking sentences, to which he responds, while they assume different postures, to amuse and abuse the intelligence of the bystanders. A spirit of emulation prevails everywhere among the deluded people, to be honored by him with his presence at their houses, by way of propitiating his favor; and they will spend nearly all they possess in providing a suitable feast for him and his companions. A separate room or the whole house is surrendered exclusively to their use, where they are provided with the best of everything that can be procured, including pecuniary contributions, which frequently leave the donors destitute. Proficiency in the nature and use of poisons is very generally accorded to the chief of this gang, whose incognito is so wholly impenetrable that, could the individual by any possibility be found bold enough to arrest him, he would incontestably disappear from beneath the folds of his cloak, and certain death would be the penalty of the intruder's temerity. It is a common belief that the cloak is impregnated with a deadly poison, fatal to any one who might venture even to touch it.

The costume of the Egg-gu-gu varies somewhat in its character. The one in the sketch wore a dirty-red hooded cloak, with rows of cowrie-shell forming a square in front of the face, between which at the upper part were two holes, scarcely perceptible for him to see through. The legends of loose trousers were to be seen over a pair of old Wellington boots; but the fraternity mostly appear with their feet bandaged with dry grass, or perhaps a pair of stockings, by way of approximating as nearly as possible to civilized notions of respectability. An oblong piece of glass, about the length of the forehead, is sometimes substituted for the cowrie-shells; and the cloaks, also, of some are composed of different colored patches.

TIVOLI.

AN EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

THE winter at Rome, with its capricious smiles of sunshine and its genial warmth, alternating with the somber moon and heavy sky, which reminds one of the raw November atmosphere of New England, had drawn to its close. It was one of those enchanting mornings of early spring, so peculiar to southern Italy, that a cumbersome Roman carriage passed out the gateway of San Lorenzo on its way to Tivoli. The bargain had previously been made for the carriage as well as *buonamano* agreed upon for the coachman, a care which in Italy no traveler should ever neglect.

The many sights of the eternal city, as well as the ceremonies of holy week, had kept us for a long time within the walls of Rome. But now all was over. The carnival, with its mask of joy, its snow storms of *confetti* and *bon bons*, its hurricanes of bouquets, and its final *moccoletti* night, had passed. The solemn words *tuto finito* had resounded throughout the papal capital. The somber forty days of Lent were ended. His holiness had washed the feet of the pilgrims and served as waiter at their table on Holy Thursday. The same penance had been performed by the princes and cardinals, as at Rome the words of the Saviour, addressed to his disciples, "If I, then, your Lord and master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet," are taken in the literal sense. The last solemn chants of the Miserere had scarcely died away upon the air, when the joyous Easter Sunday dawned upon the papal capital. The benediction was pronounced by Pope Pius IX. to the hundred thousand people kneeling in the piazza of St. Peter's. Then came the unequaled fire-works of Monte Pincio, designed by Michael Angelo. The *girandola*, the outlines of magnificent temples, traced in lines of fire against the sky, the burning fountains; and these succeeded by the most impressive sight of all, the illumination of the most magnificent edifice of the world.

The visitors at Rome now fled in all directions, some to Naples, others to Florence, and we, following the universal ex-

ample, were *en route* for Tivoli, the beautiful, the unique, the indescribable.

At the distance of about a mile from the city we stopped for a time at the Basilica of San Lorenzo. This interesting church is attributed by some to the age of Constantine; others have fixed the date of its erection in the fifth century; at all events, it seems to have been rebuilt by Pelagius II., A.D. 578. In the eighth century some improvements were made upon the building, since which time the general arrangement has been preserved. Like most of the earlier churches of Rome, this bears evidence of having been built of the remains of edifices of a much earlier date, and probably of ancient temples. There is observable in the columns here a great variety in the style of decoration, which would certainly indicate that they had formerly been used in several different edifices. Perhaps the most interesting part of this church is the *tribune* or *absis* of Pelagius II., which, as in other ancient basilicas, is raised above the floor of the nave. This is adorned with twelve magnificent fluted columns of *pavonazzetto* marble; some of these have Corinthian, others composite capitals. The entablature is composed of fragments of ancient marbles, a portion of which seem to have been originally friezes, others to have been designed for different purposes; indeed, the ensemble is like that of most of the basilicas, evidently made up of fragments of which ancient temples have been despoiled. Near the high altar the bodies of St. Lawrence and St. Stephen are said to be interred. Here are two most interesting relics of the early age of Christianity, consisting of two marble pulpits standing on opposite sides of the nave. The epistle was chanted from one of these; the other seems to have served as a reading desk.

In one of the columns of the nave are sculptured a *lizard* and a *frog;* this strengthens the supposition of some antiquaries, that all these columns were taken from the ruins of the temples attached to the portico of Octavia. Pliny tells us that "the architects of the temple of Metellus, which occupied the site of the Portico of Octavia, were two Spartans called Sauros and Batrachus, and that being wealthy, the only reward they asked was the permission to inscribe their names upon their work. This was refused; but they introduced them into the ornaments of the building under the figures of a lizard and a frog."

Our stay at this interesting basilica was short; the morning was too beautiful to linger within doors, the Campagna too attractive in its robe of early spring flowers, and so we drove on over its broad expanse.

The Sabine Mountains, upon which we had looked, while in Rome, during the winter, and which, in the dimness of distance, had been a *terra incognita* to us, grew more distinct, until the deep green of the olive groves, distinguishing them from the other verdure, were distinctly marked. A sulphurous odor seemed to fill the atmosphere; we were near the Lago di Tartaro; men and women followed our carriage, offering for sale the curious and beautiful petrifactions of this vicinity. So strong is the incrusting quality of the waters of this lake, that vegetables and other substances coming in contact with it are changed to stone of the same character as the Roman travertin. The lake is growing gradually smaller; everything upon its shores is incrusted. All the vegetable matter about it has been changed to stone; the reeds and bushes in its neighborhood present more the appearance of petrified macaroni than anything else, the effect of the water having been to entirely destroy their cores, and to leave them hollow like pipe stems.

The most picturesque object upon the whole route is the bridge known as the Ponte Lucano; near it is an ancient tomb, with which it groups with singular effect. This bridge crosses the Anio. The tomb is that of Plautius Lucanus, and is a circular tower resembling other ancient tombs in the vicinity of Rome. So picturesque is the effect of the bridge grouped with the tomb, that they would seem, like many other objects upon the Campagna, to have been constructed for the especial benefit of artists. Gaspar Poussin made this scene the subject of one of his finest landscapes; and since his time few artists have visited Rome who have not added a sketch of it to their portfolios.

As we ascended the mountain, the olive groves upon its side presented a scene of life; it was the season for gathering the fruit, and numerous peasants in picturesque and varied costumes were engaged in this work. A score or so of bare-footed, bare-headed children left their employment to follow our carriage, and the cries of *dats mi un baiocco*, or a *mezza baiocco sinoré*,

resounded on every side. They all looked well fed and well clothed, and failed to excite our sympathy. We met their demands with ridicule, and expressed our surprise that such handsome and healthy girls should be beggars. The response which we made to their solicitations seemed to excite merriment on their part; they dropped their whining tone, and, with a good-natured laugh, bounded back to their work, leaving us to pursue our course unmolested.

Speaking of olive-trees, I was disappointed at my first view of an olive grove, and it was not until after a long residence in Italy that I was able to appreciate fully this tree, which has become so familiarly associated in our minds with the idea of beauty, as conveyed by the frequent allusions to it in the Scriptures.

There is in the olive a certain depth of green, it is a bluish green, which usually presents a strong contrast with the verdure about it. At no period is this so marked as in the months of July and August, in Southern Italy, a season when rain is rarely known to fall, and when the foliage generally presents a parched and sere appearance; then it is that the olive appears most beautiful, and that one learns to appreciate its charms. For nothing can be a greater relief to the eye at this period than this same depth of green so characteristic of the tree. It matters not to the olive that the earth is no longer refreshed with rains, that the grass even under the shadow of its limbs is withered, that the verdure of the trees about it is fast fading, and that the blasts of the *sirocco* are laden with their falling and withered leaves; still its vigor and luxuriance continues, and it has, moreover, a *green old age*, for when centuries have swept over it, still it sends forth such vigorous shoots that one can scarcely realize the probability of so advanced an age as the tree is often known to be. It is claimed by some that the olive reaches the extreme age of one thousand years. It springs up spontaneously, and requires but little attention. A good crop once in ten years is said to repay fully all the care which it is necessary to bestow upon it. An artist writer has thus beautifully described the olive:

"In some respects, it is as dark as the cypress; in others it is a silvery plume; in some states a rich golden green, vivacious and effective; in others, a soft, leafy shadow, or a cloud hovering over the side of a mountain, its form indefinite and its place unfixed. In itself it appears to know no change, is always green and flourishing, and ever laden with its fruit, some member or other of its family."

Again says the same writer:

"There is a kind of supernatural look attending a grove of olives—a visionary, uncertain something—occasioned by the skeleton-like, half-human shapes of the long, pendent, bare twigs, and the fantastically bent arms and branches; and this impression is very much strengthened by the quality of the color, and the prevailing sobriety and somewhat melancholy tone which prevails. The thick haze of leaves and twigs tempers the lightest sunshine; and while light is admitted, it is so broken, that no deep or abrupt shadows are seen, or bright patches of light admitted. Every object is of a vague and indistinct character, lit by a mysterious kind of illumination—a gray mixture of light and darkness."

Tivoli, the Tibur of the ancient Romans, is situated at the distance of about eighteen miles from Rome, upon an elevated plateau of the Sabine Hills. I have in a former article mentioned the Sabine and Volscian Hills as forming coasts to the great rolling sea of the Campagna.

It is a steep ascent by which Tivoli is approached through ancient olive groves, affording many views of exceeding beauty. The height at last gained, we passed through dirty streets, some of them very precipitous, with picturesque buildings and ruins here and there, which seem here, as almost everywhere in Italy, to make up in the picturesque for an entire lack of cleanliness. We at last found ourselves set down at the little inn of *La Sibilla*.

We were glad, after an inspection of our hotel, that the good Maria, the sister of our *padrone*, had supplied us with a basket containing a sufficient supply of eatables for one day at least, as *La Sibilla* offered little that looked attractive, and the perfume of garlics, that usually inseparable accompaniment of an Italian inn, but not included *in the bills*, was most intolerable.

Our first visit was to the Temple of the Sibyl; this is the circular building which appears on the height of the cliff in the view which I present of Tivoli. As seen from the ravine, looking up, the edifice still appears perfect, but in fact there are but ten of the original eighteen columns remaining, which are all upon this side.

HADRIAN'S VILLA.

The structure is circular and only twenty-one feet in diameter. The columns are travertin, of the Corinthian order, the capitals ornamented with lilies. The entablature is sculptured with heads of oxen, and festoons of flowers suspended between them.

There is, perhaps, no other ruin in the world that has been so often sketched by artists as this. I doubt if there is in all Europe any considerable collection of paintings in which it does not appear in some form. Singularly perfect in its architectural proportions, it impresses the mind, view it from whatever direction you may, with the truth of the words, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." In this ruin this sentiment seems truly verified; the tempest's breath, war, and centuries on centuries of time have swept over it; and yet who can view its graceful proportions, hanging as it does over the very edge of the precipice, with all the accessories of beauty which its position gives it, without feeling the natural response of the heart, and experiencing the quick and joyous throbs with which a thing of real beauty always moves the soul?

This magnificent bit of architecture, like most of the ruins about the Eternal City, has provoked much speculation upon its origin. For centuries it was only known as the temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl, but the antiquaries of the last century, who succeeded in upsetting so many preconceived theories of the Roman remains, expended their researches and ingenuity in vain upon this edifice. They designated it as a temple of Vesta, on the ground that the temples dedicated to this deity were always circular. But the present century has restored the former name, and it is again called the Temple of the Sibyl.

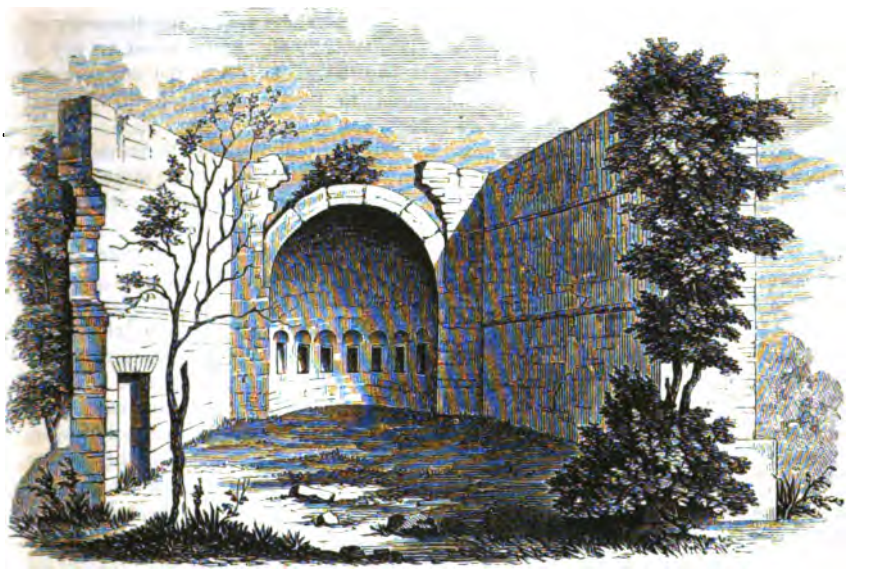
The demands of appetite will make themselves felt even in the midst of a scene like this, and, like true pilgrims, we ordered our basket of provisions to be opened in the beautiful colonnade of the ruin, and here, looking down into the dizzy abyss below, listening to the roar of the waters as they leaped down toward the Grotto of Neptune, we lunched.

The River Anio, or Teverone, which forms the celebrated cascades of Tivoli, is a wild and turbulent stream at its commencement. It rises in the mountains, near Tivoli; its size is greatly increased by the addition of numerous streams; these, like the effect of sudden acquisi-

tions of fortune to men, do not seem to render the Anio more modest in its bearing. But it hurries on with increased velocity, leaping over ledge after ledge, until it finds the Campagna. Here the several streams reunited, it flows on in a placid manner till it loses itself in the Tiber. It has been happily compared to "a wild youth who, after a short course of tumult and resistance, subsides into a sober man of business."

The cascades of Tivoli have been changed in their course since the great inundation which occurred here in 1826. The Church of St. Lucia and thirty-six houses which stood near were swept away by this inundation. The rock immediately under the Temple of the Sibyl was so affected by it that it was thought necessary to change the course of the waters in order to preserve this beautiful relic of the past.

Upon the left, in the sketch which I present, appears the mouth of the tunnel for the water, which was cut through Monte Catillo during the pontificate of Gregory XVI., 1834, since which period the waters have worked a new channel below, and have robbed the picturesque grottoes of their supply of water, which detracts greatly from their interest. From the new tunnel the river now falls in a



VIEW IN THE RUINS OF THE VILLA OF HADRIAN.

solid mass into the ravine below, a distance of about eighty feet.

From near the Temple of the Sibyl walks and stairs have been constructed which lead the visitor to numerous points below, commanding magnificent views. Still below that portion of the fall seen in the sketch is the Cascatelle, a series of pretty cascades. A portion of the stream passes through the ruin known as the Villa of Mæcenas, and from this point drop into the valley below, from the height of one hundred feet. At a short distance from this place are the ruins of the Villa of Catullus. At the Church of San Antonio our garrulous *cicerone* pointed out some ruins as those of the Villa of Horace, but our friend, John Murray, who seems to have a *penchant* for opposing the views of that most amiable class of persons in Italy known as *cicerones*, declares these to be the remains of a villa of Sallust.

The ruins designated as those of the Villa of Mæcenas are upon a very extensive scale. A recent writer has declared that "the villa must have been large enough in its perfect state to have accommodated a hundred irritable poets, and kept them far enough apart to prevent the possibility of a quarrel." But Nibby upsets the theory of this having been a

villa, and believed it to have been the great Temple of Hercules, for which Tibur was famous in the earliest times. Lucien Bonaparte seems to have looked upon this ruin with something of the utilitarian view, with which we Americans are likely to look upon all things. He cared not whether it was a ruined temple of Hercules, or once the abode of the luxurious Mæcenas, but conceived the project of *making it useful*, as some of our speculators have of turning Niagara to account. And here, in the midst of this home of the picturesque and the early nursery of poets, he set wheels in motion, and transformed the ruin into an iron manufactory.

Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, so often referred to by the Latin poets, has an antiquity of nearly five hundred years greater than Rome, and was in the early history of the Eternal City its powerful rival. Virgil calls it *superbum* Tibur. Its enchanting scenery inspired the voluptuous Horace, and here he wrote some of his finest lyrics.

Catullus and Propertius have shown also their admiration of the spot, and commemorated its beauties. Here the captured King of Numidia, Syphax, died, two hundred years before Christ, and here we are told that Zenobia, after gracing the triumph of Aurelian, passed the closing years of her life in a style of Eastern magnificence. During the early attacks of the Goths upon Rome, Tibur suffered severely. The place was for a time defended against Totilla, but was finally surrendered into his hands through treachery. The fearful scenes of cruelty which were then enacted here a cotemporaneous historian declares are beyond belief. During the middle ages the history of this place was a perfect succession of sieges and struggles against the emperors and popes. In the eighth century its name was changed to Tivoli. The town is situated at the height of about eight hundred feet above the Campagna. The population of the modern city is scarcely seven thousand.

Among the sights of Tivoli the *cicerones* point out as something extraordinary the Villa d'Este. It is a good specimen both in itself and grounds of an Italian villa of the sixteenth century. Fast falling into dilapidation, one finds here that strange blending of beauty with decay so characteristic of Italy. Here are magnificent frescoes, some steeped in subterranean damps, marbles of exquisite beauty, fountains and statues grouped about grounds which unlimited wealth has changed as it were into a spacious drawing-room, with the sky for its ceiling.

There is in Italy a something pleasing in the stiff and stately style of landscape gardening so prevalent, and so associated as it is in our minds with forms of beauty in art. Remove the fountains, the vases, the statues, and the marble balustrades, from grounds where the hand of man has shaped the earth into "a foundation for verdurous architecture, with walls and columns hewn from the living green," and you lose the whole harmony of the scene. It is like the play of Hamlet with the character of Hamlet omitted. I was about to say it is like the pallid hue of the corpse compared to the joyous flush of life and health.

The Villa d'Este, in its present condition, presents one of those strange combinations of splendor and decay which is in itself a dream of Italy.

From its terraces with marble balustrades, its vases and fountains grouped with its noble cypresses and pines, forming altogether a rich and characteristic foreground to the landscape, the view looking in the direction of Rome is one of singular beauty. Hundreds of feet below appear the olive groves in their deep and decided green, wrapped in the shadow of the mountain sides, presenting the happiest contrast with the aspect of the Campagna, under the warm glow of sunlight interrupted only by the lengthening shadows which fall from the ruined arches, tombs, and towers, scattered over it. In the distance appears the Eternal City, and lone, indeed, seems the "mother of buried empires;" her domes, her obelisks, and towers, arise in the midst of a scene of desolation. A sunset viewed from this point is one of those pictures daguerreotyped upon the memory of a lifetime, which it would be the most painful to obliterate.

At the distance of a mile or so from Tivoli, occupying an extended plateau upon the side of the mountain near its base, are the remains of the Villa of Hadrian. It is altogether one of those strange conglomerations of architecture which it is quite impossible to describe. The im-

PONTE NOMENTANO.

mense extent of the villa seems almost incredible, as we generally understand villa to signify simply a country residence. The Roman writers mention it as having covered a space of from eight to ten miles in circuit.

In the last number of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, I presented a view of the tomb of this ambitious emperor. Hadrian seems to have prided himself upon his skill in architecture, and is said to have designed all the plans of this villa. His desire was to embrace in this one place a reproduction of all that had most pleased him in his long years of travel. The vast extent which these ruins occupy would appear almost fabulous to state; even the gigantic remains of the palace of the Cæsars are inconsiderable compared with it. It is said to have occupied an area even greater than the City of Pompeii. Here the imperial Hadrian seems to have set himself to work, with untold gold at his disposal, and with unnumbered artisans and artists, to carry out his magnificent plans. About him sprung up splendid edifices, as if by magic. Among them a Lyceum, an Academy, a Pœcile, in imitation of that at Athens. Here was also a Vale of Tempe, and an artificial stream called the Euripus, a library, numerous theaters, barracks for the guards, a Tartarus, Elysian Fields, and numerous temples.

Indeed, the most elaborate account of this villa would be little better than an inventory. Masses of brick work extend in all directions, many of which have been named in modern times, but so great a degree of uncertainty seems to shroud the whole, that the most one is able to determine is—that here are walls. Nature struggles to hide the havoc which time has wrought, and the friendly ivy hangs its beautiful garlands of green upon the broken surface of the walls, now covering a niche once occupied by a statue, or a recess once adorned with a *relievo*. The stately cypress and the oak grow abundantly within the halls which have resounded to the strains of music and the voice of mirth, when seventeen centuries ago were collected the beauty, the rank, and the heroes of imperial Rome.

I do not remember to have ever found the past more completely brought down to the present time, than in the museum of St. John Lateran, at Rome. Here are preserved two magnificent marble columns, which have recently been discovered near the ancient marble landing-place, on the Tiber. The direction is still legible upon them; they seem to have been sent by an Egyptian monarch as a present to the Emperor Hadrian, and are supposed to have been designed for his villa at Tivoli. The columns have been left unpolished, as it would appear, for the greater safety of transportation, and by some unaccountable accident, Hadrian seems never to have *called for them at the Express office*, and they have been left over, and perhaps a bill

charged for storage, as we occasionally find our packages in these days. But a bill of storage for seventeen centuries would certainly promise something rather formidable. It may be that Hadrian was short of funds *that day* when they arrived, and forgot to claim them afterward.

Among the shrubs which grow with remarkable luxuriance about the grounds of the villa, a Syringa is pointed out, an exotic which the emperor is said to have brought home from the East, and planted. More faithful far than the vain monuments of imperial pride which bear the name of Hadrian, this shrub still flourishes, and in its early bloom sheds its fragrance upon the stranger; its flowers as bright, its perfume as sweet, as when it was planted. The tree or shrub planted by humble hands, may be a more enduring monument than tons of granite or of marble.

It was upon this villa and these grounds that the Emperor Hadrian devoted the closing years of his life. Possessing a taste the most highly cultivated, and wealth unlimited, he here watched from day to day the gradual development of his plans. The site which he had selected seems singularly suited to his designs. On the one side the villa was overlooked by the thickly wooded heights of the Sabine Mountains. On the other it commanded a splendid view of the Campagna, and of the Imperial City, "whose temples and obelisks, relieved against the golden sky of sunset, must have soothed the mind of its imperial master with thoughts of duties performed, and of repose earned by toil."

Scarcely had the click of the artisan's hammer ceased upon the walls, ere the emperor was called to his final account, and but seventy years later, Caracalla began the work of despoliation, in order to carry the rich and rare marbles to Rome to ornament the baths which bear his name, and which have now in their turn become masses almost as shapeless as the work of Hadrian. Totila completed the work of destruction during his well-known siege of Tibur, and for centuries after, its marbles were burned into lime by the Romans, and its columns of porphyry taken to Rome to ornament other edifices.

The works of art of the most precious description, which have been from time to time exhumed from these ruins, are numerous. There is scarce a collection of antique art in Europe that has not been indebted to it for some of its gems.

Among the numerous bridges of the Campagna, that known as the Ponte Nomentano, of which I present a sketch, is one of the most picturesque. The guide-books seem to have slighted this bridge, and I find no authentic account of it. It appears to have been occupied as a fortress in the middle ages from the tower erected upon it.

WHISPERS OF THE WATCHING SPIRIT.

In youth I died, in maiden bloom;
With gentle hand Death touch'd my cheek,
And with his touch there came to me
A spirit calm and meek.

He took from me all wish to stay;
He was so kind, I fear'd him not;
My friends beheld my sore decline,
And mourn'd my timeless lot.

They saw but sorrow; I descried
The bliss that never fades away.
They felt the shadow of the tomb,
I mark'd the heavenly day.

I heard them sob, as through the night
They kept their watch; then on my ear
Amid the sobbing fell a voice
Their anguish could not hear.

"Come, and fear not," it softly cried;
"We wait to lead thee to thy home."
Then leap'd my spirit to reply,
I come, I long to come.

I heard them whisper o'er my bed—
Another hour, and she must die.
I was too weak to answer them,
That endless life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears
They mourn'd me as untimely dead,
And heard not how I sang a song
Of triumph o'er their head.

They bore me to the grave, and thought
How narrow was my resting-place;
My soul was roving high and wide
At will through boundless space.

They clothed themselves in robes of black;
Through the sad aisles the requiem rang;
Meanwhile the white-robed choirs of heaven
A holy pæan sang.

Oft from my paradise I come,
To visit those I love on earth.
I enter, unperceived, the door;
They sit around the hearth,

And talk in sadden'd tone of me,
As one that never may return.
How little think they that I stand
Among them as they mourn!

But time will cease their grief, and death
Will purge the darkness from their eyes;
Then shall they triumph, when they learn
Heaven's solemn mysteries.

THE GREAT PAPER MILL AT HOLYOKE.

IN THE NATIONAL for last July appeared a short article on "Paper and Paper-Making." Like many other descriptions, it was incomplete, and although correct as far as it went, failed to do justice to the skill of the manufacturers of this useful article. In fact, I have never seen any really circumstantial account of the whole process, and having spent a great deal of my leisure time in one of the largest establishments of the kind, I invite the reader to a somewhat detailed account of the various operations of what is known as the *Parson's Paper Mill*, so called from the name of the ingenious and gentlemanly agent, Mr. J. C. Parsons, who has the supervision of the entire establishment.

It stands upon the west bank of the Connecticut River, in the town of Holyoke, Massachusetts, eight miles above Springfield. Its motive power is supplied by the new and magnificent dam of the Hadley Falls Company, which extends the entire width of the river, and turns the water through mammoth canals now in process of construction. The establishment is in constant operation, and though three years ago not a stone of its foundation was laid, it is said to be the largest manufactory of *writing paper* in the country.

To start from the commencement, and go through the mill in the order of its operations, makes it necessary first to visit the rag departments, though it must be confessed that this part of the visit is by no means the most agreeable. For the details of "sorting," "dusting," "steaming," and the like, four or five large rooms are occupied, whose appearance, when in use, affords a rather striking contrast with any well-arranged drawing-room or parlor. The floor is piled and littered with rags, of all imaginable sorts, sizes, and colors, mingled in such hopeless confusion as apparently to defy the most patient efforts to classify them. An unpractised eye would surely not select those torn and filthy fragments as representatives of even a nominal value. But a few hours shall witness the truly marvelous transformation of that unsightly mass of "shreds and patches" into an article of such beauty and utility that the admiration of the nicest critic may be successfully challenged.

Along the sides of the "rag-room," next to the windows, are placed long boxes, or troughs, called "dust tables," about waist high, two or three feet wide, and similar, in general appearance, to a common horse-manger. The bottom consists of a grate or screen, so constructed that all loose filth may readily pass through to the floor. Into these capacious receptacles the rags are promiscuously thrown, and then sorted by women and girls, who stand in long rows, and, with nimble fingers, ply their unwholesome task. Each fragment is separately handled, and all which require it are cut into small pieces, in order to hasten the future process of grinding or "beating." Sometimes this cutting is performed by machinery adapted to the purpose, but commonly by means of short scythes, which, at intervals of a few feet, are fastened, in an upright position, along the front edges of the dust-tables. The rag is grasped by both hands, and suddenly drawn against the instrument, which cleaves it apart, with a rough, tearing sound. In the same manner must every hem, and seam, and welt, and button, be removed. The dusting is then completed by a revolving sifter, which works precisely like the flour-bolter in a grist-mill. Its operations would speedily fill the room with a suffocating cloud, but the successful prevention has been adopted of inclosing the whole apparatus with a tight partition.

In the next place comes the steaming. An immense tub, or cistern, is filled with these rags, which require still further cleansing, together with a tolerably strong mixture of common lime and water. The contents are then covered, to retain as much of the steam as possible, and heated to a high temperature by a boiler beneath. This is continued for several hours, until the remnant of dirt that has defied the rough tossing and tumbling of the sifter is partially disengaged preparatory to the "washing process," which is effected by an ingenious machine called "the engine." This is a large vat, of oval or elliptical form, with a partition of equal height with itself, running lengthwise through the center, but terminating, so as to leave, at each end, an opening just equal, in width, to half the lesser diameter. This, it will be readily seen, forms an endless path, of

uniform dimensions, around the machine, so that any liquid may readily follow it so long as some adequate motive power is supplied.

Across the top of the vat runs a small, round shaft of iron, upon one end of which is fastened a concentric drum or cylinder, whose length and radius are exactly sufficient to intercept this continuous passage. The cylinder, which the workmen call the "engine-roller," is furnished, upon its convex surface, with a set of steel plates, about one fourth of an inch in thickness. These are fastened, each upon the thicker of its parallel edges, so as to leave alternate spaces of about one inch in width. They are of equal length with the roller, and when completely adjusted, somewhat resemble the float-boards of that mechanical power called the "breast-wheel." Just beneath the roller is a corresponding set of stationary plates, fastened with thin strips of wood between, leaving a slight depression, so as to present a nicely fluted or grooved appearance. The general surface is concave, corresponding with the convexity of the roller, and in the machine it is fastened obliquely across the bottom of the passage, so that the revolving plates play against the stationary, like the blades of a pair of mammoth shears. The vat is then supplied with a uniform stream of the purest filtered water, the rags from the steam-tub thrown in, and the power applied.

The motion of the whirling "beaters," which revolve with great rapidity, slowly forces the rags through the narrow opening beneath, thus performing the two-fold operation of a thorough, final washing, and a partial grinding. The filthy water passes off through a revolving prism, made hollow, and ingeniously covered with a fine wire strainer, called "vellum," which prevents the escape of any portion of the "stock." The yielding mass continues, for three or four hours, to travel around in its allotted path, returning, with unerring certainty, to pass and repass, for the hundredth time, the inexorable gauntlet. The stream of water is then stopped, and a liquor substituted, which consists of water strongly impregnated with chloride of lime. The mixture, thus formed, is submitted, for about fifteen minutes, to the action of the engine, when a valve is opened, and the contents of the vat carried through a duct into the basement, where a large box, called the "drainer," receives them.

In this state the newly-ground substance is suffered to remain until it is wanted, sometimes for a week or more. In the meantime the liquor, having, by its powerful properties, "killed the dirt," (as the workmen say,) and thoroughly completed the process of bleaching, has passed off through the holes in the bottom of the drainer, leaving a compact mass of fibrous pulp, partially dried, but still soft, and white as drifted snow. Whenever required it is returned, by an "elevator," to the engine, preparatory to a final reduction between the beaters.

A sufficient quantity of pure water is now added, the roller crowded down by an adjusting apparatus, until only minute particles can pass under, and, in a few hours, the transformation is complete, from a loathsome mass of filthy, tattered rags, into a rich creamy mixture of about the consistence of custard. Aside from the huge quantity, which gives it a rather vulgar appearance, and the sickening odor arising from the chloride of lime, it really suggests the idea of some savory product of culinary skill, designed to tempt an invalid's appetite, or to tickle the palate of an epicure. It is during the last grinding that the coloring matter is added, whenever it is desired to change from the pure white to any particular tint that may better please the fancy, and secure more extensive sales.

It is common to see one engine grinding pulp to which a blue shade has been given; another, pink; another, buff; another, purple; another, orange, and so on, through a somewhat extended variety. By the action of the beaters all the coloring ingredients are so completely incorporated into the semi-liquid mass as to produce a perfectly uniform hue without any uneven tinge. The manner of preparing these and their chemical composition are kept secret, so that I am unable to throw any light upon this portion of the subject.

But a far more curious and interesting process than all the rest is that which gives shape to the beautiful sheets so familiar to every person. This is performed by means of an exceedingly complicated and costly apparatus, called, by preëminence, "The Machine." It is useless to attempt a minute description of all the parts of this wonderful invention, with its

endless multiplicity of wheels, and rollers, and shafts, and cylinders, and belts, and adjusting-screws, and steam-pipes, and pumps, and faucets! The entire number of pieces in the machine would probably reach several thousand. The most, therefore, that I can do will be merely to glance at those features which most intimately concern the formation of the paper-sheet, from the moment it springs from the soft and shapeless pulp, until it finds itself hanging upon the long poles in the drying-chamber.

When the beaters have finished their work, the pulp is transferred through a long pipe, into the "stuff-chest," an immense cistern in the basement, and kept in constant motion by a revolving "agitator," to prevent the particles from settling to the bottom. It is then raised by a forcing-pump, and deposited, at a uniform rate, in a box, near the machine, holding, perhaps, twelve gallons. From this it passes into a second box, of about equal size with the first, where it is met by a steady stream of water, which reduces its consistency a little below that of buttermilk. In the meantime, should the pump raise too large a supply, a movable gauge permits the surplus to escape, through a chest-pipe, into the stuff-chest. The portion that is retained and diluted flows directly into the machine-vat, a large chest, of several barrels capacity, and is forced, by an instrument called the "knotter," through a fine screen, which retains every knot, and lump, and button, that may have escaped the vigilance of the rag-sorters, or defied the violence of the beaters. Here it passes over a low partition into another division of the vat, where an agitation keeps a continual movement among the particles.

In one side of the vat, near the top, is a horizontal slit, an inch or two wide, some four or five feet in length, and laterally extended, for about six inches, by an apron or lip, which is fastened beneath the opening on the outside. Over the passage thus formed the fibrous liquid is permitted to flow in a thin, smooth, and uniform sheet. This miniature cataract falls upon an endless belt of fine wire-cloth, about five feet wide and twelve in length, which moves gently forward, supported, every few inches, by small metallic rollers. Two gauges of brass, fastened across the top of the machine, just above the surface of the wire-cloth, assist in supplying the latter with a perfectly even coating of pulp, and this purpose is still further aided by subjecting the frame, which supports the apparatus, to a slight lateral vibration, as the surface of grain or salt may be leveled by gently shaking the measure which contains it. Of course, an exactly horizontal position is absolutely necessary. Along either edge of the wire-cloth a ridge is formed by a thick band of India-rubber, which lies closely upon it, moves forward with it, and prevents any waste of the pulp which would otherwise occur. These bands are called "deckles," and may be so adjusted as to run at different distances from each other, and thus govern the width of the sheets. The leading object now is to expel the water from the pulp without deranging the particles that have been so nicely and evenly distributed. A portion, of necessity, filters through the meshes of the moving web, but the greater part is drawn out by means of a "suction-box," just beneath.

The wire-cloth passes tightly over the top of a small chest, which is kept full of water from a pipe, and in the bottom is a siphon, which, in the effort to empty the chest, subjects the pulp to a strong atmospheric pressure, thus accomplishing the desired object in a rapid and successful manner. The incipient sheet is next drawn between two rollers, each about twelve inches in diameter. These are of cast-iron, and are held together by a moderate pressure. The convex surfaces of both are covered with a coating of very thick felt, with a long, shaggy nap. These are called the "couchers," from the French word, *coucher*, to "lay down," or "lay flat," and their office is to aid in pressing and drying the newly-formed fabric. The broad belt of *paper* (as we may now properly call it, for surely it is no longer *pulp*, in any sense) having, by this time, acquired sufficient cohesive power to "run alone," leaves the wire-cloth, after passing beneath the coucher, and is received upon another web, called the "wet-felt," whose name sufficiently indicates the material and manner of its composition. This moves by a system of small wooden rollers, and helps to keep all wrinkles from the paper, besides absorbing some portion of the remaining moisture. The wire-cloth, in the meantime, passes under the nether roller and returns to the pulp-

vat, where its watery burden, all fresh and dripping, is continually falling upon it. In the next place the paper leaves the wet-felt, after being carried between a second pair of large cylinders called "press-rollers." These are likewise of iron, but the upper one is covered with a thick facing of brass. The surfaces of both are required to be very smooth.

They are held together by compound levers, to which are attached large weights, producing a strain equal to several hundred pounds. One would suppose that the previous operations of the suction-box, the coucher, and the wet-felt, must have expelled nearly every particle of moisture, but when subjected to this powerful pressure, the water runs in pools down the nether roller. The paper, however, is not yet dry; neither can this result be possibly accomplished by the aid of mere pressure alone. Another endless web, called the "second press-felt," receives the sheet, and carries it between an additional pair of press-rollers, operating as in the former case, to keep out wrinkles, expel dampness, and harden the paper.

A fourth web, of coarse heavy canvas, endless, like the others, and called the "drier-felt," is now brought into requisition. It is made to pass, alternately up and down, between two horizontal rows of cylinders, running beneath the first in the lower row, then above the first in the upper, then beneath the second in the lower, and so on until the tortuous path is traversed. These cylinders are copper-faced, smoothly polished, hollow, and heated to a high temperature by steam, which is admitted through a small hole in the center of the gudgeons upon which they turn. Those in the upper set are about one foot in diameter; those in the lower, two or three. The paper is thoroughly dried by passing between the drier-felt and the surface of each lower cylinder; the canvas is freed from whatever dampness it may have absorbed by passing between the paper-sheet and the surface of each upper cylinder. In the larger or nether set there are usually four or five cylinders; in the other there is invariably one less.

This wide belt of paper is now longitudinally divided into two or three strips (according to the width desired) by several pairs of steel "slitters," or wheels, which revolve upon their respective axes, with their edges shutting past each other and playing together like shears. As the paper glides between them it is cleaved smoothly apart, with a noise similar to that of opening the leaves of a book with a folder. The narrow strips thus formed (usually about twice the width of the writing-sheet required) are then "sized," to produce a higher polish when finished, and to prevent any future difficulty from the spreading and blotting of ink. For this purpose they are drawn, by wooden rollers, through a small vat, containing a glutinous extract from the untanned hides of cattle, of about the spissitude of gruel. They next pass between two stout cylinders, the one of wood and the other of brass, whereby the greater portion of the size is pressed out and returned to the vat, leaving only a sufficient quantity thoroughly to saturate the paper. They are then carried, in this state, over another roller, about six feet from the floor, where the "cutter," a long knife, conveniently attached to a revolving shaft, comes around just often enough to clip them asunder, in precisely the right place. This cutter may be readily adjusted, so as to revolve more or less rapidly, according to the required dimensions. The sheets thus severed are caught upon a large reel, called the "layboy," which successively holds out its half-dozen or more of revolving arms, to receive the valuable treasure. Though constantly carried about in a circle, they are securely held until it may suit the convenience of the operator to remove them.

In the movements of this wonderful machine, with its almost infinitude of parts, the least degree of success requires well-nigh a hair-breadth accuracy in the adjustment of every feature. Should a wheel, required to be exactly ten feet in circumference, happen to fall short or overrun by the distance of half an inch, or should the drier-felt, for example, move an inch in an hour faster than the wet-felt, the continual breaking and tearing of the paper-belt will soon prove the necessity of a re-arrangement. Frequently small bits of thin leather are fastened upon the periphery of a wheel, or a piece of paper or a rag is wound about a roller, to correct a seemingly imperceptible deficiency of the kind. In reply to some remark of mine, in reference to this great exactness required, the operator philosophically observed: "We can't do anything unless all parts of the

machine *draw together*." The pertinence of this assertion may be implied from the fact that, by accurate measurement, the machine occupies a space, upon the floor, of eleven hundred square feet, and the length of the zig-zag passage, through which the paper travels from the pulp-vat to the layboy, is one hundred feet, or about six rods! Yet such is the completeness and perfect correspondence of all the parts, that, aside from occasional breakages, which are inevitable, and the adjustments which the different varieties of paper always require, no extraordinary interruption may occur for weeks, or even for months. A thousand pities that the multitudinous wheels, and cranks, and pinions of human society, which often so ruinously break, or hideously creak, could not, for at least one diurnal revolution, as smoothly and harmoniously move as the complicated machinery of the paper mill.

In the next place, the freshly-sized sheets are carefully removed from the arms of the layboy, and piled to the height of two or three feet, upon a low platform car, which is now wheeled into an elevator and raised into the "drying loft," a large apartment occupying the whole of the upper story. They are then hung, a dozen or so in a place, upon smooth, clean poles, of which several thousand may be seen, side by side, and one above another, supported by tall racks, for the purpose. There are often some thousands of reams, of every size, proportion, and color, hanging at once upon the drying poles. The apartment is furnished, on each side, with steam-heaters and large windows, so that the temperature and ventilation may be modified at pleasure. The paper is ordinarily suffered to remain for about a week, when, dry and rustling, it is returned to the lower story, and carted to the finishing-house, ten or fifteen rods distant. It is then "jogged," as the workmen say, or held by both hands, in bunches, as large as can be well managed, briskly shuffled with the fingers, and obliquely struck upon the edges, on the top of a strong table. This is repeated until every sheet is brought into its proper place. After the jogging it is placed in piles, three or four feet high, upon a smooth platform, and subjected to a powerful pressure, of many tons, which renders the general surface perfectly level and smooth, as, after the drying operation, every sheet is badly "cockled," or drawn into short turns and wrinkles. When this is completed it is divided into smaller parts, according to any wished for dimensions, in the following manner: A bunch, containing twelve or fifteen hundred sheets, is carefully gauged, fastened, by a small screw-press, upon a sliding platform, and quickly shoved forward beneath the edge of a horizontal knife, which is constantly playing up and down, in a large iron frame, at the rate of about once in two seconds. At the descent of the knife the entire pile is cut, from top to bottom, with a loud whistle, the machine apparently exerting no more power in cleaving the solid mass, than if it were cutting a feather.

In the next place, every sheet is separately "calendered," in order to produce a higher "finish" and increase the firmness of their texture. The apparatus by which this is done consists of three iron rollers and three of paper, each about a foot in diameter, and horizontally arranged, one above another, like the timbers of a log cabin. These alternate with each other, and revolve beneath a heavy pressure. The sheets are supplied at the top, a high table being erected for the purpose, and received, smoothly pressed and polished, into a low box near the floor.

These paper rollers are formed of the hardest kind of linen paper, manufactured in square sheets for this express purpose. In the center of each a circular three-inch hole is cut, through which is run an iron shaft, just large enough to fill it, until the aggregate thickness is sufficient for the length of one roller. A pressure of two hundred and forty tons is added by hydraulic agency, and the whole kept in the compact state thus produced, by a large iron cap firmly screwed upon either end of the shaft. The instrument is then brought into a cyclindrical form by the ordinary process of turning in a lathe. The advantage of the paper roller consists in imparting a higher polish than any other known substance, and that, being slightly more yielding than iron, it diminishes the danger of breaking the machinery, by carelessly overfeeding. The best paper is usually run twice through the calender, which gives it a very smooth and beautiful appearance. This is exactly equivalent to passing each sheet six times between a single pair of rollers. There are other appendages to this machine, consisting of small wooden rollers and narrow belts,

which guide the paper in its winding course through the calender, but a minute description of any except the most essential parts would be wholly unnecessary. Next in order comes the ruling, which is very easy and simple in theory, but so particular and delicate in practice as to require much skill in its performance. It is done by a system of cylinders connected together by fifteen or twenty bands of small cord, running parallel with each other, thus forming, with the revolution of the cylinders, a complete moving *carriage* of slender threads. Contiguous to this is an endless web, or "feeding-cloth," which moves upon small rollers. Upon this the sheets are laid in succession, and carried forward for two or three feet, when they are caught upon the threads and drawn horizontally along beneath a row of "pens," equidistant from each other. These pens are nothing more than small, tapering needles of brass, with each a sharp groove, running the whole length, upon the upper edge. They are firmly held by a sort of vise or "clamp," and extend obliquely downward to the paper, in very much the same position as a common writing-pen is held by the fingers. The ink is supplied by capillary attraction, through a strip of thick frilled cloth, extending from the ink-vessel to the pens, and freely flows down through the smooth channel, leaving a series of straight, parallel lines, of a pale blue color. In precisely the same way, though with a separate machine for the purpose, are made the perpendicular and head-lines of crimson that are seen upon bill paper and the pages of blank-books. This is the simplest outline of the process, but the latest machines are so highly improved and complex, that both sides may be ruled at a single operation. After passing around the "lower cylinder," and beneath the first set of pens, the sheet is carried over an "upper cylinder," whereby it is turned the other side up, after which it runs beneath a second set, and, passing out, thus finished, upon the moving threads, it drops into a slip prepared for its reception. Every one, who uses note or letter paper, has, doubtless, observed that the fourth page of every sheet (or the half of one side) is entirely blank. To effect this peculiarity, the sheets are laid upon the feeding-cloth, not singly, as before described, but so that each may overlap its predecessor, shingle-wise, by just half its own width. In this position they are caught by the thread-bands and drawn under the pens, which, as a matter of course, are able to touch only half of one side, (or one page, after folding). But the second cylinder performs exactly twice as many revolutions as the first, so that in its operations it not only reverses each sheet, but draws it forward so far as wholly to "take out the lap," and to expose the entire surface to the action of the pens. The rapidity of the work may be doubled by ruling two sheets at a time, (both in one piece,) and afterward dividing them with the cutting-machine. This work is done by girls, and an experienced operator can in ten hours rule one hundred and twenty-five reams of letter paper, or *sixty thousand sheets!*

The remaining operations are few and easily described. The paper is gathered up in bunches, again jogged, if necessary, then carefully examined, sheet by sheet, and assorted according to its quality. Whatever is free from any visible blemish is pronounced "perfect," but the smallest wrinkle, or a speck as large as a pin's head, or a broken line in the ruling, stamps as defective the sheet which contains it. There are two or three kinds of inferior paper, and though a small part may be wrinkled and unfit for ordinary use, there is a large proportion of the middling qualities that an unpracticed observer could not distinguish from the best kinds, yet the eagle eye of an experienced "sorter" will instantly detect the minutest fault while turning over the leaves with the greatest rapidity. There are some girls in the Parsons Mill who are able to handle over and carefully examine sixty reams, or twenty-eight thousand eight hundred sheets in a day!

Another jogging follows, and the paper is counted into half-quire bunches; folded by the hands; packed into reams or half-reams; again pressed for a few hours; gauged and trimmed, according to any desired dimensions, by screwing a ream-bunch to a movable iron platform, with a wooden pattern at the top, which marks the size of the sheet, and slipping the edges successively beneath the horizontal knife which I have already described; then stamped upon the top corner of the sheet; after which it is re-packed into reams and sealed up for the market, in nicely labeled and ornamented wrappers. The stamping is effected by a powerful lever, which

rapidly plays up and down precisely like the handle of an old-fashioned pump. Upon the under side of the short arm is fastened a steel die, with an appropriate device, whose counterpart is stationary beneath. In the intervals between the strokes, or when the long arm descends, the half quires are slipped under, and, in a twinkling, it again ascends, driving the die upon the paper with great force, leaving an impress that no subsequent process can wholly efface.

The foregoing description has been chiefly confined to the plain varieties of paper, but if a taste for fancy work be at all characteristic of the purchaser, such preferences may be here gratified, as well as the more simple and moderate. Modern ingenuity has invented a great many curious devices and water-marks, which are so deeply impressed into the very texture of the sheet that no subsequent effort can possibly remove them. It will be recollected that the paper is first formed by spreading the pulp over a web of wire-cloth. There is sometimes a small roller, called the "dandy," fixed directly across the wire-cloth, resting upon it and revolving by its motion. Of course, then, whatever figure is executed upon the convex surface of the dandy will leave its exact counterpart in the yielding pulp beneath. One kind of roller consists of fine parallel wires running lengthwise, forming a grooved surface, whose imprint upon the paper is called "straight-laid." Another has a vine, with leaves and flowers represented; the corresponding figure is called "floral-laid." Another has the name of the company, in reversed letters, upon its surface. Another has a surface of wire-cloth, and the paper thus impressed is called "wove." Any one who will hold up to the light one of our government envelopes will see the detective initials, "P. O. D., U. S.," two or three times repeated. This also is done by means of a dandy-roller.

As to the material, it may surprise the reader to learn that there is no such thing as writing paper of pure linen. It would be too stiff and hard to use with any pleasure. Bank notes are (almost or quite) entirely composed of this material, for the sake of greater durability, but they would be altogether unfit for the ordinary purposes of writing. The most beautiful varieties are of one fourth linen and three fourths cotton, and for this purpose, old rags are invariably better than new, provided they are not so old as to be rotten. The product of all cotton would be too soft and yielding; a proportion of linen is added to increase the firmness of the texture.

NATURE AND HER LOVER.

I REMEMBER the time, thou roaring sea,
When thy voice was the voice of infinity,
A joy, and a dread, and a mystery.

I remember the time, ye young May flowers,
When your odors and hues in the fields and bowers
Fell on my soul as on grass the showers.

I remember the time, thou blustering wind,
When thy voice in the woods, to my dreaming mind,
Seem'd the sigh of the earth for human kind.

I remember the time, ye sun and stars,
When ye raised my soul from mortal bars,
And bore it through the heaven in your golden cars.

And has it, then, vanish'd, that dreamful time?
Are the winds, and the seas, and the stars sublime,
Deaf to thy soul in its manly prime?

Ah, no! ah, no! amid sorrow and pain,
When the world and its facts oppress my brain,
In the world of spirit I rove, I reign.

I feel a deep and pure delight
In the luxuries of sound and sight—
In the opening day, in the closing night.

The voices of youth go with me still,
Through the field and the wood, o'er the plain and the hill;
In the roar of the sea, and the laugh of the rill.

Every flower is a lover of mine,
Every star is a friend divine;
For me they blossom, for me they shine

To give me joy the oceans roll,
They breathe their secrets to my soul,
With me they sing, with me condole.

Man cannot harm me, if he would;
I have such friends for my every mood,
In the overflowing solitude.

Fate cannot touch me; nothing can stir
To put me disunion or hate of her
'Twixt Nature and her worshiper.

Sing to me, flowers! preach to me, skies!
Ye landscapes, glitter in mine eyes!
Whisper, ye deeps, your mysteries!

Sigh to me, winds! ye forests, nod!
Speak to me ever, thou flowery sod!
Ye are mine—all mine—in the peace of God.

THE FISHERMAN.

IT was as calm an evening as ever came from heaven; the sky and the earth were as tranquil as if no storm from the one had ever disturbed the repose of the other; and even the ocean—that great highway of the world—lay as gentle as if its bosom had never betrayed—as if no traveler had ever sunk to death in its embrace. The sun had gone down, and the pensive twilight would have reigned over nature, but for the moon, which rose in her full-orbed beauty, the queen of an illimitable world, to smile upon the goodly things of ours, and to give a radiance and a glory to all she shone upon. It was an hour and a scene that led the soul to the contemplation of Him who never ceases to watch over the works he has made, and whose protecting care displays itself alike upon the solid land and the trackless wastes of the deceitful sea.

On such an evening, a group was assembled around one of the fishermen's cottages. The habitation was built in the true style of the olden time, when comfort was the principal object of the projector. At either side of the door were scattered the lines, and nets, and baskets that betokened the calling of the owner, and the fisherman was taking his farewell for the night of his happy, loving family, who were bidding him "God speed" on his voyage. A fine old man was leaning his arms on the railing, and talking to an interesting girl, whose hand lay upon the shoulder of a younger sister. The stout fisherman, dressed in his rough jerkin, and large boots, that reached far above the knees, was in the act of kissing a little cherub, who seemed half terrified at being elevated so high as his father's lips; while the wife and mother, with her infant nursling on her lap, was looking anxiously upon her husband as she breathed the parting blessing and the prayer for his safe return. A little boy, the miniature of his father in countenance and in dress, bearing a huge boat-cloak across his shoulders, and the lantern that was to give light when the moon departed, completed the group, if we except a noble Newfoundland dog, some steps in advance of the party, watching for the nod to commence his march to a kind of pier where the fisherman and his boy were to embark.

"Good luck, good luck," exclaimed the old man; "good luck and safe home again, John; ye want naught more but God's blessing, and that ye may have for asking; but ye may as well take mine too—God bless ye, and good-by to ye."

The blessing was heartily echoed by his kind partner and his children, and, whistling as he went, with his boat-hook on his shoulder, his dog Neptune before, and his boy following, he trudged along to the beach.

With the earliest dawn of morning the fisherman's family were astir; the elder girl was busily arranging their little parlor, while the younger was preparing their breakfast table, and the mother spreading before the fire the clothes of her husband and her boy. An hour passed, and she grew somewhat uneasy that he had remained abroad beyond the usual period of his return. Another hour had elapsed, when she said to her father, "Father, go out to the hillock, and try if you can see his sail upon the water; he seldom stays out so long when the sea is calm and the weather fair; my little boy, too, was not quite well last night, and this alone should have hastened him home."

The old man went forth, and one by one his grandchildren followed him, until the mother was left alone, rocking the cradle of her unconscious babe. After the lapse of another hour, her daughter entered, with news that a neighbor had spoken to her father in the night, and that he would certainly be soon home.

"God grant it!" said she, and she spoke in a tone of deep anxiety. "He never was away so long but once, and that was when he saved the crew of the ship Mary, and then the whirl of the sinking vessel had well-nigh made his grave."

Again she stirred the fire, again arranged the clothes before it, and poured some hot water into the tea-cups. Still the breakfast remained untouched.

The sun was now soaring to his meridian height, when once more the family assembled in their humble dwelling; the prop of the whole was yet wanting. They sat down to a cheerless meal, the seats at either side of the wife remaining vacant. The old man was the only individual who appeared to anticipate no evil; but he hastily finished his breakfast and went forth.

The noon was rapidly passing, and the sun had already given token of the glory

of his departure, when the fisherman's wife, having lulled her infant to sleep, went herself to the hill, that commanded an extensive view of the wide-spread ocean. All the little household soon assembled on the spot, but no boat was seen upon the waters—nothing that could give hope except the aspect of the waves, which looked too placid to be dangerous.

Their deep dread was no longer concealed; and while the old man paced to and fro, looking earnestly at brief intervals over the lonely sea, the mother and the daughter were sobbing audibly.

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!" exclaimed the father. The sentence was uttered involuntarily, but it had its effect.

"Ah," said the mother, "he always trusted in God, and God will not forsake him now."

"Do you remember, Jane," continued the old man, "how often Providence was with me, amid the storm and the wreck, when help from man was far off, and would have been useless if near?" And they cheered and encouraged one another to hope for the best, but to submit to the decree of Heaven, whether it came as the gentle dew to nourish, or as the heavy rain to oppress. From that hillock which overlooked the ocean ascended their mingled prayers that God would not leave them desolate.

The fisherman—the object of their hopes and fears—had been very successful during the night, when at daybreak, as he was preparing to return home, he remembered his promise to bring with him some seaweed to manure the potato-plot behind his cottage. He was then close to rocks which were only discernible at low water; he pulled for them, jumped on shore, fastened the painter of his boat to a jutting part of a cliff, and took his boat-hook with him. He collected a sufficient quantity of the weed, but in his eagerness to obtain it, had wandered from the landing-place, when he heard his boy loudly hallooing and exclaiming that the painter was loose. He rushed instantly toward the boat, which was then several yards off; the boy was vainly endeavoring to use both the oars, and Neptune, the faithful dog, was running backward and forward, howling fearfully, as if conscious of his master's danger, at one moment about to plunge into the waves to join him, and the next licking the face and hands of the child, as if he foresaw that for him his protection would be most needed.

The fisherman perceived at once the desperate nature of his situation; the tide he knew was coming in rapidly, and his hope of escape was at an end, when he perceived that his boy, in an effort to use the oars, had let one of them fall overboard. "Father, father," exclaimed the poor lad, "what shall I do?" The boat was at this moment so distant that his distracted parent could scarcely hear the words, but he called out to him as loud as he could to trust in God, the father of the fatherless. He then stood resigned to the fate which awaited him, and watched the drifting boat that bore the child in peril from the fatal rocks. He had offered up a brief prayer to the throne of mercy, when in an instant light broke upon his mind. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I may yet be saved." With the energy of hope battling with despair, he collected all the stones around him, and heaped them rapidly upon the highest ledge of the rock; it was indeed wonderful how he could have gathered so many in so short a time; but the Almighty gave strength to his arm, and he was laboring not for life merely, but for beings still dearer to him. The tide came on, on, on, and soon obliged him to abandon his work. He then mounted the pile he had heaped, planted the boat-hook firmly in one of the crevices of the cliff, and prepared to struggle for existence; but his heart failed him when he considered how slight was the possibility that the waters would not rise above his head. Still he determined to do all he could to preserve life. The waves were not rough, and the boat-hook supported him.

The awful moment rapidly approached; the water had reached his knees; but he stood firmly and prayed that he might be preserved. On, on, on, it came, slowly and gently, but more fearfully than if it had raged around its destined prey; soon it reached his waist, and he then prayed that it might go no higher. On, on, on, it came, and his shoulders were covered; hope died within him, and he thought of himself no longer, but of those who were so dear to him—his wife, his children, and his father—it was for blessings on them that he then implored Heaven. Still on, on, on, it came, and he was forced to raise his head to keep as

long as possible from death; his reason was almost gone; his breath grew feeble, his limbs chill; he panted, and his prayers became almost gurgling murmurs. The blood rushed to his head; his eyeballs glared as if they would start from their sockets. He closed them with an effort, and thought for the last time on the home that would be soon so wretched! Horrible images were before him—each swell of the waves seemed as if the fiends were forcing him downward, and the cry of the sea-bird was like their yells over their victim. He was gasping, choking, for he had not strength to keep his head above the waves; every moment it was plashing upon them, and each convulsive start that followed only aroused him to the consciousness, if consciousness it could be called, that the next plunge would be his last.

Merciful powers! at that very moment, when the strength and spirit of a man had left him, and the cold shudder of death had come on, he felt that the tide rose no higher. His eyes opened, closed, and a fearful laugh troubled the waters! They eddied in his throat, and the bubbles floated around his lips; but they rose no higher; that he knew; again and again his bosom heaved with a deep sob, as he drew in his breath, and gave it forth anew in agony. A minute had passed since the salt sea touched his lips; this was impossible if the tide still flowed: he could reason so much. He opened his eyes, and faintly murmured forth, "O God, be merciful!" The flow of the ocean had indeed ceased; there he still stood, motionless; but praying and weeping—thinking of his beloved home, and hoping that his place there might not be forever vacant. The waters in a short time subsided, and he was enabled to stretch his chill limbs, and then to warm them by exercise. Soon the rock was left dry, and the fisherman knelt down upon that desolate spot among the billows, hid his face in his hands, and praised and blessed his Creator, his Preserver!

O! it was the well-known bark of his faithful dog that he heard above the waves; in another moment the creature was licking his pale cheek. He was saved—he was saved—for his own boat had touched the shore, and his own boy was in his arms! He had been drifted to the land, and had easily found those who rowed hard for the chance of saving his father's life.

Now homeward, homeward! he exclaimed. Homeward, homeward! echoed the child, and Neptune jumped and barked at the welcome sound.

The fisherman's family were still supplicating Providence upon the hillock that overlooked the deep, when the old man started from his knees, and exclaimed, "We are heard! there is a speck upon the distant waters."

"Where, where?" was echoed by the group; and he pointed out what he hoped to be the absent boat. They eagerly strained their eyes, but could see nothing; in a few minutes, however, all perceived a sail; still it was impossible to tell the direction in which its course lay.

Then was the agony of suspense; it continued, however, but a short time; a boat was evidently advancing toward the shore; in a few moments they could clearly perceive a man at the bow, waving his hat above his head, and soon after the well-known bark of Neptune was borne to them by the breeze. The family rushed to the extremity of the rude pier, and the loud huzza of the fisherman was answered by the "welcome, welcome" of his father, and the almost inarticulate "thank God" of his wife.

And now, all was joy and happiness in the cottage where there had been so much wretchedness; the fisherman, his boy, and his dog, were safe from the perils of the great deep; but he would return no answer to the many questions as to what had detained him so long beyond the usual hour of his return. "Wait, my wife," said he, "until we have dressed and refreshed ourselves, and you shall know all; but before we do either, let us bless God for his mercy, for out of great danger hath he preserved me."

Never was there a more sincere or more earnest prayer offered up to the Giver of all goodness, than ascended from that humble dwelling. And when the fisherman had told his tale, how fervently did they all repeat the words that had given them so much consolation in the morning:

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!"

THERE is frequently more truth in the common acceptation of general terms, than in the more precise and rigorous definitions of science. Common sense gives to words their ordinary significations; and common sense is the genius of humanity.—*Guizot.*

BRITISH INDIA.

RISE OF BRITISH POWER IN THE EAST.

FROM a very early period golden visions have been entertained in Western countries of the grandeur and wealth of the Indies, and the importance of an interchange of commodities with the East has for many centuries been looked upon in the West as the most pressing, and such a trade as the most magnificent of all commercial objects. Each nation of Europe, as it advanced in maritime importance, sought a participation in its rich fruits.

As early as the days of the great Alfred, the attention of the merchants of England was directed to the lucrative traffic of India, and that prince, under the pretext of making offerings at the shrine of St. Thomas, in the year 883 sent Sighelenus, Bishop of Sherburne, to India, who brought back with him a large collection of valuable commodities, which were long exhibited in the church at Sherburne. But the earliest serious attempt to open trade and intercourse with the great East was the voyage of Robert Thorne, in the reign of Henry VIII., in the year 1527, with the view of discovering a northwest passage to India. This abortive attempt was soon followed by the voyage of Sir Hugh Willoughby, which was made with the object of discovering a northeast passage, but which also proved a fatal enterprise, Sir Hugh and all his crew perishing on the coast of Lapland.

In 1486 Diez discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and in 1498, just six years after the famous voyage of Columbus, Vasco de Gama made an actual voyage to India, and discovered to the world the true and long-sought-for marine route to the East. The Portuguese and Dutch, then the most daring and enterprising navigators of the world, immediately availed themselves of this great discovery, and soon established those extensive connections with the Orient, which still continue, though to a greatly diminished extent. The astonishing success of these enterprising adventurers, the immense treasures and important political positions which they rapidly acquired, soon called the attention of the traders of England to this new route, and an association of merchants, which had long existed under the name of the "Levant Company," fitted out a number of vessels, some belonging to the government and some to private adventurers, and began a trading intercourse with India, which in all cases, at that early day, partook of a piratical character, and which secured to the company enormous gains.

These merchants, finding the hazards of such a trade too great for private capital, presented a petition to Queen Elizabeth for a charter, constituting them a corporation; and in December, 1600, that sovereign acceded to their requests, conferring upon the chartered company the title of "The Governors and Company of Merchants of London, trading to the East Indies." Here was the birth of the famous East India Company, one of the greatest monopolies ever enjoyed by a body of individuals. This charter gave them the privilege of exclusive trade, the crown reserving to itself the right of resuming its grant at any time after a notice of three years.

Previous to 1609 the intercourse of the company was principally with the Indian islands, and their chief station was at Bantam, in Java; but at that time they attempted to establish themselves on the continent of India, opening a station at Surat. In 1612 they obtained from the Mogul Emperor, Jehanghire, a firman, authorizing them to hold establishments in certain places along the shores of his kingdom. In that year also they built a factory at Surat, and thus made a final settlement in India.

For several years after this, partly from the persevering opposition and rivalry of the Dutch East India Company, partly from the large expense incurred by their frequent contests with the Portuguese adventurers, and partly on account of the excited state of affairs in England during the civil wars which attended the career of Cromwell, the East India Company was greatly embarrassed, and even its existence as a corporation was in imminent peril. But while they were thus deranged in their finances, and the company was just on the eve of a dissolution, a circumstance took place which led to their settlement in Bengal, and which subsequently proved the main source of their prosperity, and led finally to the acquisition of that immense territory by the brilliant career of Lord Clive.

A physician, named Boughton, having been called on to attend the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehaun in a dangerous illness, was so fortunate as to cure her, and in consequence gained her father's good will. With generous feeling he availed himself of this to advance the interests of his countrymen, and obtained for them the privilege of carrying on a free trade. The same gentleman was equally successful at the court of the Nabob of Bengal, from whom he procured, in 1636, permission for the company to establish a factory at Hoogly, on a branch of the Ganges called also by that name. About the same time a fort was erected at Madraspatam, on the Coromandel coast, where the company had previously for some time had important depots. This new station was named Fort St. George. These three settlements on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, and in Bengal, constituted the nuclei from which have grown up the three great presidencies of the East India Company.

The charter of the company, with its large and exclusive privileges, was renewed by Cromwell in 1657, and their prospects became still more promising under Charles II. and his brother James. The former not only renewed, but even extended their privileges, and granted them the Island of Bombay, which he had received from Portugal as a part of the portion of his queen. James added to their already great power the important prerogatives of levying troops, holding courts martial, and coining money, prerogatives which involve the government of Great Britain in all the atrocities and deceptions connected with the acquisition of Bengal.

In 1689 the company appears for the first time to have raised its views from that of trade to that also of the acquisition of territory. At that time the directors wrote to their agents that thereafter revenue was to engage their attention as much as traffic, and declared that they wished to become "a nation in India." But even then their views only extended to the acquisition of territory by purchase, and it was in this honest but doubtful manner, doubtful in view of the stupendous results which it must produce in the future, that they became possessed of some districts of Coromandel, where they built Fort St. David. The magnificence and luxury of the Nabob of Bengal had drained his treasury, and being involved in a war, he was anxious to replenish his exchequer, and sold to the company the Zemindership of certain towns and districts, among which was that of Calcutta, at which place they erected Fort William, and which, in 1707, was declared to be the seat of a presidency, and which now is a city of palaces.

But we now hasten to the renowned exploits of Colonel, afterward Lord Clive, extending from 1748 to 1767, a career of conquests whose brilliancy has never been surpassed, and which, in the magnitude of its results, has never been equaled. It is from his first visit to India that we must date the renown of the British arms in the East. Until then, notwithstanding the greatness of the company and the magnitude of its powers and prerogatives, Englishmen were despised in India as mere petty traders, while the French, who had also for many years been endeavoring even by force of arms to gain a footing in the rich territories of India, were already reverenced as a people formed for victory and command. The skill and almost reckless daring of Colonel Clive as a military commander, gaining victories which are almost marvelous, and securing conquests which are astonishing, gave the political ascendency to the English in that country. It was his dexterity and indomitable courage that realized to Great Britain "such an extent of cultivated territory, such an amount of revenue, such a multitude of subjects as was never added to the dominion of Rome by the most successful proconsul; such wealthy spoils as were never borne under arches of triumph, down the Sacred Way, and through the crowded Forum, to the threshold of Tarpeian Jove."

At that time existed the empire which the Moguls had reared in the sixteenth century, and which was long one of the most extensive and splendid in the world. In no kingdom in the world was so large a population subject to a single prince, or so large a revenue poured into the treasury. Macaulay says:

"The beauty and magnificence of the buildings erected by the sovereigns of Hindoostan amazed even travelers who had seen St. Peter's. The innumerable retinues and gorgeous decorations which surrounded the throne of Delhi, dazzled even eyes which were accustomed to the pomp of Versailles. Some of the great

viceroys, who held their posts by virtue of their commissions from the Mogul, ruled as many subjects and enjoyed as large an income as the King of France or the Emperor of Germany. Even the deputies of these deputies might well rank, as to extent of territory and amount of revenue, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Elector of Saxony."

But the administration of this great empire was corrupted with all the vices of Oriental despotism, and exhibited all the evils which invariably attend the domination of one race over another, and which are now exhibited on a broad scale in the dominion of the Manchees over the Chinese, and which, indeed, are but little modified in the sovereignty now exercised by the Anglo-Saxons over the descendants of the subjects of the Moguls; an unpalatable truth, no doubt, but one which will be amply sustained by the list of grievances presented by the natives of India to the British Parliament in 1853, and reiterated and enlarged in 1855–6. But some of the evils which then existed were peculiar, and of such magnitude as to lead eventually to the complete overthrow of the magnificent empire. Aurungzebe, the last of the great sovereigns of the Mogul dynasty, by his vigor and policy, preserved, in the midst of the most threatening circumstances and obvious indications of approaching dissolution, an outward appearance of unity, majesty, and energy. But during even his long reign the empire was in a constant state of agitation, from the conflicting pretensions of the princes of the royal house, and the ambitious lieutenants of the sovereign, who were constantly aspiring after independence. Nor did the vanquished race of Hindoos rest patiently under the foreign yoke which had been imposed upon them, and fierce mountain tribes of these natives kept up perpetual warfare with their conquerors, by refusing tribute, repelling the armies of the government from their mountain retreats, and frequently pouring themselves down in armed masses on the towns and cities. After the death of Aurungzebe, which took place in 1707, the ruin was fearfully rapid. It was from the midst of this ruin that arose, phœnix-like, the British empire in India.

A train of mere nominal sovereigns succeeded Aurungzebe, who wasted their lives in indolence and debauchery, while ferocious invaders approached from the West to seize on the enormous but defenseless treasures of India. The first of these Western invaders was a Persian conqueror, who crossed the Indus, and marching through the gates of Delhi, bore away the vast treasures of that renowned city. Among these treasures was the massive diamond, well known as the "Mountain of Light," which afterward flashed its sparkling beauties from the bracelet of Runjeet Sing, then adorned the hideous form of the idol of Orissa, and now glitters on the person of her Majesty of England. Then came the great Afghan, who followed up and completed the devastation. The Rajpoots, or native warlike Hindoos, threw off the Mussulman yoke. The Sikhs ruled on the Indus. The Jarrts spread terror along the Jumna. The fierce and formidable Mahrattas broke from their mountain fastnesses, and made every part of the empire tremble. Contemplating this confusion of a dissolving empire, and attempting to calculate the results of this great conflict of fearful forces, what man would have conjectured, that a trading company, "separated from India by fifteen thousand miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas; would compel the Mahratta and Mohammedan to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection; would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls; and, having established a government far stronger than any ever known in those countries, would carry its victorious arms far to the East of the Burrampooter, and far to the West of the Hydaspes; dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassals on the throne of Candahar?"

The great Nizam al Mulk, viceroy of the Deccan, and one of the most powerful of the new masters of India, died in 1748. He was succeeded by his son, Nazir Jung, of whose provinces the Carnatic was the wealthiest and most extensive, and governed by a Nabob, whose name is known to us as Anarerdy Khan. Mirzapha Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, pretended to the government of this important viceroyalty, and Chunda Sahib, son-in-law of a former Nabob of the Carnatic, also disputed the title of Anarerdy Khan. Each party had no difficulty in finding greedy adventurers to follow its standard. The

two pretending parties united their interests and their forces, invaded the Carnatic, and then applied for assistance to the French, who had just increased their fame in India by their success in a recent war with the English on the coast of Coromandel. This application was made to Dupleix, the subtle and ambitious governor of Pondicherry, who was then chief of the French in India, and a bold, able, and unscrupulous man, who had long seen that it was possible, and whose ambition had already led him to attempt to found a European sovereignty on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy. Nothing could have better pleased this aspiring Frenchman than the application of these disaffected forces for aid. He allied himself with them, and sent at once to their relief four hundred French soldiers, and two thousand sepoys, trained under European discipline. A battle was fought, and Anarerdy Khan was defeated and slain. The conquerors became at once the masters of nearly the whole of the Carnatic. The fighting still continued, until Nazir Jung perished by the hands of his own followers, and Mirzapha Jung was made master of the Deccan. Dupleix was the master of Mirzapha, and the triumph of French arms and French policy was complete.

Mirzapha, however, lived only a few months to enjoy his nominal glory; but another prince of the same house (Dupleix) was raised to the throne by the influence of the French, and he ratified all the promises of Mirzapha Jung.

The progress of the French East India Company, and the rapid and splendid career of Dupleix, had been watched with a jealous and envious eye by the rival company of England, which had made some feeble and irresolute attempts to arrest the progress of events, and which still continued to recognize Mohammed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. But the dominions of Mohammed Ali were now invested by Chunda Sahib and the French auxiliaries. "To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commandant. Major Laurence had returned to England; and not a single officer of established character remained in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation, which was soon to conquer and to rule them. They had seen the French colors flying at Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress, had seemed only to expose their own weakness, and to heighten his glory. At this moment the valor and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune." That youth was Robert, afterward Lord Clive.

It was necessary that some decisive blow should be struck just at that time, or the French would become the real masters of India. Trichinopoly, the dominion of Mohammed Ali, was, as we have seen above, already invested by Chunda Sahib and his French allies. To raise the siege of Trichinopoly was impossible. Clive conceived the bold idea of attacking Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favorite residence of the Nabobs. The heads of the English settlement approved the enterprise. With two hundred English soldiers and three hundred disciplined sepoys, commanded by eight officers who had never been in action, Clive pushed on "through thunder, lightning, and rain," to the gates of Arcot, and entered it without a blow.

This achievement of course drew upon the English the forces of Chunda Sahib and the French. The whole of the army, amounting to about ten thousand men, under the command of Rajah Sahib, the son of Chunda, invested the Fort of Arcot. The siege continued during fifty days, days of extreme suffering and of military fidelity within the garrison. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, the hired assistants of Mohammed Ali, who had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic, now emboldened by the successful adventure of Clive, began to move toward Arcot. This drove the besiegers to an attack upon the garrison. The contest lasted only about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell; the garrison lost only five or six men. An anxious night was passed by the besieged, looking for an early renewal of the attack. When the day broke, however, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired and the English had triumphed.

The immediate results of this victory over Sahib and the French were of the greatest importance. It established the

reputation of the English, and attached to their interest many of the wavering native princes, while it destroyed the great prestige of the French arms, and led to the rapid overthrow of their power in the Carnatic. On the evening of this triumph a reinforcement arrived at Arcot from Madras, and, now joined by the body of fierce Mahrattas above alluded to, Clive at once followed the enemy, and defeated them again at Arnce.

The arms of the English now triumphed everywhere. The French again laid siege to Trichinopoly, which was defended by Major Laurence, now returned from England, and about two thousand men composing the garrison. Flushed with his previous successes, Captain Clive marched to the relief of Trichinopoly, and in a short time delivered it from the blockade. The besiegers were compelled to capitulate. Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, and was put to death. The English were masters of the rich territories of the Carnatic, and slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, while that of France rapidly declined. Thus ended the first great act of the drama of winning an empire.

THE BLACKBIRDS AND THE FROGS.

IN a meadow which lay near an extensive marsh, dwelt a colony of blackbirds, who, when evening came, were wont to meet together among the thick foliage of an old elm-tree which stood at the verge of the morass. They were a happy colony, and after they had finished their dayly toil, long and loud were the songs they sent forth from the old tree, gladdening the very air with the harmony of their voices, and rendering the solitude of the meadow joyous with sweet songs. They all sang, each one swelling his little throat, and pouring forth his rich tones as if in ecstasy, and thus for season after season they had lived and sung in perfect harmony and happiness. One evening, however, a member of this colony (Primy he was called by his companions, because he prided himself on his personal appearance, and thought that of all blackbirds his plumage was the blackest and most glossy) chanced to visit a little pool of water at the edge of the swamp for the purpose of quenching his thirst, and washing and arranging his feathers, when he was addressed by a genteel-looking individual, whom he recognized, after a moment's gaze, as John Frog, a worthy inhabitant of the marsh, and a very good singer. Johnny Frog was a polite and self-conceited little fellow, and was so proud of his accomplishments, (he was an excellent dancer, as well as a singer,) that he never could cease talking about them.

"Good evening, Mr. Primy," said Johnny, as he advanced with graceful hop toward the blackbird. "I have long sought for an opportunity of seeing you or one of your colony. How is your family?"

Primy replied to this salutation with a respectful bow, for he regarded the varied accomplishments of John Frog with the highest veneration, and having assured him that Mrs. Primy was as well as could be expected, and that three little Primys had already pipped their shells, inquired with some earnestness why Johnny had been so anxious to see him.

"Why, you see," said Johnny, "I have three friends, all good singers, as you know, as well as myself, who, being entirely out of employment, are desirous of knowing whether engagements might be made with your colony in which our talents could be called into service. To speak more plainly, we have observed that you blackbirds have as much as you can do to provide for your families, (thank goodness, all my little polywogs can take care of themselves,) and we have thought that we might be useful to you in the capacity of singers. After your day's toil you must indeed be weary and out of breath, and as it seems necessary that you should have music, why not procure the services of such as have nothing else to attend to? My three friends and myself form a quartette, who can produce music far superior to anything you have yet heard. We have practiced until we are perfect in our knowledge of each other's voices and style of singing, and are able to execute the most difficult and intricate passages of harmony without a single error. Thus we can give you the best music without exertion on your part, and having nothing else to do, we can study and improve ourselves until we shall be perfect in our art. This, interrupted by your various engagements, you can never be able to attain. What do you think of my plan?"

Primy was struck with the brilliancy of

the idea, and felt flattered and proud at the thought that Master Frog had selected him as his *confidante* in this matter; he did not think for a moment that accident alone had brought about the meeting.

"Master Frog," said he, with great dignity, "I am rejoiced that you have chosen me as your counselor. I have, I say it without vanity, great influence among my comrades, and I am so favorably impressed with your plan that I shall lose no time in communicating with my fellows. You may expect a favorable answer to-morrow evening."

The frog, placing his hand on his heart, bowed low, and turning, plunged into the pool to inform his friends of his success.

Primy hastened to the tree. The whole colony were singing loudly; but mounting an elevated branch, Primy screamed Silence! at the top of his lungs, and at length succeeded in gaining a hearing. He set forth in eloquent words the advantages of John Frog's plan; and finally won the support of the younger members of the community, who were led away by the novelty of the proposal, and clamorously demanded that it should be adopted, and the Messrs. Frog immediately engaged. The older birds shook their heads at first: they loved singing for singing's sake; they saw that if the frogs were employed, it was expected that they should do all the singing, while the birds should remain silent. They consented finally, however, to the arrangement, and Primy was authorized to engage the foreigners.

The next evening Johnny Frog and his three friends were promptly at their appointed place. Primy soon made his appearance, the arrangements were satisfactorily adjusted, and Primy with the quartette returned to the tree. The frogs were assisted to their places, and immediately commenced operations. This was the burden of their song:

"Chunk, chunk, tah, plum, plum,
Chunk, too, tah, ree,
Plunk, plunk, tah, clum, clum,
Chunk, too, tah, tee."

The blackbirds listened in silence. The younger ones applauded vigorously at the close of each stanza; but the old ones looked wise, and contrasted

"Chunk, chunk, tah, plum, plum,"

with the musical sound of their own familiar songs. Every evening the frogs were at their station, singing their songs for the blackbirds, who, as on the first occasion, listened in silence. But there was something wanting in their usual evening gatherings which even the younger members of the community discovered. There was not that joyous animation and cheerfulness which had characterized their social hours before the introduction of the foreign quartette. All felt keenly the desire to sing, and it must be confessed that during the day, when absent on their usual avocations, many of the young, as well as the old, indulged in their old songs, and could not help regretting that they were unable to unite their voices with their comrades as of old; but they dare not sing in the presence of the frog quartette. They were not familiar with the music, and not wishing to make discord, they held their peace and listened to strains they did not understand. This feeling spread throughout the colony, until at length there was not a cheerful looking blackbird to be found. Even Primy seemed down-hearted, and frequently allowed his feathers to be ruffled. From a happy assemblage their evening meetings had become dreary, silent, and mournful, and rendered even less endurable by the "Plunk, plunk, tah, clum, clum," of the frogs, who, thinking only of the dignity of their own position, were entirely regardless of the feelings of others. At length the old birds resolved on a change. They had seen the folly of the matter before, and they hoped that now the young birds had also become weary of the monotony of their present life. They spoke to the young ones on this subject, and were rejoiced to learn that shame only had prevented them from requesting the quartette to be removed. Master Johnny and his friends, after this, were no longer in the ascendant. They were politely requested to change their tunes to the old familiar ones of the blackbirds, so that all might join in the singing. They indignantly refused, and the result was that they were dismissed by the blackbirds, and returned to their own pool and polywogs, to sing and live as they saw fit, while our friends, the birds, once more united in "congregational singing," and once more were cheerful, happy, and free. They never again engaged a "quartette" to do their singing; but thenceforth, as sensible blackbirds, sang their own songs, and enjoyed their own music.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

No. III.—THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS.

IN considering the fall of our first parents, the introduction of sin and death into our world, we saw that this catastrophe was mainly brought about by the temptation of the devil. It is a matter, not merely of curiosity, but of interesting importance, to inquire into the existence, character, and employment of this grand adversary of the human race. Previous to entering upon this inquiry I wish to make a few preliminary observations.

And first, all that we know upon this subject is derived from God's revelation in his written word. Ancient Christian writers have indulged in many speculations, and poets have thrown around these fancies the charm of genius, until, in the minds of many, it is almost impossible to separate those things which God has revealed, and which are therefore true, from those which are the mere suppositions of men, and are therefore quite as likely to be false. Such, indeed, is the fascination of the great poet, Milton, that it is not uncommon to hear his verse quoted, as though it were holy writ; and, with many who have delighted to pore over his pages, it is frequently a difficult thing to say where the sober realities of truth end, and where commences the glowing imagery of fiction and imagination.

I remark, secondly, that the truths thus made known derive importance from the simple fact that God has seen proper to make us acquainted with them. They are among the things written, as the apostle has it, for our learning. They demand from us, therefore, the same spirit of candor and docility as the other portions of the inspired record.

And, again, although there may be many interesting inquiries, which naturally arise, and which are not answered by the inspired writers, some of which may seem to us of great importance, yet from the character of Him who has made the revelation, we may rest satisfied that *all* has been revealed, which it is necessary for us to know. As for God, his way is perfect. And a curse is denounced not only against him who *takes away* from the words of the book of this prophecy, but it is written: If any man shall *add* unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. Keeping in view these preliminary observations, we are prepared to inquire into the origin, the employment, and the doom of the devil and his angels.

As to their origin, the Scriptures teach that they were once holy, and numbered among the hosts of heaven. They were called principalities and powers, and are said to have been in high places, and it is probable, from this language, that they were not only angels in heaven, but among the higher orders of the celestial world. They were consequently happy beyond anything that we can imagine, and possessed of knowledge and wisdom of which our ideas can form a very inadequate conception.

While in this state, long before the date of man's creation, they rebelled against God. *Why* they should have thus revolted, or *how* they were induced to transgress, we are not told. The declaration of the sacred writers, as to the fact, is positive: Jude calls them the angels who kept not their first estate; and Peter styles them the *angels that sinned*. In the Revelation of St. John there is also this remarkable passage: The great dragon was cast out, that old serpent—alluding, probably, to the temptation of Eve—that serpent called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; . . . he was cast out, and his angels were cast out with him; neither was their place found any more in heaven. There is a passage, too, in Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, which seems to indicate that their peculiar sin was *pride* or *overweening ambition*. In giving directions relative to the suitable qualifications for the office of a bishop, the apostle says, among other things, he must not be a novice, lest being lifted up, or *inflated* with *pride*, he fall into the condemnation of the devil.

The inference is fair, I think, from this language, that the cause of their condemnation was *pride*, producing ambition, or an inordinate desire to obtain some higher state, either in wisdom, power, or glory, than that for which they were destined by the great Creator. It was a favorite opinion of some of the early fathers of the Church, that this rebellion took place in heaven when God's decree went forth with reference to his only begotten Son: Let all the angels of God worship him. The conjecture is, that some of them refused to pay this homage, and through pride determined to have their own throne; and

exclaimed, it may be, in that remarkable language quoted by the prophet: I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds: I will be like the Most High. The conjecture is plausible, and is not, so far as I can see, repugnant to any part of the inspired record.

One, among these fallen spirits, is everywhere recognized as the chief or leader. He is spoken of in the Scriptures under a variety of appellations, in addition to those by which he is commonly distinguished; as, for instance, he is called the accuser of the brethren, our adversary, the angel of the bottomless pit, Beelzebub, the god of this world, the prince of the power of the air, the serpent, the tempter. In his guilt and in his fall, however, many were associated with him. How many we are not definitely informed. Wesley and some other writers suppose that in this revolt one third part of the angelic hosts participated. This supposition is founded on that passage in the Revelation of St. John, where the great dragon is spoken of whose tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven and did cast them to the earth. While it is not clear, that in this highly figurative language, the revelator has any reference to the subject before us, there is a Scriptural argument which goes far to prove that the number of fallen spirits is very great, probably exceeding that of the human race. It is founded upon the fact that the Bible teaches us to conceive of Satanic agency as concerned in almost every deliberate act of sin. The whole human family are represented as constantly liable to temptation. Now we are nowhere taught that Satan is omnipresent; on the contrary, *that* is an attribute of God only. But regarding him as the chief of a spiritual dominion, we may account for the extent of the agency he is said to exert in tempting and seducing the human race, by attributing these acts to inferior and subordinate agents; just as, in the case of an army, everything is spoken of as the act of the general, although multitudes under his direction conspire to bring about the desired result.

It has been taught that every son and daughter of Adam has not only a good, but also an evil angel appropriated to themselves individually. However this may be, there is no doubt that while good angels are an innumerable company, the spirits of evil constitute also an immense army.

Such, then, briefly, is the Scriptural account of the origin of the Devil and his angels. They were once holy, they were high in the favor of God; they rebelled against Jehovah, they have been thrust down to hell.

Let us now consider their employment. This, we are taught, is to endeavor, by every means, to subvert the designs, to thwart the wishes, and to overturn the moral government of that God by whom they were created, and by whom they were cast out of heaven. Since the fatal success of their machinations against our first parents, their energies seem to have been bent on seducing man to sin; to doubt and disbelieve the word of God, and to unite with them in spreading sin and misery to the greatest possible extent. However mysterious it may seem to us that they are enabled to exert such an influence over mankind, and that the Almighty should thus permit them to interfere with the designs of his benevolence and goodness, there are no facts more clearly revealed in the Bible than that they are not as yet confined to any one spot; that the devil goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and that through their agency multitudes are led into sin, and through sin to make their abode forever in that place which Christ tells us was prepared for the devil and his angels.

I stated in the introductory chapter that the Bible teaches by example, as well as precept; and on the subject of the employment or work of the devil and his angels we behold this truth very strikingly illustrated. We have seen this agency at work in the Garden of Eden. We may see it also in various other parts of Scripture history. One of the most remarkable of these is the case of Job, as found in the first and second chapters of the book which bears his name. He was, we are told, one that feared God and eschewed evil; in the estimation of Heaven a perfect man. In his case we know not which most to wonder at, the astonishing power which Satan was permitted to exercise over his person, his family, and his property, or the fortitude with which Job endured these assaults, and which enabled him to hold fast his integrity. The design of the tempter in this, as in all other

instances, was to seduce from holiness to sin; and the whole history, while on the one hand, it exhibits the craft and power of man's grand enemy, on the other shows, in a striking light, that man, frail and feeble as he is, is more than a match for his adversary, and cannot be *compelled* to swerve from his allegiance to his God.

The most minute exemplification of the art of the tempter, by which we see most clearly the mode of his operation, is found in the brief history of Jesus Christ, as given by the Evangelists. This occurred, we are told, soon after his baptism by John, and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon him, and just before his entrance publicly upon the great work for which he came into our world.

Three different temptations were presented to our Lord, each of them, apparently, well calculated to effect the object of the tempter. In the first place Jesus was tempted to convert stones into bread in order to appease his hunger. He had eaten nothing for forty days, and nothing could have appeared more plausible than the request of Satan. "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." As if he had said: Here you are, hungry, alone, and yet the Son of God. If you are the Son of God, how easy at once to give evidence of the fact, and, at the same time, to satisfy your hunger. Besides, there could be nothing wrong, abstractly considered, in working such a miracle. But Jesus saw through the craft of the tempter. His object, doubtless, was to induce the Saviour to distrust his Father's care, and to urge him, by a miracle, to relieve himself, as though he had been utterly forsaken.

This is one of the most common forms of temptation to which the followers of Christ are exposed. They are tempted to doubt whether they are the children of God; if they are, why have they such trials? and not unfrequently are they urged to use forbidden means to procure deliverance, through doubts of the Divine faithfulness and care. Foiled, however, in this, another mode of attack was resorted to, and now Jesus is tempted to presumption: If thou be the Son of God, says Satan, cast thyself down from the pinnacle of the temple; and in order to induce compliance, he quotes Scripture for his purpose: "It is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Here, again, the temptation was most artful; the Scriptural quotation was correct; and by complying with the suggestions of the tempter, Christ would at once have shown proof of his miraculous power, and evinced his entire confidence in the promise referred to. Jesus, however, repelled the temptation by another passage of Scripture: "Thou shalt not *tempt* the Lord thy God;" that is, thou shalt not *try* him; or thou shalt not, by throwing thyself into voluntary, uncommanded dangers, appeal to God for protection, or trifle with the promises made to those who are thrown into danger *by his providence*. It is true, indeed, that God aids those who are placed by him in trial or danger; but it is not true that any one has a right to expect this help when he runs into difficulty, or presumes to trifle with temptations which he is commanded to resist.

Thus, as is the case, perhaps, to a greater or less extent with every Christian, Jesus was tempted on the one hand to distrust God, to doubt; on the other, to presumption: two rocks reared by the great adversary in the pathway of the Christian, and on which many a bark has been fatally wrecked.

In the third temptation we see also a very common device. This was an offer of the riches, and honors, and pleasures of the world. All these things, said he, will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. By the same, or similar offers, he prevails, even at this day, with multitudes of men. For the sake of the world's honor, how many reject the honor that cometh from God! how many, who might lay up treasure in heaven, are successfully tempted to bend all their energies to the acquisition of this world's wealth; or are hoping to do, what Christ declared to be an impossibility—to serve God and mammon. And yet, again, what multitudes are kept from seeking salvation by the artful allurements of the devil, in spreading out before them the pleasures of this world. Fall down and worship me, and I will give you all these things, is still the whispered language of man's great adversary. Alas! how few, comparatively, imitate the language of the Saviour, and say, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

I have dwelt thus at length upon the temptation of Christ, because it shows us at once the guile and artfulness of the tempter, and the manner by which that art may be baffled.

There are in the Bible many other illustrations of Satanic agency. By him, under the old dispensation, false prophets were instigated to seduce God's people into sin, a particular instance of which is given in the first book of Kings, where a lying spirit is said to have entered into the mouth of those prophets by whom Ahab was persuaded to go up to Ramoth Gilead, where Israel was defeated by the Syrians, and their king slain. Through the instigation of the devil, in the time of Isaiah and Jeremiah, numerous individuals took upon themselves the prophetic office, persuaded the people to disbelieve God's threatenings, and cried unto them, Peace, peace, when there was no peace. In the new dispensation, also, according to Saint Paul, in his second epistle to the Corinthians, there "are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ." And in accounting for this fact he says, it is "no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." Are there any such at the present day? Are there those, in the garb of Christian ministers, who undertake to nullify all God's threatenings, who say there is no devil, no hell; who even adopt the language of the arch fiend himself, and in the face of the solemn declarations of the Almighty, proclaim in the ears of the people, Ye shall not surely die?

We have the authority of Jesus Christ himself for the fact that the devil is busy, even where the Gospel is preached in its purity. In explaining his parable of the sower, the Saviour says: "The seed is the word of God; those by the wayside, are they that hear; then cometh the *devil*, and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved." *How* this is done I stop not to inquire; of the fact itself there can be no more doubt than of any other truth declared by the lips of the great Teacher.

Satan is active in sowing dissensions and fomenting divisions among the followers of Christ. Hence he is called the accuser of the brethren; and hence, doubtless, have arisen what have been called religious persecutions; and to the same agency may be attributed in our own day that alienation of affection, those divisions and controversies about little things, mere matters of opinion, by which a reproach is frequently brought upon the cause of Christ, and there is a distant coldness between those who ought to love one another with pure hearts fervently. Of the machinations of Satan against individuals, the statements in the Scripture are numerous, and can only receive, at present, a passing notice. Of the apostle Peter, it is said, Satan desired to have him, that he might sift him as wheat. He it was who entered into Judas, and by whom he was induced to betray the Saviour. By him, Ananias, with his wife Sapphira, was tempted to lie unto the Holy Ghost, and in consequence of which lie there came upon them swift destruction. The apostle Paul, whom we should have supposed, if any had been exempt from temptation, would have been free from such assaults, tells us that he was perplexed, and almost overwhelmed, by a severe affliction, which he calls a thorn in the flesh, but the sharpness of the trial was owing to the influence of this wicked spirit: it was, says he, the messenger of Satan to buffet me. He besought the Lord that it might depart from him; but was told in that heart-cheering promise, which all may appropriate who are similarly situated—My grace is sufficient for thee.

We turn now for a few moments to consider the final doom of the devil and his angels. This is very explicitly set forth in the sacred Scriptures. They will not always be permitted to range this earth, and to seduce to sin. The serpent's head is finally to be bruised, in accordance with God's declaration to our first parents, and agreeably to the assurance of St. Paul: The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly. They will be summoned before the judgment-seat of Christ; the malignity of their characters fully evinced, the goodness of God in permitting them to tempt and harass men fully vindicated, and his justice made manifest in their condemnation and their punishment. In meting out this doom, the saints of the Most High will probably bear some part. Know ye not, says the apostle, that we shall judge angels?

For them, no Saviour has been provided.

No ray of hope sheds a gleam of light upon the darkness of their future and endless prospects. They are to be cast down to hell, whence, in the overwhelming language of inspiration, the smoke of their torment will ascend forever and ever. Indeed, language itself seems to have been exhausted in the selection by the sacred writers of figures by which to express the misery, the agony, the hopelessness of their final doom.

THE BOTTLE-IMP; OR, THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

AGAINST the inordinate love of money we have, not only the warnings of the Great Teacher and his apostles, but the recorded experience of multitudes who have proved it, by bitter experience, to be the root of all evil. The following tale, from the German, is transferred to our pages, not so much on account of the ingenious drapery in which it is clothed, as for the moral which it was designed to inculcate. Fiction sometimes makes an impression where matter of fact fails. Listen, then, to the story of the Bottle-Imp.

While Venice was yet in her palmy days of commerce, there came thither a young German merchant named Richard, a bold and joyous fellow. There was much disquiet in Germany at that time, owing to the Thirty Years' War; for which reason the young merchant was especially glad that his business called him to stay some time in Venice, where people were not so warlike, and where, as he heard, he should find rich wines, and the best and most delicious fruits.

Accordingly, he soon began to lead a very gay life, and was introduced into all sorts of society. Many a day passed in revelry and riot, where all faces were wild and joyous, one only excepted—that of a Spanish captain—who, although he attended at all the pranks of the wild crew with whom Richard had associated himself, never exchanged a word with his companions, and constantly wore an expression of strong disquiet on his dark features. The rest willingly suffered his presence, because he was a man of good means and station, who made no scruple on several occasions of paying for the whole party.

But in spite of his gayety, money began ere long to fail poor Richard; and he sorrowfully found that a life so extravagantly delightful must soon come to an end for him. The others observed his melancholy and its cause, and had their jest at the well-fleeced, hangdog-looking wretch, who could not refrain, so long as a shekel remained in his purse, from sucking the poisoned sweets.

One evening the Spaniard drew him aside, and with unusual friendliness took him to an unfrequented part of the city. The young man was at first alarmed by this proceeding. But he thought, "The fellow knows that there is not much to be got from me; and as for my skin, if he covets that, he must first adventure his own, which, doubtless, he thinks rather too high a stake."

But the Spanish captain, seating himself on the wall of an old ruined building, made the young merchant sit by him, and began as follows: "It appears to me, my young friend, as if you were wanting in that faculty which has become to me a burden past bearing; that is, the power of procuring at any hour the amount of money you require, and so being able to go on at your pleasure. This, and many other important gifts, I will hand over to you for a reasonable sum."

"But what can you want with money, when you wish to get rid of the power of procuring it?" asked Richard.

"Why the circumstances are these: I don't know whether you are acquainted with certain little creatures called bottle-imps. They are little black fiends, shut up in glasses. Whoever possesses such a one may obtain from him whatever pleasures in life he desires, but especially unlimited gold. On the other hand, this accommodating friend requires the soul of his possessor, provided the owner dies without having delivered over his imp into other hands. But this can be done only by sale; and, moreover, he must receive for it a less sum than he paid. Mine cost me ten ducats; if you will give me nine for it, 'tis yours."

While Richard thought over this, the Spaniard continued: "I could, of course, cheat anybody into purchasing it like any other bottle and toy, just as it was put into my hands by a tradesman without a conscience. But I should fear to burden my conscience still more by so doing, and I therefore put the offer fairly and frankly before you. You are yet young and full

of life, and will have many an opportunity of getting rid of the thing when you are tired of it."

"Good sir," said Richard, "do not think me uncivil; but I must own I have been a little cheated already in this town of Venice, and even my nine ducats might be of value to one who spends as I have seen you do."

"Excuse me for not striking you dead," said the Spaniard haughtily. "It is because I hope you will still rid me of my bottle-imp, and also because I am not minded to do penance, which would thereby be much increased in length and severity."

"Would you let me make a few trials of the thing first?" prudently asked young Richard.

"To what purpose?" replied the Spaniard. "It stays with no one, helps no one but him who has fairly purchased it."

The youth grew anxious; it was uncomfortable sitting there together at night in that lonely place, in spite of the captain's declared pacific intentions; and then there hovered before his fancy all the delights which the bottle-imp would procure him. He therefore determined to risk the half of his remaining cash on it, only trying first whether he could beat down something of the price.

"Fool!" laughed the captain, "it was for your good I asked the highest price, and for the good of those who buy it after you, that some one may not too soon get it for the lowest possible sum, and so go irrecoverably to a place it would be unpolite to mention."

"O, never mind," said Richard, good-humoredly; "I shan't be in a hurry to sell the wonderful thing again. If I could have it for five ducats—"

"O, as you please," said the Spaniard.

Then, in return for the money, he handed to the young man a thin glass bottle, wherein by the starlight Richard saw something black dancing strangely up and down. As a trial, he immediately wished to have in his right hand double the sum he had just paid, and instantly felt ten ducats there. Then both went back to the inn with new and cheerful faces; the Spaniard soon took leave, without staying for the gorgeous banquet which Richard immediately ordered, paying down to his distrustful host the price beforehand, while the bottle-imp kept filling his pockets with the desired ducats.

Whoever would themselves like to possess such an imp, can best fancy what sort of life our young friend led from this day. He bought a castle and two villas, and surrounded himself with every kind of splendor and luxury. He spent some time in revelry at one of his country-seats, with a crowd of idle and dissipated young persons of rank, among whom was a gay and distinguished beauty of the place called Lucretia. One day he was sitting with her in the garden, on the brink of a swift, deep streamlet, laughing and jesting, till at last Lucretia espied the bottle which Richard wore in his breast, by a gold chain. Before he could hinder her, she had pulled away the chain, and playfully held the phial up against the light. At first she laughed at the strange capers of the little black creature within, then crying suddenly in affright: "Ugh, it's a toad!" flung chain, phial, and imp into the stream, which swept all out of sight.

The poor young man strove to hide his concern, lest Lucretia should question him further, and have him taken up for sorcery. But as soon as he could get away from her, he retired to think what was to be done. He had yet his castle, his villas, and a heap of ducats in his pocket. He then felt for his money, and, to his glad surprise, found the phial and the imp in his hand. "Lo!" he cried exultingly, "I possess a treasure of which no earthly power can rob me;" and he would have kissed the phial, only the little black thing making antics within appeared to him a little too frightful.

His wildness and extravagance now increased tenfold; he left not a wish ungratified, and was wont to laugh at the Spanish captain for having given up such a treasure, and, as he had been told, retired into a cloister. But all pleasures come to an end; and so Richard found, when in the midst of his riotous career he fell dangerously ill. He received no help from his bottle-imp, on whom he called for aid ten times over in the course of the first day; but, instead of comfort, he had a dream, in which the bottle-fiend appeared to be dancing merrily among the rest of the bottles, knocking and smashing them, and screaming forth songs of triumph at the near end of his servitude.

Ah, how long seemed to the sick man the rest of that night! He dared not close his eyes; yet, while open, the imp was

constantly before them. He rang for his servants, but they slept sound: so he was obliged to lie all alone in his anguish, resolving that, if God would let him live to the morning, at all events to get rid of the bottle-imp.

When morning came, he determined to secure first what property he could; and in addition to the castle, villas, and all kinds of costly furniture, he collected a great heap of ducats, and placed them under his pillow. Then, somewhat calmed, he considered how to get rid of the imp; and an opportunity presented itself. The doctor, who came that day to see him, was very fond of all kinds of strange animals, which he kept in spirits; and he showed him the creature as one of these, knowing the doctor to be too pious a man to accept it in its own character. The creature had become very lively, and played such antics in the phial, that the good man, wishing further to examine it, proposed to buy it of him. To satisfy his conscience in some degree, Richard asked as much as he could—four ducats, two dollars, and twenty pence. But the doctor would give only four ducats, and said he must consider even of that for a few days. Then in his terror the poor fellow offered the bargain for three; and receiving the money, he at once gave it to his servant to be spent on the poor.

Meanwhile, his illness became more violent than ever. He lay in a constant delirious fever; and though by degrees he came to himself again, his complete recovery was delayed by trouble of mind about his ducats; for as soon as he became sensible, he searched for them under his pillow, and found them gone. He got up, and began to consider how to turn his property into gold. But lo! there came people with quittances signed by himself for money paid as the price of all his possessions; for in the days of his folly, in order to win Lucretia's favorable ear to his addresses, he had given her blank forms to fill up as she liked. Thus he must now prepare to go forth almost a beggar.

The doctor now came to him with a very grave face.

"Well, sir doctor," cried he, in a burst of ill-humor, "if, after the fashion of your tribe, you come with a long bill, give me some poison into the bargain, for I have not a penny to buy a loaf with."

"Not so," said the physician, gravely. "I give you the price of my whole attendance free; but here is a very rare medicine which I have put in that cupboard, which you will find needful for the restoration of your health, and for which you shall pay me two ducats. Will you?"

"With all my heart!" cried the young merchant, joyfully; and having paid the sum to the doctor, the latter at once left the apartment. When Richard put his hand into the cupboard, he felt the fatal bottle between his fingers, wrapped in a scrap of paper, on which was written:

> Thy body I desired to cure,
> Thou my soul's ruin to insure;
> But yet my wisdom, higher far,
> Contrived thy evil scheme to mar.
> The stratagem thy praise demands:
> Thus I play back into thy hands
> The bottle-imp, and with the elf,
> Give the rogue rope to hang himself!

A terror seized poor Richard at the thought that he had now re-bought the bottle-imp, and at a very small price. Still, there was satisfaction mingled with the feeling; for as he was determined soon again to be rid of the thing, he felt no scruple in resolving, by its means, to revenge himself on the cruel Lucretia. First he filled his pockets with ducats, whose weight almost pulled him down to the ground, and deposited the whole sum with the nearest lawyer, receiving a legal acknowledgment, only keeping back a certain number of pieces of gold, with which he hastened to Lucretia's house. Here he made the bottle-imp perform all kinds of juggler's tricks, and convinced her that it was the very thing she had thrown into the stream. She instantly wished to possess such a plaything; and as he, apparently in sport, insisted on receiving money for it, she gave him a ducat. Thereupon he took his leave as quickly as he could, in order to draw from the advocate part of the money deposited. The lawyer opened his eyes wide at the demand; he did not know the young gentleman, he said. Richard pulled the acknowledgment out of his pocket, and found it merely a blank sheet of paper. The advocate had written his receipt with a kind of ink which grew pale, and was totally effaced in a few hours. So the young man had now only about thirty ducats in the world.

Such being the case, Richard felt that he must starve or do something to gain

his bread, and he determined to become a pedlar. With his thirty ducats he bought and fitted up a box, and carried it through those streets where a few weeks before he had been rioting in wealth. However, his wares were in favor, and he sold them off so quickly, that he hoped, if this went on, to become ere long a rich man again, and to return to Germany happy, especially in his escape from the accursed bottle-imp. With such thoughts, he repaired in the evening to a tavern to rest himself, and put down his box. A curious guest said to him: "What strange creature have you got there, fellow, in that phial, that tumbles about so queerly?" Alas! he perceived that among his other purchases he had unawares retaken the bottle-imp. He offered it eagerly to each of the company for three-pence—he himself had paid for it but four—but none would take so ugly and useless a thing; and as he persisted in pressing his worthless wares on them, they pushed him, box, bottle, and all, out at the door.

Richard in despair fled out of the city, and did not rest till he had quitted the Venetian territory, the scene where all his woes had begun. A horror seized him of all great cities; he knew not what to do, or where to get rid of his inseparable companion. At length he determined to become a soldier, hoping easily to part with his wretched bargain in the camp. He heard that two Italian states were at war with each other, and prepared to attach himself to either side. So, having drawn again on his inexhaustible bank, he arrayed himself in a rich gold-wrought cuirass, a splendid plumed hat, two first-rate light guns, a bright polished sword, and two daggers, and mounted on a Spanish steed, rode forth with three well-armed followers on good horses.

Such a combatant, and one, too, who desired no pay, was sure to be welcome in any army; and Richard soon found himself in a camp, where he lived very comfortably, and in wine and play seemed to have forgotten his anxieties. Sharpened by former ill success, he took care not to offer bottle-imp too formally for sale, but saying nothing about it, waited to make the bargain unexpectedly, as if in jest.

One morning the call to arms was heard; the whole forces were collected; and in a little while the plain was seen full of the infantry of both parties, engaged in hot action, while the cavalry were drawn up apart. The horse of the enemy, being inferior in number, retreated before the superior force, and for a while Richard enjoyed himself wonderfully, caracoling on his splendid horse, his weapons rattling, and himself in safety. But presently, infantry and cavalry began to mingle in general affray; musket-balls hissed around; horsemen fell, and as, strengthened by large reinforcements, the enemy's horse came down upon them, Richard thought, "What a fool I was to come here! I am much nearer death than I was on my sick-bed, and if one of those hissing balls catches me, then I am the prey of the bottle-imp and his master forever." Just as he was thus thinking, his Spanish horse was seized with a panic, and went rearing and plunging backward, till they reached a wood not far off. He spurred him about under the lofty trees till he became exhausted, and stood still. Then he dismounted, took off cuirass and shoulder-belt, unsaddled the horse, and feebly stretching himself in the grass, said: "Well, I am scarcely fit for a soldier, at least with a bottle-imp in my pocket." He tried to think of what next to do, but fell fast asleep.

After some hours of quiet slumber, a sound of men's voices and footsteps struck his ear; but nestling in his cool, comfortable couch, and resolutely indifferent to the noise, he was sinking still deeper into delicious sleep, when a thundering voice shouted to him: "Are you dead, you scoundrel? Only speak if you are, that one may not waste a charge of powder." Thus unpleasantly awakened, he looked up, and saw a musket cocked at his breast, held by a grim-looking foot-soldier, while others were rifling his property. He begged for mercy, crying in the utmost anguish, "if they would shoot him dead, that they should first buy the little phial in his right-hand doublet pocket."

"Stupid fellow," laughed one of them, "I won't buy it from you, but take it from you certainly;" and so he drew out the imp, and put it in his breast.

"And welcome! cried Richard, "if you can only keep it; but unpaid for, it won't stay by you." The soldiers laughed, and went off with the plunder, not troubling themselves further about the man, whom they took to be half crazy. Richard felt in

his pocket, and found the phial there; he shouted, and held it up after them. The man who had taken it, in astonishment clutched at his dress, found it not, and ran back for it.

"I told you," said Richard, "you couldn't keep it so. Only give me a few pence for it."

The soldier now took a fancy to the frolicsome thing, which now, too, as was its custom when handled, showed itself very lively in the expectation of the approaching close of its service. But the threepence charged for it seemed to the soldier too much; so Richard said impatiently: "Well, skinflint, as you will; give me a penny, and take your property." Thus was the bargain concluded, the money paid, and the little Satan handed over.

Richard now bethought himself what to do. He stood there with a light heart, but with a light pocket too, and no means of filling it, for he dared not return to the corps of cavalry from which he had shamefully fled; so he proposed to these foot-soldiers to join their company. He soon discovered that they belonged to the opposite side, where he would not be known; and now, that he was rid of the bottle-imp and all his cash, he felt not indisposed to risk his life for the chance of booty. He went then with his new comrades to the camp; and the captain willingly received into his company an active and strongly made young fellow like him.

His life, however, was not very cheerful. There was at present a suspension of proceedings in the field, and nothing to do but to live quietly in the camp, without danger and without plunder. Richard had therefore nothing but his scanty pay; and one day it occurred to him, as he weighed the petty sum in his hands, to try his fortune with the dice.

The game took its usual checkered course, and he went on gambling and drinking far into the night. At length the half-intoxicated Richard had played away his whole month's pay, and no one would lend him a farthing. Rummaging in all his pockets, he found nothing there but his cartridge-box; but this he drew out, and offered it as a stake. While the dice were being shaken, it suddenly struck Richard that the soldier who held the stake was the same who had bought the bottle-imp, and would, of course, through its presence, be sure to win. He cried "Stop!" but too late; the dice were thrown, and Richard lost. He rushed back to his tent in despair. A comrade, who was somewhat more sober than he, took him by the arm, and asked him on the way if he had more cartridges in his tent.

"No," said Richard, "or I would have played on."

"So you can when you've bought new ones," said the soldier; "for the commissioner comes to review us next month, and if he finds a soldier without cartridges, he has him shot."

"Next month!" cried Richard; "well, before that time I shall have my pay, and buy new cartridges."

So they parted, and Richard proceeded to sleep off his intoxication.

But in a little while he was awoke by the voice of the corporal before the tent: "Ho! to-morrow is the review; the commissioner will be in the camp by break of day." Richard was startled from his sleep: he thought of his cartridges. He called to his comrades in the tent to know if any would lend to him; but they abused him for a drunkard, and would not answer. Then he searched his clothes, and found at last five farthings. With these he flew from tent to tent in the dark, trying to buy cartridges, but in vain, till he reached a tent where the voice that answered him with an imprecation was that of the soldier who had won his cartridges.

"Comrade," cried Richard pleadingly, "you or some one must help me. You plundered me once before, and yesterday you took my all from me. If the commissioner finds to-morrow that I have no cartridges, he will have me shot. You must give, or lend, or sell me some."

"Giving and lending I have forsworn," said the soldier; "but to quiet you, I will sell you cartridges. How much money have you?"

"Five farthings," answered Richard sadly.

"Well," said the other, "to show you that I am a good comrade, there are five cartridges for your five farthings."

The exchange was made, and Richard returned to sleep till the morning.

The review took place, and all went well. But when the soldiers were again in camp the sun burned intolerably through the tent-canvas. Richard's comrades went to the canteen, and he remained

alone with empty pockets and a piece of ration-bread, faint and sick with yesterday's carouse and to-day's exertions.

"Ah," he thought, "if I had now but one of all the ducats I once lavished like a fool!"

Scarcely had he formed the wish, when a bright new ducat lay in his left hand. The thought of the bottle-imp shot through his mind and embittered his momentary joy at the sight of the piece of gold. Just then entered the comrade who had sold him the cartridges.

"Friend," said he, with a troubled air, "the phial with the little black imp in it, you know I bought it in the wood from you, is missing. Have I, perchance, given it you unawares for a cartridge? I had wrapped it up in paper like them, and laid it with my cartridges."

Richard sought anxiously in his cartridge-box, and in the first paper he unfolded he found the goblin creature.

"That's well," said the soldier. "I should have been sorry to have lost the thing, ugly as it looks: it always seems to me as if it brought me unusual luck at play. There, comrade, take your farthing again, and give me the creature."

Most eagerly did Richard consent to the transaction, and they parted. But all his peace was gone since he had again seen and handled the object of his terror. He threw from him the ducat he had just before sighed for, and at last the dread that the bottle-imp might still be lurking somewhere near, drove him out of the camp, and through the deepening evening, into the thickest forest shades, where, exhausted by terror and weariness, he sank upon the ground.

"O," said he, panting, "that I had but a water-flask to quench my thirst!" and there stood a water-flask at his side. He thought of the bottle-imp, searched in his pocket, and felt it there.

He fell back in a swoon, on awaking from which he would have resisted his fate, declaring that it belonged no more to him, but the imp seemed to cry jeeringly: "Thou hast bought me for a farthing; and thou must sell me again for less, or the bargain is void."

Half mad, he flung the phial against a rock hard by, but felt it again in his pocket. Then he began to run through the dark thicket, striking himself against tree and stone in the gloom, and hearing at every step the flask jingle in his pocket. Daybreak found him in an open plain, and he continued his wanderings. He would not return to the camp; his one object now was to find a coin under a farthing's worth; but the search was vain. He would demand nothing more of the goblin, and so he begged his way through the land of Italy. But looking so wild and troubled, and always asking for half-farthings, he was everywhere regarded as crazy, and was soon known far and wide by the name of the mad Half-farthinger.

Many months had passed thus, when one day he found himself in the midst of wild mountains, and sat, still and sorrowful, beside a little rill, which, trickling down through a wild growth of bushes, appeared compassionately offering itself for his refreshment. Then there rang, loud and strong, over the rocky ground, the sound of horses' hoofs, and on a large, black, wild-looking horse there came a very tall man of hideous visage, in a gorgeous blood-red dress, up to the spot where Richard sat.

"Why so gloomy, fellow?" said he to the youth, whose breast sank with a strange foreboding. "I should guess you to be a merchant. Have you bought anything too dear?"

"Ah, no; rather too cheap," answered Richard in a low, trembling voice.

"So it appears to me, my good merchant!" cried the horseman, with a frightful laugh. "And have you, perchance, such a thing to sell as a bottle-imp? Or am I mistaken in taking you for the mad Half-farthinger?"

Scarcely could the pale lips of the poor youth utter a low "Yes, I am he," under the momentary expectation that the horseman's mantle would turn to blood-dripping wings, that black spectral pinions, blazing with hell-fire, would sprout forth on his horse, and carry him away to the abodes of eternal torture; but the tall stranger addressed him in a rather milder voice, and with less frightful gestures.

"I see for whom you take me," said he; "but be comforted; I am not he. Perhaps I may even deliver you from him, for I have been many days seeking you, to buy your bottle-imp. To be sure, you gave terribly little for it, and I myself don't know how to get at a smaller coin. But listen. On the other side of the mountain dwells a prince, a wild young

fellow. To-morrow I will contrive to allure him away from his hunting-train and set a hideous wild beast upon him. Do you stay here till midnight, and then go, just when the moon stands over that jagged rock, shining through the dark cleft to the left. Go at a moderate pace; linger not, hurry not, and you will come to the spot just when the monster has the prince under his claws. Seize it fearlessly, and it must yield to you, and to make its escape, plunge down the steep bank into the sea. Then beg of the grateful prince that he will have a couple of half-farthings struck for you; I will give you change for them, and then for one the bottle-imp will be mine."

"But where shall I find you when I have the half-farthings?" cried Richard as the horseman rode away.

"At the Black Fountain," answered the horseman: "any old woman here can tell you where it lies;" and with slow but long strides the hideous horse bore away his hideous rider. Richard, who had nothing more to lose, resolved to put his advice into execution.

The night fell; the moon rose and hung with a lurid red light over the indicated point of rock. Then the pale wanderer arose trembling, and stepped into the dark ravine. Joyless enough, and gloomy it looked, with only a rare moonbeam here and there, looking in over its lofty walls; there was, too, in that closed-in place, a damp, earthy exhalation, as of a charnel-vault; but else nothing unpleasant was to be discerned. As it was, Richard did not feel himself tempted to linger, but was rather inclined to hurry on. This too, however, he refrained from, faithful to the horseman's directions; and after some hours, the faint red light of morning glimmered on his dark path, and a fresh cheering breeze played on his face. But just as he stepped out of the deep ravine, and sought to enjoy the fresh forest scenery, and the blue glitter of the sea which lay spread not far from him, he was disturbed by a wild cry; he looked round, and saw a frightful beast, under whose claws on the ground lay a young man in rich hunting-attire. Richard's first impulse was to run and help; but when he looked full at the beast, and saw that it resembled a monstrous ape, with a formidable pair of stag's horns, all courage left him, and, in spite of the prostrate man's miserable cry for help, he was about to creep back into his chasm; but the next instant he suddenly recalled what the horseman had told him, and urged by his own especial danger, he ran up with his club-stick to the monster, which, rolling the huntsman in its claws, seemed about to toss him up, and then catch him on its horns. But as Richard advanced, it let its prey drop, and with hideous howlings ran away. Richard, grown bold, pursued it till it plunged from the lofty cliffs, still grinning at him with its abominable visage, and vanished under the waves.

And now the young man went back triumphantly to the rescued huntsman, who, according to his expectation, announced himself as the reigning prince of the country, and pronouncing a eulogium upon his deliverer as a true hero, prayed him to demand some recompense, the highest he could pay him.

"Ay?" said Richard hopefully, "are you in earnest? Then, all I request is, in God's name, that you will have a couple of half-farthings struck in good coin for me. I ask for only a couple."

The prince gazed on him in astonishment, till some of his retinue came up, and, on hearing from him what had happened, one of them recognized in Richard the crazy Half-farthinger whom he had once seen. The prince began to laugh, and poor Richard embraced his knees in anguish, vowing that without the half-farthings he should be undone.

The prince, still laughing, answered: "Stand up then, fellow; you have my princely word; and if you insist on it, I will have as many half-farthings struck as you wish for. But if the third of a farthing will do as well, no new coinage will be wanted, for my border neighbors maintain my farthings to be so light that three of them go to one of theirs."

"If that be so," said Richard doubtfully.

"Faith," said the prince, "you will be the first to whom they seem too good. But if that makes any difficulty, herewith I give you my most solemn word to have still worse ones struck for you, provided that be possible."

Thereupon he bade a whole bagful of farthings be given to Richard, who immediately ran off, as if he were pursued, to the frontier, and was a happier man than he had been for long, when, in the first

tavern of the neighboring country, he was grudgingly paid a common farthing for three of those he brought, which he thus exchanged by way of trial. Then he inquired for the Black Fountain, and some children who were playing in the tavern straight ran screaming away. The host told him, not without a shudder, that this was an ill-famed spot, from which many evil spirits came out into the country, and which few people had actually seen. This he knew, however, that the approach to it was not far from here, being a cavern with two blasted cypresses before it; and no one could miss the way who once went in; but God preserve him and all true Christians from that!

These words terrified Richard; but the venture must be made, and he set forth on his way. Already from far he saw the black and horrible cavern; the two cypresses seemed to have been blasted as if by terror of the ghastly abyss, which he saw, as he came nearer, held in its hollow a strange heap of rocks. They looked like distorted, long-bearded, goblin faces, some of which resembled that monstrous ape on the sea-shore; but when steadily regarded they became again only jagged and rifted fragments of rock. He entered tremblingly among these stone-phantoms. The bottle-imp in his pocket grew so heavy it seemed trying to pull him back; but that raised his courage; "for," thought he, "what *it* does not like is just what *I* must like." Deeper in the cavern the darkness became so intense that he could no longer see those frightful shapes, and had to feel carefully before him with a stick; but he found nothing save a smooth floor of fine moss, and, but for a strange whistling and croaking which passed at times through the cavern, he would have dismissed all fear.

At last he had passed through, and found himself in a desolate hollow, inclosed on all sides by the mountains. On one side he saw the great, terrible black horse, standing like an iron statue, unbound, with head held high, without grazing or stirring a limb. Opposite him gushed out of the rocks a spring, in which the horseman was washing his hands and face; but the water was black as ink; and when the gigantic being turned round to Richard, his hideous face was of a negro blackness, frightfully contrasting with his gorgeous red attire.

"Don't tremble, young fellow," said he; "this is one of the ceremonies I am compelled to perform. So, too, whenever I need a new dress, I have to mix its purple with a good number of drops from my own blood, whereby it gets that splendid color. In short, I am bound body and soul, beyond all chance of redemption. And what do you think I get for that? Only a hundred thousand pieces of gold a year. I can't make that do, so I want to buy your bottle-imp, and thus play the old miser a trick. And he began to laugh, so that the rocks resounded, and even the hitherto motionless black horse started.

"Well," he asked, turning again to Richard, "do you bring half-farthings, comrade?"

"I am not your comrade," answered Richard, half confused, half testy, as he opened his bag.

"O, we are proud, are we? but have a care, my fine gentleman! Who set the monster on the prince, that you might conquer it?"

"There was no need of all that jugglery," said Richard; and he related how the prince already struck not only half-farthings, but the third part of farthings. The red man appeared out of humor at having given himself the trouble for nothing. However, he changed one good farthing against three bad ones, gave Richard one of these, and received in return the bottle-imp, which felt very heavy coming out of his pocket, lying curled up sullen and sad, at the bottom of the phial The rider again laughed violently.

"That won't help thee, Satan," cried he; "give me gold here, as much as my horse can carry;" and forthwith the huge beast groaned under the burden of gold; yet he took his master up again, and like a fly crawling up the wall, stepped right up the perpendicular rock, but with such hideous movements and contortions that Richard fled back into the cavern that he might see no more of them.

When he had come out on the other side of the mountain, and run a good way beyond the abyss, then, for the first time, did the whole consciousness of his deliverance strike on his mind. Now at length he felt the evil spirit's hold over him gone, and the pressure of unspeakable misery removed, and a true penitence for his former wild and sinful life touched his heart. His joy at his release was tem-

pered by that penitence, and sanctified by a firm determination to lead a new life; and in this determination, and the carrying on of it, his former cheerful heart returned. With all his renovated strength and spirit he bent himself to run a good, sober, and honorable course; and in this he succeeded so well that, after some years of honest labor, he was able to return as a well-to-do merchant to the dear German land, where he married; and where in his old age he frequently told his grandchildren, as a useful warning, the story of the Bottle-Imp.

CALIFORNIAN GIANTS.

ALL the world has heard of the great mammoth trees of California, therefore let us imagine ourselves to be in that quarter of the world where those great trees grow, say in Calaveras County. We follow the course of an affluent of the Stanislas, which winds serpent-like, and with many an eddy, along one of the valleys that penetrate the Sierra Nevada; and at about fifteen miles from Murphy's, we come to a circular basin sequestered among the hills. Its diameter may be a mile, and its elevation from four thousand to five thousand feet above the sea-level. Here we find ourselves in presence of the giants—real giants of the vegetable kingdom, such as we should never have expected to see in these post-diluvian days. Not without emotion, and a profound sense of admiration, do we gaze upon them. The wind blows cold, and the heights around are covered with snow; but we heed not the blast; the snow brings out the trees in better relief; the sight repays us for all our fatigue, and makes us forget the wearisome return-journey yet to be encountered. It is not an every-day occurrence to stand under the shadow of trees that began to grow about the time that Hannibal was marching victorious upon Rome, and were still in their infancy at the birth of Christianity. What changes have come over the world—how many empires have risen and fallen since first their branches waved in the breeze! There they stand, ninety of them, living witnesses of a past far more remote than the earliest dawn of American tradition.

The smallest of these giants is fifteen feet in diameter. They occupy an extent of about fifty acres in the basin above mentioned, where they tower above all others of their species. The tall trees among the latter appear dwarfs in comparison. Long fringes and festoons of yellow moss and lichen hang around their proud trunks; and a parasite growing from their roots—a kind of *hypopithys*—shoots its graceful stems, adorned with bractea and rose-colored flowers, to a height of ten feet. The place has thus the double charm of beauty and magnificence.

It will be understood, of course, that the giants here spoken of are pine-trees. The tops of many are broken and mutilated by the weight of the snow which in winter accumulates on their terminal branches; and some have been injured at the base by the camp-fires of Indians. A few have been so deeply hollowed by repeated burning, that a whole family might lodge with all their household gear in the blackened excavations. The bark generally is marked by deep longitudinal furrows, presenting the appearance of pillars or fluted columns. One has been stripped of its bark to a height of one hundred feet; and a spiral row of pegs driven in, forms a not very safe means of ascent around the bare portion, yet the tree flourishes above as vigorously as ever.

The proprietor of the neighboring tavern conducts his guests to the site of these prodigies of vegetation, and tells their names—he in most instances having been sole sponsor. First he calls attention to the Big Tree, which is, or rather was, ninety-five feet in circumference, and three hundred feet high; for now it lies prostrate, a monarch pulled down by the hands of republicans. Five men were employed for twenty-five days in felling it. They drew a line all round seven feet from the ground, and along this they bored holes close together to the very center of the stem with an enormous auger, so that the tree, losing its equilibrium, at last fell with a shock that echoed like thunder among the hills. Three weeks more were spent in stripping off the bark for a length of fifty-two feet only: and now the king of the forest has one side flattened to be used as a "bowling alley," at the end of which stands a small wooden house, where the players may quench their thirst with juleps and cocktails. To what base purposes may we not descend! To be told that a wagon and horses could travel easily along the overthrown stem, excites no surprise

when we know that its diameter at the thickest end is twenty-three feet seven inches, without reckoning the bark, which would be about three feet more. The stump has also been turned to account; its upper surface is smoothed and polished, and supports a pavilion, in which visitors may sit and contemplate the scene around. Having satisfied our curiosity with regard to the Big Tree, we are next conducted to the Miner's Cabin, which stands three hundred feet high, and is eighty feet in circumference; to the Old Bachelor, the same height, but twenty feet less in girth; the Hermit, so named from standing a little apart from the rest, a handsome fellow, with one side of his trunk scorched, containing, however, according to the calculation of a knowing "lumber merchant," seven hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of timber. Then we have the Husband and Wife, not more than two hundred and fifty feet high, leaning toward each other at the summit; and the Three Sisters, growing apparently from the same root—a remarkably fine group. They are all three hundred feet high, and ninety-two in girth; and the middle one has not a branch below two hundred feet. Further on, the Mother and Son attract attention, the lady being three hundred and twenty-five feet high, and the youth three hundred: perhaps he has not done growing. In girth they are both alike, ninety-three feet. Then the Siamese Twins and their Guardian; the Old Maid, like the Bachelor, isolated; but her head is bald; and the Bride of California, the Beauty of the Forest, Mister Shelby, and Uncle Tom's Cabin. This latter has a hollow at the bottom of the trunk large enough to seat twenty-five persons, to which you enter through a gap ten feet high and two feet wide. The Horseback Ride is an old hollow trunk fallen down, in which visitors may ride on horseback.

There are other trees and other names, but those we have enumerated will perhaps suffice, without our repeating any that betray the disposition to vulgarity that prevails in remote parts of the state. The Family Group, however, must not be passed over in silence; it comprises twenty-six trees, among which are seen father, mother, and twenty-four children. The father lost his perpendicular years ago, and fell down, and yet he is one hundred and ten feet in circumference at his base; he was, as is supposed, when in his prime, four hundred and fifty feet high. The portion which remains is hollow throughout, and partly buried in the soil, while from underneath bursts a perennial spring, which it covered in its fall. The mother is three hundred and twenty-seven feet high, and ninety-one in girth; the children are not quite so large. These fifty acres of trees are called the Mammoth Grove.

The wood is of a reddish color, and appears to be more elastic than any other yet known. It has, moreover, the property of not splitting in the sun, and is but little liable to decay; the branches are short, and the foliage similar to that of the juniper. It is considered remarkable that so large a tree should bear such small spines, and cones no bigger than a hen's egg.

Why these trees should be confined to this particular spot, is a question often asked; but the fact is, they are found in other parts of the Sierra Nevada, particularly in the pass leading to Carson Valley, though not in such numbers or of so great dimensions. The difference is charged to the destructive propensities of the Indians.

BABY'S SHOES.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use!
O the price were high, that those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will, years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet!

And O, since that baby slept,
So hush'd! how that mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure, that little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees, looking up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair,
A little sweet face, that's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part,
Than those tiny blue shoes, that no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

SKETCHES OF HUMANE INSTITUTIONS.

THE BLIND.

IN the instruction of children endowed with sight, reading and writing necessarily form the basis of all education, and they are consequently taught, even in the primary department of the public schools. With the blind, on the contrary, a large portion of the instruction conveyed to them must be oral; and in many cases where instruction is not commenced until the pupil has attained to adult age, the tactile sensibility is so imperfect, that the ability to read the raised letters is not acquired.

In regard to writing, there is another difficulty. The blind may be taught to write with pencil or pen, but they cannot read what they have written, and, of course, if they have committed any error, they cannot correct it. These difficulties render such writing irksome to them, and they rarely practice it voluntarily. It has, however, its advantages. As the sentence once written cannot be corrected, they acquire the habit of perfecting what they wish to write in their minds, before committing it to paper.

There must, of necessity, be some provision made, in writing in this way, to enable them to follow a line, and to preserve the proper distance between the words; various methods have been adopted to effect these ends; the most common apparatus is a sheet of pasteboard, on which strips of the same material, half an inch wide, have been pasted, half an inch apart; this is fitted to a frame something like that of a double slate, and a sheet of paper being laid upon the pasteboard, is held in its place by shutting the upper half of the frame upon it. The writing is usually done with a pencil or crayon, the raised edge of pasteboard serving as a line, and the spaces below steadying the little finger; the space between the words is determined by placing the point of the little finger of the left hand at the end of a word, and commencing the next at the other side of it. Another method is to use, in place of the pasteboard, a frame with horizontal wires, like the numeral frame without the balls. Either plan answers a very good purpose, but neither enables the blind to communicate with each other, or to read what they themselves or others have written.

To accomplish this object has been a desideratum with all teachers of the blind, and the ingenuity of inventors has been tasked to overcome the difficulties which prevented its execution. Writing with tangible inks was proposed, and tried, but with indifferent success; for if the ink was so thick as to be tangible when dried, it was very difficult to write with it; an earlier process, the earliest, indeed, which was attempted, and which has remained in use to the present day, was the use of what are called pin-types; small slips of wood having a letter in relief at one end, and at the other the same letter made with steel or iron points set in the wood. They are used in this way: the letters being arranged in a frame somewhat like a printer's case, the blind person picks them up, type after type, and pricks the letters through a sheet of paper from right to left; when completed the sheet is reversed, and the raised or burred surface of the letters can be read by the writer himself, or by any other blind person who can read the ordinary raised letters. Something like this process was adopted by Mademoiselle de Paradis in corresponding with her friends, and was communicated to Haüy by her in 1784.

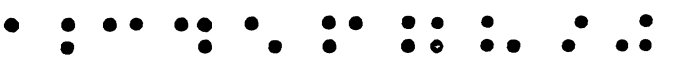
It is liable to many objections, from its slowness, the liability to lose a portion of the type, and the expense of the apparatus, which, though not very great, is yet beyond the means of many of the blind. Attempts have been made to accomplish the object by a machine analogous to that of House's printing telegraph; but although speed, neatness, and legibility are attained by this, the necessary expense of the machine is too great for it to be adopted, except in institutions, or among the rich. M. Hirzel, the Director of the Institution for the Blind at Lausanne, Switzerland, has contrived an apparatus which answers a tolerable purpose, printing, he says, thirty-seven letters a minute; but his description is unaccompanied with a plate, and is not sufficiently definite to be readily understood without it. It evidently bears some analogy to the House telegraph machine, and would be liable to objection on the ground of expense.

The best system of writing for the blind yet devised is, unquestionably, that of M. Braille, invented, or rather improved from

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

that of M. Ch. Barbier, in 1829. M. Barbier, in 1825, invented a method of writing by points, using the points to represent sounds rather than letters. As a phonetic system, his invention was very faulty, omitting many recognized sounds, and inserting some not recognized. As a method of writing it was objectionable, because very few letters were represented by less than six points, and some even by ten, eleven, and twelve. It was, however, an advance upon the pin-type. Subsequently he modified it with a view to make it more compact, but in so doing rendered it much less simple. At this point, M. Braille, a blind man from birth, and then, as now, a teacher in the Institute for Blind Youth, at Paris, took up the invention, and by a complete modification, making it, in fact, a new invention, produced a system at once simple, easy to write and to read, and capable of extensive application.

As the basis of his system, M. Braille adopts ten characters, which he terms *fundamental signs*. They are the following:



All the other signs or characters are formed from these by placing one or two points in a line below them. Thus the second series are made by placing one point under the left side of each fundamental sign. The third series are formed by two points placed under each fundamental sign. The fourth series have one point under the right side of the fundamental signs. Three supplementary signs give us î ô œ.

The punctuation marks are the fundamental signs themselves, placed two lines below; thus the first represents the comma, the second the semicolon, etc. The fundamental signs also serve to represent the nine digits and cipher.

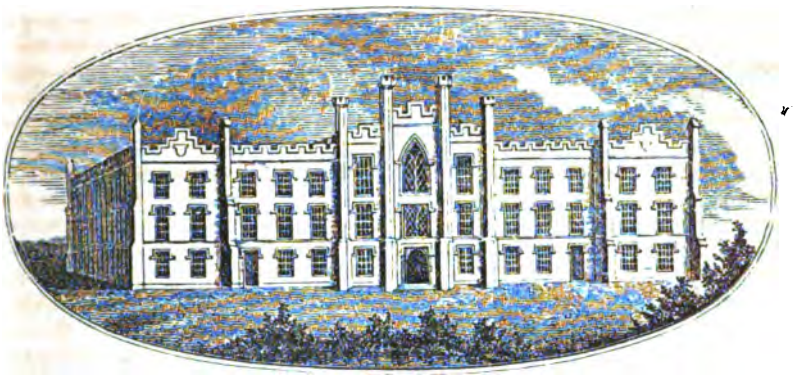
The application of these signs to the writing of music has rendered that process easier for the blind than for those who can see. M. Braille represents the seven notes by the last seven of the fundamental signs, and each of these notes may be written in seven different octaves by prefixing a sign peculiar to the octave; and thus he avoids the necessity of designating the particular key of each musical sentence. The mode of writing is very simple; the apparatus consists of a board in a frame like a double slate, the surface of which is grooved horizontally and vertically, by lines one eighth of an inch apart; the paper for writing is placed on this and fastened by shutting down the upper frame. A piece of tin perforated with six holes like é in the third series, and an awl or bodkin.

As the sheet must be reversed to be read, the writing should be from right to left, that it may be read from left to right. By this process several copies may be made at the same time.* M. Braille's system has now been in use in France twenty-seven years, and is regarded there as an invention of almost as much value as that of raised letters. The Institute has had a number of books printed in points. It is also adopted in the Dutch and Belgian schools, and has recently been introduced into the New York Institution for the Blind.

The only objections of importance to it are, that it is slower than the ordinary penmanship of the seeing, and that not being legible by those who are not blind, (without instruction,) it tends to isolate the blind, and make them a distinct class. We do not regard this last objection as very important, when weighed against the facility which it gives the blind for committing their thoughts to paper. Still, as M. Hirzel has well said, "the problem (of writing for the blind) is not yet fully resolved."

In regard to the other apparatus for teaching the blind, little need be said; the substitute for a slate generally used is a thick plate of zinc, perforated with cells, in which are placed types having the figures or conventional characters representing them, in relief; geography is taught by maps and globes, the former printed in relief, the latter made with a surface of papier maché, representing the hills and mountains in relief, the valleys, lakes, rivers, etc., depressed. Geometrical figures are printed in relief.

* Would it not be possible to adapt the simple and ingenious instrument of the Morse telegraph to the execution of this method of writing? If it could be accomplished it would greatly facilitate the instruction of the blind, and diminish the necessity for books in the raised letter.



NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

A simple method of manufacturing maps in relief, where those printed in that way cannot be had, is to purchase two sheet maps of any country or state, and fasten upon one a cord or wire to represent the boundaries, rivers, etc., of the country; then adjusting the other accurately to it, to paste them together. Such a map will give to the blind a very good idea of the general topography of any country.

The course of study pursued in the blind institutions in this country, and in the best European schools, embraces reading, writing, spelling, geography, grammar, mental and written arithmetic, history, rhetoric, logic, chemistry, natural philosophy, natural theology, moral and intellectual philosophy, astronomy, Butler's Analogy, political economy, and algebra. In a few schools French is taught; but the classics are not in the regular course of any of our institutions.

Music is taught in all schools for the blind; and there are very few who do not manifest a taste for it. Where decided talent develops itself, a very thorough course of musical instruction is pursued, and the pupil qualified to become an organist, a piano-forte teacher, or an instructor in vocal music. This offers the means of procuring a comfortable and frequently an ample income to many of the blind, and is readily embraced by them. There are some, however, who, with a correct musical ear, do not possess the other qualities necessary for an organist or music teacher. To some of these piano-forte tuning affords a profitable occupation, or they may obtain employment in choirs, and thus eke out a livelihood in part attained by other labors.

Some, however, cannot make music in any way contribute to their support. For these, if indigent, employment is necessary, and therefore *industrial education* has always formed a part of the course of instruction in all schools for the blind. In England, until a very recent period, it constituted nearly the whole instruction. The blind became very skillful, neat weavers, basket-makers, and fancy bead-workers, but they knew little else. Their book instruction was in most cases limited to the Church of England Catechism, the Lord's Prayer, and perhaps a few simple exercises in mental arithmetic. This was unquestionably a grievous error, but the whole history of industrial education is a chapter of errors.

In France, at one time, the intellectual education occupied two hours a day; at another three hours only were devoted to work. The true rule undoubtedly is that now adopted by the Paris Institution. Their course of instruction, it should be observed, occupies eight years; during the first two they spend three hours a day in the workshops, familiarizing themselves with the use of tools, and performing light labor; if they develop no particular musical talents, and are destined to mechanical pursuits, they spend four hours daily in the workshops during the third and fourth years; six hours during the fifth and sixth; eight hours during the seventh, and ten hours during the eighth. Those who intend to become musicians work in the shops from three to four hours per day during their whole course, to obtain the necessary handiness in the use of tools, and an occupation by which, if necessary,

they may make good any deficiency in their means of support. Formerly in France (and in some of the American schools at the present day) a great variety of trades were practiced in the workshops; and the pupil worked a while at one and then changed to another. The reasons assigned for this practice were, that it increased the tact and skill of the blind child in the use of his hands, and enabled him to turn with facility to another employment if the one which he had adopted failed of rendering him a support. The real results were, that the pupil knew a little of half a dozen trades, but not enough of any one to obtain a living by it; and no one was benefited except the director, whose pride was gratified at the diversity of products turned out of his workshops.

This plan is now generally abandoned. But few trades are taught, and these such as are best adapted to the condition of the blind. Willow work, basket-making, carpet and mat weaving, seating chairs, making mattresses, cushions, and feather beds, brush-making, the manufacture of corn brooms, paper box-making, sewing, knitting, and fancy bead work, constitute, we believe, nearly or quite all the trades followed in the institutions of the blind either here or in Europe, and usually not more than three or four of them in any one institution. These branches of manufacture all have the advantage of being conducted with little machinery, and several of them of requiring but little capital, and finding a ready market even in country villages.

In many of them, however, so strong is the competition, and so low has it reduced the price of the manufactured goods, that the blind workmen, who, from his infirmity, is usually somewhat slower than the seeing, cannot, with his utmost industry, earn a livelihood if he works as a journeyman or is obliged to sell his wares at wholesale.

Often, too, there is coupled with the blindness a feebleness of body which, with the best disposition, renders him incapable of producing the necessary amount of labor for his entire support.

From these facts has arisen a question of practical ethics on which conflicting opinions are held, and which involves a considerable amount of suffering on the one side, or large pecuniary sacrifices on the other. The question is, whether the blind workman, who has acquired a trade, but cannot, by his utmost diligence, in consequence of his infirmity, quite support himself, should be aided by being received into a public workshop, where, having his workroom free, his materials at prime cost, and his wages higher than those of seeing workmen, or, which is the same thing in effect, his board at or below cost, he may be able to attain self-support, or, if not, come so near to it, that a slight gratuity will complete the necessary amount; or whether, having received instruction in his trade at the public expense, he should be sent forth to shift for himself, like others.

Revolving about this main question are several others of detail, as, for instance, whether the workmen should be boarded and lodged in the establishment, if one is organized; whether the necessary addition to his income should be made in the shape of wages or of a monthly gratuity; whether large or small establishments are desirable; whether these establishments should be independent or connected with institutions for the blind, etc.

Let us, in the first place, state what has been done for the practical solution of this question. And it is to be remarked that the friends of the blind had no precedent in what had been done for other classes of the unfortunate. The deaf mute is, it is true, instructed in the industrial arts, but when properly instructed he enters upon his labors at no disadvantage; he can do as much labor, and do it as well as the man who can hear or speak; he suffers from no disabilities save those which are common to the poor from the deadly strife of competition. The field was an untried one when the friends of the blind entered upon it; what wonder if they have committed errors?

In England the asylums for the blind are generally so largely endowed, and have, through their numerous patrons, such facilities for disposing of their manufactured goods at retail prices, that their operations form no just precedent for the decision of the question.

In France the first organization involving the principles of the question we have stated was founded in 1841. It is called "*Société de Patronage et de sécours pour les Aveugles Travailleurs*," "The Society for the Patronage and Assistance of Blind Workmen." Its early history was unfortunate. In the sixth year of its existence

its financial agent proved a defaulter, and plundered it of most of its funds. This, however, was the turning point of its history. In 1847 its constitution and plan of operations were essentially modified, and, under the skillful management of Messrs. Edward Morel and Dufau, it has attained to a high degree of prosperity. It has no connection with the Institute for Blind Youth. Its workshops and dormitories are in the Rue d'Enfer.

M. Morell gives the following account of their system:

"The blind workman receives the entire product of his labor, and the society, in consequence of his infirmity, makes him a per diem allowance, which decreases from year to year, as the workman, becoming more skillful at his trade, becomes also more capable of self-support. But aided by this allowance, joined to the product of his labors, he pays to the society all the expenses of his board, lodging, and washing, the cost of the raw material which he uses, and his proportion of the rent of the workshop. Thus, after three months of apprenticeship, an account is opened with him; for the first year he receives an allowance of seventy-five centimes (about fourteen cents) per day; for the second year fifty centimes, (about nine cents;) for the third year twenty-five centimes, (about four and a half cents,) and this last is continued until the council of the society report that his earnings are sufficient to defray his expenses. If at the end of the month, when the account current is made up, the earnings of each workman and his allowance credited, and the expenses of board, lodging, washing, etc., charged, there remains a balance in his favor, it is paid over to him.

"The compensation of the superintendent of the workshop and of the instructors, beyond a moderate fixed salary, is based upon the amount of work accomplished by the workmen under their charge. Thus all parties have an equal mutual interest in economy, care, and industry."

It is understood that the board, lodging, and washing of the workmen are furnished by the society.

The trades followed in the society's workshops are weaving, the manufacture of mattresses, and the seating and upholstering of chairs and sofas. The great hospitals of Paris furnish them with most of their employment.

In 1850 there were twenty workmen employed in their ateliers, fourteen of whom were boarders, and six only came to the shops for their work, having families of their own.

Of the fourteen who had a home in the establishment, an account had been opened with only nine, two having left before remaining three months, and three having been connected with the society less than three months at the time of making the report.

Of these nine, three were receiving seventy-five centimes a day; three fifty centimes; one twenty-five centimes, and two nothing; four of the nine could not quite support themselves with the aid they were receiving, their united deficiency amounting to about thirteen dollars; the other five had an excess of receipts over their expenses of a little more than eighty-one dollars.

The receipts of the year 1849 were $2,860, of which about $1,100 were annual appropriations from the government, the City of Paris, and the Department of the Seine; $660 were the product of the workshops, and the balance was made up by pensions, subscriptions, etc.

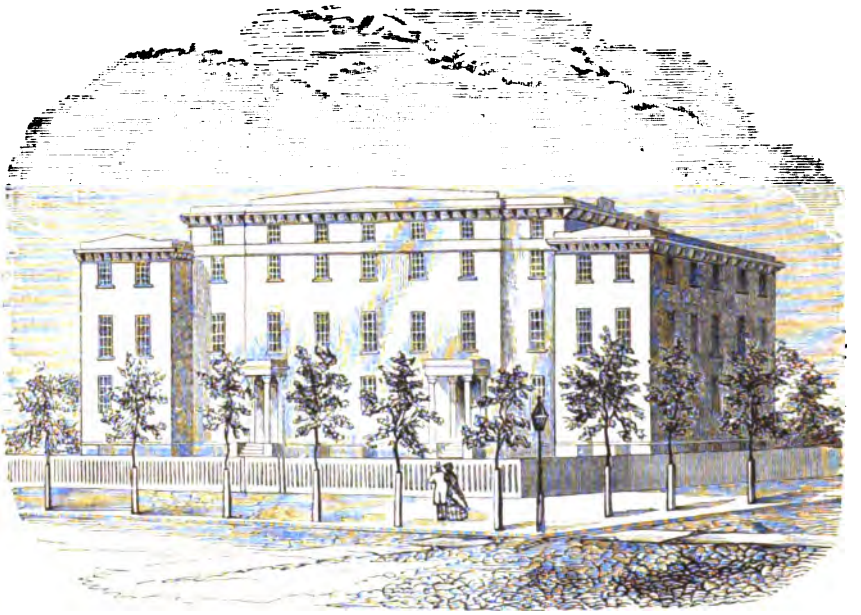
The expenses were only $1,820, leaving a balance of $1,040 in hand. It is worthy of notice that the lodging, board, and washing of the workmen and instructors, exceeded the entire product of the workshops by about $160.

Aside from these twenty workmen thus employed, the society assisted other blind workmen in the city by loaning them the means of purchasing the materials for their work, assisting their families until they could receive the returns for their labor, etc.

The very small sum by which so much good was accomplished cannot fail to interest the philanthropist in this experiment. We have no report of the society since 1850, but the well-known philanthropy and energy of Messrs. Dufau, Morel, Portalis, De Watteville, and their associates, preclude any doubts of its success.

We have on hand the reports of several of the English asylums, but as so many of their inmates are past the age of active labor, and are pensioners on the funds of the institutions, and the statements of the earnings of the workmen are so indefinite that they throw no light upon the question under consideration, we return to American institutions.

At Boston a separate work department, not connected with the school, but under the same general supervision, was organized in 1843. For seven years the employés, some twenty or thirty in number, were boarded and lodged on the premises, at a charge of one and a half dollars per



PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

week. In 1850 a change was made; the managers, regarding the boarding in the institution as prejudicial to the blind in lessening their feeling of independence, and rendering them more clannish, decided that they should thenceforward board themselves out of the institution. The position was taken by the managers at this time that the labor of the blind under ordinary circumstances ought to suffice for their support; and while they admitted that there were instances in which, from want of skill or strength, this result was not attained, they decided to admit none to their workshops whose earnings would not at least be sufficient to pay their board. To form a correct opinion on the results of this experiment, we have analyzed carefully the reports of the institution from 1850 to 1856. The data for this purpose in these reports are not so full as is desirable. The number of female operatives is not given, but from information gathered elsewhere we infer that it was from one fifth to one sixth of the whole. It should be borne in mind that these were in some sense picked workmen, the feeble and inefficient being excluded by the rules adopted by the managers.

The price of board for male workmen in the vicinity at that time was, according to the testimony of M. Hirzel, two and a half dollars a week, or $130 per annum; that of female operatives from fifty to seventy-five cents a week less. In 1850 there were thirty-one operatives in the workshops, five of whom M. Hirzel states were females. The wages paid to the blind that year were $3,726 37; estimating the board of the females at one dollar and seventy-five cents per week, or ninety-one dollars per annum, there would remain $3,271 37 for the wages of the male workmen, or $125 82 each. In the subsequent reports we are told that the employés had been able to pay their board from their earnings. The number of female operatives we cannot ascertain; but the following averages will show, we think, that they could not have had much to expend on clothing or the other items which go to make up "*support.*" In 1851 the average to each operative, male and female, was $127 17; in 1852, $110 92; in 1853, $124 61; in 1855, $144 25; but meantime the price of board had materially advanced.

As a demonstration of the postulate that the labor of the blind, under ordinary circumstances, was sufficient for their support, this experiment, made under favorable conditions, seems to us to have

proved a failure, and we incline to the belief that Dr. Howe was of the same opinion; for in his report for 1852, as well as in some subsequent ones, we find him urging the foundation of a fund to eke out the scanty wages of the blind workman in order to insure his support.

The New York Institution at first commenced on the plan of boarding and lodging its adult workmen, and allowing them twenty-five per cent. more wages than were paid to seeing workmen for the same labor. In 1848 an appropriation was made by the Legislature for the erection of workshops and dormitories for the adult blind on premises belonging to the institution. The total cost of these buildings was between $16,000 and $17,000. In 1849 they were finished and occupied by about twenty-five workmen, to whom was paid as wages (over and above the charges for board) $855, or an average of $34 20 each. In 1850 the number employed was thirty-three, and the average amount of wages somewhat higher. In 1852 forty-two were employed. The average of wages paid to the blind cannot be ascertained. The manufacturing department was conducted at a loss of $737 39. In 1853 a change was made in the arrangements of the establishment. New and very much enlarged accommodations were provided for the manufacturing department, but the workmen were no longer boarded or lodged by the institution. Employment at an advance of twenty-five per cent. on the wages paid to seeing workmen was offered to all the blind of good moral character who chose to apply for it.

The institution had not, like that of Boston, any permanent capital set apart for its manufacturing purposes. The buildings had been erected by state appropriations, and the funds necessary for the purchase of raw material had been borrowed from the institution and repaid by proceeds of sales when received. The very great enlargement of their manufacturing department, and the consequent accumulation of unsold goods, especially at the time of the severe commercial pressure of 1854, produced the most disastrous results. Their goods remained unsold; their raw materials were advancing in value, yet at such a time humanity required that those dependent upon them, through their own invitation, should not be turned adrift. At the end of the year they found themselves more than $21,000 in debt. By an appropriation of $7,000 from the Legislature and the liberality of friends, they were relieved from $15,000 of this burden, but the operations of their manufacturing department for the adult blind were suspended, and will not probably be resumed on the same scale.

In the last report the managers seem undecided in regard to their future course, and while acknowledging the necessities of a portion of the blind, they intimate that the assistance they require should be furnished by private rather than state charity.

The Philadelphia Institution has had a smaller number of operatives, but its plans have not been changed, and it has been quite successful. The "Home for the Industrious Blind," connected with that institution, was organized in October, 1851, with six male and eleven female operatives. The results of the first twelve months' labor were, that six males earned $984 05, an average of $164 each; eleven females earned $619 01, an average of $56 27. The males were charged for board one dollar and fifty-four cents per week, and the females fifty cents per week, to correspond with their smaller earnings. In 1856, after five years' experience of the method of conducting an industrial department, by placing the price of board at or below cost,* and thus rendering the industrious blind the necessary aid to become independent, the principal says, in a recent letter to the writer, "I take the broad ground that all the blind should be reached by some comprehensive system that shall employ and *board* them when necessary, and support them when infirm."

The Home has been successful in a pecuniary point of view, its losses having been slight, and fully two-fifths of its manufactured products being sold at the institution, and mostly at retail prices. The Philadelphia Institution, in 1852, proposed the establishment of a "Retreat for the Aged and Infirm Blind," and its efforts in that direction are still continued.

The Asylum for the Blind at Lausanne, Switzerland, in 1853 furnished a work-

* A few of the employés who have families board at their own homes and receive their entire earnings.

shop and board without lodging to male workmen who could not obtain support by their labor elsewhere; they proposed to ascertain by experiment how nearly their labor would suffice for their support, and to determine thereby what price (that is, whether cost or less than cost) should be charged for their board. The managers also decided to found an asylum for homeless blind females.

(To be continued.)

WEYER'S CAVE.

ABOUT seventeen miles from the town of Staunton, in Western Virginia, is situated the celebrated excavation known as Weyer's Cave. It is neighbored by Madison's Cave, made so remarkable by Jefferson's "Notes," and for a time attracting so much popular curiosity—a curiosity which the grander wonders of Weyer's Cave have latterly absorbed altogether. It was accidentally discovered by a hunter, of the name of Weyer, some fifty years ago; being on search of some lost game, he finally tracked it to the mouth of the cave which bears his name. By what seeming accidents some brave venturer now and then strikes into a new field of material or immaterial beauty, and his name thenceforth defies all time.

The entrance is composed of a succession of narrow and roughly-constructed apartments, over which, for hundreds of feet, is piled the gloom and silence of the everlasting hills. It is situated in the northern side of a hill, about three hundred feet from the base, and half way to its summit, and is reached by a steep and tortuous path, which can only be traveled on foot. It is guarded by a strong gate secured by a lock, and before entering, a fee of one dollar is paid for the proprietor's benefit. The rocks forming the roof gradually drop down from a height of ten feet to four, obliging the explorer first to stoop, and afterward to almost crawl through the different passages. At a distance of between twenty and thirty feet from the main entrance, the roof lifts up, and the walls, which seem to have been formed by convulsions, widen, and form a spacious hall, which conducts to the first apartment, called the Dragon's Room, the roof of which is thirty feet high, and hung with stalactites, while the walls are ridged with rows of pale images, resembling statuary, until the lights are brought to bear upon them, when they resolve themselves into "grotesque and shapeless masses of stalagmites, more resembling petrified stumps than anything else." The center of the ceiling presents a beautiful arch, around which runs a sparkling border of stalactites, and which curiously opens into a dome, thirty feet in height, lined with columns and gorgeously hung with similitudes of drapery. From this room a passage, sixty feet in length, three feet in breadth, and twelve in height, and ending in a perpendicular descent of thirteen feet, conducts to a large, irregular apartment, called Solomon's Temple. The ceiling, which is forty feet high, is richly ornamented, and masses of stalactites, in fantastic groupings, decorate the walls. This room is thirty feet in length and forty-five feet broad. Upon one side is an elevated and highly-elaborated seat, called Solomon's Throne. Singularly out of keeping with the general style and furniture of the temple, is a sloping mass of stalactites, resembling water petrified as it dashed along its bed of cliffs, named Niagara Falls, as its formation suggested.

This temple is exceedingly beautiful, and, indeed, the entire cave, both in grandeur and minute elegance of elaborations, transcends the most wonderful execution of art. The splendid effect of the stalactites can scarcely be imagined by those who have not seen them; they are of every shape, size, and tint; and with drops of lime water sparkling among the crystals formed upon them, they glitter in the torch-light like masses of diamonds. They are formed by drops from the ceiling and along the sides of the walls in hanging positions, somewhat resembling icicles. "The stalagmite is the formation of a concretion upward from the ground, upon which, drop by drop, the solvent falls from above."

Some of the walls have cornices running round them of stalactite formation, wrought into the most elegant patterns by the workmanship of ages, and occasionally descending from these are magnificent hangings of the same formations, falling in broad fluted folds, like the richest drapery. Some of them are elegantly bordered and finished with broad hems. And standing almost against these voluminous sheets, stalagmites rise up and show like statues in that pale repose in which they have

stood for ages. You almost expect to hear them open their mute lips, and, weary of silence and darkness, exclaim:

"Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveler's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-level'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady."

Or if our eyes

"Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their watled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the hedge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet."

One of the most exquisitely-roofed chambers, with unfortunate infelicity is named the Radish Room, from the numberless stalactites hanging from it. The Porter's Lodge is a chamber of no special attractions. It is long and narrow, with a roof sloping from a height of thirty feet down to ten feet. Adjoining this is Barney's Hall, named in honor of one Barney, rendered popular by some exploit performed with a cannon at Bladensburgh, while a commodore in our navy. The hall contains an upright stalagmite representation of the hero, with his great gun lying beside him in a prostrate stalactite, of the form, size, and dimensions of a ship's cannon. Diverging from the main passage, three highly-interesting rooms, but not usually exhibited, are to be seen; the first is called the Lawyer's Office, and is of irregular shape, and furnished with benches, desks, boxes, parchment rolls, and the like. In the floor is a small reservoir, filled with the most delicious water, formed by a perpetual draining of the drops from the ceiling and walls. The next is Bernard Weyer's Hall, so called in honor of the distinguished discoverer, who, in the accidental chasing of a ground hog, found fame. In this chamber are two figures, supposed to represent the hunter and his dog; but the supposition requires unusual imaginative energy. The third, and most beautiful of these chambers, is named the Armory, and affords some magnificent stalactical incrustations; one, in the midst of armorial accompaniments, bearing the name of the Shield of Ajax. The Twin Room, which is entered through a passage not more than five feet high, presents two stalagmites, alike in size and form, and closely resembling the human figure, from which arises the name. This room contains also a deep hollow, the bottom of which has not been discovered, called the Devil's Bake-oven; adjoining this is the Baluster Room, named with happy appropriateness, the walls being ridged with stalactites closely resembling balusters.

The cathedral is above the general level, and approached by a flight of stairs. The roof is groined, and the lofty aisles are ornamented with clusters of pillars, and from their ceilings depend the most beautiful stalactites. Against one side is a "double stalagmite, with a hollow seat between two upright pillars, like the ancient stone chair in which the kings of Scotland were crowned." The entire throne is of circular form, and overhung with the most beautiful drapery that can be conceived—white, descending to the floor in folds of the most graceful elegance. "On the opposite side is a baldequin, enriched with glittering pendant crystals, and the whole ceiling is hung with stalactites dropping in long points and broad wavy sheets; some of pure white, others of a clay red, bordered with bands of white, or with darker stripes of red and brown. These stone draperies are translucent and sonorous, emitting soft musical tones on being struck, and the heavier sheets which tapestry the side walls respond to a blow with a note like a deep-toned bell." The largest chamber of the cave is called the Ball-Room; it is a hundred feet in length, and forty in width, with a floor of hard, smooth clay, which has served indifferently for dancing upon several occasions when illuminations of the cave have been made, and formerly an annual illumination of the chief divisions was customary. They have been discontinued of late years, partly in consequence of the injury done the delicate incrustations by the smoke of the many candles, and partly on account of the destructive habits of visitors, who, taking advantage of the occasion, would not unfrequently break and bear off the most curious and beautiful of the spars with which the cave is studded. A very extraordinary portion of the cave is called the Tan-Yard. It is entered by descending a perpendicular height of thirty feet, and almost crawling through

SCENE IN WEYER'S CAVE.

a narrow passage. It consists of a wide open space, with a number of deep hollows along the floor, suggesting the idea of tan-pits. "But that which particularly warrants the name given, is the collection of large masses of stalactite matter, of a lightish brown color, hanging edgewise downward, like so many tanned skins." The resemblance to hides of leather is almost perfect.

Neighboring the Tan-Yard is the Drum-Room, so called from a very good representation of a drum which it contains. It is formed of sheet-stalactite, resembling the hides of tanned leather before mentioned. In thickness, the sheets of which the drum is formed are not more than half an inch, and hang in wavy folds from the roof to the floor. On striking one of these folds, a sound is produced like that of a bass drum, and according to the diameter of the fold, is the volume or acuteness of the sound produced.

The Frenchman's Hill is a gradually sloping ascent, remarkable for nothing but the incident which gave name to it. A writer says:

"Some French traveler visited this cave, and was conducted through it by the guide in the usual way. They had completed their examination of it, and were on their return out, when, on reaching this spot, the lights of both were extinguished, without their possessing the means of rekindling them. Fortunately, the guide was sufficiently familiar with all the passages, winding and intricate as some of them are, to be enabled to conduct the traveler safely through the darkness. An American gentleman, hearing this story some time after, and believing, with that self-confidence which is characteristic of our nation, that he could achieve the same feat, resolved to try the experiment; so, sending the guide a sufficient distance ahead to deprive himself of the benefit of light, he undertook to find his way out from the ball-room to the entrance in darkness and alone. He had not proceeded far, however, before he lost his footing and fell into a pit, where he lay, not much injured by his fall, but utterly unable to make his cries for help heard. At length the guide, finding his absence so much longer than he thought reasonable, returned to seek him, and finding him in the unexpected resting-place into which he had fallen, lifted him up, and assisted him out, naming the pit into which he had fallen Patterson's Grave."

To a flight of natural steps descending about thirty feet to a lower level, the name of Jacob's Ladder has been given. The small apartment into which this stairway leads contains a stalagmite formation called Jacob's Tea-table; and another named Jacob's Ice-house. And I suppose if the cell contained anything that the imagination could stretch into the faintest resemblance of such articles, we should have Jacob's sugar-tongs, teapot, and boots; for it was certainly with singular disregard of the patriarchal dignity that the table and ice-house were named.

Adjoining this is the Senate Chamber, so called from a remarkable formation of

stone, which from one of the walls projects in a horizontal sheet half way across the apartment, forming a curious gallery to the room below. An irregular circle with an uneven floor which lies next to this is called Congress Hall. It is about thirty feet in height, and from one of the side walls slopes a mass of rock called St. Anthony's Nose, it being a sort of miniature resemblance of the promontory on the Hudson of the same name. It has also a gallery which is denominated the Lobby.

Closely neighboring the Hall is a vast dark recess, which is said scarcely to have been explored at all, the impurity of the atmosphere hitherto proving an effectual barrier to the curious.

Washington's Hall, one of the most spacious and beautiful of the apartments, is entered by a flight of steps some sixteen feet in depth. Its floor is level throughout, like that of the great ball-room, and it is of uniform breadth and height, and perfectly straight from one end to the other, its dimensions being two hundred and fifty-seven feet in length, and its height from thirty to thirty-five feet.

About the center of this magnificent hall a formation of stalagmite rises from the floor to a height of seven feet, and is covered with what appears to be the most elaborately wrought drapery. It is of that yellowish hue which statuary exposed to a damp atmosphere acquires, and, under the light of the candles, the beholder has difficulty in persuading himself it is not a work of art; so soft and pliant seem the folds of the flowing drapery. The walls and roof are completely studded with beauties of spar and crystals, and stalagmite and stalactite have gathered into masses of all varieties of form and combination. The name of the crucifixion has been given to three upright stalagmites, the center one taller than the other two, the whole representing the Saviour and the two thieves.

One huge mass of fretted rock is called the Rock of Gibraltar, and a narrow passage between it and another mass is called the Straits of Gibraltar, and within these straits rises a tapering formation called the Pyramids. Other spiral formations are denominated respectively Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle, while two shorter stalagmites are called Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony.

The Theater adjoins this classical ground, so called from the various levels and elevations into which its beds of stalagmite have formed themselves, resembling in some degree the subdivisions of pit, boxes, and gallery in a theater. Perhaps to make the arrangement complete, a small room adjoining is called the Green Room.

One of the most interesting formations of the whole cave is found in what is called Lady Washington's Dressing-Room, and consists of a sheet stalactite, which leans off from the wall at a distance of about a foot at the top, gradually lessening till it touches the wall at the bottom. In shape it is nearly square, rounded off at the corners, and is about three feet in diameter each way. In shape and position it very nearly resembles an old-fashioned looking-glass, and is placed at the most perfect inclination for reflecting the toilet.

How it could have been formed in the leaning position in which it stands is the marvel of all beholders. Close by the mirror is a small bench, called the Toilet, around which are hung folds of drapery, exquisitely white and beautiful.

The apartment called the Church is one hundred and fifty feet in length, from ten to fifteen in breadth, and sixty feet in height. At its entrance lies a mass of rock, glittering with crystals, and called the Diamond Bank. At one end is an elevation called the choir, above which rises a spiral column called the steeple, exceedingly white, and rising to a height of about forty feet. In a recess of the wall, about midway of the Church, stands what is called the Organ. It is formed of a number of perpendicular columns of stalactites, varying in size like the pipes of an organ, and giving out sounds, when struck, corresponding to the different notes. Lafayette, whose name is dear to the heart of every American, has a seat of honor awarded him in this Church, called Lafayette's Pew.

A small room, in no way remarkable, is called Jackson's Room, in honor of the President. The room adjoining it is filled with short, thick columns, bearing a resemblance to sugar hogsheads. If imagination could have done so, it would probably have made the columns into likenesses of cotton bales.

A narrow strait, opening into a circular recess, conducts to the Garden of Eden, a division of remarkable beauty. In many places the stalactites dropping from the ceiling and the stalagmites rising from the

floor run into one another, producing the most interesting formations. One of the most curious is called the Banian-Tree, and stands near a recess called Adam's Bed-Chamber, forming "A pillared shade, high overarched, with echoing walks between." Why it should have been called Adam's Bed-Chamber we cannot conceive, as his was neither confined by walls nor shut in by any roof except the sky.

The Wilderness is a rough, narrow way, its greatest breadth being not more than ten feet; its height, however, is about ninety feet, considerably higher than any other part of the cave.

The Giant's Causeway is a high ledge of rock, rising from twenty to forty feet above the lower level, and having between it and the ceiling a space of from fifty to seventy feet. A practicable route runs along this gallery, and by taking it the visitor receives an idea of the grandeur and magnificence of the cave, not otherwise to be obtained. Upon the edge of this gallery are several stalagmites, of different heights, and so grouped as to suggest the idea of sentinels watching in silent patience through the everlasting night. As the lights bring them out of darkness for a moment, their effect is wonderfully striking.

Jefferson's Hall is of irregular shape, and lies about fifty feet below the level of the cave at its mouth. Its dimensions are two hundred and thirty-five feet in length, and from thirty to ninety in breadth, varying in different parts from fifteen to ninety feet in height. Near the entrance of this hall lies a stalagmite of enormous size, and exceedingly curious. The entire mass is thirty-six feet in length by thirty in breadth, and is thirty feet in height, of oval shape, broadest at the base, and gradually diminishing toward the summit. "The peculiarity and beauty of this stalagmite consists in its being composed of several stories or stages, which are separated by several horizontal layers of crystal spar, and from layer to layer the space is filled up by perpendicular flutings, formed by the dropping stalactites descending from stage to stage. This is most happily denominated the Tower of Babel; for though not strictly resembling the mass that yet remains of this stupendous edifice, on the Plains of Shinar, it is nevertheless very like the popular representations of the Tower of Babel accompanying the old editions of the Bible." Altogether it presents the appearance of having been abandoned in an incompleted state. Parts of the mass are exquisitely and indescribably beautiful, and the wonderfully new and delightful sensations it affords are sufficient alone to repay the traveler for all the toil and trouble of his exploration.

Immediately behind this curious stalagmite lie two hollow recesses, forming separate apartments, yet communicating with each other, the one called Sir Walter Scott's Hall, the other Sir Walter Scott's Library. In the center of the first chamber is an elevation resembling an altar, and called the Tomb; and in the beautiful petrifactions and incrustations with which the walls and ceilings of both apartments are covered may well be imagined "the ancient armor, antique weapons, and heraldic and baronial trophies with which the hall and library of Abbotsford were adorned." As the visitor lingers here he finds himself often repeating such snatches as the following from the wild ringing minstrelsy of Scott:

"By a steel-clinch'd postern door
They enter'd now the chancel tall,
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty, and light, and small:
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim,
And the pillars with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and capital flourish'd round,
Like bundles of lances with garlands bound.

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wound
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone."

Snow Hill is the name of another very beautiful stalagmite of nearly equal proportions with the one already described. In formation, also, it partially resembles the Tower of Babel, though the general hue of the lower part is a dull yellow, and the top is crowned with a mass of the most dazzling whiteness, giving to it the name it bears. Between these two remarkable stalagmites are a number of highly interesting formations, among them a stalactite of the purest white, resembling the rising or setting moon, and standing against a wall of dull brown; also two statue-like columns of stalagmite, bearing the names of Minerva and her Shield, and Niobe in Tears. In a recess very near

these stony images are some wonderfully beautiful formations. It is called the Gothic Temple, and contains a spring of water, which seems to make its religious furnishing complete.

A singular formation of sheet stalactite, near the Snow Hill, has had bestowed upon it the two names of the Oyster Shell and the Fly Trap, both in some sort descriptive, but neither in poetical keeping with the object designated. The stalactites of which it is formed are two thin layers, nearly circular in shape, and from five to six feet in diameter. These hollow sheets are joined at their smaller end, precisely like the shells of an oyster, and stand apart at the larger and outer end until they gap open a width of several feet. The inner surface of these curious shells is perfectly smooth, but their exterior is covered with all sorts of strange appendages. From the under one hangs a collection of folds resembling the bosom-ruffle of a shirt, or the full lace trimmings of a lady's cap, depending edgewise, and so translucent as to admit of candle-light shining through them. Some of these ruffles are of the purest snowy white, others are of a dull yellow, and others, again, of brown color. Nature has done her starching so well that, notwithstanding the continual moisture to which they are exposed, they do not in the least grow limp.

A little beyond these curious ruffles there is a recess in the wall at a distance of twelve feet from the ground, entrance to which is obtained by means of a movable ladder, and in this recess the exploration terminates, at a distance of two thousand five hundred feet from the entrance. Within this termination chamber there is a fine spring of water, covered over with a lid of rock, very thin, yet sufficiently strong to bear up a man's weight. The water is drawn up through a hole in this covering. As it is the last point to which visitors penetrate, and somewhat difficult of access, the name of the enterprising traveler, Bruce, has been given to the stalagmite at the entrance, and the singular fountain has been named "The Source of the Nile."

The proprietor of the cave and the hotel adjoining was in the habit until recently of making an illumination of the cave once a year, upon which occasions it was not unusual for four or five hundred persons to make an exploration at once, extensive advertising bringing together large numbers of people from the surrounding country, together with a good many travelers seeking wonders, and naturally concluding that the occasion of a grand lighting up would be the most desirable one for visiting the cave.

Mr. Buckingham, who has written an admirable account of a visit to the cave during one of these illuminations, tells us that his anticipations of splendor were by no means realized. The advertisements, he says, stated that two thousand candles would be employed in the illumination, but that that number would require to be greatly exceeded to produce anything like an effectual display. He says, also, the crowd was a great hinderance and obstruction to the enjoyment, large numbers of the visitors seeming entirely insensible to the beauties about them, and that having for a short time jostled one another in hasty explorations, their noisy impatience to get out again became excessively annoying.

I suspect that fewer of us than we are apt to imagine are educated up to an appreciation of the wild and rugged beauties of the grand old earth, our ancient mother. We find more pleasure, most of us, in paste and tinsel than in the brightest landscape that ever "fronted the falling sun."

The music introduced into the cave to accompany the illumination was too noisy, Mr. Buckingham says, and the auditors too vociferous; also that some accidents and fights marred the festivities; so that altogether he was heartily glad to make his escape at the earliest convenience, notwithstanding some happy effects produced by the lights, and the picturesque beauty of an occasional train winding over some ascent, or around a difficult point. After all, however, taking into consideration the probable mishaps and inconveniences, I apprehend the discontinuance of these illuminations to be no matter of regret. Mr. Buckingham says:

"Altogether, this cave may be regarded as one of the most extraordinary productions of this or any other country, and it is alone worth a voyage across the Atlantic to visit."

But we have already filled our allotted space in THE NATIONAL, as perhaps the reader is glad to hear, for

"'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven."

LEFT, AND NEVER CALLED FOR.

POSSIBLY some of our readers, in perusing the following little sketch, may find it awaken memories of the past, "pleasant," as Ossian has it, "but mournful to the soul." It is slightly abridged from *Household Words:*

I was once upon the deck of a packet bound for Rotterdam; the ropes that lashed her to the wharf had been slipped off, and the ropes with buffers (like an exaggerated species of that sea-weed which you pop with your fingers) were already dropped to ease us off the wooden pier, when a young lady who stood near me, clasped her hands, and exclaimed:

"O, sir, my box! The black one there! It is left behind!"

It was a large oblong ark with handles—a governess's beyond all doubt—through which could be seen almost the scanty wardrobe and the little wealth of books, as though its sides were glass.

"Stop her!" (meaning the ship) screamed I, indignantly.

"Move on a-head!" roared the captain.

"It's all I have in the world," sobbed the poor governess.

I ran up the iron ladder to those cross planks which are forbidden to passengers, and wherefrom the commander was giving forth those Mede and Persian orders which are echoed by the fiend beneath.

"Do you know this name, sir?" said I, fiercely, presenting him with my card.

"Yes," said he, rather subdued; "but you ain't—"

"No," said I, "I am not, but I am, hem!—a relation of his."

"Then put her a-stern," said he; and a-stern she was put accordingly, and the box was taken on board.

The head of the packet company's firm and I happened to enjoy the use of the same name, though I had not really the pleasure of his acquaintance. I think, however, as in the case of Uncle Toby's oath, that the ingenious device may be pardoned for the sake of the feeling which prompted it. I was determined that, even to the detriment of truth, the poor lady's box, the whole of her worldly goods, as she told me afterward, should not be left behind.

I have purposely been sentimental thus far over luggage, to prevent these words awakening ridicule and absurd association. If mere things that have lost their owners excite our sympathy, how much more should living creatures, men, women, and children, who are cut off, forlorn, abandoned, and, in two words, left behind! I consider that a dog in a strange city, who has lost his master, to be one of the most affecting spectacles in nature. How he treads the mighty throng, with his eager nose upon the pavement, or lifts his anxious eyes to the face of every passer-by, standing upon three legs, poor fellow, as if that should benefit him, giving utterance, from time to time, to a whine of desolation more expressive of abandonment and a breaking heart than whole cantos of morbid self-love; set upon by his own savage kind, saluted with a hundred kicks, flicked at by idle carmen, regarded feloniously by brutal dog-fanciers; but, indifferent to challenge, to ill-usage, to personal liberty, and even to the pangs of hunger, in that vain search of his for the beloved master by whom he has so carelessly been left and never called for. Happy for him will it be when his miserable existence shall have been cut short by wheel of 'buss or by edict of town council in the dog-days, when he becomes a portion for cats or an ingredient of sausages. My own profession and principles are those of a philanthropist, but, nay, therefore, if I had the power, and caught any man or boy who knew of the forlorn and piteous state of that poor brute, ill-using and tormenting it, I would hang him higher than Haman.

Shall I ever forget that agony of despair, that utter desolation, which I myself experienced during my first few days at a boarding-school, the first time I was left behind? When the shadow of my mother, as she bent over me for the last time, had been withdrawn; when the noise of the wheels which conveyed her home (home!) had died away; when the accents of my schoolmaster, as different from those in which he spoke two minutes back as a grating nutmeg from the fall of wine through a silver strainer, smote harshly upon my ears with

"You had better join your new friends in the playground, sir!"

How all the memories of my happy childhood rushed through my little brain in that one moment; how dear seemed every kindness of which I had recked so lightly, how gentle every hand whose pressure I

had not cared to understand! How the smoothing of the pillow, and the soothing of the pain, came back to reproach me with ingratitude, and the thousand pleasures of my young life to pierce me with regret! My new friends in the playground, I was pretty certain, were not concocting plans to insure my happiness, and those companions of my solitude did not belie my suspicions. How mockingly familiar they were in their inquiries after papa and mamma, how cynically interested about my little sister, how hypocritically sentimental upon the rheumatism which I told them my old nurse Mathison was suffering from in the left knee; and, when I had communicated everything, with what a hearty good-will the biggest boy knocked me down, and the rest kicked me back when I attempted to get up again! This incident, so charming to the advocates of school discipline, and so illustrative of our educational moral training, made but little impression upon me, except physically, in bumps and bruises.

I have thought much of this since, however, in my position of philanthropist, and whenever a similar case occurs I would hang, not the poor brutal boys, but their learned and, perhaps, reverend preceptors, under whose rule such abominable instincts are let loose on helpless and unoffending objects. As I say, however, this was, in my case, rather a relief; for having been hurt a good deal about the head, and bleeding a little from the mouth, I was carried up-stairs and put in dormitory at once, a long bare room with five white beds in it besides my own, clean as snow, and almost as comfortless. I just beheld it for an instant, and the uninteresting vision passed away. But, O! for that indifferent chamber over the saddle-room at home, where the old coachman slept, and my beloved playmate the knife-boy; and for one look of my unsympathized-with old nurse Mathison; and one tuck-up of my bed-clothes by her affectionate hands! Toward nearer and dearer than these my full heart did not dare to flutter, or, I verily believe, it would have burst upon its way; tears from the depths of some divine despair at last relieved me, and I reveled in what was, by contrast to the smothered passion, a positive luxury of grief.

Robinson Crusoe—I made these parallels out of my stock of infant reading, but without deriving any consolation therefrom—Robinson Crusoe, when first cast ashore upon his island, enjoyed high spirits compared with mine, for he had not then, as I had, discovered that he shared it with savages. Captain Bligh, cut adrift with his ship's biscuit and a bottle of rum, was, in his jolly-boat and among his companions, to be relatively envied. Philip Quarl—I was calling to mind the superior advantages of that recluse over myself when up came the school to bed. They ascended the carpetless stairs to their respective resting-places with about the same disturbance that the builders of Babel must have gone about erecting their last finished story with; and yet they were in their stockings only, for I heard a tremendous noise of kicking off shoes at the bottom flight, and the slippers, which each had been there furnished with, were merely used as weapons of offense and retaliation.

Smacks like the report of pocket-pistols gave warning of the approach of my five companions, who were driven in by a superior force from the room opposite. They dipped the ends of their towels in jugs, however, and with these ingenious weapons at once repelled the enemy; moreover, a Cavé, or sentinel, was set at the door with a bolster, to guard against surprise, while the other four disrobed themselves for action.

There was war declared, as it seemed, between our dormitory and the next, which was at once both a bold and a perfidious dormitory, hard to beat, and whom no treaty could bind; and we had an awful time of it. Often, in the dead of night, when sleep was knitting up the raveled sleeve of care, has my pillow been abstracted, and myself half suffocated by repeated blows; often has water been poured upon me five hours before the usual time for performing the morning ablution; often have my limbs been deprived of blanket, sheet, and counterpane at one fell swoop.

The next room never slept. This first night, however, our candle having been immediately dowsed, or extinguished, by the invading force, my presence was, for some time, undiscovered. I lay with beating heart, motionless through fear and sorrow, until the moment should arrive when mutual animosity was to be buried—I expected it—in a common object of per-

secution. Not till the usher came to take away our candle, and brought a light of his own with him, was my being recognized by my companions. I can only compare their horrid exultation at that moment to that which demons are said to testify at any unexpected accession to their party. They executed a pas-de-cinq at once, partly on the floor, but principally, and always three at a time, upon my body; they made of me an extempore battering-ram, stole softly out into the passage and knocked over the opposition Cavé with that astounding weapon; they, but it is enough to say that they behaved as only the real, old, constitutional, pattern, Parliament-belauded British schoolboy, when he gets a forlorn victim to torment, and is in the enjoyment of good animal spirits, can behave. I have heard, indeed, that Caffirs, when intoxicated and under the influence of hereditary revenge, are almost as cruel, but I don't believe it.

For my part, that first night at school has stood out for my life long a sublime memorial of wretchedness, compared with which all other possible miseries fade away and are not. Toil, poverty, exile, nay, sea-sickness itself, are trifles light as air when weighed against that. When I think of my natural sensitiveness at that time, and of my extreme youth, it is positively a wonder to me that I survived. After I had been sufficiently pounded, torn to pieces, trodden on, I was let fall somewhere, and molested no further. Then it began to seem to me that I had been dropped ever so long ago out of heaven, where my mother lived, and was never more to return to it again. There was, indeed, an appointed limit for the banishment, but it was so far off that it appeared almost nominal. I counted it, however, hour by hour: thirteen weeks, ninety-one days, two thousand one hundred and eighty-four hours, or one hundred and thirty-one thousand and forty minutes to the vacation.

What had I done to deserve all this? I pondered. What good was to come of it? Would it not be better to die? And now I fell asleep, and dreamed the sweetest of dreams, about my sister Harriet and the pony; of haymaking in the fields at home and syllabub afterward; of how, above all, I was never, never to leave home again; of my father bringing me a watch upon my birthday, and saying, with an affectionate smile,

"A quarter to seven, young gents, a quarter to seven."

Alas! I was awakened by the school butler saying this as he came to call us, as I lay upon the bare boards bruised and shivering, among strange, cruel faces—left behind at school; and never, or as good as never, to be called for.

It was after I lost my seven thousand pounds in the rag and bone business, and was existing upon fifty pounds per annum, paid quarterly, that I revisited, after ten years' absence, the University in which I graduated. I was on foot and weary at the end of this my second day's journey, and I sat down in a field that looks down upon the town. There was a gate close by, over which I remembered to have leaped my horse upon my last visit to this place. Three of my most intimate college friends were then with me—Travers, Stuart, and Gory Gumps, which was what we all called Grindwell of Magdalen, but why we did so I had forgotten. Our conversation on that same day had been about our futures when we should have to leave this ancient place, whose high and noble associations had had less effect upon us, perhaps, than its genial influences. We knew then that we should one day regret that time of our hot youth when we walked in the ways of our heart and in the sight of our eyes, putting sorrow far away from us—when friends were many and foes were none, and all the months were May; but I, for my part, had never guessed how bitterly. I could never have looked forward—or I should, as a philanthropist, have slain myself—to this miserable hour, ten years away, when the beautiful river yonder, glittering in the sun, upon which I had so often passed the summer noons, should be as the waters of bitterness that came in even over my soul. I could see the green meadows, and the thin dark stream, and that fair tall tower standing by the bridge; and the whole prospect mocked me with its beauty more than the mirage of the desert mocks the traveler. The water was there, truly, but I was never more to drink of it. I got up and walked away with a weight at my heart—a physical weight, even, as it seemed, heavier than that of the knapsack I carried on my shoulders. Two or three parties of young horsemen met or overtook me at

full speed, covering me with mud from their horses' hoofs. Then I came among the constitutionalists, the reading men, who go out walking for their health's sake; and when I had crossed the Isis, it was like a perfect retrogression of my life ten years, except for some vague, frightful difference that I could not altogether lose sight of. Such of the conversation, even, as I caught of the passers-by was precisely such as I used to hold and hear myself: about the bump that should have been decided foul; of him that had been screwed at supper; of him that was a safe double-first. Travers was now a member of Parliament, of which we had always suspected him at the Union, where he had been very noisy; Stuart, who was always going up to town to dine with city companions, and who had brought us down on one occasion (it seemed yesterday) a white satin dinner carte to laugh at, composed entirely of French dishes, with the very appropriate motto at top of it of Domine Dirige Nos—Stuart, I saw by the newspapers, had been trying to be mayor of his native city lately; Gory Gumps was a fellow of my own college, I knew. It was to see him that I had come so far, uninvited; but now that I was there my courage failed me. I had got visible woolen stockings on, a bad hat, a coat that had lost a button; still I was hungry, and I pressed up that street which might well be called the Beautiful, but which is named the High. I rang the gate-bell, and the porter, the jolly old porter, whom I knew so much better than he knew me, came out and stared superciliously.

"Is Gory—I mean, is Mr. Grindwell in college?" said I, with a beating heart.

"Do you mean Mr. Grindwell the dean?"

"No," answered I, hastily; "by no means—not the dean;" and I turned away. I could not quite stand that. Travers an M.P.—Stuart an alderman—these were enough removed from me; but Gory Gumps a dean! No, I felt that I was left behind, too far for recognition.

When my family, who suffered also very severely in the rag and bone failure, had made up their minds to emigrate in a body, I, as a philanthropist, refused to deprive this country of my saving presence, and still remained in England. I went down to Liverpool to see my people off, as the saying is. It was a sad sight truly. My mother, indeed—she for whom my little heart had yearned so when at school—was left behind in that green churchyard in the south which she had always wished to be her final resting-place; but there was my father to take leave of, gray-haired and aged; and that beloved old Dame Mathison, whose rheumatism in the left knee had long become chronic, but who, nevertheless, would not be parted from my dear sister Harriet. She thought, kind soul, that she should be able to defend and watch over her, better even than her husband, who was a true brother to me as he was a son to my father. Two of these four friends of mine I could never, in the course of nature, hope to see again: the other two would certainly be separated from me for long years, perhaps for life. That inquisitive portion of our interiors which will rise up into our throats when we are saying good-by to those we love, would, I thought, have suffocated me. Reflect, O happy ones, unseparated at home, what a thing it is to be parted from parent, from sister, from all; not by death—for before him, perforce, the whole human race must bow submissive—but by poverty, which carries off by a sort of premature death so many into exile every year; a new strange land awaiting those who go, and an old land that has become strange through the exiles' absence awaiting those who stay.

Be not extortionate, O cabman, upon the quay; that extra sixpence which you have pillaged from the old man's scanty purse, you will be glad, if it were possible, to restore a hundredfold—to atone for with all you have. Gently, official, gently, as it is only a question of a minute. Let the girl hang round her brother's neck a little longer, and thrust him not aside; it will be better for you, very surely. Not that the old man, nor his child, nor I, have a thought now for injustice or for insult; our eyes are blinded, our poor hearts are crushed. Never so near as when we part, is a true saying. "Good-by," "God be with you," and once more, "Good-by." I am hurried from the deck of the vessel by a weeping crowd, and can stand only at the edge of the quay, no nearer to those four who are waving their pocket-handkerchiefs ever again. It is a cold, misty morning, and the small rain is falling steadily; but I see them plainly yet. The huge packet is cast off; the first half-turn of those enormous paddles, which must

ceaselessly revolve for so many thousand miles, is made; the people on the shore begin a sort of choking cheer, and those on board reply to it a little more sturdily. The ship forges ahead; the band strikes up a melody that is dear to those four and me, and which makes our tears flow freely. I see their waving handkerchiefs once more—or I think I see them; and then over the sad waters into the misty day the vessel speeds, and the fog closes slowly over it. I stand upon the wet dock, gazing mournfully alone, and Left Behind!

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

MAX GREUFEL sat at his garret window, his earnest gaze appearing to rest on the grand old cathedral of Nuremburg, although he was really gazing on a home which his thoughts had often pictured, different far from his present lonely life, for it was gladdened by loving faces and the merry voices of young children. The present was long lost in a dreamy reverie, from which at last he was roused by the chimes for evening prayers. Startled by the lateness of the hour, he rose wearily, and taking up his pencil, began sketching a face which had often interwoven itself with his thoughts; for many hours he worked steadily, until on the canvas glowed a form so lovely yet simple in its girlish beauty, that he involuntarily paused and wondered at his own work, and when he betook himself to his hard pallet, the sweet face he had been painting mingled with his dreams. It seemed to him that he was walking with a blooming maiden in a meadow, where the fresh grass was enameled with the brightest flowers, a soft breeze was around them, the notes of the birds filled the air; and all nature rejoiced in the early spring, when suddenly he awoke cheered and refreshed by a vision so lifelike. All the ensuing day he painted with unceasing diligence, at the same face, and when at night he closed his eyes, it was with a hope that in sleep he might again meet that beauteous girl, and again he saw her, and it seemed to him that she was his betrothed, and he entered with her into her parents' dwelling, and they received him with joy as the promised husband of their only daughter Gretchen, and he felt the happiness, and the pleasure of home which he had never known since the poor widow Greufel died, and with many tears and prayers, left her orphan son to strive alone with the stormy world.

A new life dawned upon Max, and many days, ah! even weeks passed thus, the dreams of the night furnishing a bright store of happy recollection for the day; the picture meantime growing dearer to him every hour. The people of the house wondered much to see the young man's face beam with radiant hope, to hear his springing step and cheerful voice; they knew that his food was poor and insufficient, that he was barely clothed against the piercing blasts of the winter which was setting in, but little did they reckon of the inner life of the striving artist. Now in his dream it appeared to him that the maiden was wooed and won his own forever; the good and lovely Gretchen, and her likeness was the face of the picture, which only wanted the last touches to complete it, and which glowed in the little room with a marvelous beauty.

And the day that it was finished Max Greufel's heart felt glad and satisfied, for to him it was the living semblance of his bride as he first met her on that spring morning in the verdant meadow.

But in sleep that night as he watched her fondly, it seemed to him that her face grew wan, and her sweet blue eyes looked sad and dim, and then an anxious foreboding filled his mind, and the next day he was sore depressed. Alas! the happy dream was fading fast away, and now, instead of the once radiant visions, came those of doubt and perplexity, and by day all things were changed to Max: even the face of the picture no longer looked out on him with peace and love, but the eyes seemed mournful, and ill at ease. Many weary days passed thus, and the artist's step grew feebler and feebler, for each night he saw his dream wife fading slowly from him, and he felt all hope departing. And one dreary night, when the wind was howling, and the elements all were waging a stormy warfare, as he lay in a restless slumber, it seemed to him, as he gazed on her gentle face, that the Angel of Death had spread his shadowy wings above her, and with a mournful cry he awoke, for his heart was broken. And when he was sought in his garret, they found him kneeling dead before his easel, his arms round the fair picture which he had loved so fondly.

THE LOST CHILD—A CANADIAN SCENE.

ON a raw Sabbath morning, after a night of heavy rain, in the month of August, we were assembled round the breakfast-table in our log-cabin, when the sound of a horse's hoofs, followed by a smart rap on the door, announced a visitor. It was Mr. Reid, who informed us that his child, which had been missing on the plains the night before, was not yet found, and begging of us, as we were near the ground, to turn out and assist in the search.

What are called plains in Canada are ranges of high ground, which stretch through the country, usually parallel to some lake or river, and extend in breadth from two or three to twenty or thirty miles. The soil is sandy, and, except near a stream, thinly wooded; while the ground is covered with swarth, intermixed with the most brilliant wild-flowers, and occasional beds of blueberries and wild strawberries; thickets of brush, frequently interspersed, rendering it difficult for a stranger to keep his course.

It is usual to make picnics to these fruit-gardens, and several of our number had been there the day before. On their return they mentioned Mr. Reid searching for his child, but we had no apprehensions for its safety. Some immediately started for the appointed rendezvous, while those who were left behind to look after the cattle were not slow in following. Scarcely had we reached the foot of the ridge, which was about a quarter of a mile from our house, when a severe thunder-storm commenced, accompanied by heavy rain; and as we entered the forest, the roar of the storm, with the crash of falling trees, had a most awful effect. We thought of the terrors which must be felt by the poor lost one, and fervently wished it might be in some place of safety. Holding on our way, the smoke of a large fire soon brought us to head-quarters, where we found a number of people assembled, going about without any sort of organization. The father had gone to seek some rest, after wandering in the woods all night, calling on the name of his child, for they had got the notion that any noise or unknown voice would alarm the child, and cause her to hide.

Inquiry was now made for those who lived near and were best acquainted with the woods, and all of us were assigned different portions to search. My course lay through a dense cedar swamp, in the rear of our clearing. I wandered alone until toward evening, and never did I spend a Sabbath whose impressions were more solemn. My footsteps fell noiselessly on the deep moss, beneath which I could frequently hear the trickling streams, while the thunder roared above, and the hoary trunks of the gray cedars reflected the lightning's flash, or shivered by its fury, fell crashing to the ground. After wandering for some time without success, I took shelter from the rain in a ruined log-house, which, by the remains of a rail-fence, showed that a small clearing around had once been rescued from the forest; but the gloomy desolation of the scene seemed to have driven its possessor to seek a habitation nearer the society of men. We met at even without success, but, on comparing notes, were not disheartened, as we had yet only searched the outskirts of the plains: the object of our search, we fancied, might have wandered deeper into the woods; but then came the awful reflection, that they abounded with wolves and bears, which often alarmed the settlers themselves, and stories were not wanting to render her situation more alarming. We were now, however, compelled to return, leaving a party to keep a look-out, and continue the fire. Next morning, the news having spread over the country, our number was increased to about two hundred. So great seemed the anxiety, that the store-keeper had left his store, as well as the farmer his hay unraked. All seemed to think only of the lost child. We first formed parties of ten or twelve, and ranged in different directions; then long lines were formed, each so near his neighbor as to command the ground between. The Indians, belonging to a village eight or ten miles off, were sent for; every effort was used. Stretching far into the heart of the forests, not a bush was left, not a log unexamined. But again we returned without success. Some of our number were again left, thinking that in the stillness of the night they might hear the cries of the child, and, wandering about, they might probably discover it.

This morning was fine, and our number seemed increased to three or four hundred. Twelve or fourteen Indians were also

there, on whom much dependence was placed. They, however, and with reason, would not search where we came. We again entered the forest, and traversed some of the heavily-wooded parts. The scene was in many parts magnificent; and advancing in a straight line, we were led into many spots where human feet but rarely trod. The deer and foxes rushed affrighted from their lairs, and the sporting propensities of many of our friends were hardly restrained by fear of alarming the child. We began now to get disheartened, and instead of a steady search, often scattered ourselves over the bed of blueberries, or feasted on strawberries, which were frequently sprinkled in rich clusters along the ground. The wild flowers, too, in the thinner woods, were most brilliant; many of them are bright scarlet, and from the calmness of the atmosphere, their color attains to great perfection. The joyous news was now spread that the Indians had found tracks; but on examining the spot, I felt certain they were my own footsteps around the old log-house: the ground being soft, they had contracted, so as to appear like a child's. These Indians fell far short of the intelligence with which they are usually painted They were sullen and taciturn, not, seemingly, from a want or desire to converse, but rather, as I imagine, from sheer stupidity. The Indians having failed in following out the tracks, we were again thrown on our own resources, and leaving a watch, returned home.

This morning, a large number again assembled, many from a considerable distance. But the search seemed to be carried on with less energy as the prospect of success diminished; the day was spent in traversing the woods in long ranks, but many seemed careless; and though the finding of a saucer which the child had carried seemed to revive hope, we parted at night fully persuaded that we should never find her alive.

Mr. Reid had now been out with us every day, and looked fatigued both in body and mind. This morning, on meeting in an altogether new quarter, he told us he had now no hope of finding his child alive, but it would be some satisfaction to ascertain her fate; and if we would use our utmost endeavor this day, he dare hardly ask to trespass further on our time.

We now started with a determined energy, and beat round for some hours. At length we mustered the whole party to go back four or five miles to a burn, beyond which we imagined she would not wander; every thicket was examined, and many places seen which had been missed before. It was beautiful to see the deer bound harmless along our track, as the old hunters raised their sticks, wishing they had been rifles; yet we reached the hill overhanging the burn without success. Here we at once stretched ourselves on the sunny bank, and soon stripped the blueberries of their black fruit. The younger part of us raked about the banks of the burn, while the elders lay down to rest, satisfied that our fruitless labor was now done. When the sun began to decline, we all started homeward, like the company breaking up from some country race-course. Many used praiseworthy endeavors to bring us to order, but in vain. Sometimes we formed line; again it was broken by a startled deer or a covy of pheasants; after which numbers bounded, shouting and yelling with unseasonable merriment. Some trudged along, deep in conversation; while others, in short sleeves, overcome by heat, seated themselves on a log, or, leaning on their companions, jogged lazily along. At length we descended into a hollow thicket, in whose cool shade we again recovered a sort of line. Scarcely had we begun to ascend the opposite hill, when a faint cheer was heard; immediately the woods re-echoed the response of our whole line, and we rushed onward, heedless of every impediment, until we reached a large clearing, amid which stood an empty frame of a house, and approaching it, there was Mr. Reid, with his child in his arms. I will not attempt to describe his joy; we all crowded round to get one glimpse, and then returned to our homes, elated with our success. After being in the woods from Saturday morning until Thursday evening, the child was found by a party of two or three who had straggled from the rest. They saw her standing on a log, and her first question to one of them who advanced was: "Do you know where Mr. Reid lives?" What had been the sufferings of the little creature for five days and four nights in the open forest, may be left to the imagination of the reader.

AN ANCIENT MARINER'S FIRST LOVE.

SIR JOHN ROSS, the well-known navigator, who died a few months ago, lived to be nearly eighty years of age. An acquaintance of his heard him, a short time before his death, tell the following story of his first love. Thus, he says, it came about.

We were wont to meet him at the house of a mutual friend, where he was always a welcome guest; came and went as he listed, and had his hammock swung in a chamber where the temperature suited him best; for he loved a cold, clear atmosphere. In a word, he was the center of as charming a household group as shall be seen any day. Blooming faces shone upon him, merry songs greeted him as he took his place beside the cheery hearth in those cold evenings in spring. One bright-haired creature with rosy lips claimed him ever as her own, seated him beside her on the velvet couch, called him "her dear boy," which delighted the ancient mariner beyond all things, and at last drew from him the tale referred to.

I had been reminding him of a very old friend now dead, and of whom we had heard nothing for many years: as I spoke, a tide of early recollections swept up and filled the old man's eyes with tears. "Ah!" said he, "he was a very kind friend to me; we had been schoolmates, and then we went to sea together. After a while we parted, and I entered the royal navy; when I next saw O., I was commander on board the ——. He was on the quay at Greenock when I sailed in, and little thought that the vessel carrying a royal pennant was commanded by Johnnie Ross. I landed, and went up to him with a man who knew us both.

"O.," said the latter, "do you remember little Johnnie Ross?"

"Well," answered O.; "and a precious little scamp he was!"

"On this," observed Sir John, "we shook hands, and renewed our acquaintance, and I had reason to be glad of it; for," he repeated, "O. was very kind to me."

"Now about Margaret," said the bonny creature beside him.

"Ah! she was a noble girl! When I first knew her she was ten, and I about twelve years old. We used to walk home together from the school, and at first were very happy; but before long the children began to watch us, and we were obliged to make signs to one another about meeting. I mind well how shamefaced we were when the others caught us making signals before breaking up; and one day the master saw us, and it was on that occasion Margaret showed such spirit and courage as made me never forget her.

"I had got out of school," he continued, after a short pause, "and was waiting for her, never heeding the children laughing at me, as I stood watching for the sight of her bonny face, for she was very fair." I can by no means describe the pathos of the old man's tone as he said this. "When I began to think she was in trouble, and 'kept in,' I hid myself till the place was clear of ither folk, and then I creepit round and keeked in at the window of a side-room where scholars in disgrace were put sometimes. Poor Margaret was indeed there, sitting upon a box, very forlorn, and crying bitterly. She brightened up at seeing my face in the window-pane, and smiled when I told her I had been waiting for her. Then I declared I would be revenged on our hard master, and went at once to the school-room to carry out my plan: this was easy, for there was no one there.

"Just over the master's desk was a shelf, on which stood a large ink-bottle, and near to this again was the hat with which the dominie always crowned himself when he assumed the seat of authority. I mounted the desk, took a piece of string from my pocket, tied the ink-jar and hat together, then, descending from my perch, left the room, and ran round again to the side-window to prepare Margaret for the result of my device. Then I ran home to dinner, and returned to school in the afternoon.

"I was late. All the children were in the room; and at the master's desk stood Margaret, with scarlet cheeks but triumphant eyes, just receiving the last blow of the leather strap on her open hand. The punishment of my mischievous revenge had been visited upon her. Streams of ink discolored the master's face; and books and desk, on which last lay the broken ink-jar, were saturated with it. The master himself was furious; and the more so that Margaret had borne the infliction like a heroine, in perfect silence, resolutely refusing to give up the name of the delinquent, whose accomplice she was

accused of being. She looked at me as she moved defiantly away, and the expression of her eye warned me not to speak. It was, indeed, too late. I hurried from the room before I was observed; Margaret walked proudly after me; and for the last time we took our way home together from the school."

I cannot do justice to this story as told by the old navigator. Nearly seventy years had passed away, and yet the memory of his child-love was still the green spot in his heart. The pathos, too, was enhanced by the Scottish accent, which dignified, so to speak, a little history, that finely illustrates the exquisite poem *Jeanie Morrison:*

"I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
The luve o' life's young day."

He said all this, and much more than I can do justice to. The whole picture of the twa bairns—"two bairns and but *ae* heart"—rose before me, as, blushing, frightened, and silent, they "cleekit thegither hame" after school.

"'Twas then we luvit each ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time, sad time, twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns and but ae heart.

"I saw thir twa bairns with their heads bent o'er ae braid page, with one book between them, the girl intent upon the lesson, the boy's lesson in that fair child's eyes:

"Thy look was on thy lesson,
But—my lesson was in thee!"

He and Margaret met but twice afterward. He dwelt most on the first of these meetings. "I was traveling," he said, "in Scotland, when the coach stopped to take up a passenger. The moment the door opened, *I knew her at once*, but—she didna remember me;" he sighed as he said this. "Then," he continued, "I told her who I was, and reminded her of old times, thirty years before, and of that story of the ink-bottle and the beating she had got for my sake. *She* had almost forgotten it, but *I never had.*" Margaret, the mother of a large family, is now an aged woman, and probably thought little of Johnnie Ross after parting with him in childhood; while he, literally voyaging from pole to pole, and having but a passing glimpse of her from time to time, may be said to have carried the memory of his child-love to his grave.

"I SHALL SEE IN HEAVEN."

"I shall see in Heaven!"
So murmur'd, in a low but gladsome tone,
A dying girl; vail'd from her soft blue eyes
Were all the beauties which God's hand had thrown
O'er this fair earth and richly-jewel'd skies;
Her glance had never mark'd the opening flower,
Nor watch'd the blending tints at sunset's hour.

"I shall see in Heaven!"
No curtain'd vision there, nor tear-dimm'd sight
To hide its glories, or their splendor pale;
The griefs and trials of life's weary night,
Pass not the limits of this shadowy vale;
In brighter regions all see "face to face,"
And never wearied, countless wonders trace.

"I shall see in Heaven!"
With this bright hope her spirit pass'd above,
Leaving death's impress on her marble brow;
Weep not for her: the Saviour's smile of love
Hath beam'd upon her, and she seeth now!
Forgotten now are the regrets and fears,
Which gather'd round her through her darken'd years.

"I shall see in Heaven!"
O, is not this a cheering thought for me,
Now struggling on through darkness and through strife!
For all around is fraught with mystery,
And strange is the enigma of one's life:
And oft with feverish longings for the light,
I grope my way and trust that all is right.

"I shall see in Heaven!"
How truths which once so widely parted seem'd,
By links invisible to mortal ken
Were intimately join'd: how things we deem'd
So adverse to the real good of men,
Were its promoters: how from grief and care
God's touch evolved such joys as angels share.

"I shall see in Heaven!"
The loving and the gentle-hearted friends,
Long the companions of my checker'd path,
Whose hallow'd memories such enchantment lends
To evening musings by my peaceful hearth,
O, when within our Father's house we meet,
How joyfully each other we shall greet!

"I shall see in Heaven!"
The Saviour—"whom not having seen" I love;
And gaze through all eternity on Him,
Enthroned amid rejoicing saints above;
When naught of earth his radiant charms can dim.
Here, sin and sorrow oft his glories hide;
There, I shall dwell forever at his side!

PULP AND ESSENCE.

FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE vernal season is upon us. At least so the Almanac says, and we dare not, as we love to be orthodox, question the fact, although, in good sooth, the weather, at this present writing, is very little like the commencement of the season of which poets love to sing. Of

THE MONTH OF MARCH,

which has the honor of being the pioneer in the vernal calendar, a writer in *Putnam's Monthly* thus discourseth:

"There is no more hysterical and distracted month than the month of March. The year seems to be then in its babyhood, not yet knowing its own mind, but, after a most infantile fashion, smiling and squalling in the same moment. It is always in extremes, too; it never rains then but it pours; it never blows but it makes a tempest of it. It is also a most ridiculous, sneaking bully of a month; it roars you in like a lion, and bleats you out like a lamb. How much more magnanimous and more generally admired is the month of October, which, entering like the meekest of young muttons, makes its exit with a sublime leonine uproar.

THE BIBLE.

DR. STOCKTON, formerly of Baltimore, now of Philadelphia, has commenced the publication of a magazine entitled *Stockton's Book and Journal*. The leading article in the first number is an address delivered by the editor at the anniversary of a Bible society. Speaking of the Book of God, he says:

It were a marvelous thing for an angel to appear as an author, for Gabriel or Michael, for instance, to favor the world with some duly-attested composition, as a fair expression of his genius and intelligence; some history, law, or psalm; some proverb or prophecy; some doctrinal and practical epistle, or apocalypse of things unseen and unknown. And yet this were nothing in comparison with God's appearance as an author. He, whose absolutely perfect infinitude is the author and support of all the subjective and objective intellect in the universe, has condescended to assume this humble form in our midst. Here, in the Bible, he reveals himself in all the relations just alluded to; as a historian, lawgiver, and poet; a proverbialist and prophet; a doctrinal and moral preceptor; a graphic delineator of the symbolic apocalypse of the future.

It may be that this is at once the first and last appearance of our Maker in this way. He has created millions of worlds, but composed only one book. What a contrast? The worlds, how magnificent they are! Even the planets are magnificent; how much more the suns! and, still, how much more the systems! How infinitely magnificent the universal system of systems! To the all-comprehensive eye of their Creator, with what a blaze of glory they light up immensity! To the all-comprehensive ear of their Creator, with what a concert of music they enliven eternity! How much of his perfections he has diffused among them all! And yet, after all, for this is the point of these remarks, he has inclosed more of his perfections in this little book than he has spread abroad over all the creation! His mind opens here as it never opened there. His heart throbs here as it never throbbed there. Nay, more, to finish the figure and tell the whole truth, his eyes weep here, his tongue falters here, and his hand trembles here. No wonder he resigned the pen to steadier nerves. He might indent the law on tables of stone; but he could not record the story of the Cross!

It is enough! One sun in heaven, one Bible on earth! one the light of the natural world, the other the light of the spiritual world! Where is natural day? Wherever the sun shines! And where is spiritual day? Wherever the Bible shines! In either case day is nowhere else. True, the moon gives light when the sun has set; and so the Church may give light when the Bible is withdrawn. But, in both cases, it is night-light, not daylight. Besides, the sun is not set to the moon, but only to the earth; the moon sees it still, though the earth does not, and the moon shines because she sees it. And so the Bible is not withdrawn from the Church, but only from the world.

In all such instances the Church sees it, though the world does not, and the Church shines only because she sees it. If all the moon be dark except half its edge-line, even that is proof that the sun is still in sight; and so, if all the Church be dark save some small segment, even that, however small, is proof that the Bible has not quite passed away. Still, the moon rejoices most when the sun returns, and she is allowed to hide herself in his glory; and so the Church triumphs most when the Bible returns, and she is permitted to fade in its excelling splendor!

As an appropriate sequel to the above eloquent tribute to the Book of books, we subjoin a few thoughts from an unknown author, entitled,

THE ONE GREAT IDEA IN THE BIBLE.

As in Beethoven's matchless sonatas there runs one idea, worked out through all the changes of measure and of key, now almost hidden, now pointed at in wild minor sweetness, now breaking out in rich natural melody, whispered in the treble, murmured in the bass, dimly suggested in the prelude, but growing clearer as the work proceeds, winding gradually back till it ends in the key in which it began, and closes in triumphant harmony! so throughout the whole Bible there runs one great idea: man's ruin by sin, and his redemption by grace; in a word, Jesus Christ the Saviour. This runs through the Old Testament, that prelude to the New; dimly promised at the fall, and more clearly to Abraham; typified in the ceremonies of the law; all the events of sacred history paving the way for his coming; his descent proved in the genealogies of Ruth and Chronicles; spoken of as Shiloh by Jacob, as the Star by Balaam, as the Prophet by Moses, the David of the Psalms, the Redeemer looked for by Job, the Beloved of the Song of Songs!

We find him in the sublime strains of the lofty Isaiah, in the writings of the tender Jeremiah, in the mysteries of the contemplative Ezekiel, in the visions of the beloved Daniel, the great idea growing clearer and clearer as the time drew on! Then the full harmony broke out in the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men!" And evangelists and apostles taking up the theme, the strain closes in the same key in which it began; the devil, who troubled the first paradise, forever excluded from the second, man restored to the favor of God, and Jesus Christ the key-note of the whole!

THE DYING HOUR.

A GREAT deal is said about the pains of death; and the agony of the dying hour has been depicted in prose and verse. A writer in the Philadelphia *Ledger* gives the other side of the subject:

It is nearly certain—indeed, as certain as anything chiefly speculative can be—that in all deaths the physical suffering is small. Even where invalids experience the most excruciating agony during the progress of the disease, nature comes to their relief at the last hour, and life goes out gently, like a candle in its socket. Those who have witnessed death-beds most frequently, especially if they have been intelligent persons, and therefore capable of judging, agree generally in considering the physical pain of death as inconsiderable. They say that the convulsive motions which frequently attend the parting breath are not evidence of suffering, for that the invalid is insensible. They say also that when the senses are retained there is usually no such spasm. A leading medical authority states that scarcely one person in fifty is sensible at the point of death; and some physicians assert that they have never seen a death-bed in which the patient was sensible. As life fails, nature, it would seem, beneficently interposes, deadening the sensibility of the nerves, and otherwise preparing the individual for the great and inevitable change.

THE INDIAN SUMMER OF THE SOUL.

THERE is truthfulness as well as beauty in the following, the writer of which is unknown to us:

In the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the seasons; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer which the world knew—it is the Indian summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sere and yellow leaf, then the mind of the good man, still ripe and vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well-spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing, and fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a heavenly luster, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon that bright spring and summer which await him within the gates of paradise, evermore.

THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED

ARE thus contrasted in a recent work of fiction, entitled "Never too late to mend:"

The righteous man has a strong tower that the sinner lacks. He is fit to battle with solitude and fearful darkness; an unseen light shines in upon his soul; an unseen hand sustains him. The darkness is no darkness to him, for the Sun of Righteousness is nigh. In the deep solitude he is not alone, for good angels whisper by his side. "Yea, though he walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet shall he fear no evil, for God is with him; his rod and his staff they comfort him." The wicked have not this comfort: to them darkness and solitude must be too horrible. Satan, not God, is their companion. The ghosts of their past crimes rise and swell the present horror. Remorse and despair are added to the double gloom of solitude and darkness. You don't know what you are doing when you shut up a poor lost sinner of excitable temperament in that dreadful hole, (solitary imprisonment.) It is a wild experiment on a human frame.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

FROM the same work we quote:

What animal but man did you ever see maltreat a female of his species? The claims to pity and uncommon consideration every woman builds up during a few years of marriage! Her inestimable value in the house! How true she is, unless her husband corrupts her, or drives her to despair! How rarely she is evil disposed but by his example! God made her weaker that man might have the honest satisfaction and superior joy of protecting and supporting her. To torture her with the strength so intrusted him for her good, is to rebel against Heaven's design; it is to be a monster, a coward, and a fool.

WHAT IS LIFE?

DR. CHALMERS answers the question:

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and light; to pace around in the mill of habits and turn the mill of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper and thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart; the tear which freshens the dry wastes within; the music that brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment which ends in being.

EMBARRASSMENT INCREASES AS WEALTH INCREASES.

IT is not true, as generally supposed, that rich men are exempt from the perplexities that harass those of smaller means, for the temptation to spend usually increases in a more rapid ratio than the increase of wealth. Hence says Whately:

It is worth remarking, as a curious circumstance, and the reverse of what many would expect, that the expenses called for by a real or *imagined* necessity of those who have large incomes, are greater in proportion than those of persons with slenderer means; and that consequently a larger proportion of what are called the rich are in embarrassed circumstances than of the poorer. This is often overlooked, because the *absolute number* of those with large incomes is so much less, that, of course, the absolute number of persons under pecuniary difficulties in the poorer classes must form a very great majority. But if you look to the *proportions*, it is quite the reverse. Take the number of persons of each amount of income, divided into classes from £100 per annum up to £100,000 per annum, and you will find the *per centage* of those who are under pecuniary difficulties *continually augmenting* as you go upward. And when you come to sovereign states, whose revenue is reckoned by millions, you will hardly find *one* that is not deeply involved in debt! So that it would appear, the larger the income the harder it is to live within it.

THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

LAMARTINE graphically describes the great emperor, painting his profile, bust, and physique in life-like colors:

The empire had made him old before his time. Gratified ambition, satiated pride, the delights of a palace, a luxurious table, a voluptuous couch, long vigils, sleepless nights, divided between labor and festive pleasure; the habit of riding, which made him corpulent—all tended to deaden his limbs and enervate his faculties. An early obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, formerly streaked with muscles and hollowed by the working of genius, were broad, full, and overhanging, like those of Otho in the Roman medals of the empire. An excess of bile mingling with the blood, gave a yellow tint to the skin, which, at a distance, looked like a varnish of pale gold on his countenance. His lips still preserved their Grecian outline and steady grace, passing easily from a smile to a menace. His solid, bony chin formed an appropriate base for his features. His nose was but a line, thin and transparent. The paleness of his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the blue of his eyes. His look was searching, unsteady as a wavering flame—an emblem of inquietude. His forehead seemed to have widened, from the scantiness of his thin black hair, which was falling from the moisture of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size, to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combinations of a mind, every thought of which was an empire. The map of the world seemed to have been incrusted on the orb of that reflective head. But it was beginning to yield; and he inclined it often on his breast, while crossing his arms like Frederic the Great—an attitude and jesture which he appeared to affect. Unable any longer to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the charm of youth, it was evident he wished to fascinate them by the rough, pensive, and disdainful character of himself—of his model in his latter days. He molded himself, as it were, into the statue of reflection, before his troops, who gave him the nickname of *Father Thoughtful*. He assumed the *posé* of destiny. Something rough, rude, and savage in his movements revealed his southern and insular origin. The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and too powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle-field—out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire.

IRON MORE USEFUL THAN GOLD.

EDWARD EVERETT thus illustrates the various gradations of human society:

I have now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, and is often considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain, and case are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, topaz, sapphire, emerald. I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly furnished case would be a mere shell—those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning, are made of brass. Investigate further, and ask, what is the spring, by which all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it is made of steel! I ask, What is steel? The reply is that it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So, then, I find the mainspring, without which the watch would always be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments, but toys, is not of gold—that is not sufficiently good; nor of brass—that would not do—but of iron. Iron, therefore, is the only precious metal! and this watch an emblem of society. Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master-spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, topazes, and embellishments, are the aristocracy. Its works of brass are the middle-class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master-spirits of the age are moved; and its iron mainspring, shut up in a box, always at work but never thought of, except when it is disorderly, broke, or wants winding up, symbolizes the laboring class, which, like the mainspring, we wind up by the payment of wages, and which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely necessary to the movement of society, as the iron mainspring is to the gold watch, are never thought of except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or another.

THE GOOD OLD TUNES.

ALAS! we hear them no more. In their stead we have science, incomprehensible harmonies, and artistic execution. Very fine, doubtless, only we don't understand it. An unknown pen gives utterance to thoughts, melancholy in their present truthfulness, but joyous as they beckon us away to the infinite future:

Last evening we were walking leisurely along. The music of choirs in three churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one; and that one, it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long-buried memories, that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it. It was sweet old "Corinth" they were singing—strains that we have seldom heard since the rose color of life was blanched; and we were in a moment back again to the old church; and it was a summer afternoon, and yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded his "application," and "exhortation," and the village choir was singing the last hymn, and the tune was "Corinth."

It is years, we dare not think how many, since then, and "the prayers of David the son of Jesse" are ended, and the choir scattered and gone; the girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air; the eyes of the one were like a June heaven at noon. They both became wives and both mothers; and they both died. Who shall say they are not singing "Corinth" still, where Sabbaths never wane and congregations never break up? There they sat Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the "leader;" and to our young ears their tunes were the very "soul of music." That column still bears their penciled names as they wrote them in those days in life's June, 18—, before dreams of change had overcome their spirits like a summer's cloud.

Alas, that with the old singers most of the sweeter tunes have died upon the air! But they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung in the sweet reunion of song that shall take place by-and-by, in a hall whose

columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose doors are gold, and where hair never turns silvery, and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto and she that sang air, will be in their places once more.

THE CALIFORNIA YANKEE.

ELIZA W. FARNHAM is a strong-minded woman, whose adventures in the golden state have been woven into a very readable volume. Her descriptions of character are graphic and amusing. She says:

The California Yankee is the New England Yankee, with all his peculiar power centupled. All his sharpness is sharpened; all his 'cuteness is more 'cute. If he belonged to the wooden nutmeg genus in New England, he will manufacture gold beads here; if he could blow a fife on training days, he will be a professor of music here; if he have built a pig-sty or kennel at home, he will be a master-builder in California. If he have been six months at a public school, and lumbering the rest of his life, he would become a candidate for the throne, if there were an elective one in the country to be filled; and, if successful, would whittle out a tolerably smart coronation speech, or, failing, he would go to hear his competitor's, and guess pretty shrewdly how he would *get along*. In the choice of his occupation, he considers its lucrativeness first, and the *chances* apart from that. These he is always looking out for. He has a wide range of pursuits, places, and employments to choose from. The professions are open to him, if he can read and write; and every office in his county, if its population is pretty fairly mixed of Eastern people. He may keep a monte tab'e, sell strong drink, be treasurer of moneyed associations, or quartz companies, in short, he may be anything that he has the power or the wish to be, but he is always the Yankee. Always under the legitimate occupation is covered something else—some "*spec*"—from which great results are hoped; some scheme or schemes, that will scarcely bear examination by daylight, to fill up the intervals of attending to his regular business, or bear him company to and from his restaurant and drinking saloon. Maturing these, he thrusts his hands deeper into his pockets, is more vigorously attentive to his tobacco, and quite energetic in his enjoyment of the national recreation with the knife. When these symptoms are observable, it behooves Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown, or Mr. White, if they are trading with him, to consider well what they are doing, while they, perhaps, are working their way, with equal industry, into somebody else's pocket.

POETS.

A WRITER in the *London Literary Journal* must, for his wit's sake, be pardoned a little exaggeration:

Poets were never greatly renowned for worldly wisdom, were never celebrated for providing against a rainy day. They sing merrily, but forget that singing does not fill the stomach. They are the children of Providence, in so far as they take no thought of to-morrow. They ignore political economy and the rules of arithmetic. They cannot cast up their baker's bill, or give accurate change out of a dollar. They don't in general know when they are cheated, and they don't know how to cheat. Unless he is uncommonly wide awake, you may pass off a gilt button upon the man of meters as readily as you would a genuine coin from the mint. He never knows the price of bread, or whether stocks are rising or falling. The par of exchange is a perfect mystery to him. In himself he is a social problem. One does not know always where to find him, where to look for him. The moon, with her mutations, libations, her fits and starts, her behind-times and before-times, does not present a greater difficulty to the practical astronomer than does the poet—the genuine poet—to the practical man. He is abnormal, erratic. To-day he procrastinates; to-morrow he starts ahead like a rocket. He is a puzzle to both debtor and creditor; to-day profuse, to-morrow seedy as the yellowish cucumber. The worst of it is, that you cannot quarrel with him. You may say severe things to him, may shake an ominous fist in his face, and he only smiles. For the life of you, you cannot break his head. That would be rank treason against genius. He pulls out his pocket and shows its empty conditions; he lays bare his heart and shows its riches. What use taking out a writ against this man? A jury would never give verdict against him. How could they? As well a verdict against a suckling. Your true poet is a man to be fleeced and spoliated; to have his teeth extracted, as we were wont to serve the Jews, with this difference, that he submits to every painful process without knowing why he should be the victim.

TRANSCENDENTALISM IN POETRY.

A WRITER in a foreign magazine says:

There is a class of poets who are called, and some of them very falsely so, transcendental. Transcendentalism transferred to poetry has adopted a strange method of explaining itself. What was partially comprehensible before, has now become all but incomprehensible. This is owing to the language in which it clothes itself. The Transcendental Poets write for themselves and for no one else. They use a jargon which none but the initiated understand. It is the Mumbo-Jumboism of literature. It is unfortunate that they will make use of their lingual enormities, when Wordsworth has shown us what may be done with simple English, and when Milton has made it almost inspired. It is further unfortunate; for their meaning is ofttimes of value. We do not believe that this strange tongue is natural to them; it is but a grotesque suit of clothes. Let it be thrown off. It is better to be naked to all the world than dressed for a few. We fear that these men who pass, twisting and circling like "the serpent, more subtle than any beast of the field," through the fair Paradise of the English language, will finally gain for themselves the serpent's curse. Emerson, who is perhaps the essence of Transcendentalism, is yet comprehensible enough; for he condescends to use his native tongue in its purity, and frames his sentences according to the understood rules of English grammar. Mr. Browning, for example, whom we recognize as a true poet, and whose dramas are strong with intuitive conception, is yet so strange and uncouth in his modes of expression, that he repels numbers whom he might attract. The story of the great comedian who took up as his first book, on recovering from a fever, Browning's "Sordello," and after reading three lines cast it down, and with a face, half terror, half fun, exclaimed, "Merciful Goodness! have *I* lost my senses?" is but the story of thousands.

THE CHRISTIAN IS NEVER USELESS.

THE (London) *Wesleyan Magazine* beautifully illustrates the sentiment:

Devout persons have sometimes prayed that they might never live to be useless. It may be asked, however, whether such a prayer is necessary. We are

perhaps, too much accustomed to associate the idea of usefulness with public life and labor in the cause of God. A poor and afflicted Christian woman, laid aside by paralysis, infirmity, or age, might linger in a garret or cellar for years, and be almost lost to the knowledge of the Church; and yet, from that lonely spot, in her low estate, prayers full of unction, unheard by mortals, might ascend to the throne of the heavenly grace, and be answered in China, in India, in Africa, to the comfort of many a missionary, and the conversion of many a sinner. God has his hidden saints in every Christian land, who, without a name, are among the choicest instruments of benefiting mankind. *A good man is never useless.* If removed from active service, it is no less true that he is laid aside for God, than that he once labored for God. The design of his existence is the same in either case, and in each state that end is answered. Throughout the varied life of his servants, be they well known or obscure, "God in all things" is "glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion forever and ever." 1 Peter iv, 11.

ICEBERGS AND WIDOWS.

THE Sparrowgrass historian is responsible for this:

There is no Arctic Sea in the bosom of a widow of twenty-two to keep the iceberg of grief floating there for a very long time. It may crush, and ruin, and wreck, perhaps; but it won't keep. To be sure, to carry out the image, there is more below than above the surface; more that is hidden than what meets the eye; but when the upper ice melts, it is very difficult to tell what becomes of the ice below. This is one of the curious phenomena peculiar to icebergs and widows.

BIRDS.

HERE is a little gem from Stoddard's recent volume of poems, to which we have already been indebted. There are many besides the poet who have bad luck in catching the thoughts which sing about them:

Birds are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there dayly,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of song!

FEMALE TACTICS.

COVENTRY PATMORE is not only a poet, but a bit of a wag, mingling a fair amount of truth with his satirical touches:

And, evermore for either's sake,
To the sweet folly of the dove,
She joins the cunning of the snake
To rivet and exalt his love;
Her mode of candor is deceit;
And what she thinks from what she'll say,
(Although I never call her cheat,)
Lies far as Scotland from Cathay.
Without his knowledge he was won;
Against his nature kept devout;
She'll never tell him how 'twas done,
And he will never find it out.

THE following is pithily expressed. It is from the late Benjamin Parsons:

A WORD ABOUT CHANCE.

Atheists tell us that there is no God, and that everything happens by chance; and then if we question them they inform us, that chance is alike cause and effect. Sometimes it was fortune, and sometimes an event which came about without being contrived, expected, intended, or foreseen. If you inquire more into the philosophy of these profound philosophers, who are too philosophical to believe that the universe had a rational Creator, or is governed by an intelligent BENEFACTOR, they frankly admit that their favorite chance has neither body nor soul; has neither thought, imagination, reason, will, nor power; is neither good nor evil, wise nor foolish, right nor wrong.

Chance can neither walk nor talk, love nor hate, move nor stand still! It is, in fact, an infinite, eternal, everlasting nothing; which, though a nonentity itself, yet made everything that is made, and produces all the order and confusion of the universe. It exists, of course, although no Atheist or Deist ever saw, or heard it, or knows anything at all about it. It is everywhere and nowhere at the same time; it does everything, and does nothing; it fills immensity, and yet is less than the smallest atom, and has been active and passive, although it never had any existence!

Such is chance, and such the rationality of some who call themselves rationalists. And if we go from Atheists to Deists, who deny revelation, or to Polytheists, who have never seen the Word of Life, we find nothing but absurdity everywhere. All idolaters and unbelievers prove to a demonstration, that the world by wisdom knew not God; and we may well ask, as we read their works, who by searching can find out God? who can find out the Almighty to perfection? We have China and India with their antiquity; Greece and Rome with their learning; and modern skeptics, with all the wit, blunders, and follies of former barbarians and sages, to instruct them; and yet, whether we investigate the past or the present, we have the same ignorance respecting God and the universe. It is now as clear as any demonstration of Euclid, that the only book that can teach us is the Bible; for in the first chapter of Genesis we have more reason, theology, and consolation, on the great and sublime character of Jehovah, the origin of creation, and the nature of man, than in all the other books in the world. Here we have divinity, cosmology, and anthropology—in a few words, written so plainly, that a clown may understand them, and so briefly, that a child, with a little effort, can commit them to memory.

HUMILITY ONE SIGN OF GREATNESS.

RUSKIN, in the midst of a great deal of misty verbiage, has, occasionally, a thought worthy of preservation. He says:

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them; only they do not think much of themselves on that account. The slightest manifestation of jealousy or self-complacency is enough to mark a second-rate character of the intellect.

The National Magazine.

MARCH, 1857.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE NEW ENGLAND EDUCATION SOCIETY.—This society held its first annual meeting in Boston in October last. We have been favored with a copy of the annual report, from which it appears that the society has been incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and its object, as stated in the constitution, is "to aid indigent, pious young men, called of God to the Gospel ministry, in obtaining a suitable education." Another article of the constitution restricts the operations of the society to the Methodist Episcopal Church. All aid afforded by the society is to be in the form of loans, and no applicant is to receive aid unless he produce unequivocal testimonials of piety, promising talents, and of membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and shall present a certificate of the quarterly conference of the circuit or station where he resides, that he is in indigent circumstances, and that he possesses those gifts and graces which promise usefulness to the Church, and that in their opinion he is divinely called to the ministry. Able addresses were delivered at the anniversary by the Rev. Dr. Patten, president of the society, Rev. R. S. Rust, of New Hampshire, and Dr. Haven, editor of *Zion's Herald*.

THE ITINERANT SYSTEM, as practiced among the Methodists, has been objected to because of the too frequent disruption of the pastoral relation. Judging from the statistics of other denominations, it is questionable whether the changes among them are not becoming equally frequent. The compiler of the (Protestant Episcopal) Church Almanac thus sums up the record for the year 1856:

"There have been five clergymen deposed; nineteen have deceased; ninety-eight have been added to the list, and four hundred and seventeen have changed their parochial charge. Of the clergy remaining upon the list ninety-five make teaching their principal occupation, twenty-five are chaplains in the army or navy, and two hundred and sixty-three have no parochial charge or ostensible occupation. Deducting these from the list, there remain fourteen hundred and forty-nine, among which the clerical changes have occurred, showing that more than one fourth, in fact, nearly one third of the clergy have been compelled, for one cause or another, to sever old, and form new, parochial relations."

THE ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.—De Quincey's book, "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," revised and enlarged, has just been published in Edinburgh. Mr. De Quincey seems to be conscious of many defects in his work, and offers explanations which will be read with painful interest. In the prefatory notice he tells the reader why this volume does not contain a series of dreams and noon-day visions which it was the writer's purpose to have published. An accidental fire, we are told, burned the manuscripts, and one only of the rescued fragments appears under the title of "The Daughter of Lebanon," a rhapsody poetical in style, but presenting only a faint shadow of the interest of the episode in real life by which the vision is supposed to be suggested. Throughout the book there are new passages, metaphysical, philosophical, and biographical, but those are most noticeable which give glimpses of the author's later history:

"Fifty-and-two years' experience of opium, as a magical resource under *all* modes of bodily suffering, I may now claim to have had, allowing only for some periods of four or six months, during which, by unexampled efforts of self-conquest, I had accomplished a determined abstinence from opium. These parentheses being subtracted, as also, and secondly, some off-and-on fits of tentative and intermitting dalliance with opium in the opening of my career. These deductions allowed for, I may describe myself as experimentally acquainted with opium for something more than half a century. What, then, is my final report upon its good and evil results? In particular, upon these two capital tendencies of habitual opium-eating under the popular misconceptions, viz., its supposed necessity of continually clamoring for increasing quantities; secondly, its supposed corresponding declension in power and efficacy. Upon these ugly scandals, what is my most deliberate award?

"At the age of forty the reader is aware that, under our ancestral proverb, every man is a fool or a physician. Apparently our excellent ancestors, aiming undeniably at alliteration, spelled *physician* with an *f*. And why not? A man's physic might be undeniable, although his spelling should be open to some slight improvements. But I presume that the proverb meant to exact from any man only so much medical skill as should undertake the responsibility of his own individual health. It is my duty, it seems, thus far to be a physician, to guarantee, so far as human foresight *can* guarantee, my own corporeal sanity. And this, trying the case by ordinary practical tests, I have accomplished. And I add solemnly, that without opium most certainly I could not have accomplished such a result. Thirty-five years ago, beyond all doubt, I should have been in my grave."

Eight thousand drops of laudanum was the dayly portion at the periods of greatest excess. This amount would have sufficed for the common hospital doses of three hundred and twenty adult patients. Of his past and present habits, Mr. De Quincey gives many revelations of more or less physiological interest:

"Coleridge, the only person known to the public as having dallied systematically and for many years with opium, could not be looked to for any candid report of its history and progress; besides that, Coleridge was under a permanent craze of having nearly accomplished his own liberation from opium: and thus he had come to have an *extra* reason for self-delusion. Finding myself, therefore, walking on a solitary path of bad repute, leading *whither* no man's experience could tell me, I became proportionably cautious; and if nature had any plot for making an example of me, I was resolved to balk her. Thus it was that I never followed out the seductions of opium to their final extremity. But, nevertheless, in evading that extremity, I stumbled upon as great a discovery as if I had *not* evaded it.

"After the first or second self-conquest in this conflict—although finding it impossible to persist through more than a few months in the abstinence from opium, I remarked, however, that the domineering tyranny of its exactions was at length steadily declining. Quantities noticeably less had now become sufficient; and after the fourth of these victories, won with continually decreasing efforts, I found that not only had the dayly dose (upon relapsing) suffered a self-limitation to an enormous extent, but also that, upon any attempt obstinately to renew the old doses, there arose a new symptom, viz., an irritation on the surface of the skin, which soon became insupportable, and tended to distraction.

"In about four years, without any further efforts, my dayly ration had fallen *spontaneously* from a varying quantity of eight, ten, or twelve thousand drops of laudanum to about three hundred. I describe the drug as *laudanum*, because another change ran along collaterally with this supreme change, viz., that the solid opium began to require a length of time, continually increasing, to expand its effects sensibly, often-

times not less than four hours; whereas the tincture manifested its presence instantaneously. * * *

"At present, and for some years, I have been habitually content with five or six grains dayly, instead of three hundred and twenty to four hundred grains. Let me wind up this retrospect with saying, that the powers of opium, as an anodyne, but still more as a tranquillizer of nervous and anomalous sensations, have not in the smallest degree decayed; and that, if it has casually unvailed its early power of exacting slight penalties from any trivial inattention to accurate proportions, it has more than commensurately renewed its ancient privilege of lulling irritation, and of supporting preternatural calls for exertion."

It is a melancholy fact that opium-eating is widely spreading, not only in England, but even in America, and strong measures should be taken by those in authority to check its influences before it spreads much further.

—

MINISTERING SPIRITS. — On this subject a highly respected correspondent writes:

That there is an invisible world is a first truth in all systems of religion. It is a capital verity with all who admit the Divine authority of the Bible. Without this doctrine there can be no religion. Or it would be distinguished rather by its negative than by its positive qualities. If, then, such a world exists, it must be peopled with beings of some class, intelligent or unintelligent, good or bad; or it must remain an uninhabited, unmeasured waste. The former is assumed and taught, and the latter contradicted, by reason and the whole tenor of Divine Revelation. The inspired writers both assume and teach that the invisible world is peopled by various orders of holy and happy beings, who still maintain their original fealty, and also by other orders of intelligent beings, who, like the former, were never invested with material bodies, whose moral characters are in perfect contrast with the holy and happy. Besides these, if man is immortal, the disembodied spirits of men who have passed beyond the vail which separates the visible from the invisible, have their permanent abodes in the invisible world, constituting a portion of its inhabitants.

The relations between the two worlds, the intercourse between the inhabitants, if any, and the influence exerted by the good and bad of the invisible world upon those of the visible, are among the most important questions ever submitted to the human mind. That invisible beings have access, in some mysterious manner, to men during their stay on earth, is another verity which is most clearly assumed and taught in the Scriptures. Those of good moral character are denominated "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation." Those of malevolent disposition "go about seeking whom they may devour." So much at least may be gathered from the teachings of inspiration on these points. But the question has been raised and ably discussed, and the peculiar doctrine formally advocated that the departed spirits of good men, as well as holy angels, actually perform the work of ministering spirits. We refer to an article in the June number of the *Presbyterian Quarterly*, 1856, holding this language: "We see nothing, then, in the capacities or moral and essential nature of spirits of deceased Christians, to preclude the possibility of their becoming ministering spirits on earth. If angels may and do become such, we do not see why they may not, with equal propriety, become the same."

This doctrine is then advocated in a liberal and earnest tone, chiefly on the ground of an assumed "implication" in some twelve passages selected from the New Testament, which are commented upon with an air of intelligent fairness and candor. But we cannot repress the conviction that the supposed "implication" is merely constructive. We do not find that the doctrine in question was taught by the inspired writers. Aside from the lack of evidence, without which it cannot stand, that it was held by the Jews seems equally destitute of proof. Hence, until clear and unmistakable evidence shall be adduced in its support it should not be honored and classed with scriptural verities. As we read the proof-texts supposed to contain the doctrine by implication, it occurred to us that they were not only inconclusive, but that the doctrine is open to several capital objections. One of these we found introduced by the writer at the close of the article; not as an objection, but as an inseparable consequence. These are his words: "The probability is, by analogy of reasoning, if we are lost, we shall become 'seducing spirits,' fiends, like fallen angels. We shall visit this world only to corrupt and destroy." It struck us, before we reached this passage at the conclusion of the writer's argument, that this consequence as to the lost must inevitably follow; and we found that the writer frankly assumes it, thus making himself responsible for it as a part of his doctrine.

We could not see how it can be held that the saved are the coadjutors of angels in ministering to the "heirs of salvation," without admitting that the lost are in league with devils in tempting to the commission of sin. But while the consequence is legitimate, so that the parallels must be either both true or both false, we are still compelled to ask, where in the Bible is the proof, even by the remotest implication, that the lost assist devils in their malignant work? It cannot be produced. Hence, inseparably connected as the two parallel points unquestionably are, if the latter falls to the ground the former must fall with it. Both must stand or fall together.

Giving the advocates of both branches of this doctrine all the benefit of the double analogy, that the saved become equal, in some respects, to angels, and the lost, in some respects, become equal to devils immediately on passing the vail of mortality; still it does not follow as a necessary consequence that the saved and the lost shall engage in the same employments in all respects with angels and devils respectively; at least previous to the resurrection and the awards of the last judgment. Subsequent to that event, the complete identification of the saved with angels and the lost with devils, may be safely assumed. At the judgment those on the left hand shall "depart into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."—Matt. xxv, 41. As specific is the proof that subsequently to the resurrection, not before, the saved will be "equal to the angels," Luke xx, 36. Could proof as specific and positive be adduced, showing that the saved will become angels and the lost devils, previous to the resurrection, there would be plausibility in the doctrine that the former become "ministering spirits" and the latter "seducing spirits," on passing the confines of the visible world.

Besides, holy and fallen angels, belonging to a distinct race of beings from man, may be permitted, while the remedial system, which was introduced for man's benefit alone, is working out its great results, to exert influence promotive of, or detrimental to, the eternal interests of mankind. But is there not a perceivable incongruity in the supposition that during the interim between death and the resurrection, when the saved have a rich foretaste of the blessedness of their final reward, and the lost of the woe of theirs, that either will be engaged for the good or ill of their fellow-beings who are still on probation?

Is it not enough as to the saved that they are saved; and as to the lost that they are lost; considering the incompleteness of the personal state of both until a reunion with their spiritual bodies shall be effected? How much more reasonable to suppose that angels, fallen and unfallen, act their respective parts or agencies in connection with man during his probation, than that all good and bad men no sooner end their own probation than they become instrumental for good or evil to those who still remain in their state of trial. The following passages, which are strictly applicable to the state of the saved and lost between death and the resurrection, may cast some light on the question, if they do not satisfactorily settle it. "But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."—Daniel xii, 13. This indicates the state of the saved. The other passage, relative to that of the lost, is the account of the rich man and Lazarus, Luke xvi, 19—31. What is there here casting the least shadow toward the conclusion that the rich man had the least pause to his "torment in that flame?" Where is the slightest proof, even by implication, that he took part with the devil in consummating the ruin of his five brethren?

S. C.

—

A LITERARY GHOST.—In a very different strain, although upon a subject somewhat similar, writes, from the great Western metropolis, our fair friend Mary:

Ever and anon, like some unresting spirit from Hades, comes up the recollection of having brought myself under something like a written or mental obligation to contribute my mite to THE NATIONAL; but as

often as I essayed to cancel the obligation, just so often did a Ghost, *with a dagger in its hand*, step between me and my task. Fainter and fainter grew the hope of accomplishing anything in a satisfactory manner, so long as I contemplated the possibility of an encounter with the wary owner of the dagger; for it was evident, beyond all dispute, that he was one "also having authority," and somehow closely concerned in the welfare of THE NATIONAL. So often, indeed, had my heart failed at the gloomy prospect before me, that I began seriously to consider if, under the circumstances, it was not better at once to break than to keep the unlucky promise, when lo! a happy thought struck me. I had heard in the credulous days of childhood, that the quickest way to dispel a Ghost was to address it boldly; so, acting on the spur of the moment, I decided at once to say something *to*, before saying anything *for*, this one in authority who is armed with a dagger.

"Why do you carry such a weapon?"

Ghost. "Weapon! it is a cross, and the emblem of our holy religion."

"A cross, and an emblem indeed! so you may *call* it, but it is a dagger nevertheless, and as such you are wont to use it; names do not alter things in our world, and this much you might be expected to know, even if you came from no higher region than that newly-discovered spirit-land of log-cabins and farms. And now that I think of it, it seems perfectly proper to ask *where* you do belong."

G. "I am one of the true apostolic succession, a legal representative of Peter and Paul, and have, therefore, no certain dwelling-place."

"Ah, that is news, truly, and may help to a better understanding between us. May I ask if, in your journeyings up and down, and to and fro, in the world, you ever meet with that *other* spirit, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour?"

G. "Yes, often."

"Why do you not then attack *him* with your weapon—cro— dagger, instead of poor half-witted mortals, who, after all, are not likely to do so much harm, seeing they are so weak from the effects of a disease known as the want of capacity?"

G. "I have such a mortal antipathy to the Father of Evil, that I seldom allow myself to approach near enough to engage in single-handed combat with him; but for down-trodden humanity I have a most peculiar liking, and never tire in the longest conflict, if there is any hope of convincing them that they are wrong, and I am right; this is my highest, my only ambition, and for it I have, it seems, suffered much evil report."

"No wonder; I'll even venture to say that you are likely to suffer much more; for that which is life to you in these conflicts, is death to poor humanity, for whom you profess to have such a peculiar liking. The charges against you are many and serious."

G. "I would fain hear the specifications."

"The whole are too numerous to mention; but a few are, that you have gone about with a reckless hand, extinguishing tapers which were to have given light to houses now in darkness. You have convinced some, even to their perpetual sorrow, that they were a 0, when the tidings had already been sent forth that they were a sum which no man could number. And some, who supposed they had a right to consider themselves as standing on the pinnacle of sublimity, you have enticed to take one more fatal step, and thus, alas! entangled them, to their mortal confusion, in the coils of the ridiculous. You have let out such hitherto close kept secrets, concerning underground operations, and wire-pulling machines, that some are in the greatest danger of losing the craft which has been the food and drink of their perishing lives. And some, who, in the simplicity of their hearts, meant to throw in an occasional mite to THE NATIONAL, have been induced to withhold their donations rather than run the risk of allowing you to ridicule their disinterested benevolence."

G. "All I can say to these charges is, that, as a chief of my tribe, and a priest of the church literary, I have only been using the rod of rectitude, and acting up to the legal authority vested in my hands."

"Yes, but I would have you know that you have flourished your cro—dagger I am resolved to call it, with such a spiteful vengeance, that you have in some directions been actually pulling down instead of building up, and are in some danger of embarrassing your 'Church literary,' by the loss of many valuable contributions; and yet, forsooth, you would have me believe you are one of the 'true succession.' Now, Paul, for one, I remember, was a most skillful warrior, fought many glorious battles, faced terrible kings and emperors, went through a tempest of trials and temptations, and endured all manner of afflictions, and yet I am not aware of his ever using a more dangerous weapon than his tongue or pen."

G. "It is even so with me; I carry but a harmless instrument, as any one may see who comes near enough to examine it."

"Near enough to get a thrust with it, I suppose you mean. But revenge, you know, is sweet sometimes, and I have, of late, been honestly taking some on you."

G. "Ah! I was not in the least aware of it."

"No, I did not intend you should know a breath of it until it was too late to repair the damage. I have just told you that you have lost many valuable contributions toward the building up of THE NATIONAL; but as I do not wish to be a busybody in other people's affairs, I only cite my own experience to show you what you have irretrievably lost. In the present instance, you have, as you well know, been the sole cause of preventing me from canceling the obligation at least mentally due; for every time I put forth my hand to do the dictates of my heart, you have, like an evil spirit, stood between me and my task, frightening, ridiculing, and crushing the very thoughts of my head out into a vast chaos, from which it were a hopeless thing to think of ever recovering them again. But that is not all. Every one has some favorite among his household gods, and mine, O sorrow, was THE NATIONAL; longing to do it some honor, I resolved to prepare an offering worthy of the shrine. From time to time, I labored with diligent hands, not to mention the trifling assistance of my head, in gathering up many mites, farthings, pence, and pounds, all of which I intended to lay on its altar; and, how carefully I kept them, how nicely I polished them, it is needless to tell. But strange enough, a conviction, which it was impossible to shake off, was dayly impressed on my mind, that the priest at the altar would certainly refuse my offering. My thoughts, I confess, were something besides vexatious; I grew desperate, and resolved that an offering *should* be made, so, gathering up my mites, farthings, and pence, which I had kept with religious care, I looked them all over to see that none were missing, put them into decent order, and then—"

G. "Sent them to—"

"Pray, do not interrupt me! I looked them over to see that none were missing, put them into decent order, and then laid them in the fire!"

G. "Mercy! was there nothing at all saved?"

"Nay, verily! *gans und gar nichts!*"

[Exit Ghost in great haste, dropping his dagger, which, on inspection, proves to be only a curiously disguised steel pen.] MARY, OF CINCINNATI.

THE CENTRAL PARK, in the upper section of this city, is to be a grand affair, rivaling, if not exceeding similar places in the old world. It is to be two miles and a half long and half a mile wide, contains seven hundred and seventy-six acres, including the present distributing reservoir, the ground taken for a new reservoir, and the arsenal grounds belonging to the state. It is as large as Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, in London, combined, and seven times larger than the united area of all the other squares and public places in this city. It extends from Fifty-ninth street on the south, to One Hundredth-street on the north, and from the Fifth to the Eighth Avenues. The lower extremity is about five miles from the Battery, and the upper extremity the same distance from the northern end of the island. It is to be artistically laid out and planted with a variety of ornamental trees, and to present:

First.—A principal road or drive, which shall, in its entire extent, embrace every feature of importance within the limits, and every prominent view without. This drive to be wide enough to admit of its being used by a large number and variety of vehicles at the same time. To be long enough for an afternoon drive, and not so long as to necessitate the passing over of the same ground twice.

Second.—Another drive, secluded in its charac-

ter, to be used by such persons as desire to be more retired.

Third.—Certain roads devoted to equestrians to the exclusion of vehicles.

Fourth.—Certain walks devoted exclusively to pedestrians.

Fifth.—Certain traverse roads at convenient distances to allow of an easy transit across the Park for business and other purposes.

Sixth.—A level space prepared for and allotted to military exercises; of sufficient extent to admit of every description of field manœuver, either by regiment, battalion, brigade, or division, infantry, cavalry, or artillery.

Seventh.—A cricket ground for the encouragement of and an indulgence in athletic and manly sports.

Eighth.—Spaces devoted to botanical and horticultural purposes.

A MILLIARD.—The *Assemblée Nationale* has the following curious speculations concerning this fabulous coin:

"People may not in general have a clear idea of what a milliard 1,000,000,000fr. in silver is. A milliard weighs five millions of kilogrammes; it would take 2,000 carts, drawn by four horses each, to transport it by land. By water, it would require a vessel like Noah's ark, namely, 309 cubits by 50, with a depth of 30 cubits. Were 5,000,000 of kilogrammes forced into bars of an inch square, their total length would be 655,000 meters, or more than enough to encompass Paris with a railing ten feet high. Were a milliard of five franc pieces arranged side by side on a breadth of four meters, (the usual breadth of the paving of the Imperial roads,) the length thus covered would be three leagues more than the distance between Paris and Rouen. A single line formed by a milliard of franc pieces would be 28 millions of inches in length, or 750 leagues more than the circumference of the earth. Lastly, had the milliard, at the time of the birth of Jesus Christ, been inclosed in a machine so constructed as to cast out one franc piece per minute, this machine would still have to be kept a-going for about 62 years longer, in order to exhaust the milliard."

POETRY BY MACHINERY.—There is a great deal of rhyme perpetrated now-a-days which seems to be merely mechanical. There is no soul in it. We have not had the pleasure of inspecting any of these machines for the manufacture of English verse, but for the amusement of our younger readers we give a mechanical scheme for the production of Latin hexameters. It is said to be the invention of Cluverius, who died in Leyden in 1623. The construction of the scheme is ingenious, but simple enough when analyzed. For instance, looking at the first table for hexameters, and the method of all is alike, although slightly complicated in details from the different numbers of letters (not syllables, with a rare exception or two) in the different words, the method consists in placing the first letters of the words in succession, then follow the second letters, and so on; as, for example's sake, if we wished to write *bid, bad, bud*, in this way, it would be done thus: *b, b, b, i, a, u, d, d, d.* The following are the tables in the regular order for hexameter verses:

HEXAMETERS I.

T. I. P. H. A. M. B. L. E. U. G. E. O. S. A. A. U. F. R. N. S.
R. P. R. R. R. F. B. E. S. R. E. T. B. I. E. I. A. I. I. B. I. A.
D. R. D. [ ]. M. D. A. A. R. A. A. A. E. A. A. [ ]. [ ]. A. [ ]. [ ].
[ ]. E. [ ]. [ ]. E. E. [ ].

HEXAMETERS II.

F. S. D. B. V. S. C. S. T. A. I. A. E. I. I. A. C. E. T. G. M.
L. N. S. S. O. L. A. N. N. L. C. T. T. R. A. [ ]. A. A. A. L.
R. R. T. [ ]. E. [ ]. [ ]. [ ]. A. A. A. A. A. E. E. E. E.

HEXAMETERS III.

S. F. P. T. D. P. P. P. F. E. O. A. U. O. A. U. A. E. Q.
R. T. I. M. T. T. L. R. U. I. I. S. I. E. O. A. U.
I. S. [ ]. [ ]. [ ]. T. [ ]. M. N. [ ]. [ ]. S. S. T. [ ]. T.
[ ]. T. S. T. T. S. S. T. T. T.

HEXAMETERS IV.

P. P. P. P. P. M. C. P. P. R. R. R. O. R. O. A. R.
R. Æ. O. O. R. O. N. U. Æ. O. M. R. M. T. D. S. S.
N. M. O. I. I. E. U. T. A. A. U. N. T. T. N. C.
R. B. R. L. S. A. T. D. U. A. U. R. G. T.
N. U. U. N. B. N. A. A. R. T. N. N. T. U. T.
N. N. A. [ ]. T. T. [ ]. N. [ ]. T. T. N. T. [ ]. [ ].
S. T. S. [ ]. [ ]. T. S. S. T. S. [ ]. S. T. S. [ ]. [ ].

HEXAMETERS V.

T. P. P. V. L. F. A. C. S. E. O. R. E.
U. Œ. G. R. I. M. C. Æ. R. M. D. M. I. D.
P. U. L. B. I. E. I. M. E. O. L. I. E. N. R. N.
I. R. R. A. A. R. A. A. A. N. A. A. [ ]. [ ]. A. [ ].
[ ]. [ ]. A. [ ]. [ ]. E. E. [ ]. E. E. E. [ ].

HEXAMETERS VI.

D. S. Q. A. P. M. D. N. S. V. Æ. U. C.
R. V. I. I. Æ. R. P. Æ. E. A. L. R. G.
V. A. E. D. R. V. T. A. R. A. [ ]. [ ].
A. B. A. A. [ ]. A. [ ]. [ ]. [ ]. M. A.

Each of these lists of letters contains nine complete words, and these in the first table form the initial dactyl of a hexameter line. The way in which the word is evolved out of the maze is this: select any figure up to 9; say, for instance, 4. Name this figure, and then call the letter at the top on the left hand 5, and so on till nine, which will be found to be A. Write this letter down. Then proceed to count nine more from A, and this will bring the traveler to S; and so on to P, next to E, after that to R, and finally to A. This completes the word *Aspera.* Commencing with any other digit will show corresponding results, and nine different adjectives will reward the process. The same method pursued with the other tables will produce nine words in each, any one of which will serve the mechanical versifier's turn.

Verses may be constructed upon this model *ad infinitum*, having only the two or three grand drawbacks—first, that the rythm of the verse is monotonous; secondly, that the changes are rung upon the five or six words in a line, *usque ad nauseam;* and, thirdly, (but this can scarcely be considered a defect, inasmuch as it were not reasonable to have looked for aught else,) that the sense this strange jumble of words makes in the majority of cases is—sheer nonsense.

To save our readers the trouble of deciphering the tables letter by letter, we subjoin the nine hexameter verses:

	1		2		3		4		5		6	
9	Turbida	1	fata	1	sequi	1	præmonstrant	1	tempora	1	dura	1
8	ignea	2	signa	2	foris	2	proritant	2	pocula	2	sæpe	2
7	Pessima	3	damna	3	pati	3	promittunt	3	prælia	3	quædam	3
6	horrida	4	bella	4	tuis	4	portendunt	4	verbera	4	acerba	4
5	aspera	5	vincla	5	domi	5	producunt	5	lumina	5	prava	5
4	martia	6	sistra	6	patet	6	monstrabunt	6	fœdera	6	multa	6
3	barbara	7	castra	7	puto	7	cansabunt	7	agmina	7	dira	7
2	lurida	8	scorta	8	palam	8	prænarrant	8	crimina	8	nigra	8
1	effera	9	tela	9	ferunt	9	promulgant	9	sidera	9	sæva	9

PREMONITIONS.—There is a premonition related of Professor Bohn, teacher of Mathematics at Marburg, by Stilling. He was suddenly seized with a conviction, one evening, while in company, that he ought to go home. But being very comfortably taking tea, he resisted the admonition, until it returned with such force, that at length he was obliged to yield. On reaching his house he found everything as he had left it; but he now felt himself urged to remove his bed from the corner in which it stood, to another; he resisted this impulsion also. However absurd as it seemed, he felt he must do it; so he summoned the maid, and, with her aid, drew the bed to the other side of the room; after which he felt quite at ease, and returned to spend the rest of the evening with his friends. At ten o'clock the party broke up, he retired home, went to bed and to sleep. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a loud crash. A large beam had fallen, bringing part of the ceiling with it, and was lying exactly on the spot his bed had occupied. Another is related of a gentleman who, when absent from home once, was seized with such an anxiety about his family, that, without being able in any way to account for it, he felt himself impelled to fly to them and remove them from the house they were inhabiting, one wing of which fell down immediately afterward. No notion of such a misfortune had ever before occurred to him, nor was there any reason whatever to expect it, the accident originating from some defect in the foundation. One of the most singular cases of presentiment is affirmed to have occurred on board of a British ship, while off Portsmouth. The officers being one day at the mess-table, a young Lieutenant P. suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned extremely pale. He then rose from the table, covered his face with his hands, and retired from the room. The president of the mess, supposing him to be ill, sent one of the young men to inquire what was the matter. At first Mr. P. was unwilling to speak; but, on being pressed, confessed that he had been seized by a sudden impression that a brother he had then in India was dead. "He died," said he, "on the 12th of August, at six o'clock; I am perfectly certain of it." No argument could overthrow this opinion, which, in due course of post, was verified to the letter. The young man had died at Cawnpore at the period mentioned.

—

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—Dr. Johnson remarked that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man."

—

ORIGIN OF THE MALAKOFF.—Some ten years ago a sailor and rope-maker, named Alexander Ivanovitch Malakoff, lived in Sebastopol, and by his good humor, jovial habits, and entertaining qualities, became the center of a select circle of admiring companions. Like many great conversationalists and wits, Malakoff contracted most intimate relations with Bacchus; and under the influence of the latter he participated, in 1831, in some riots which broke out in the town, and which had one result, that of the dismissal of Malakoff from the dockyard in which he was employed. Being incapable of turning himself to any more reputable trade, he opened a low wine-shed on a hill outside of the town, and introduced into practice the theoretical notions which he had acquired by a long and zealous study of the nature of beer-houses and wine-shops. His trade prospered; his old admirers crowded round him; and in their enthusiasm Christened the wine-shed, which soon expanded into a large public house, and the hill on which it was built, by the name of the popular host. In time a village grew around the public house, and was likewise called by the name of Malakoff. But the entertaining and imaginative founder of the place in his deepest cups could never have dreamed that one day his name would be in the mouths of all men, and that one of the heroes of a great war would esteem it as an inestimable title of honor.

—

THE NATURALIST AMPERE AND DOGS.—This celebrated student among animals, who at one time decided against their capacity to reason, was driven by a storm into a village public house, and ordered a roasted fowl. Arago, in his biography of Ampere, relates the circumstance, and the change of the naturalist's faith, as follows:

"Old fashions then prevailed in the south of France, and turnspits were still employed in the place of the modern jack. Neither caresses, threats, nor blows could make the dog act his part. The gentleman interposed. 'Poor dog, indeed!' said the landlord sharply; 'he deserves none of your pity, for these scenes take place every day. Do you know why this pretty fellow refuses to work the spit? It is because he has taken it into his head that he and his partner are to share alike, and it is not his turn.' Ampere's informant begged that a servant might be sent to find the other dog, who made no difficulty in performing his task. He was taken out after a while and his refractory partner put in, who began, now that his sense of justice was satisfied, to work with thorough good will, like a squirrel in a cage. A similar anecdote was related by M. de Liancourt to the great Arnauld, who, with other Port Royalists, had adopted the theory of Descartes, that dogs were automatons and machines, and who, on the strength of this conviction, dissected the poor creatures to observe the circulation of the blood, and denied that they felt. 'I have two dogs,' said the remonstrator against this cruelty, 'who turn the spit on alternate days. One of them hid himself, and his partner was about to be put in to turn in his place. He barked and wagged his tail, as a sign for the cook to follow him, went to the garret, pulled out the truant, and worried him. Are these your machines?' The great Arnauld, mighty in controversy and redoubtable in logic, must have had a latent consciousness that the turnspit had refuted him."

—

MAXIMS OF CONFUCIUS.—The wise man does not speak of all he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.—Attention to small things is the economy of virtue.—Raillery is the lightning of calumny.—Man may bend to virtue, but virtue cannot bend to man.—Repentance is the spring of virtue.—Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it.—He who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is a novice both in the one and the other.—Ceremony is the smoke of friendship.—The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.—When men are together, they listen to one another, but women and girls look

at one another.—The tree overthrown by the wind had more branches than roots.—The dog in the kennel barks at his fleas, but the dog who is hunting does not feel them.—Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.—The prison is shut night and day, yet it is always full; the temples are always open, and yet you find no one in them.

SMALL CHANGE.

SHELTERING ourselves behind that most solid and serious of the Quarterlies, the *Edinburgh Review*, we begin paying out SMALL CHANGE this month by a quotation from its pages. The extract may be entitled "A HEARTY LAUGH."

"What a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious thing a good laugh is! What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice, and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, the grinders of folly or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idiocy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Button's transformation—under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like 'a thing of beauty,' it is a 'joy for ever.' There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting, except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laughter, and one witness, there are forthwith two laughters. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic."

—

FRENCHIFIED ENGLISH.—At sea, in a terrible storm, one of the passengers, a Frenchman, ventured to ask the captain about their prospects. "If the wind does not abate," was the reply, "in half an hour we shall all go to the bottom." "Parbleu," replied the Frenchman, "that will be uncomfortable!"

Similar, but more decidedly French, and quite as comical to English ears, is the translation of Satan's address as given by Milton. The verse commencing

"Hail! horrors, hail!"

is thus rendered into the French vernacular:

"Comment vous portez-vous, Messieurs Horreurs!"

That is, to bring it back again into English, "How d'ye do, Messrs. Horrors!" While on this subject we may add that Count las Casas has in his collection at Paris a curious document, said to be the first and only attempt of Napoleon Bonaparte to write in English, of which the following is given as a transcript:

"Count las Casas—since sixt week I learn the English and I do not any progress. six week do fourty and two day if might have learn fivty word for day, I could know it two thousands and two hundred. it is in the dictionary more of fourty thousand even he could must twenty bont much ofteen for know it ov hundred and twenty week which do more two years, after this you shall agree that to study one tongue is a great labour, who it must do in the young aged. Lorwood (Longwood) this morning the seven March thurdaday, one thousand eight hundred sixteen after nativity the year Jesus Christ.

BUT sometimes a Frenchman, with his broken English, is more than a match even for an astrologer, as shown in the following, which comes to us as veritable matter of fact:

"Monsieur Fricandeau was arrested for an assault and battery on Herr Jacob Mitnacht, a German gentleman, lately arrived in this city, who condescends to tell fortunes by astrological observations. The cause of the quarrel is thus related by Monsieur Fricandeau: 'I 'ave lost my leetle dog female Heloise; I hear Monsieur Mitnacht know something about everything, and I go to him and say, "Sare, I vill give you von dollare if you vill tell me my Heloise's fortune, and vare I find her." He say, "Vat is dat Heloise? Is she your vife?" I say, "No; but I lufs her much better dan six, seven vifes, or I vould not give you von dollare for bring her back." Den he say, "You must tell me ven Heloise was born, and I kalkelate her nativitee." So I tell him all dat, and pay him ze dollare, and he make figure on ze papier, and tell me Heloise vas gone off wid an autre man, and would come back nevare no more. And I ask him vat dat toder man vould do vid Heloise; vould he make sassage? He say no, he vould marry her ven he got toder side of the vattare. Den I laugh, ho! haw! and tell him Heloise vas von dog female. So he got mad, and call me von French homebug, and say I vant to cheat him, and vy I not tell him sooner dat Heloise vas not vun voman. I say, "Vy ze star no tell you dat? You 'ave got my dollare on ze false pretense, and I vill give you ze law tout suite."'"

—

Most of our readers are familiar with the poem entitled "Surnames ever go by contraries," from the pen of Horace Smith. The following, in the same vein, strikes us as equally happy in its allusions to the other sex. It was written by Mrs. Wilson, and is entitled:

MISNOMERS.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,
Miss White is as red as a berry,
Miss Black has a gray head of hair,
Miss Graves is a flirt ever merry;
Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone,
Miss Rich can scarce muster a guinea,
Miss Hare wears a wig and has none,
And Miss Solomon is a sad ninny!

Miss Mildmay's a terrible scold,
Miss Dove's ever coarse and contrary,
Miss Young is now grown very old,
And Miss Heaviside's light as a fairy!
Miss Short is at least five feet ten,
Miss Noble's of humble extraction;
Miss Love has a hatred toward men,
While Miss Still is forever in action.

Miss Green is a regular *blue*,
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily,
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view,
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly!
Miss Goodchild's a naughty young elf,
Miss Lyon's from terror a fool,
Miss Meo's not at all like *myself*,
Miss Carpenter no one can rule!

Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse,
While Miss Groom from the stable will run,
Miss Kilmore can't look on a corse,
And Miss Almwell ne'er leveled a gun;
Miss Greathead has no brains at all,
Miss Heartwell is ever complaining,
Miss Dance ne'er has been at a ball,
Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes *reigning!*

Miss Wright, she is constantly wrong,
Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny;
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
And, alas! poor Miss Cash has no money;
Miss Bateman would give all she's worth
To purchase a man to her liking,
Miss Merry is shocked at all mirth,
Miss Boxer the men don't find *striking!*

Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow,
Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb;
Miss Joy still anticipates woe,
And Miss Charity's never 'at home!'

Miss Hamlet resides in a city,
The nerves of Miss Standfast are shaken;
Miss Prettiman's beau is not pretty,
Miss Faithful her love has forsaken!

Miss Porter despises all froth,
Miss Scales they'll make *coals*, I am thinking,
Miss Meekly is apt to be wroth,
Miss Lofty to meanness is sinking;
Miss Seymore's as blind as a bat,
Miss Last at a party is first;
Miss Brindle dislikes a striped cat,
And Miss Waters has always a thirst!

Miss Knight is now changed into Day,
Miss Day wants to marry a Knight,
Miss Prudence has just ran away,
And Miss Steady assisted her flight;
But success to the fair—one and all!
No mis-apprehensions be making:
Though wrong the dear sex to *mis-call*,
There's no harm, I should hope, in MISS-TAKING.

While in the vein poetical peruse these punning lines, not by Hood, entitled,

THE VEGETABLE GIRL.

Behind a market stall, install'd,
I mark it every day,
Stands at her stand the fairest girl
I've met with at the bay.
Her two lips are of cherry red,
Her hands a pretty pair,
With such a pretty turn-up nose,
And lovely reddish hair.

'Tis there she stands from morn till night,
Her customers to please,
And to appease their appetite
She sells them beans and peas.
Attracted by the glances from
The apple of her eye,
And by her Chili apples, too,
Each passer-by will buy.

She stands upon her little feet,
Throughout the livelong day,
And sells her celery and things—
A big feat, by the way.
She changes off her stock for change,
Attending to each call;
And when she has but one beet left
She says, 'Now that beat's all.'

LEGAL ANECDOTES.—We string together a few legal anecdotes, which are too good to be lost. They are, of course, located "out West," that region so famous for its luminous jurists. The first illustrates the ruling passion for "poker," seen among Western members of the bar. The court is in session, the judge is on the bench, and the case of Smith *vs.* Brown is called up. "All ready!" shouts the counsel for defendant, but the counsel for the plaintiff does not respond. "Who's for the plaintiff?" inquires the judge, somewhat impatiently. "May it please the court," says a rising member of the legal fraternity, "Pilkins is for the plaintiff, but I left him just now over in the tavern, playing a game of poker. He's got a 'sucker' there, and he's sure to skin him if he only has time. He's got the thing all set to wring in a 'cold deck,' in which case he will deal himself four aces and his opponent four queens, so that your honor will perceive he must 'rake the persimmons.'" The look of impatience banished from the face of his honor at once, and an expression more of sorrow than anger took its place. At length he said, with a heavy sigh, "Dear me, that's too bad! It happens at a very unfortunate time. I am very anxious to get on with these cases!" A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the judge. "Bill," said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pilkins, who had spoken, "you understand poker as well as Pilkins—suppose you go over and play his hand!"

At another time counsel took some exception to the ruling of the court on a certain point, and a dispute arose. "If the court please," said the counsel, "I wish to refer to this book for a moment," at the same time picking up a large law volume. "There's no use o' your referring to any books," exclaimed the court, angrily, "I have decided the p'int!" "But, your honor," persisted the lawyer. "Now I don't want to hear anything further on the subject," yelled the court; "I tell you again, I have decided the p'int!" "I know that," was the rejoinder, "I'm satisfied of that; but this is a volume of Blackstone—I'm certain he differs with your honor, and I only want to show you *what a tarnation fool Blackstone was!*" "Ah, that indeed!" exclaimed the court, smiling all over, "*now* you begin to talk." . . . On a similar occasion the affair did not end so happily. The court decided a point adverse to the views of counsel. Counsel was stubborn, and insisted that the court was wrong. "I tell you I am right!" yelled the court, with flashing eyes. "I tell you, you are not!" retorted the counsel. "I'm right!" reiterated the court; "hang a nigger if I ain't!" "I say you ain't!" persisted the counsel. "Crier!" yelled the judge, "I adjourn this court for ten minutes!" And jumping from the bench, he pitched into the counsel, and after a very lively little fight placed him *hors du combat*, after which business was again resumed, but it was not long before another misunderstanding arose. "Crier," said the court, "we will adjourn this time for twenty minutes!" And he was about taking off his coat, when the counsel said, "Never mind, judge, keep your seat—the p'int is yielded—*my thumb's out o' joint, and I've sprained my shoulder!*"

From lawyers the transition to juries is easy; and their verdicts, not to confine ourselves to the West, are sometimes queer. Everybody has heard of the case, we believe it was in this city, where the sapient twelve answered the inquiry of the court by saying, "We find the defendant not guilty, and hope he won't do so again."

Prisoners have before now been declared guilty, and recommended to mercy on the ground that the jury weren't *quite sure that they did it!* A jury found a man guilty of arson, *with* $100 *damages*. Another set of "clodhoppers," trying a man for murder, and being much confused by the judge telling them that upon the same indictment, if not satisfied as to the capital crime having been committed, they could find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter, just as they could on an indictment for child-murder find a woman guilty of concealing the birth; after deliberating for a long while, found the man *guilty of concealing the birth of the deceased!*

Again in the case of a man indicted for burglary, the proofs were so clear against him, he having been caught in the fact, that it was presumed no defense would be attempted. His counsel, however, made a long and flaming speech, and protested that *he* believed the man

to be innocent. The judge told the jury that it was unnecessary for him to sum up, as they could have but one opinion. After conferring a moment, they turned round and deliberately pronounced a verdict of "Not guilty," to the amazement of every one in court. Of course the prisoner was, without further question on the case, discharged. Meeting one of the jurymen next day, we politely inquired the reasons which influenced them in giving so curious a verdict, and met with the following reply: "Well, sir, we be most on us P—— men, and though the judge said *he* thought the prisoner were guilty, *our recorder* [who was the man's counsel] said *he* thought he warn't, and we like to stick up for our recorder!"

—

Witnesses are at times amusing, and occasionally provoking, as in the following case reported in one of our city papers:

The court asked: Did you see this fight or assault?

Witness. Louder, if you please; I'm hard of hearing.

The court, (in a loud voice.) Did you see this affair?

Witness. Louder, if you please; I'm most deaf.

The court, (at the top of his voice.) Did—you—see—this—fight?

Witness. Well, I was at the window opposite.

The court. Did—you—see—it? I ask.

Witness. Well, I wasn't fur off; I was lookin'.

The court, (with great impatience.) Do answer my question, and tell me if you saw this fight.

Witness. You will have to talk a little louder, judge. I'm pretty deaf.

The court said he had not the strength to examine such a witness, and called to his aid a man of better lungs to ask the question, who roared them out in a voice that filled the room like a clap of thunder.

Q. Did you see this fight?

Witness. Well, I s'pose you'd call it so; I wasn't fur off lookin'.

Q. What did you see?

A. Well, I saw him come up, and they seemed to be abusing one another, and, I thought, talking provoking.

The court. Let us come to the point at once. Ask him which struck first. [The question was accordingly put.]

A. Well, they seemed to be knocking away at it a little.

Q. Which man struck the first blow?

A. Well, I should think he hit him a pretty smart rap on the head.

Q. Who?

A. My eyesight ain't none the best.

The court. Tell him he either saw it or did not see it; ask him which.

A. Well, I was looking; wasn't fur off; my eyesight ain't none the best; I'm part blind as well as deaf.

Q. Could you see what was going on?

A. Well—I—don't know. I might see, as you'd term it; I was looking; I s'pose I saw it; I think I did, as you'd term it.

Q. Did Smith strike the first blow?

A. Well, I don't know as you'd term it strike; he shook his fist; I guess he struck him, as you'd term it.

The court, (to the counsel for defense.) There, Mr. S——, what kind of a witness do you call this—*as you'd term it?* I don't want to hear him.

S. If your honor please, he is an honest man, but old, and not very bright.

The court. That's very evident. If you have a witness that knows anything, bring him on. I don't wan't any more of this—*as you'd term it.*

—

The Cost of a Fine Lady.—The great historian, Joseph Hume, in speaking of a brilliant star in the galaxy of fashion, said:

"I saw her dancing in the hall. Around her snowy brow were set five hundred pounds; such would have been the answer of any jeweler to the question, 'What are those diamonds?' With the gentle undulation of her bosom there rose and fell exactly thirty pounds ten shillings. The sum wore the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was invested in ten guineas, represented by a slip of lilac satin; and this was overlaid by thirty guineas more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully down each side of the latter were six half crowns, which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margin of the thirty guinea skirts were edged with eleven additional guineas, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waist, taking zone and clasp together, I calculated to be confined by thirty pounds sterling. Her delicately rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled the little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with twenty-two pounds five and sixpence, and, putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say she wore fourteen and sixpence on her feet. Thus, altogether, was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, arrayed from top to toe, exclusive of little sundries, in six hundred and forty-eight pounds eleven shillings."

—

Early Marriages.—The early marriages of the present day seem at least to have one moral effect; they remind us of the alarming *flight of time!* A gentleman who has had much experience in the world thus poetically describes the influence of it:

"Mother call'd our baby Josey,
And she was our pet and pride;
No one thought of scolding Josey,
When she pouted, frown'd, or cried.

"Only think how years crowd round us,
Bringing trouble, bringing change;
Now THAT baby's got a baby;
Bless me! ain't it very strange?"

—

The Woman's Rights Convention.—The *Charleston* (S. C.) *Standard* introduces its report of the recent Woman's Rights Convention at New York by the following "spread eagle" head:

"Tremendous Revolution—Four and Twenty Hoops in a Row—Dry Nurses on a Strike—The Pillows and Bolsters of Society badly Shaken—Emancipation of the Tongue Feminine—Katherine and Petruchio, with an interchange of characters—

"'Little boy, little boy, who made your breeches?
Mamma cut 'em out and daddy sew'd the stitches.'"

—

Don't Try to Talk Latin.—"No use in my trying to collect that bill, sir," said a collector to his employer, handing the dishonored document to the latter. "Why?" "The man who should pay it is 'non est,'" replied the collector. "Then take it and collect it, sir. A 'non est' man will not fail to meet his obligations."

—

State of Morals in the Interior.—Rev. J. D. Williams complains in the *Boston Trumpet* that the spirits have committed plagiarism upon him, a spiritual paper having published a sermon as from the spirit of "the late Brother Turner," which the said Williams wrote and printed himself several years ago. This is very reprehensible in the spirits, when it is so easy a thing to make a satisfactory sermon.

—

The Inquisitive Yankee.—A gentleman riding in an Eastern railroad car which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed, in a seat before him, a lean, slab-sided Yankee; every feature of his face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a more "inquiring mind." Before him, occupying an entire seat,

sat a lady dressed in deep black, and after shifting his position several times, and manœuvering to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye:

"In affliction?"

"Yes, sir," responded the lady.

"Parent? father or mother?"

"No, sir."

"Child, perhaps? a boy or girl?"

"No, sir, not a child; I have no children."

"Husband, then, I expect?"

"Yes," was the curt answer.

"Hum! cholery? a tradin' man may be?"

"My husband was a seafaring man, the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera; he was drowned."

"O, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant.

"Save his *chist?*"

"Yes; the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow.

"*Was* they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up. "*Pious* man?"

"He was a member of the Methodist Church."

The next question was a little delayed, but it came.

"Don't you think you have great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and saved his *chist?*"

"I do," said the widow abruptly, and turned her head to look out of the window. The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query, in a lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward, over the back of the seat: "Was you calculating to get married again?"

"Sir," said the widow, indignantly, "you are impertinent!" And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car.

"'Pears to be a little huffy?" said the ineffable bore. Turning to our narrator behind him:

"What did they make you pay for that umbrella you've got in your hand?"

—

"What are you about, my dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy who was sidling along the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I'm trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room, without letting the gentleman see it, for papa wants him to think he's out."

—

A handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding day. One of her bridesmaids asked the subject of her meditation. "I was thinking," she replied, "which of my old beaux I should marry in case I should become a widow."

—

Candid on Both Sides.—"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a humbug?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

Recent Publications.

In the new edition of *Dr. Robinson's Researches in Palestine*, (1856,) the learned author refers to the disputed question between himself and the late Dr. Olin, relative to the ruins of an arch, and their identification with the bridge mentioned by Josephus. He says:

"I have left untouched the account of my first visit to the ancient arch, and the identification of it with the bridge mentioned by Josephus. Two reasons led to this course: first, because the account is in itself simply truthful; and, secondly, because its truthfulness has been called in question. This charge, refuted at the time, has, since the decease of its author, been repeated in the stereotyped volumes of his Life, without any intimation that it was ever met or denied. It becomes therefore necessary here, to record in like manner the evidence of its falsehood." (Vol. 1, p. 606.)

This is rather sharp language. One would infer from it, that somebody who is dead told a falsehood about Dr. Robinson, which somebody's biographer has repeated and stereotyped. Justice to the living as well as the dead demands a plain statement of the facts in the case.

Dr. Olin in his "Travels" speaks of a broken arch, supposed to be the remains of an ancient bridge connecting the Temple with Mount Zion. He speaks of it not as a new discovery, but as a fact that had been long known to travelers. These are his words: "Its existence has long been well known to Europeans and other residents, as well as visitors."

The *North American Review* for October, 1843, in an article of great bitterness, which some persons were uncharitable enough to attribute to Dr. Robinson himself, says of the paragraph just quoted, "We *know* (it) to be a mistake." The reviewer then goes on to say: "We are assured, on good authority, that in Jerusalem the discovery *is uniformly ascribed to Dr. Robinson*, both by residents and travelers."

As if this was not sufficient, the gentleman adds, in a kind of anti-climax: "We believe," (first he said "we know," then "we are assured," now "we believe") "that if his (Dr. Robinson's) name was broadly inscribed on the front of the ruin, it would not be more indelibly associated with it than it now is in the mind of the visitor."

For some time, in consequence of these strictures, Dr. Olin rested under the imputation, among those who knew him not personally, of having attempted to rob Dr. Robinson of the credit due to him as an original discoverer; as having stated, in fact, what was not true. In a few months thereafter, however, the most ample confirmation was given to Dr. Olin's statement by gentlemen of unimpeachable veracity, who could have no possible motive to state anything but the truth. They were men of another religious denomination, and they volunteered their statements. The curious reader will find the whole of this evidence in the "stereotyped" Life of Dr. Olin, vol. ii, p. 235,

seq. We may add, also, that the original letters, from which we make very brief extracts, are still extant.

The first is from Mr. C. Hamlin, a missionary, at the time in the employment of the American Board. He says:

"I read Dr. Robinson's note in the *North American* of July, 1844, *with profound surprise*, being confident that I had heard Mr. Homes affirm that *he* informed Dr. Robinson of the existence of that arch *as a remnant of the bridge spoken of by Josephus.* I remembered his remark with perfect distinctness, as we had some speculations in regard to the *modus operandi* of Dr. Robinson's mind in appropriating the discovery so entirely to himself, and the *most charitable explanation* we could give was, that he was so overjoyed at the discovery that *he forgot that he did not make it.*"

Mr. Homes, to whom Mr. Hamlin refers, was also a missionary. He says:

"In the spring of 1838, at the time of a missionary council in Jerusalem, I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Robinson. . . . *I told him of the existence of this now famous arch.* . . . And before he went to see it, I remarked to him on the probability that it was *the bridge mentioned in history as going from the Temple to Mount Zion.*"

In a subsequent letter Mr. Hamlin says:

"Mr. Homes has shown me the journal of his residence in Syria, and under date of May, 1837, is this brief minute: 'THE BRIDGE CROSSING FROM MOUNT ZION TO MOUNT MORIAH.' The entry was made at the time when he first began to regard the arch as a remnant of that bridge, and that was *nearly one year previous to Dr. Robinson's visit to Jerusalem.*"

So much for a *discovery* "uniformly ascribed to Dr. Robinson!" with whom we have no controversy. Personally, not less than for his works' sake, we hold him in high esteem. We have put these facts on record as a simple act of justice to a very dear friend, now with the blessed. Stephen Olin was incapable of asserting a willful untruth, and we cannot but think that Dr. Robinson himself will regret having used the language above quoted. He certainly must see that until he can prove Messrs. Hamlin and Homes both guilty of deliberate falsehood, it is perfectly idle to parade certificates from men who say, doubtless truly, that *their* first knowledge of the historical importance of these ruins was derived from Dr. Robinson. A thousand others might say the same, without giving him the right to be called the original discoverer.

—

Seven Years' Street-Preaching in San Francisco, California; embracing Incidents, triumphant Death-bed Scenes, etc. By REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR. Published for the author by *Carlton & Porter.* One would suppose that if the Gospel can be preached successfully in the public streets of a place like San Francisco, it might be done in the streets of any of our Eastern cities. And yet is not done. Many attempts have been made, but in a very little while the preachers have become discouraged and ceased from all efforts, in this way, to bring sinners to Christ. What is the reason? A perusal of Mr. Taylor's introductory chapters leads us to believe that the fault has been with those who have made the attempt; that they have not pursued the right course at the beginning, and that the obstacles in the way have been unduly magnified. Certainly it will not be pretended that here, in New York, for instance, we have to deal with more profligate sinners or more abandoned characters than make up the motley population on the shores of the Pacific. And yet the author of the volume before us has preached in the streets of San Francisco, in the immediate neighborhood of rum-shops and gambling saloons, more than six hundred times, in less than seven years. His congregations were large, for the most part serious; and an occasional outbreak or disturbance from lewd fellows of the baser sort, was uniformly quieted by the tact of the preacher, and frequently resulted in the furtherance of the Gospel. We commend a consideration of his *modus operandi* to those ministers of Christ, in our large cities, who have hearts to feel for the perishing thousands who never hear the glad tidings of the Gospel; while the incidents in the author's own experience as a missionary of the cross, will secure for his volume a large class of readers.

—

A very pleasant and entertaining volume for a leisure hour is *Tales and Takings, Sketches and Incidents, from the itinerant and editorial Budget of* REV. J. V. WATSON, D.D. *Carlton & Porter.* The numerous friends of the author will be glad to possess so pleasing a *souvenir* of a great and good man, who passed to his endless rest soon after he had prepared the present volume for the printer. Its title indicates its contents. They are pleasing narratives, moral tales, graphic sketches, most of which appeared in the columns of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, of which the author was editor. They are of various merit, but all highly interesting. The sketch of John Newland Maffitt, the well-known popular preacher, is the only discriminating analysis of that inexplicably mysterious character that we remember to have met with. A correspondent, for whose responsibility Dr. Watson vouches, relates the following, the reading of which suggests the query whether in our own minds we may not have done injustice to the erratic revivalist:

"I first heard him from the pulpit in the city of Baltimore, when, in 1829, '30, his eloquence had attracted the attention of such vast crowds as constantly pressed their way into the churches where he was expected to preach; and, like many others, with no better means of forming an opinion, became prejudiced in mind, and entertained opinions unfavorable to his genuine piety. Years passed away before I again met him, and then it was upon his visit to St. Louis. Circumstances seemed to direct that, during that visit, his residence should be with my family. We were glad to entertain the man whose career of usefulness had marked his way in every city and town he had visited, and who came now to St. Louis, to use his own emphatic language, 'to battle for the Lord.' And yet I found in my own mind a lurking of former prejudices, which, notwithstanding the charm his presence threw around the social circle, still had an influence upon my feelings, until at last an incident occurred which satisfied *me* of the genuine piety of Maffit, and unfolded to my view, to some extent at least, the source from whence came his power in the sacred desk.

"He was asked by several friends to preach a sermon upon the '*Divinity of Jesus Christ.*' In accordance with that request, he announced from the pulpit of the old Fourth-street Church, that, on the next Sabbath morning, (which, if my memory is not at fault, was the first Sabbath in May, 1840,) he would deliver a discourse upon that subject. As was usual with him, he had appointments for Tuesday and Thursday evenings of the week, at which he did not, as was usual with him, exhibit that brilliancy of thought and power of oratory for which he was so preëminent. On Friday and Saturday he kept his room closely. Occasionally I called on him, and found him pacing the floor or surrounded with papers strewn in every direction. I thought I could observe something unusual in his ap-

pearance, so much so as to produce some uneasiness in my own mind. I therefore approached him on Saturday evening, and said, 'Brother Maffitt, something seems to be the matter with you; can I render you any assistance?' His reply was, 'Brother, my mental anguish is almost beyond endurance; my heart is hard as a rock; God seems to have left me in total darkness; not the first ray of light has yet flashed upon me for the work of to-morrow. And such is the agony of my mind that my body has broken out in red spots.' Then opening his bosom, I was astonished to see the appearance which presented itself: the entire chest was covered with splotches as if scorched by the fire. Said he: 'If I could find relief to my mind, this would pass away. But,' he continued, 'leave me, brother; I must seek relief at the cross.' I left him and retired to my room, and then to rest. Late at night, a low murmur from his room awoke me. Fearing he was sick, I arose, and passing through the hall to his door, gently opened it, and, upon looking in, I found his bed yet untouched. Upon the opposite side of the room I beheld him upon his knees, with the Bible open before him resting upon a chair, his face upturned toward heaven; and in deepest agony, I heard him plead with God to assist him this once, if never again, to present to the people their hope of salvation. While I thus stood gazing, as I thought, upon the most sublime spectacle I ever beheld, the clock in the hall struck three; it was three o'clock Sunday morning, and yet his bed was not tumbled, nor was his agony at the foot of the cross subdued. I turned away subdued in feeling, with every vestige of former prejudice gone, and with a determination in future to be charitable to all mankind.

"When the morning came, and the bright sun ushered in the Sabbath day, I again entered his room, and found him sleeping sweetly and soundly as if nothing was to engage his attention for the day. The hour for preaching had nearly arrived, and I awoke him. Then he was himself again; bright and elastic as a bird. He had wrestled at the cross in the silence of the night until God had heard his cry, and granted him relief. And that sermon preached by Rev. John Newland Maffitt, on that first Sabbath in May, 1840, in St. Louis, upon the 'Divinity of Christ,' is still fresh in the memory of such men as Wesley Browning and others, still remaining to bear record of its power."

—

Duties, Tests, and Comforts, is the title of a little volume from the press of Higgins & Perkinpine, Philadelphia. It is also for sale by *Carlton & Porter*. The author, Rev. Dayton F. Reed, is evidently in earnest, and here gives utterance to most important truth. The longer essays are, one on *enlarged* beneficence, and one on *systematic* beneficence. Then follow some twenty shorter articles, all aimed directly at the conscience, and admirably calculated to incite the reader to good works. The volume is accompanied by a preface from the pen of Dr. M'Clintock, who commends it highly.

The author's zeal has led him, we assume, into a rather important arithmetical error. Ten cents a week from each of the 783,358 members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, would amount to a large sum, but not to "upward of forty millions of dollars annually," as the author tells us it would.

—

The Household Angel in Disguise, by Mrs. Madeline Leslie, is a religious novel, dedicated to the memory of the author's father, the late Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods of Andover. One of the heroines is called *Alice Cary*, and of course we expected to be interested in *her* personal history, but on turning over the pages we find that it is not *our* Alice, as the lady in question changes her name, and becomes Alice Stanley, which our gifted contributor never did, and, so far as we know, has no intention of doing. As to the story itself, it is rather above the average of recent novels of the same class, and is altogether unexceptionable in its moral tone. (Boston, *Shephard, Clark, & Co.*)

—

It has become quite common for authors to collect their fugitive pieces—sermons, reviews, public addresses, and similar productions—and publish them in more permanent form in goodly sized volumes. We have now, under the general title *Religious Truth Illustrated from Science*, a series of lectures and sermons delivered on various occasions during the last fifteen years, by Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D. They are worthy of the neat garb in which they are clothed by those enterprising publishers, *Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*, and the perusal of them will conduce alike to the entertainment and edification of the reader.

—

Parlor Dramas, or Dramatic Scenes for Home Amusement. By William B. Fowle. We noticed favorably a former work by Mr. Fowle entitled "The Hundred Dialogues." The present is a more ambitious performance, and although "the pieces have all been composed in great haste," they will be of service in those schools and families where dialogues are spoken. That they tend to encourage a fondness for theatrical performances will always be an objection to the enacting of dramatic scenes in the parlor or elsewhere.

—

The religious public are under obligations to the *Messrs. Carter* for a neat edition of Bishop Beveridge's *Private Thoughts upon Religion and a Christian Life*. It is a work too well known to need commendation, and having been long out of print in this country, many will be glad to obtain a copy in these two 18mo volumes, embellished with a portrait of the pious and gifted author.

—

Neighbor Jackwood, by Paul Crayton, is a story of our own times, evincing ingenuity on the part of the author, and ending with matrimony and glimpses of connubial bliss. (*Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*)

—

The Old Chest and its Treasures, by Aunt Elizabeth, is a collection of anecdotes and interesting incidents, mostly religious, and all of good moral tendency, from the press of *M. W. Dodd*.

—

El Gringo; or, New Mexico and her People. By W. W. H. Davis. (*Harper & Brothers.*) New Mexico was ceded to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe de Hidalgo, with the exception of a narrow strip along the southern border, which was purchased under what is called the Gadsden Treaty. It contains an area of more than two hundred thousand square miles, including the region between the Arkansas River on the east, and the Colorado on the west. It is bounded on the north by Kansas and Utah, and on the south by Texas and Mexico. No portion of territory subject to the United States is so little known to the general reader, and Mr. Davis has performed a valuable service by giving his own personal experience to the public in this modestly written volume. He made the journey from Independence, Missouri, to Santa Fé, a distance of about one

thousand miles, in the wagon which conveys the United States mail monthly between the two places. His long journey is graphically described, and his pen-pictures of scenery on the route, adventures, perilous and ludicrous, together with his descriptions of the New Mexicans, their customs, superstitions, trade, agriculture, and knavery, make El Gringo a very amusing as well as instructive volume.

—

Carlton & Porter publish for the Sunday-School Union, in a duodecimo volume of four hundred pages, *Annals of Christian Martyrdom*. By the author of *The Lives of the Popes*. It is divided into two parts, the first, entitled the "Martyrs of Pagan Rome," begins with the Jewish persecutions in the early history of the Christian Church, and ends with the Diocletian persecution in the fourth century. Part second is entitled "Martyrs of the Middle Ages." It includes the persecutions under Julian the Apostate, martyrdoms among the Persian, Gothic, and African Christians, Mohammedan persecutions, missionary martyrs, the Waldenses, the Lollards, etc., the whole forming a condensed narrative of the sufferings and triumphs of Christ's devoted followers, and affording a strong argument for the divinity of the Christian religion.

—

To *Harper's* Classical Library have recently been added *The Tragedies of Euripides*, literally translated or revised, with critical and explanatory notes, by THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, in two neatly-printed duodecimo volumes. These are unquestionably the best translations extant in the English language. The notes are not only critical, but evince good scholarship, and are well worthy of the attention of the student.

—

Volumes for Sunday-school libraries are issued by the several "Unions" with great rapidity. Indeed, there seems to be more anxiety about the number than about the quality of books thus officially put into the hands of our children. Hence, English publications, having frequently no adaptation to the wants of American Sunday-school scholars, are hurried through the press, and their titles having been inserted in the catalogue, they find their way into juvenile libraries all over the land. We have an illustration of the evil to which we wish to direct attention in a work now before us. It is entitled *Stories for Village Lads*, and was published originally by the London Religious Tract Society. Immediately after it reached this side of the Atlantic it was caught up by at least two Sunday-School Unions, and put to press for the edification of our little ones. Well calculated as these stories may be for that class of young men in England for whom they were written, we submit that they are altogether unsuitable for the children who are usually found in our Sunday schools. They reveal to them scenes of vice of which happily in this country they know nothing, and of which it were better for them to remain ignorant. We advert not now to the fact that they are stories, mere fictions; but to make our meaning plain let us analyze the first tale of the series. It is entitled *A Day at the Fair*. Robert, the hero of the story, has a holiday. He starts early in the morning to have a day's pleasure at the fair:

"For an hour or two he did little besides walk about from booth to booth, or from show to show, wondering at all the clever and extraordinary things that were to be seen, and admiring all that was to be admired; pleasing himself every now and then with thinking how much more agreeable it was to have nothing to do but to look about him at his leisure than to be stumping along between the plow-stilts, or loading a dung-cart till his arms ached; wishing, moreover, for his part, that every day were a holiday.

"But this walking about in the hot sun was dry work, and Robert began to feel thirsty and hungry into the bargain; and, meeting with an acquaintance or two, he was *quite ready to step into a public house* with them, where he was easily enticed *into drinking much more ale* than his head could bear. Then they went to a booth where hot dinners were provided for all comers; and here, again, Robert was tempted to accompany the savory provisions *with another allowance of beer*."

After guzzling the ale and the beer, Robert, with his companions, strolled about the fair, gazing at the strange sights, until at length,

"Robert and his companions, hot, tired, and thirsty, thought *another pint or so* would not do them any harm."

Here, that is, at this groggery, the young man was robbed of his watch, and what did he do then?

"Like a simpleton, as he confessed himself to have been, he hastened to the public house, determined to drown that vexation in *an extra pint of beer*."

All these extracts are taken from four consecutive pages. It would be quite a sum in arithmetic for tyros in the Sunday school to cipher up how much ale and beer the hero swallowed in the course of an hour or two. First, he drank "much more ale than his head could bear;" then he had "another allowance of beer;" then, being thirsty, he had "another pint or so;" and then "an extra pint of beer." He was drunk, it seems, at the first public house, having taken *much more* ale than his head could bear. What he was at the last our little children are left to imagine. But Robert goes on from drinking to gambling, and from gambling to fighting; and, upon his return home, an old man gives him advice which, so far as it goes, is well enough. It amounts to about this: Don't drink too much when you go to the fair.

The second story in the series is in a loftier strain. Bearing in mind that it is here published with the avowed object of its being put into the hands of Sunday-school scholars, boys and girls, we ask parents and teachers to ponder upon its probable effect; and, in all earnestness, we beseech those who have the control of these matters to be a little more careful of their selections, and not always to infer that, because a volume is published for one class of readers in England it is therefore suitable for Sunday school children in the United States. It may be cheaper to reprint this kind of trash than to pay for original and suitable books, but is it fair, just, right, thus to fill up libraries designed for the lambs of the flock? To give some idea of this second of the *Stories for Village Lads*, let us question this bright-eyed little boy of eleven summers, who reads everything that comes in his way:

Q. What is the story about, my son?

A. It is called *The Danger of Bad Company*, and is about an apprentice boy called Thomas.

Q. What kind of a boy was he?

A. Stout, active, and tolerably good tempered and steady.

Q. Did he fall into bad company?

A. Yes. There was an idle, dishonest boy in the village by the name of Mark, "known as a frequent visitor of the village ale-house."

Q. Where did Thomas get acquainted with him?

A. At the village ale-house.

Q. Did Thomas often go there?

A. O yes. "Every evening after work was over he started off, and when he returned it was often plain that he had been drinking."

Q. Drinking what?

A. I don't know, but I guess ale, as it was an ale-house, you remember.

Q. What other bad things did Thomas do?

A. He used "profane and filthy language in his common conversation."

Q. What else?

A. Well, I hardly know. O yes, he went a fishing.

Q. Was that bad?

A. It seems so. The books call it poaching. He was caught at it, and put in prison for two months.

Q. Put in prison for catching fish?

A. Yes. But that did him no good, for he came out worse than he went in.

Q. Tell me more about Thomas.

A. One night the public house was thronged with company. Thomas, of course, was there. "Much beer was drank for the good of the house." A stranger gave a lecture about the rights of the poor, and he "patted Thomas on the shoulder," calling him a "hearty young fellow."

Q. And what then?

A. Then Thomas determined to have revenge upon the man who put him in prison, and he went at midnight and set fire to a wheat stack, which was burned up and a barn with it.

Q. Indeed! That was terrible. What then?

A. O! He was found out and sentenced to be hung.

Q. Ah! And was he hung?

A. No. "The day before the execution was appointed to take place, when the gallows was already prepared and the convict's coffin nearly made, an order came from government that execution should be deferred." So the king was "pleased to change the sentence of death to one of transportation for life."

Q. Good. Tell me, now, my son, the practical moral lessons you have derived from this story.

A. Yes, sir. First, not to stay late at ale-houses, nor to go too often, nor to drink too much while there. Not to go a fishing, nor to burn wheat stacks, nor—but I don't know what this means, though it's in the book, not to "speak lightly of young women or behave improperly toward them."

That will do. I hope you will find something more appropriate for Sabbath-day reading in your next selection from the Sunday-school library.

Literary Record.

The Regents of the University have caused to be prepared, under the authority of the Legislature, a new catalogue of the Books in the New-York State Library. From this publication we learn that there has been an increase of twenty thousand three hundred and sixty volumes in five years. The total number of volumes now in the library is forty-three thousand six hundred and thirty-four, of which thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-three are law books.

Correspondence Declined.—The Emperor of China has refused to receive a communication from President Pierce, forwarded by Dr. Parker, who is at Foo-chow-foo. A letter from the Queen of England, forwarded some time since, met with a similar fate.

Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia, are about to publish an important ethnological work, entitled "Indigenous Races of the Earth," by the authors of "The Types of Mankind." The interest created among scientific men by the latter publication is a certain guarantee of the favorable reception of the forthcoming work by the public. Mr. Gliddon's Egyptian researches and high reputation as an ethnologist, eminently qualify him for the branch of scientific inquiry to which he has devoted himself. The same may be said of his *collaborateur*, Dr. Nott, than whom no man stands higher as an antiquarian. These gentlemen are assisted in their present labors by Messrs. Ared Maury, Librarian of the Institute of France, Francis Pulzky, Fellow of the Hungarian Academy, and Dr. Aitken Meggs, Librarian of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

The first book printed in the New World was in the city of Mexico. It was printed in the Spanish language, in the year 1544, and was entitled "Doctrina Christiana por eo los Indos." The first publication made in English, in America, was the "Freeman's Oath," an Almanac for 1639, nearly a hundred years after the work published in Mexico.

Olden Times.—Bishop Meade, of Virginia, has for some time been engaged in writing the history of old churches, ministers, and families in Virginia. In a recent communication in the *Southern Churchman*, the bishop speaks of Governor Page, who was a devoted Christian. He was a man of wealth for those times, and highly esteemed for his many excellences. After he retired from his duties as governor, he became a member of Congress, which then sat in the

City of New-York. He was not only the patriot, soldier, politician, and well-read theologian, but a most endeared father; and during the session of Congress it was his custom constantly to correspond with his children. One of his letters, written sixty-eight years ago, shows that New-York at that period was not half as large as Philadelphia, and that the supply of water was furnished from "one well." There are some at the present day who remember the "Old Tea Water Pump," which afforded that supply. We reproduce the letter from Governor Page to his son:

"NEW-YORK, March 16, 1789.

"MY DEAR BOBBY: My letters to your brother Mann and your sisters will inform you how and when I arrived here. I will tell you, then, what I have not told them, and what you, a young traveler, ought to know. This town is not half so large as Philadelphia, nor in any manner to be compared to it for beauty and elegance. Philadelphia, I am well assured, has more inhabitants than Boston and New-York together. The streets here are badly paved, very dirty, and narrow, as well as crooked, and filled up with a strange variety of wooden, stone, and brick buildings, and full of hogs and mud. The College, St. Paul's Church, and the Hospital, are elegant buildings. The Federal Hall also, in which Congress is to sit, is elegant. What is very remarkable here is, that there is but one well of water which furnishes the inhabitants with drink, so that water is bought here by every one that drinks it, except the owner of this well.

"Four carts are continually going about selling it, at three gallons for a copper; that is, a penny for every three gallons of water. The other wells and pumps serve for washing and nothing else. I have not time to say more about this place and the other towns through which I passed, but will by some other opportunity write you whatever may be worth your knowing. You must show this to Frank. Give my love to him, and tell him I will write to him and Judy next. Kiss her for me, and be a good boy, my dear. Give my love to your brothers and sisters, and to your cousin Mat and Nat. Tell Beck (a maid servant) that Sharp (the servant that went with him) is well, and sends his love to her, (his wife I suppose.) That God Almighty may bless you all, my dear, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate father.

"JOHN PAGE."

The last work of N. P. Willis, "Paul Fane," has been severely handled by the London *Athenæum*. The writer concludes a rather lengthy review of it, in the following manner:

"'Paul Fane,' in short, is a novel of a thoroughly bad class, and the badness has weighed on its author's wonted powers of writing gracefully. From the later books of Mr. Willis we had fancied that time had brought counsel to his style and health to his mind. Let us hope that 'Paul Fane' is but a temporary relapse, discouraging as are the symptoms which it exhibits."

History of Napoleon III.—Captain Morrison, of the English army, has written a history of Napoleon III. The French papers publish the following letter of thanks in return for a presentation copy:

"PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, Dec. 6, 1856.

"SIR—When the truth is so often distorted, it is consoling to see a disinterested and dispassionate writer take upon himself the task of collecting documents which render to facts their certainty, and to intentions all their purity. This delicate task you have been good enough to undertake in my favor, and, as I have observed in many passages of your work, you seem to have accomplished it. I am very thankful. It is not for me, doubtless, to praise a book which contains the narrative of my life; but I may at least be permitted to express to you how sensible I am of the noble motive which inspired the work. Accept, sir, with my sincere thanks, the assurance of all my sentiments.

"NAPOLEON."

M. Lamartine has sent a circular to each of the many thousand subscribers to his monthly work, the *Cours Familier de Litterature*, asking for a renewal of their subscriptions for the second year. He says:

"I regard my subscribers, sir, not as a public, but a family of friends. I am aware that benevolence toward myself personally had more to do with your subscribing than any literary curiosity had. I am not humiliated by this, but rather proud of it, for I like cordial affection better than glory. If a wish to give me some useful assistance in my work really had any great share in inducing you to put down your subscriptions for 1856, I venture in person to ask you now frankly to continue it for 1857."

Arts and Sciences.

The Studio of Powers, at Florence.—A visit to Powers's studio is at all times interesting. In portrait busts he stands unrivaled, both for rendering of character and delicacy and beauty of finish. Wisely submitting art to nature, he finds in every line and wrinkle of the human face an expression of individual character and nature. The body is the soul's expression; and there is no line, however faint, no wrinkle, however minute, but has its foundation in the heart, mind, or brain of the individual. The finest portrait bust extant is universally acknowledged to be that of Seneca, in the Museum at Naples, and there is not the hundredth part of an inch in that bust without its line or wrinkle. It is to this recognition of the soul's chiseling of the face that Powers owes his supremacy in the difficult art of portrait busts. There is at present in his studio a female figure, emblematical of America. Partially and gracefully draped, she stands, leaning her right hand on the Union, represented by a bundle of rods bound firmly together; a diadem of thirteen stars upon her head, in token of the thirteen original States; her left foot trampling upon chains, the emblem of tyranny; the arm and hand raised toward heaven, as invoking blessing on the republic. The figure is a government commission intended for the Capitol at Washington. Mr. Powers is a man of considerable mechanical genius, and there exists in this day a curious proof of his combined artistic and mechanical power in the Museum at Cincinnati, where a dark room is fitted up as the "Inferno," with various devices of ghosts, devils, and hanged malefactors, starting out from unexpected corners and recesses, modeled and arranged by him in his youth. The visitor views this strange scene through an iron grating, and should he chance to place a hand on the bars, an electric shock from a concealed battery adds not a little to the effect. Mr. Powers has adopted a method of his own

of modeling, using plaster instead of clay, by which means the risks of drying and cracking, so well known to sculptors, are done away with altogether, and the first model is produced in a solid and endurable material capable of taking a high finish. The great difficulty of this new material was the instantaneous clogging of the file in use among sculptors by the powdered plaster. Mr. Powers's mechanical talent here came to his assistance. He invented and made by hand a file of a peculiar formation, altogether getting rid of the evil, and admirably adapted to the needs of all workers in soft metals, wood, etc. Hand file making was, however, too laborious a process for a man of his energy and skill, and he is just completing a beautiful piece of machinery by which a large number of these files may be made in a day, and which, once completed and made known, will greatly facilitate the labors of many crafts.

A Bridge to Brooklyn.—The New-York *Courier and Enquirer* says: "Mr. Nowlan, an Irish-American engineer, has shown us his plan for uniting this city and Brooklyn by a grand bridge. This plan possesses merits, and if we are ever to have a bridge erected, it should receive the consideration to which it is justly entitled. As to the practicability of his undertaking he has no doubts. He proposes to erect the bridge from the foot of Fulton-street, the ascent to it being gradual, commencing on one side at Peck-slip, and on the other at Maiden-lane. The ascending way being of iron work, would not interfere with the travel upon the street. The width of the bridge is to be seventy-four feet, its height one hundred and twenty-five feet above high-water mark, and the span of the arches three hundred feet. The bridge is to be supported upon iron cylinders resting upon mason work. Such a bridge would necessarily be expensive, but it is supposed that it would pay a good interest. One peculiar feature in it is, that in its construction neither bolt, screw, nor nut would be used. The *Scientific American* regards this plan as the most ingenious yet proposed."

How they make Envelopes.—New departments of business are yearly springing up in our midst. Branches of manufactures which, a few years since, were deemed of comparatively trifling importance, have now become so important as to absorb a very large amount of capital. Such a branch of manufacture is the making of letter envelopes. For some time past, this business has doubled in extent every twelve months, and now four millions of envelopes are made, weekly, in the city of New-York. Most of the work is performed by machinery. A ream of paper, or about five hundred sheets, is placed under a knife, of a shape corresponding with an envelope when entirely opened, which is forced down by a powerful screw-press, worked by a hand lever. The pieces cut out, slightly adhering at the edges, from the action of the knife, resemble a solid block of wood until broken up. The flap is afterward stamped by a similar process, a boy being able to prepare fifty thousand per day in this manner, taking one, two, or three envelopes at each movement of the hand. They are then taken by one hundred girls, seated at long tables, by whom they are folded and gummed. A single girl will apply the gum to sixty or seventy thousand in a day, and from five to six thousand may be folded in the same time. In these processes, the girls acquire great celerity and skill, being stimulated by the wages offered, which vary from twelve to thirty cents for each one thousand. The envelopes are next counted, banded, and packed. Some varieties are embossed, or otherwise decorated, requiring additional labor. In some establishments, machines are employed for folding and gumming the envelopes, instead of girls. These machines are very curiously constructed. Each piece of paper, upon being cut into the proper shape, is placed on a kind of artificial hand, which conveys it over an aperture of the size of an ordinary letter, when a plunger drives it through, gumming and folding it in the process. It then falls into a box, which, by revolving at intervals, is gradually filled up with packages of twenty-five, ready for use. These machines average fifty thousand envelopes per day, and are capable of turning out eighteen per minute.

It has been proved beyond dispute that the Aurora Borealis (Northern Light) is composed of electric matter. The effect of the Aurora, it is found, increases or diminishes the electric current used in working the telegraph wires. Sometimes it entirely neutralizes them, so that, in effect, no fluid is discoverable in them. The Aurora Borealis must, therefore, be composed of a vast mass of electric matter resembling in every respect that generated by the electro-galvanic battery. The currents from it charge the wires, and then disappear as the mass of the Aurora rolls from the horizon to the zenith.

Statuary for the Capitol.—A correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser*, at Rome, gives a description of the fine statuary in Crawford's studio, designed for the Capitol at Washington, and for private citizens. The statue of "America" is thus described:

"The figure is twenty feet high, and stands with the right hand resting on a sheathed sword, and the left on the shield of our country. On the breast are the initials of the United States, and a delicate drapery is so arranged as to form rays of light proceeding from the letters. The ample folds of an outer drapery fall majestically around the statue, leaving only the hands and a portion of the neck uncovered. For the usual cap, the artist has substituted a helmet, the crest of which is an eagle's head, with a richly falling plume of feathers. The countenance is wondrously beautiful, full of dignity and lofty purpose, earnestly and thoughtfully looking out into the great future. The statue of an 'Indian,' intended for the eastern pediment, is a nude figure, expressive of profound grief for the death of his nation. The anatomy and prose of the figure are admirable; but the great speechless woe that bows the head upon one open palm, while the other hand is clinched in agony, is a triumph of art. The Indian woman, too, bending over the child calmly resting on her bosom, while before her lie the lonely graves of her race—those graves beside which is her only place of rest—is a sad, sweet poem, and a touching embodiment of a woman's and a mother's grief. Several bas reliefs for the bronze doors of the Capitol, representing national events, are to be cast at the Munich founderies."

At Maestricht, in Holland, about three hundred liege coins, bearing the effigies of the various bishops of the eleventh century, have just been discovered. They are nearly a century older than any of the same class of coin that have heretofore been found.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1857.

AURORA.

THE LAKES AND LEGENDS OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

SIXTY years ago the greater part of Central New York was called the Onondaga Military Tract. The soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the Revolutionary army were each entitled by act of Congress to one hundred acres of bounty land, which the Legislature of our state resolved, the 27th of March, 1783, to increase to six hundred for those who had served in the New York line. The Indian title to the part of Central New York east of Seneca Lake was, with the exception of a few reservations, extinguished by the Albany Treaty of 1788–89, and the military lands were located there immediately after. The tract, embracing the present counties of Cayuga, Cortland, Seneca, and Onondaga, with parts of Steuben, Wayne, and Oswego, was laid out into twenty-eight townships (the latter divided into lots of six hundred acres each) in the years 1789, 1790, 1791.

The officers who superintended the survey of the Military Tract, fresh from the Revolutionary war, and familiar with the history of the early republics of Greece and Rome, named these townships chiefly after the warriors and sages of classical times.* Many of these names are still re-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

*The names of the twenty-eight military townships were Hector, Ulysses, Solon, Cincinnatus, Ovid, Romulus, Scipio, Aurelius, Brutus, Camillus, Marcellus, Sempronius, Tully, Fabius, Pompey, Manlius, Cicero, Lysander, Hannibal, Cato, Galen, Junius, Sterling, Milton, Locke, Homer, Virgil, and Dryden.

tained. Galen and Junius, embracing the marshes at the foot of Cayuga Lake, and the most worthless part of the entire tract, were divided principally among the surgeons and chaplains of the army (little esteemed by the men of war) and the friendly Indians of the Oneida tribe. Hector and Ulysses reposed side by side; Cato and Brutus were divided by the river of Seneca; Ovid and Milton smiled at each other across the fair Cayuga, while Scipio and Hannibal were placed far apart. But few of the old soldiers, however, settled upon their claims. Their habits had unsuited them for the life of pioneers, and as several years had elapsed since the close of the war, many of them had died or engaged in other pursuits. Most of the land fell into the hands of speculators. Many farms of six hundred acres were sold for a suit of clothes or a few gallons of whisky.

The price of the land warrants in 1788 was $8, and in 1792 only $30. Many of the same lots are now worth $100 per acre. But what the old soldiers lost in this way they made up, in part, by selling their claims many times, every day, if possible.

The soil was exceedingly fertile, and the climate, especially on the Cayuga and Owasco, very fine. In the beautiful grounds of Dr. Thompson at Aurora, a name well known to the horticulturists of New York, I have seen growing the Deodar Cedar, the true Cedar of Lebanon, and the Paulonia from India, with tender plants and shrubs from various parts of the world. The lake is rarely obscured by fogs, while the atmosphere is almost too dry for the culture of flowers.

In my last article I brought the history of Aurora down to the autumn of 1790. As winter approached the settlers erected more substantial dwellings than the little cabins in which they had passed the summer. In this labor they assisted each other, for it required the entire strength of the little colony to raise the heavy logs with which these houses were built. The mutual dependence of the settlers is well illustrated by an incident which occurred at Scauas (Seneca Falls) the same year, or perhaps the year previous.

A Mr. Bear determined to erect a grist mill, but when all the timbers were framed it was found that the whole force of the neighborhood was unable to put them in an upright position. The carpenter was in the habit of attending church at Geneva, and spoke of their dilemma to the minister. The latter advised him to have a number of boats in readiness, and after the services he stated the case to the congregation. It was resolved at once to lend a helping hand to so useful and humane an enterprise. The boats were manned, and before sundown the good work was finished. The party returned home the same Sabbath evening, trusting that their motives would be received with lenity, if not with entire approbation.

The little colony of Aurora prospered during the winter, and the following months brought a considerable addition to their number. The clearings were enlarged, and an abundant harvest rewarded the labors of the hardy woodsmen. One of the men, acting as a herdsman, drove the cattle over to the "Flats" at the head of the Owasco for pasturage during the summer, while a number of others prepared hay for the winter on the wide marshes of Montezuma. There were some turbulent persons in the settlement, but for the most part they lived quietly and happily. The first child born in the county was a daughter of Mr. Durkee. We have no account of the first marriage, but from the earliest event of that nature in the town of Phelps, a few miles west of Cayuga, we learn how simple and unpretending were the usages of the times. Tradition says that the father of the young lady who wished to enter into that tender relation was obstinately opposed to the union of his daughter with the person of her choice, and that he had forbidden him to enter his house. As the young suitor, afterward Judge Annin of Ontario County, was riding past the dwelling of his inamorata, in company with Squire Sisson, she happened to be milking her father's cows near the highway. The young woman willingly, though blushingly, set aside her milk-pail for a moment, and the lovers, standing up under an old Indian apple-tree, in the soft and dewy twilight of a lovely summer morning, were solemnly declared to be man and wife. The opening daisies and the patient animals, looking on with their tender eyes and fragrant breath, were the only spectators.

The squire and the bridegroom went on their way, and Mrs. Annin finished milking the cow which she had begun as Miss

Read. The parents of the lady, making a virtue of necessity, became reconciled to the union, and, for aught that has come down to us, the young people were as happy as if they had been married in a parlor, with joyous guests, instead of beneath the old apple-tree, with blushing morning as a bride's maid, and among the honest-faced cows.

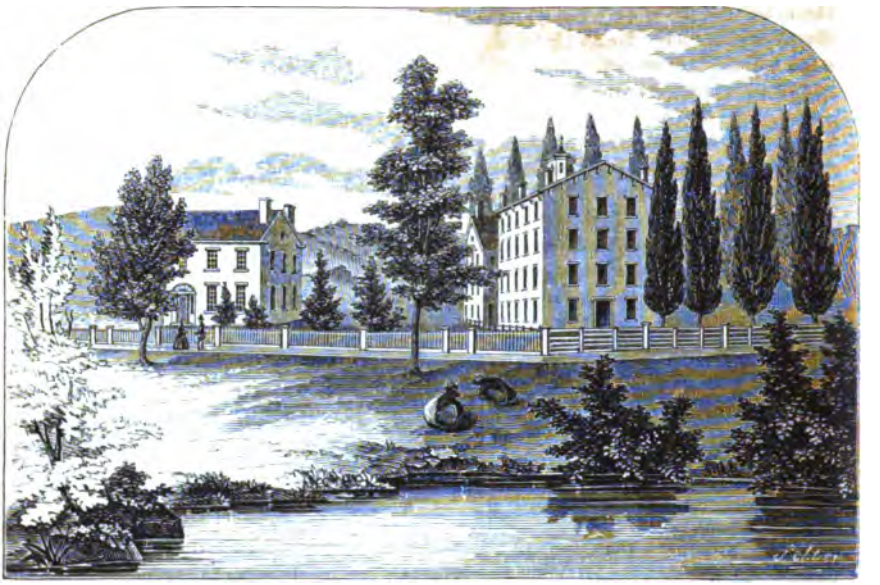
Among the pioneers who came to Aurora in 1791 was one Seth Phelps, a man destined to have much influence in the affairs of the settlement. He was an insolvent merchant, and brought into the Lake country but little more than a barrel of rum. Captain Franklin, whom, after a life of remarkable hardship and suffering, fortune seemed at last to have favored, kindly received Phelps, supplied him, in his poverty, with a team and farming utensils, and permitted him to plow and sow within his own inclosures. Phelps brought on his family the following spring, and his generous friend took them into his own house, and suffered them to live there during the summer, free of expense.

When Captain Franklin and his company emigrated to the Lake country, they expected to lease land from the Indians in whose possession it then was. In that, however, they were defeated. With the exception of about fifty square miles of reserved territory, the Indian title to the Onondaga Military Tract was extinguished by the Albany Treaty of 1788–89, previous to which time, however, the Legislature had forbidden any person to purchase land of the Indians without special authority.

The principal reservation lay on both sides of Cayuga Lake, extending back four miles from either shore, and from Aurora, northward, to the salt spring of Montezuma, so as to include the latter. Hence a lease from the Indians was not valid. Mr. Franklin was unfortunate in another respect. When the state surveyors laid out the Military Tract, his house and half of his improvements were found to be upon the Reservation. This, however, was through no want of care on his part. There were Border Ruffians in those times as at present. The Indians complained that fifteen or twenty other families had purposely settled upon their reserved lands, and caused them great annoyance. The intruders paid no attention to the proclamation of Governor Clinton, warning them to leave the Reservation, so that in 1792, by direction of the Legislature, he sent out a company of dragoons to dispossess them by force.

The troops did their work thoroughly. With but one exception, the houses were burned and the families thrown upon the charity of their friends. Captain Franklin's dwelling was near the line, and he requested permission of the sheriff to remain until spring, which was granted, provided he could satisfy the Indians. In the meantime he set about securing the title to the lot adjoining the reservation on which his improvements had been made. Neither Captain Franklin nor Mr. Phelps was able to pay for it, but the latter promised to go East, find the owner of the land, and in some way procure means to make the purchase for himself and friend. The six hundred and forty acres upon which Aurora now stands had fallen to an old Revolutionary soldier by the name of Beauschatan, who asked for them the sum of $600. By the request of Phelps a Mr. Wolworth advanced that amount for one half of the lot, and for a slight additional consideration gave to the former the remaining half, thereby excluding Captain Franklin altogether, and even depriving him of the improvements he had made. This act of ingratitude on the part of Mr. Phelps caused the death of the old pioneer who had so greatly befriended him. Captain Franklin was now growing old and infirm, and this great misfortune, coming after a life of sorrow and vicissitude, led him to believe that he had been forsaken by God and man. He sank into a forlorn and pitiable state of mind, and, though closely watched by his friends, shot himself a few rods from his own dwelling. He had previously attempted to commit suicide by fastening a rope, tied round his neck, to a tree, and then leaping from the bluff. In the last and fatal attempt he put the muzzle of the gun in his ear, and discharged it by means of a stick. Thus died the first settler in Cayuga County.

Mr. Phelps gave his widow a deed of two acres of land adjoining the Reservation and including part of the improvements made by her husband. Some of his best friends appear to have held him free from blame in the Franklin transaction. He afterward kept an open house



AURORA ACADEMY.

for strangers visiting the village. Upon the organization of Onondaga County, in 1794, Mr. Phelps became one of the judges of Common Pleas, and was appointed the first judge of Cayuga County in 1799.

The family of Captain Franklin had endured great privations, but this was the heaviest stroke of all. Often reduced very low, they had risen again, and while the father and head of the family lived, could cheer one another with the prospect of better times. Mrs. Franklin was a brave-hearted woman, inured to trials. Her first husband fell in the massacre of Wyoming, and herself and child, a boy of tender age, were carried into captivity. The latter, unable to sustain the fatigue of the journey to Western New York, was barbarously murdered by one of the savages.

They kept the afflicted mother for some months, until she was on the point of giving birth to an infant, when, with barbarous humanity, she was left alone in the woods. The child was born in due time, but died from want of proper cherishing. The scanty raiment of the mother was reduced to a couple of garments, yet, with a mother's love for her offspring, she wrapped one of these around her babe, and with her own hands buried it, after many kisses and with many tears, under the soft mosses and leaves. She lingered several days near the grave of her little one, suffering greatly from want of food, and the cold, dewy night air.

Hunger, and a lingering hope that she might yet reach a settlement, at last forced her away from the sorrowful spot, and the kind-hearted mother, after many returnings, and often looking back, ventured into the pathless forest, leaving the wild flowers, and birds, and waving trees to guard the grave of her child. The poor creature wandered in despair, almost naked, and not knowing whither to direct her steps, until one day she discovered a number of persons approaching in the distance. Uncertain whether they were whites or Indians, she hid herself in her fright behind a tree, dreading to be seen even by friends in her destitute condition. The party had, however, discovered her, and suspecting that Indians were near, prepared for an encounter. She held out her garment in such a manner as to inform them of her situation. They turned out to be a company of border men from Wyoming in pursuit of the Indians. Her wants were supplied, as far as possible, by the good-hearted men, and not long afterward she reached the settlement in their company, only to find that her house had been burned and her family destroyed.

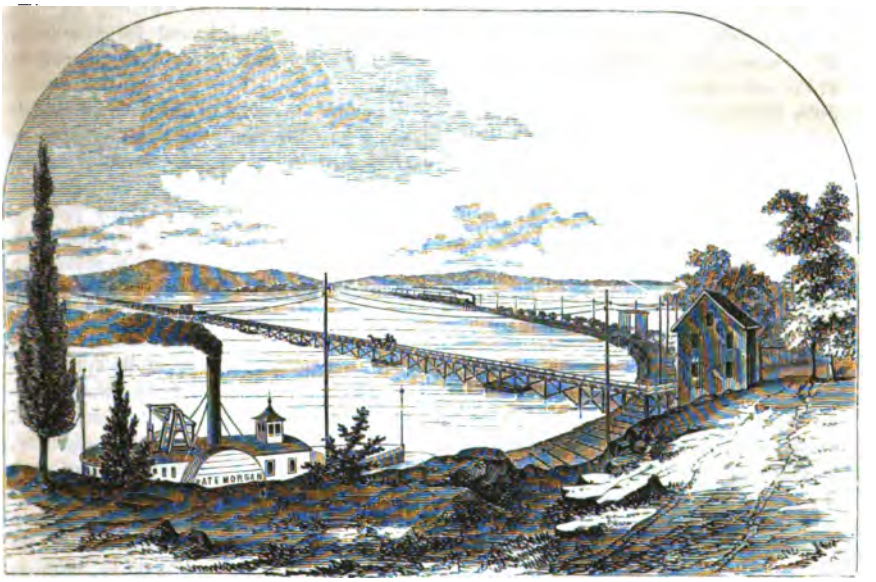
After the death of Captain Franklin his

two sons hired of the Indians that part of their father's clearing which lay on the Reservation. The family lived in their own house, and by persevering industry raised sufficient grain for their support.

In 1794 the Cayuga Indians made a treaty with the governor at the Cayuga Ferry, selling to the state their reservation, with the exception of four square miles on the lake shore near Levanna. The family then purchased by preëmption the lot upon which they had lived, and the gently rising eminence north of Aurora has ever since borne the name of Franklin Hill.

For several years afterward there were frequent disturbances with the natives. Among the Indians who were permitted to roam freely through the settlements was one known as old Indian John, or John Delaware. The latter name would seem to indicate that he belonged to the Delawares, and there is a vague tradition of his having been almost the only survivor of that once powerful tribe. He was tolerated on account of his age and his experience as a hunter, but at the same time feared in consequence of his ungovernable passions when excited by anger or rum. Indian John retained the embroidered moccasins and fringed hunting-shirt, as well as the prejudices and traditions peculiar to his race.

With pain the aged man had witness-



CAYUGA BRIDGE.

ed the encroachments upon the hunting-grounds of his people, and their council fires gradually extinguished. As the early settlers derived no small part of their subsistence from hunting, the rifle and the knife of the old Indian were worthy of close observation, and his skill of imitation.

When the autumnal frosts stripped the forests of their gay attire, the Indian, and the white man prepared alike for the chase, in order to lay in their store before the game should be driven away by the deep snows of winter. In the autumn of 1803 John Delaware and a settler by the name of George Phadoc agreed to share with each other the season's hunt. Well prepared, they erected a bark cabin on Black Brook, a few miles west of the foot of Cayuga Lake.

The white man and the Indian were successful in their hunting for several days, when "good luck" seemed to desert the latter. He lost his usual steadiness of aim; his rifle refused to give its sharp, quick report. The sight of the game laid low by the unerring weapon of Phadoc excited the superstitious passions of the savage. The idea of necromancy took possession of his brain; his eye grew fierce with anger; jealousy was roused to hatred, and hatred to revenge. He went

to Colonel Harris, and asked him to remove the spell which Phadoc had put upon his rifle. His friend, aware of the superstition of the Indian, muttered a few cabalistic words over the gun, and bade the witches depart. Old John, supposing the spell to have been removed, returned to the chase with Phadoc, but with the same result as before.

On the 11th of December, after an unsuccessful hunt on the part of the Indian, they returned to their cabin for rest, leaving the game killed by Phadoc to be brought in the next morning. The wily savage was thwarted that night in his purpose of revenge upon his companion, but disappointment added torture to his maddened brain. At an early hour the following morning Phadoc left the cabin to bring in a deer which he had shot the evening before: when stooping to unburden himself at the cabin door on his return, a ball from John Delaware's rifle just grazed his side and lodged in the animal. Phadoc instantly drew his tomahawk to dispatch the Indian, but a second thought induced him to seize his rifle and hasten to the white man's abode for relief. The nearest families were greatly alarmed, well knowing the ungovernable temper of the old Indian. In their fearful apprehension every tree seemed to shelter the lurking foe, but Indian John did not leave the cabin; he reloaded his rifle, and awaited in patience an opportunity to gratify his desire for revenge, which, unfortunately, soon occurred.

The earliest settler in the township of Tyre, now Clyde, was Ezekiel Crane, who arrived there in 1794. It has been remarked by his wife, who was living a few years ago, that during the first twelve months of her residence in Tyre she never beheld the face of a white female.*

She had patiently shared with her husband the dangers and privations of pioneer life. Now, however, they rejoiced in comforts which seemed like indulgence in comparison with their former want. The past, with all its hardships and toils, appeared to them as a dream; the future was full of hope and promise. Thus happy in the increase of wealth, Mr. Crane determined to enlarge his real estate; and on the morning of Phadoc's disaster, accompanied by Ezra Degarmo, he set out to examine the country a few miles westward, and select such portions as might afterward prove valuable. Well acquainted with Phadoc and Old Indian John, he determined to stop at their cabin and procure a quarter of venison. Having reached Black Brook, they approached the cabin; Crane tapped at the door, and in an instant a rifle ball penetrated the left side of his chest and lodged in the shoulder. He fell, to all appearance, dead. Young Degarmo, unable to remove his companion, and fearing that delay would jeopard his own life, hastened at once to arouse the neighborhood and inform the family of Mr. Crane of the sad event. In the mean time the latter, though mortally wounded, reached the dwelling of Asa Smith, where he lingered for five days, when death released him from his sufferings.

Toward evening of the day on which Mr. Crane was shot, the hardy woodsmen assembled to capture the Indian. They determined that he should be punished by the laws of the land, rightly judging that a penalty thus inflicted carried with it a terror far greater and more abiding in its consequences than ever flows from hasty illegal acts on the part of individuals. Waiting until darkness should conceal their movements, they carefully approached the cabin. The old Indian was standing at the door. Anticipating an attack, his keen eye, with characteristic sagacity, quickly discovered the movement of dark objects among the trees, and instantly he made the forest ring with the war whoop and shouts of defiance. Impressed with the danger of taking him alive, without the sacrifice of one or more of the assailing party, it was difficult to restrain the younger men from shooting him as he stood in front of the cabin.

With a better knowledge of Indian character, the older men procured the assistance of three friendly Indians, by whom the Delaware was first brought to a parley, and finally seized and bound. He was carried to Smith's dwelling, and there met Phadoc. The old man's rage rose to a pitch of fury at the sight of his intended victim. Impotent for harm, a reaction took place, and though he maintained a deadly hatred against Phadoc, he expressed unfeigned sorrow for the death of Mr. Crane.

* For much of my information relative to Mr. Crane I am indebted to Delafield's Description of Seneca County.

Old John was temporarily confined in the lower room of the gate house at the east end of Cayuga bridge. The winter was of unusual severity, and there being no jail in Aurora, the prisoner was kept at Canandaigua during the cold months. In the spring, or early in the summer, he was brought back to Cayuga for trial. The company, only seven in number, traveled on horseback, and somewhat secretly, for it was feared that the Indians would undertake to rescue their companion. The red men claimed that they were not under the jurisdiction of the whites, but the latter insisted upon taking cognizance of all cases, at least, in which their brethren were concerned, while, in fact, they extended their jurisdiction over the Indians themselves.

The escort met several bands of Indians, who, however, appeared to take but little interest in the fate of the Delaware.

In the tavern at Geneva where the company remained over night, some one inquired of Old John why he had murdered Crane.

"Me want to shoot," replied the Indian.

"But they're going to hang you, John!"

"Me no care," responded the old Indian, not sensible in his heart of having wronged any one, (for the savage claims the *right* of revenge,) and in no wise comprehending his own situation.

The trial was held before D. D. Tompkins, judge of the Circuit Court, in the old Academy of Aurora, being the first capital case in the county. I have not seen the records of the court, but several persons who were present have informed me that the trial lasted but a single day.

The Delaware was surly, and took but little notice of what was going on. When asked by the court if he had killed Crane, he raised his honest, familiar face and replied, as if answering the most trivial question,

"Yes, me kill him; me want to shoot!"

The old Indian acknowledged that he had unconsciously taken the life of his friend, but, like an Indian, was not disturbed by any sense of guilt. It was a curious spectacle to see him there, before lawyers and jurors, silent, moody, and childishly ignorant of the strange proceedings around him. What a mockery to him the latter, comprehending neither their nature nor their importance! When, under such circumstances, was justice ever granted to an Indian? Alas, after we have exterminated them by our violence and cruelty we ask, "Who were they?" When their council fires are put out, and they are gone, all gone, to the land of the hereafter, we inquire after their virtues and come to admire the noble race. In our day old Indian John would have suffered imprisonment for a term of years or for the remainder of his life, but the jury convicted him of murder, and he was sentenced to be executed on the 17th of August following. One of the Indians who had assisted in capturing John was at Aurora during the trial. When they led the prisoner into the court room, he supposed that they were going to kill him. The Delaware had sworn to be revenged upon his enemy, and as the latter saw the old man brought out again in the evening, he rushed upon him with a knife, and could with difficulty be restrained from plunging it into his breast.

During the remainder of his confinement Indian John was sullen and gloomy. Mr. Woodruff, the village pastor, and Elder Whipple, both godly men, often visited him to converse about religion, but appear to have had no influence upon the untutored mind of the savage. How vain the hope that he would receive the God of the pale faces, after they had driven his brethren from the earth and condemned himself to die like a dog! Had the Great White Father, indeed, forgotten his Indian children? Old John had no knowledge of God and the redemption, but to the good men who came to talk to him of Jesus, he one day conveyed in a simple and effective manner his idea of life and the future world. The old Indian was, in fact, a man of strong mind and great sagacity. Pointing with a stick to the first of three cracks in the floor, he remarked, "So far me knows as good as you," meaning that by the light of Nature the white man and the Indian wandered in equal ignorance. "So far you knows better than me," he continued, drawing his stick to the second line, and indicating thereby that civilization renders the white man superior to the Indian. "But here me knows again as good as you," he added, after a short pause, giving his companions to understand that they were all alike unacquainted with the secrets of the grave and the mysteries of the future world.

Indian John expressed a wish to be shot, in order that he might die like a warrior,

with his rifle in his hands, but that being denied him, he submitted to his fate with stoical indifference. A gallows was erected in the shade of a venerable oak, near Paine's Creek, a little south of Aurora. The event drew together, for that time, an immense concourse of people. They came in boats and wagons, and by following Indian trails, afoot or on horseback, from settlements many miles distant, bringing their own provisions and prepared to camp by the way. Even many women and children were present to witness the execution. In accordance with the custom of those times, Mr. Woodruff preached a sermon before the assembled multitude, a portion of which was directed to the prisoner. The good pastor said:

"When you were arraigned at the bar of justice you confessed your murderous purpose, and asserted your impenitence; nay, that your designs extended still further; to take the life of every white brother, until your own should be sacrificed. This is the hour of your execution. In a few moments you must die and be arraigned at the bar of God, and there be tried for this and all your other offenses. Although you have not lived under the light of the Gospel, yet such have been the advantages of the light of Nature, and such your intercourse with Christian people, that you never can be justified nor expect to escape eternal condemnation. Jesus Christ came into the world to save just such miserable, ignorant, dying sinners as thou art. Now look up to him; he will bring you unto that great and good Spirit where all the good are gone. It is not now too late, but a few minutes' delay will put it forever beyond a possibility to obtain pardon."

The old Indian listened with stolid indifference. As the sheriff Richmond fastened the rope around the neck of the culprit, he observed in his belt a pipe and a piece of tobacco, put there, the latter declared, to smoke the pipe of peace with his friend Crane in the world of spirits. When the ox cart upon which old John stood was drawn away, his feet were observed to cling to it as long as possible. Being a large and powerful man, he struggled violently for a few moments, and then all was over. It is said that not less than thirty physicians were present to experiment upon the body of the unfortunate man. His skeleton is still in the possession of Dr. Thompson. A few of the natives appear to have been present at the execution. A great panic was caused by the report that the Indians had entered into a plot to massacre the wives and children of the settlers during the absence of the men. No attempt of the kind, however, was made. The execution appeared to have a salutary influence upon the remaining savages, and to this day the mothers of Cayuga often relate to their wondering little ones the story of old Indian John.

When Central and Western New York began to attract a larger immigration the great Genesee Turnpike was opened, fol-

HOBART FREE COLLEGE, GENEVA.

CEDAR HILL, GENEVA.

lowing nearly the old trail of the Iroquois from the Hudson to Lake Erie. This road was the precursor of the Erie Canal, and in its time contributed greatly to building up the West. John Maude, an English traveler, who visited this region in 1800, when Cayuga contained but fourteen houses, states that in the previous February nearly one hundred teams had passed the ferry in a single day, and that during one week ten thousand bushels of wheat had been conveyed across for the Albany market, where the farmers were fortunate if, after all their trouble, they obtained three shillings per bushel. The erection of the bridge began in 1798, by the Manhattan Company of New York, and required eighteen months for completion, at an expense of $150,000. The grant to the company extended to a period of seventy-five years. The bridge was a mile and a quarter in length and twenty-two feet in width. The water varied from six to twenty feet in depth, with an equal stratum of soft mud below. The Cayuga Bridge was as closely identified with the struggles of the political parties of the State as the Erie Canal at a later day. The imagination of politicians gave to the structure a more mysterious interest than it otherwise possessed, although its erection was, for the time, a great undertaking.

On the 18th of September, 1800, the opening of the bridge was celebrated by a grand festival, in which all the inhabitants participated for many miles around. There were speeches, feasting, and dancing to the "harmony" of two violins, the only music that could be obtained. The mile and a quarter trot across the bridge was formerly a great relief to staging on the muddy turnpike, and the structure was for a long time regarded as the connecting link between the East and the great, unknown West.

From the foot of Cayuga Lake stretch away northward the low marsh-lands of Montezuma, an immense tract, which the state is now making an effort to redeem by lowering the Seneca River. Fires sweep over them in the autumn, as over the prairies of the West, consuming the exuberant vegetable growths of the summer and reddening the sky with their lurid glare. The Montezuma marshes are the paradise of mosquitoes. According to a legend of the Onondagas, many, many moons before the arrival of the white men, two huge feathered monsters were permitted by Manitou to descend from the sky and light upon the banks of the Seneca River near Montezuma. Their form was that of a mosquito, and were so large that their shadow, when flying, covered the earth like darkness. Standing on

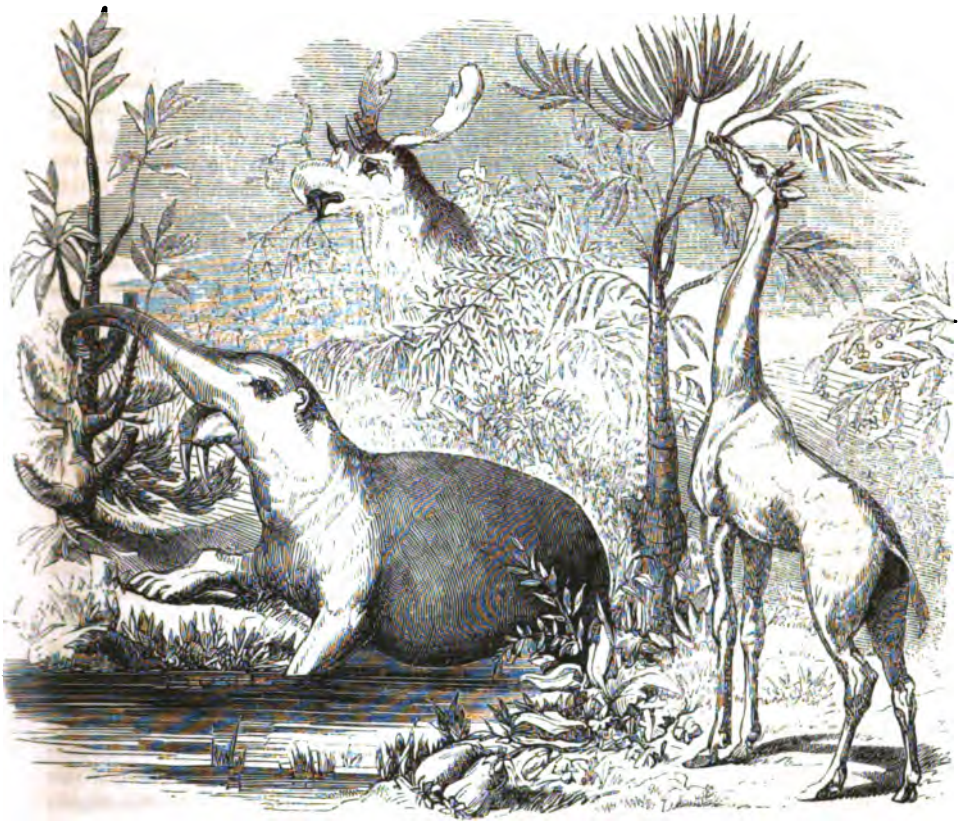
opposite sides of the river, they stretched out their long necks and gobbled down such of the warriors as ventured to pass in their canoes. When this destruction of life had continued a long time, and all the efforts to exterminate the monsters had failed, the Cayugas and Onondagas held a great council to prevent, if possible, the total extinction of their tribes. It was resolved to bring all their warriors into the field. The battle was terrible, but the monsters were at last slain. When, however, their bodies decomposed, the atoms flew away in the shape of mosquitoes, and they have infested the region ever since.

EXTINCT MONSTERS.

AMONG the vast concourse of animals that have passed away, after having discharged their appointed functions, there are, perhaps, none more remarkable than what are called the pachydermatous, or thick-skinned animals. So far as our present geological discoveries enable us to judge, we infer that their remains are to be found in almost all parts of the world; and although the species differ, still some type of remarkable form and structure may always be discovered. In England the remains of the great fossil elephant are very common, portions of some hundreds having been found. In France the Paleotherium and other animals of their kind are frequently met with. In the Rhine valley the remains of that most gigantic of all quadrupeds, the Dinotherium, were discovered by Professor Knapp. In the most northern parts of Russia, on the borders of the Frozen Ocean, the bones of the Mastodon, and even the body, have been found in a remarkable state of preservation. America seems to be rich in those treasures of a buried world. Commencing at the north pole, the bones of the Mastodon are found in great abundance, down even to the Gulf of Mexico. Nor is South America destitute of these organic treasures: on the margins of the great rivers that intersect that country, the bones of that ungainly and strange animal, the Macrauchenia, are found, and not far from them the relics of the Mylodon and Megatherium. Australia presents us with the gigantic fossil Kangaroo, and New Zealand with her large wingless bird, the Dinornis. Neither is Asia less rich in those priceless treasures; the Sivatherium, and other animals, representing the same huge forms of animal life in India. We are but imperfectly acquainted with the geology of Africa; but, from the few fossils of gigantic hippopotami which have been found, we may infer that that country has been equally favored with all others in the production of animal life. In the remainder of this article we shall recall to our imagination the existence of some of those remarkable creatures, and endeavor to familiarize our readers with the form and structure of a few of the inhabitants of the earth, who browsed upon its pastures long before the deluge.

It is not a little remarkable that the two most important cities in the world, Paris and London, stand upon the most interesting spots to geologists that have ever yet been discovered. Under each there was once a beautiful lake, on the shores of which lived animals of strange form and appearance. Let us cut through the mass of accumulated strata upon which Paris now stands, and go down to those times when other and strange creatures walked over the spot where the gay Parisians at present promenade.

The first thing that we encounter is the verdant soil, which is rich and fruitful; but under this casing is a bed of fresh-water limestone, which abounds in fresh-water shells. The city is built of this stone, which has been cut from the rock in subterranean quarries; these quarries have long been used as charnel houses, and contain the bones of tens of thousands of people piled up in rows, in many places corresponding with the streets above. Paris, the gay and beautiful city, is built with the dead inhabitants of the great lake, and stands upon whole generations of its own citizens; but deeper down than this limestone tomb is another bed or layer of marl and sandstone, which was deposited there when it was the bottom of the sea. This also is the grave of millions of marine animals; but in still older times there had been a lake of fresh water on the same spot, which had left a thick bed of gypseous marl, in which are buried the bones of hundreds of thousands of once living creatures; and before this time the sea had been here, for this lake rested upon a bed of shells which had been left there by the ocean, and the ocean itself had flowed over a bed of plastic clay, which owes its origin to some old lake or river which



THE DINOTHERIUM, SIVATHERIUM, AND GIRAFFE.

stood or flowed there in ages still more remote. Thus, the Paris basin is composed of five great beds or layers, three of which owe their origin to fresh water, and two to the sea.

During what we may term the middle period, and when the lake above referred to was in existence, lived the Paleotherium, or *ancient wild beast*. It had a thick skin, and was about the size of a horse, but rather stunted and clumsy in appearance; on each foot were three long toes, rounded, and without claws. The upper jaw was longer than the lower, like that of the tapir. The animal was herbivorous, and, judging by the skull, possessed no very high share of intelligence.

We say nothing of the Anoplotherium, and other animals of the same species, which lived along with it, but pass on to the middle Rhine valley, and exhume the bones of the Dinotherium. Palæontology has made us so well acquainted with the relative proportions of the animal structure, that, having found the head and femur, (thigh bone,) we are enabled to reconstruct the whole animal, and recall not only its appearance, but its habits and instincts also. In point of size the Dinotherium is far beyond anything that the animal creation has yet presented us with: the body is barrel-shaped, like that of the hippopotamus; it is, however, more than twenty feet long and fifteen high, has a short trunk, longer than that of the tapir, but shorter than the elephant's. It has large and heavy tusks, suspended from the lower instead of the upper jaw, where they would have the support of the muscles of the neck; and some idea may be formed of the enormous power of the animal, when we state that those tusks, with the bone they were imbedded in, weighed above 400 lbs., and were no doubt used for the purpose of digging. The legs were great pillars ten feet high.

Such was another of the inhabitants of Europe in olden times; but, in proceeding toward the north, we are by no means losing the track of those great animals which have, since their restoration, excited so much attention. The first of them which was discovered was a Mastodon, which had been imbedded in the ice for ages, and was found after a brisk thaw by a poor Russian fisherman. The Russians called it a mammoth, supposing that it had burrowed under the ground like a mole; but it has since been found that the mastodon is an animal of a distinct species, and that at one time large herds of them went every year toward the pole during the summer, and returned into the more temperate regions, and more particularly to the great salt "licks" of Ohio during the winter. The temperature of the polar regions must, however, at that time, have differed very much from what it is now, or those large animals could never have found food to support them there during the warmest summer.

Although in appearance the animal was something like the elephant, the size was at least double that of the largest specimens of that quadruped. The one found by the Russian was covered with a coat of long hair, and must, when alive, have been a very noble creature. We know more particulars of this animal from the fact that, after being incased in ice for thousands of years, the skin still retained the hair upon it, the flesh was eaten by wild animals, and one of the pupils of the eyes is still preserved in the museum of St. Petersburgh.

From the great number of bones which are known to exist in the northern part of Russia and America, it is supposed that hundreds of thousands of mastodons must have perished at the same time, in consequence of some great revolution of nature, or the early setting in of winter, which prevented their returning again to the milder regions of the South. Upon the shores of the Frozen Ocean there is said to be an island composed entirely of these mastodon bones; and the inhabitants of Siberia make excursions during the summer and collect the tusks, which are brought into the ivory markets of Europe. The lady who wears an artificial tooth may perhaps have in her mouth a relic of one of those noble animals which perished ages ago beyond the arctic circle.

Great as was the size, and enormous as must have been the strength, of those quadrupeds, still there were others, which in some points of physical development far exceeded them. Among the most remarkable of these was the Megatherium, or great Sloth of South America. The pelvis of this animal is one of the most massive bony structures that the world has ever seen. It is not so much the size, as the strength of the animal that is indicated by those colossal bones. It lived upon vegetables; and so great was its power, that it pulled up large trees by the roots, to be enabled to reach the upper branches. Having with its vast claws broken the ground around the tree, it rose upon its haunches, when, using its tail, which was three feet in circumference, as a third leg or prop, and taking the tree in its powerful embrace, it rocked it to and fro, to loosen the roots, until, gathering up all its strength, it lifted it from the ground. Since those creatures passed away from the great Pampas, the world has seen nothing to equal them in point of pure physical power.

In India the thick-skinned animals of the gigantic order were represented by the Sivatherium, a creature of enormous size and singular form, the head being of very peculiar shape. It had a trunk shorter than the elephant's, and just above it two horns not unlike those of the rhinoceros; but on the top of the head a pair of large horns or antlers branched out on either side like those of the stag. The bulk of the body was very large, and the whole structure indicated prodigious strength. In olden times those animals associated with others now extinct, such as the gigantic fossil Giraffe, and wandered in large herds over the continent of India.

We are entirely indebted to science for our knowledge of those extraordinary creatures; and it has taken many great and zealous laborers to restore them to the world's natural history. One has devoted his life to the study of the rocky crust of the earth, and pointed out the strata in which they are found; another has gathered together the fragments of the bones, and reconstructed the body; while a third has examined the floral productions of the age, and indicated the food on which they fed, and thus, by the aid of the lithologist, the palæontologist, and the botanist, the grave of a buried world is opened and the dead come forth.

SKETCHES OF HUMANE INSTITUTIONS.

THE BLIND.

HAVING, in the last number of THE NATIONAL, stated the results of experiments in Europe and this country, in the establishment of *industrial* institutions for the adult blind, we should not do justice to a subject so important were we to dismiss it without stating fairly the arguments advanced for and against such institutions. We cannot but regard this as the great social problem of the Institution for the Blind, and its proper solution will require superior intellectual powers as well as goodness of heart.

Those who oppose the organization of these workshops for the adult blind, urge the following reasons for their opposition:

1. That the blind, under ordinary circumstances, (males especially,) can earn their own support, and that, especially in the case of graduates of blind institutions, society having educated them and furnished them with a trade or profession, has discharged its duty toward them.

2. That even if they could not fully support themselves, it would be wrong to select one class of the helpless poor, and supply them with comforts and luxuries, while the rest are left to famish; that this would be to offer a premium upon the loss of one sense, and thus encourage the violation of physical laws which induces this misfortune.

3. That contributions to the support of the blind, however made, are still alms, and that the recipient of alms is necessarily a pauper; and his support being guaranteed, he will almost, as a matter of course, fall into the habits and feelings of a dependent; that selfishness, ingratitude, and a repining, dissatisfied spirit, would take the place of the cheerful and happy disposition of the independent workman.

4. That the concentration of the blind in masses, renders them clannish, and encourages class feelings and views, greatly to their disadvantage; that they would be benefited by being scattered in society, even if they were called to endure greater privation.

5. That very many who would receive the benefits of such an establishment, have friends who are well able to aid them, and who ought not to be allowed to throw upon the public the burden of supporting those who have a just claim on them.

6. That if there are special cases of hardship, they will be somehow provided for; and that the general benefit of the community must preponderate over individual cases of suffering; and that, in any event, it is only the more forward and fortunate few who will receive the benefit, while many equally, and perhaps more deserving, are suffered to continue in want.

7. That these establishments, though they may prosper while their number of workmen is small, and their goods can be disposed of at retail, yet so soon as they have employés enough to manufacture largely, must become amenable to the laws of trade, and sell at wholesale, or accumulate stock; that in either case they can only conduct business at a loss, and their capital, of course, be constantly impaired; that this mode of conducting business is objectionable when the funds are furnished by the state, or contributed by general charity; that if individuals choose to bestow the money in such a way, it is very well, but that we have no right to use public funds for such a purpose.

8. That, in many cases, the more thorough mechanical education of the young blind would obviate any necessity of such aid.

9. That the stern necessity of labor will be the best incentive to exertion on the part of the blind as well as the seeing, and that, if driven to this necessity, few of them would become inmates of the almshouse.

10. That where the adult blind are boarded and lodged in the establishment, the feebleness of increasing years will soon make it an asylum for the aged and infirm, instead of a workshop for healthy, vigorous workmen, and thus the energies of even the most active will be impaired, and their ability for self-support lessened.

To these arguments the advocates of industrial institutions reply:

1. That with comparatively few exceptions, the laboring blind, after the most strenuous exertions, are unable to earn sufficient for their entire support, owing to the severe competition to which they are exposed in the few trades in which they are most successful; that the experience of all the institutions which have been in operation for some years, demonstrates this.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

INDIANA INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

2. That the claim which the blind workman has on the public for assistance, is based on the same principle on which all aid to the poor is asked; namely, the duty of the strong to help the weak; and that the fact that others of the poor need aid, does not absolve us from assisting the blind poor; nor, if rightly considered, does assistance to them offer a premium on the loss of sight more than the pittance doled out to the poor offers a premium on the loss of property.

3. That such allowance as may be necessary to enable a blind man to attain a complete support, cannot, if properly administered, be considered as alms, or the recipient of it as a pauper; inasmuch as his support is not guaranteed, but only a certain sum offered him as a premium to stimulate his utmost exertion. It is not necessary, the advocates of this system contend, to administer this aid in such a way as to interfere with the feeling of independence on the part of the workman.

4. The assembling of the blind in communities, while it may be fraught with some evils, has also numerous benefits; they are much happier together, are less annoyed by officious helpfulness, and feel much less keenly their misfortune; and, contrary to the opinions of theorists, there is less of the feeling that they are an isolated class in community, when thus surrounded by those who suffer the same privation, than when alone among the seeing, and constantly reminded by the careless question, or the thoughtless jest, that though in the world, they are not of it.

5. The circumstances of the blind and their friends should, of course, be taken into the account, and aid intended for the really necessitous, should not, and need not, be bestowed upon those who can command a support without it.

6. The argument that but few, and they only the most forward, will be benefited, conflicts directly with another often urged by the opposers of industrial institutions; namely, that if such institutions are established, the entire blind population of the state where they are situated, will apply for aid. Truth, probably, lies between the extremes. That there are special cases of hardship is undoubtedly true; that these are doomed by an inevitable law to suffering and starvation, does not seem so clear. Meantime the number of the blind who require assistance, is not so large as is supposed. According to the census of 1850, there are only three thousand nine hundred blind persons between the ages of twenty and fifty in the United States; but as this document is almost worthless, so far as accuracy is concerned, we will allow that it has neglected to report as

many of the blind as of the deaf and dumb; this would make the whole number about four thousand two hundred; of these, at least one half, either from their location, their circumstances, or their prejudices, would not apply to such institutions, if established; take for the balance the amount named by Mr. Chapin, the principal of the Philadelphia Institution, as sufficient to bring up their wages to the point of support; namely, $20 per annum, and you have the sum of $42,000 per annum as the cost of enabling the entire blind of the country, between twenty and fifty years of age, to support themselves.

7. In regard to the number of persons to be employed in industrial institutions, there is, undoubtedly, difference of opinion. A small establishment can sell the greater part of its wares at retail, and thus realize a better price, one approximating more nearly to a support for its employer, than a larger one; while, on the other hand, a large establishment can buy to better advantage, and selling at wholesale is more certain of a steady market. No establishment of the kind should attempt to do business without some capital, either provided by the State, or by donation from individuals; nor can they well conduct it without a fund of moderate amount, the interest of which should be applied to making up the deficiency in the labor of the workmen. It would be desirable, also, that the instructors and workmen should be interested, pecuniarily, in attaining the maximum of production. This has been accomplished in Paris, and might be here.

8. That the mechanical training of the pupils in the workshops might be more thorough, and their knowledge of business better, is undoubtedly true; and this would enable them to make their labor more productive, and would probably bring some to the point of self-support.

9. "The stern necessity of labor" can as well be enforced in the industrial workshop as anywhere else. It can be made for the interest of the employés to permit no drones in the hive; and the work accomplished under such circumstances would be likely to approach very nearly to the highest amount they are capable of accomplishing.

10. The effects of age in decreasing the capacity for labor, can be provided for by a moderate increase of the allowance made to a faithful workman after a certain number of years of service, and by the provision of a retreat when he becomes too infirm to labor; where, though less comfortable than in a luxurious and well-appointed home, there will be none of the discomforts of the almshouse, and where his labor may have earned him the right to pass his declining years in quietness and comfort.

The advocates of these institutions urge further, that with many of the blind, especially in our large cities, the choice lies between a scanty support acquired by labor, and an ample one attained by a mendicant life; and that the self-respect and moral principle which leads the workman to prefer the former to the latter, should be encouraged and strengthened. Even in an economic view this is desirable; for while the amount necessary to complete their support is small, if they are encouraged to labor, their entire support must be provided, if they are forced to remain in idleness, either by the almshouses, or by the charities they extort by begging.

These are, so far as we are aware, the principal arguments urged for and against industrial institutions for the blind; we have endeavored to give them fairly; and though we have not always used the eloquent language of the writers on either side, we have not, we hope, omitted any essential particular in their arguments.*

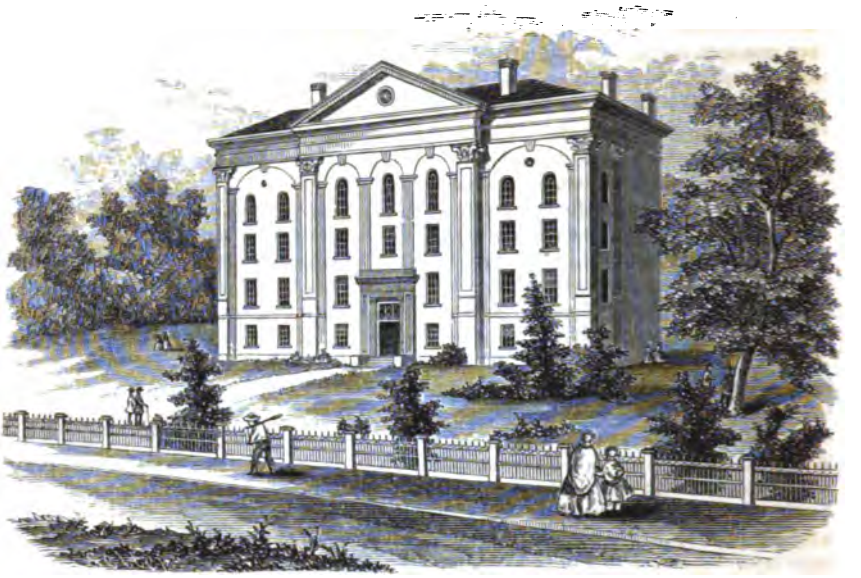
The experience of our older American institutions leads to the following conclusions:

1. That for the present, at least, there are quite a number of the adult blind, especially females, who cannot, by their unaided exertions, attain a support.

2. That it is desirable that aid, if furnished to these, should be so administered as not to guarantee them a support, (if they are able to labor,) without strenuous and continued exertion on their part, but only to render that exertion effective.

3. That the funds used for affording this aid, should be derived from private, rather than from state appropriations; not because the state is not interested in such beneficence, but because, in the administration of a private charity, more discrim-

* We have been under special obligations to T. Colden Cooper, Esq., Principal of the New York Institution for the Blind, and to William Chapin, Esq., Principal of the Philadelphia Institution, for valuable and interesting communications on this subject.



ILLINOIS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

ination can be used than in the bestowment of a largess from the state.

4. That a small institution (not exceeding twenty-five or thirty workmen) can be conducted to better advantage than a larger one; and that it would be better to have two or three small ones in a large state than one large one, especially if that one was located in a large city.

5. That, at times, aid to adult workmen, either in the way of loan or gift, to enable them to purchase the necessary raw materials for the manufacture of their wares, is more judicious than to admit them into workshops.

6. That the teachers employed in the industrial education of pupils in institutions for the blind, should be superior workmen, and should, where it is practicable, have a direct pecuniary interest in the success of those whom they instruct.

7. That the capacity of the young blind man for self-support may be greatly increased, by giving him a better business training, devoting, during his last year of apprenticeship, ten hours a day to his work, and permitting him to aid in the purchase of the raw materials, and in the sale of the manufactured goods; thus bringing him more directly in contact with the classes with whom, as an independent workman, he will have occasion to deal.

8. That we must look forward in the future to the establishment of asylums or retreats for the infirm and aged blind, especially that portion of them who, though industrious and economical, have been unable to provide for the wants of old age. The foundation of such asylums may well engage the attention of those whom Providence has blessed with ample means, and who desire to bestow them so as to increase the sum of human happiness.*

We have dwelt upon this subject at considerable length, because we regard it as one involving one of those great questions of practical ethics, in which the whole community have an interest; and while the arguments of those who oppose industrial institutions may seem cold and

* In this connection, the following particulars concerning the Hospice des Quinze-Vingts, which, in Paris, furnishes an asylum to the aged and infirm blind, drawn from M. Dufau's work on the Blind, will interest the reader:

"The hospital accommodates three hundred blind persons with their families. Its annual income is about $80,000. The allowance to a blind man is $89; or, if he is married, about $110; or, if he has one child, $120; or, if two, $130 50; and so on, adding $10 50 for each child.

"Besides these, it has about six hundred pensioners, who do not reside at the hospital, but receive $20, $30, or $40 per annum to aid in their support. In many of its arrangements, however, the Hospice des Quinze-Vingts is far from being a model establishment."

unfeeling to some, it is no more than justice to them to say, that their objections arise not from any want of philanthropy, for among them may be found men who are among the most eminent philanthropists of the age, but from the desire to act with impartial justice toward all the claimants upon public sympathy and charity.

There are many difficulties connected with the successful solution of this great problem; but we believe the experience of the past will prevent serious errors in the future.

We have, in a previous article, described the day-school for the blind in Paris, established by Dr. Ratier, and suggested its application to some of our large cities, where a sufficient number of blind children could be found within a convenient distance, to render such a school useful; but a philanthropist in Vienna, the venerable Klein, who has devoted more than fifty years of his life to the education of the blind, and whose philanthropy the frosts of eighty winters have not been able to chill, has, in a little work, published in Vienna, 1843, suggested a plan for their more general education, which is well worthy the attention of the friends of the blind.

In the first place, he lays down a series of plain, simple directions to the parents of young blind children, for the proper early training of their children. We have space for but a few of these; he advises that they should be taught to sit upright in their chairs without clinging to any part of the chair, either with their hands or feet; that if required to stoop to the floor or ground, they should be instructed to bend the knees rather than the body; that they should be encouraged to move about freely without assistance; that they should learn to dress and undress themselves, and to perform most of those little duties for their parents which are usually required from seeing children; that in their playthings, special regard should be had to their deprivation, and such articles given them as will instruct them in the form, size, or material of the object; that they should not be reminded of their infirmity, unless as an incentive to greater exertion. When practicable, he would have them taught to read the raised letters early.

In the primary schools, he observes, that they can learn very much by hearing the recitations of others, and the explanations of the teacher; and where there were several blind pupils in the school, the parish might be required to procure the elementary books in the raised letters, and maps and globes for their use. In the intermediate and higher schools it would be necessary that the teachers should have some acquaintance with the processes used for instruction in schools for the blind. This education, he suggests, should be acquired while their teachers are connected with the normal schools. (In Austria, all teachers of these grades must have received their education at the normal schools.) In those cases, where the normal school and the institute for the blind are in the same place, this training can be acquired by an attendance of an hour a day at the institute. Where they are in places distant from each other, one or more blind teachers should be employed.

This plan was strongly recommended to the French government by M. Dufau, in 1850, in his work "*Des Aveugles*," to which we have already alluded; and the effort is now making to carry it into effect in some of the Departments of France.

The disproportion between the educated and uneducated blind, is not so great in this country as in most of the European states, thanks to the liberality of our state governments and to the energy of the friends of the blind; and there is not, consequently, so great a demand for such a system of instruction; but even here, much might be done by the circulation of simple directions to the parents of blind children, through the clergy, and by giving attention to their elementary instruction.

The present is an age, beyond all others, remarkable for vigorous, well-directed, and persistent philanthropic effort; of this effort the blind, as is natural from their mental activity and the interest which clusters around them, are receiving their fair share; we would it were more, rather than less; but while they are remembered, the idiot and the insane should not be forgotten.

In our next we shall endeavor to give some account of the present condition of the prominent European schools, and as full a sketch as possible of our American institutions for the blind, including those of Indiana and Illinois, of which we give engravings in our present article.

THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL.

"THE Luck of Eden-Hall" was written by Mr. Wiffen, a member of the Society of Friends, who came before the public as an author in 1812, in a small book of poems. This volume, which contained promise of better things, was succeeded, in 1819, by a volume entitled "Aonian Hours." This work was succeeded by a Roman story, entitled "Julia Alpinula."

From this period he appears to have turned his attention almost exclusively to foreign literature, with a perseverance and success which have left the lovers of literature forever his debtor. "He was," writes a near relative, "so charmed with the sweet strains of Tasso that he resolved, with something like a feeling of poetical duty, to rescue his mind's idol

from what Sir Walter Scott calls 'the frozen paws' of his prosaic translator, Hoole. In this his labor of love he was encouraged by most of the poetic lights of the day, among whom may be named Scott, Southey, and Rogers."

In 1821 he accepted from the Duke of Bedford the office of librarian at Woburn Abbey. An office so congenial with his taste was entered upon with alacrity, and most ably filled up to the period of his death.

About this period his taste having led him to explore the stores of Spanish literature, he commenced a translation of the works of Garcilasso de la Vega, surnamed "the Prince of Castilian Poets." This work, which won for him the highest literary honors of Spain, was little appreciated in England, perhaps because eclogues and pastorals, however beautiful, are only adapted for a state of society emerging into the light of letters, and not for one on whom its meridian sun has long looked down. In Spain the lays of this poet are familiar as household words; and, after a long lapse of years, la Vega is still the pride of the ancient city of Toledo. In 1824 the first volume of the "Jerusalem Delivered" made its appearance, and, after some delay, the second; the whole impression of which perished in a fire at the office of its printer. In 1826 a second edition was called for; and in 1836 another of a smaller size, to meet the wants of readers of more limited means.

In the year 1626 Mr. Wiffen visited Normandy for the purpose of collecting materials for his principal prose work, "The Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell," which, after seven years of labor and research, appeared in the year 1833. In the year 1836, from a life calmly lapsing away in the happy solitudes of literature, Mr. Wiffen was suddenly called away, at the early age of forty-three, leaving a widow and three infant daughters to lament the loss of one equally good and gifted. His remains rest with the dead of his own people, a cypress alone distinguishing his grave from the commoner earth.

This ballad is founded on a popular superstition, and a family tradition, in Cumberland, England. Eden Hall is a small village on the western side of the River Eden. The mansion and estates are the property of the Musgraves, heroes of innumerable ballads, who have held property there since the time of Henry VI., and were distinguished during the reign of William the Conqueror, with whom they came over from Normandy. In the mansion an old drinking glass, enameled in colors, called THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL, is preserved with the greatest care. The letters I. H. S. on the top, point out the sacred use from which it has been perverted; but tradition affirms it to have been seized from a company of fairies who were sporting near a spring in a garden called St. Cuthbert's Well; and, after an ineffectual struggle to recover it, vanished into thin air, saying:

"If that glass do break or fall,
Farewell the Luck of Eden Hall."

In the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," we find the subject thus referred to:

"The martial spirit of our ancestors led them to defy these aërial warriors; and it is still currently believed that he who has courage to rush upon a fairy festival, and snatch from them their drinking cup or horn, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. Such a horn is said to have been presented to Henry I. by a lord of Colchester."

The goblet took a name from the prophecy, under which it is mentioned in the burlesque ballad, commonly attributed to the Duke of Wharton, but in reality composed by Lloyd, one of his jovial companions. The duke, after taking a draught, had nearly terminated "The Luck of Eden Hall," had not the butler caught the cup in a napkin as it dropped from his grace's hand. It is not now subjected to such risks, but the lees of wine are still apparent at the bottom.

On Eden's wild romantic bowers,
The summer moonbeams sweetly fall,
And tint with yellow light the towers,
The stately towers of Eden Hall.

There, lonely in the deepening night,
A lady at her lattice sits,
And trims her taper's wavering light,
And tunes her idle lute by fits.

But little can her idle lute
Beguile the weary moments now;
And little seems the lay to suit
Her wistful eye and anxious brow.

For, as the chord her finger sweeps,
Ofttimes she checks her simple song,
To chide the forward chance that keeps
Lord Musgrave from her arms so long;

And listens, as the wind sweeps by,
His steed's familiar step to hear;
Peace, beating heart! 'twas but the cry
And footfall of the distant deer.

In, lady, to thy bower; fast weep
The chill dews on thy cheek so pale;
Thy cherish'd hero lies asleep;
Asleep in distant Russendale!

The noon was sultry, long the chase;
And when the wild stag stood at bay,
Burbek reflected from its face
The purple lights of dying day.

Through many a dale must Musgrave hie;
Up many a hill his courser strain,
Ere he behold, with gladsome eye,
His verdant bowers and halls again.

But twilight deepens; o'er the wolds
The yellow moonbeam rising plays,
And now the haunted forest holds
The wanderer in its bosky maze.

No ready vassal rides in sight;
He blows his bugle, but the call
Roused echo mocks; farewell to-night,
The homefelt joys of Eden Hall!

His steed he to an alder ties,
His limbs he on the greensward flings;
And, tired and languid, to his eyes
Woos sorceress slumber's balmy wings.

A prayer, a sigh, in murmurs faint,
He whispers to the passing air;
The Ave to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his lady fair.

'Twas well that in that elfin wood
He breathed the supplicating charm,
Which binds the guardians of the good
To shield from all unearthly harm.

Scarce had the night's pale lady stay'd
Her chariot o'er th' accustom'd oak,
Than murmurs in the mystic shade
The slumberer from his trance awoke.

Stiff stood his courser's mane with dread;
His crouching greyhound whined with fear;
And quaked the wild-fern round his head,
As though some passing ghost were near.

Yet calmly shone the moonshine pale
On glade and hillock, flower and tree;
And sweet the gurgling nightingale
Pour'd forth her music, wild and free.

Sudden her notes fall hush'd, and near
Flutes breathe, horns warble, bridles ring;
And, in gay cavalcade, appear
The fairies round their fairy king.

Twelve hundred elfin knights and more
Were there, in silk and steel array'd;
And each a ruby helmet wore,
And each a diamond lance display'd.

And pursuivants with wands of gold,
And minstrels scarf'd and laurel'd fair,
Heralds with blazon'd flags unroll'd,
And trumpet-tuning dwarfs were there.

Behind, twelve hundred ladies coy,
On milk-white steeds, brought up their queen;
Their kerchiefs of the crimson soy,
Their kirtles all of Lincoln-green.

Some wore, in fanciful costume,
A sapphire or a topaz crown;
And some a hern's or peacock's plume,
Which their own tercel-gents struck down.

And some wore masks, and some wore hoods,
Some turbans rich, some ouches rare;
And some sweet woodbine from the woods,
To bind their undulating hair.

With all gay tints the darksome shade
Grew florid as they pass'd along,
And not a sound their bridles made
But tuned itself to elfin song.

Their steeds they quit; the knights advance,
And in quaint order, one by one,
Each leads his lady forth to dance;
The timbrels sound; the charm's begun.

Where'er they trip, where'er they tread,
A daisy or a blue-bell springs;
And not a dew-drop shines o'erhead,
But falls within their charméd rings.

"The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
The dance lead round our favorite tree;
If now one lady wears a frown,
A false and froward shrew is she!

"There's not a smile we fays let fall
But swells the tide of human bliss;
And if good luck attends our call,
'Tis done on such sweet night as this.

"The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
The dance lead round our favorite tree;
If now even Oberon wears a frown,
A false and froward churl is he!"

Thus sing the fays; Lord Musgrave hears
Their shrill sweet song, and eager eyes
The radiant show, despite the fears
That to his bounding bosom rise.

But soft; the minstrelsy declines;
The morris ceases; sound the shaums!
And quick, while many a taper shines,
The heralds rank their airy swarms.

Titania waves her crystal wand;
And underneath the greenwood bower,
Tables, and urns, and goblets stand,
Metheglin, nectar, fruit, and flower.

"To banquet, ho!" the seneschals
Bid the brisk tribes, that, thick as bees,
At sound of cymbals, to their calls
Consort beneath the leafy trees.

Titania by her king, each knight
Beside his ladye love; the page
Behind his 'scutcheon'd lord, a bright
Equipment on a brilliant stage!

The monarch sits; all helms are doff'd,
Plumes, scarfs, and mantles cast aside;
And, to the sound of music soft,
They ply their cups with mickle pride.

Or sparkling mead, or spangling dew,
Or livelier hypocras they sip;
And strawberries red, and mulberries blue,
Refresh each elf's luxurious lip.

With "nod, and beck, and wreathéd smile,"
They heap their jewel'd patines high;
Nor want their mirthful airs the while
To crown the festive revelry.

A minstrel dwarf, in silk array'd,
Lay on a mossy bank, o'er which
The wild thyme wove its fragrant braid,
The violet spread its perfume rich;

And while a page at Oberon's knee
Presented high the wassail-cup,
This lay the little bard with glee
From harp of ivory offer'd up:

"Health to our sovereign! fill, brave boy,
Yon glorious goblet to the brim!
There's joy; in every drop there's joy
That laughs within its charméd rim!

"'Twas wrought within a wizard's mold,
When signs and spells had happiest power;
Health to our king by wood and wold!
Health to our queen in hall and bower!"

They rise; the myriads rise, and shrill
The wild-wood echoes to their brawl,
"Health to our king by wold and rill!
Health to our queen in bower and hall!"

A sudden thought fires Musgrave's brain,
So help him all the powers of light,
He rushes to the festal train,
And snatches up that goblet bright!

With three brave bounds the lawn he cross'd,
The fourth it seats him on his steed;
"Now, courser! or thy lord is lost;
Stretch to the stream with lightning speed!"

'Tis uproar all around, behind;
Leaps to his selle each screaming fay:
"The charméd cup is fairly tined,
Stretch to the strife, away! away!"

As in a whirlwind forth they swept,
The green turf trembling as they pass'd;
But forward still good Musgrave kept,
The shallow stream approaching fast.

A thousand quivers round him rain'd
Their shafts or ere he reach'd the shore;
But when the farther bank was gain'd,
This song the passing whirlwind bore:

"Joy to thy banner, bold sir knight!
But if yon goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fight!
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall!"

The forest clear'd, he winds his horn,
Rock, wood, and wave return the din;
And soon, as though by echo borne,
His gallant squires come pricking in.

'Tis dusk of day; in Eden's towers
A mother o'er her infant bends,
And lists, amid the whispering bowers,
The sound that from the stream ascends.

It comes in murmurs up the stairs,
A low, a sweet, a mellow voice,
And charms away the lady's cares,
And bids the mother's heart rejoice.

"Sleep sweetly, babe!" 'twas heard to say;
"But if the goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fray!
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall!"

Though years on years have taken flight,
Good fortune's still the Musgrave's thrall;
Hail to his vantage in the fight!
All hail the Luck of Eden Hall!

HOWE'S CAVE.

HOWE'S CAVE, situated in Schoharie County, New York, on the banks of the Cobbleskill Creek, and two miles from the Schoharie River, was discovered about twelve years ago by Mr. Lester Howe, a Yankee, who has since kept a hotel for the entertainment of visitors to his under-ground possessions. The region of country in which the cave is situated is nearly barren of attractive features, presenting numerous pits and holes filled, or partly filled, with loose stones, and resembling in some sort, as has been fancifully said, a face damaged by the small-pox.

Opening upon the road that winds among these uninviting hollows, the traveler is very glad to see a rude gate having "Howe's Cave" painted in great letters upon one of its bars, and still more glad, when, having turned aside from the main road and crossed a little strip of more smiling landscape, he alights at the door of the Mineral Hotel, and receives the friendly hospitalities of the great cave explorer. As a first item of preparation for the dark journey, he invariably recommends an internal fortification, and as the best stimulus toward compliance, presents an array of coffee, beefsteaks, custard pies, and preserved fruits, before which the curiosity of the most inveterate adventurer is apt to subside for a time. Indeed, the imagination is delightfully feasted with some of the accounts of the cream-cakes, berries, and fat chickens to be found at the Mineral Hotel. So excellent a landlord is of course furnished with wardrobes containing such equipments as the law of cave adventure directs, jackets and trousers of coarse sacking, and a skull-cap of leather, for purple and fine linen are not suitable articles for the drawing-rooms of the nether world.

In one of the narratives of an expedition to this cave there is a particular description of the appearance which the platoon presented, and they are said to have lamented exceedingly their inability to send home to wives and daughters daguerreotypes taken in the uniforms worn on the occasion, and thus have suggested a new study on the "Philosophy of Clothes."

Lamps, luncheon, and matches are also a part of the necessary furniture of an expedition. At the time of the discovery

of the cave the entrance to it was so small as to oblige all visitors to drag themselves through it, lengthwise along the ground, after the manner of our ancient enemy. Since then the inconvenience has been obviated by blasting the rocks and removing the broken pieces, a work which may be supposed, not only to have startled the ancient echoes from their sleep, but that also

"The terrific spirits bred
In the sea-caverns, moved by those fierce jars,
Rose up like giants from their watery bed,
And shook their silver hair against the stars.

"And now from out the watery floor
A city rose, and well she wore
Her beauty and stupendous walls,
And towers that touch'd the stars, and halls
Pillow'd with whitest marble, whence
Palace against bright palace sprung,
And over all a green roof hung."

Since the early settlement of the part of Schoharie County in which the celebrated cavern is situated, it has been known, says one who has furnished some interesting particulars concerning it, that there was a spot somewhere along the ledge of rocks, north of the Cobbleskill, from which issued a strong current of air, so cold and strong, indeed, that in summer it chilled the hunter as he passed near it. It was familiarly called "The Blowing Rock," and no person ventured to remove the underbrush and rubbish that obscured the entrance, lest some hobgoblin, wild beast, or "airy creature of the elements," should pounce upon him as its legal prey. When Mr. Howe took up his residence in the neighborhood he heard of the existence of this singular rock, and with a curiosity characteristic of his race, determined to visit it, which determination he carried into execution

"Alone withouten any company."

He found the fact as stated, and upon removing the under-brush, discovered a gap, some four feet square, from which proceeded a current of cold air, plainly perceptible at a distance of several rods. Satisfied of the existence of a cavern, he returned the following day with a friend, lights, pick-axes, etc., and creeping through the narrow entrance, penetrated a considerable distance:

"In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rocks the side walls sprung,
The stones with mildew gathering o'er,
That never mortal footsteps wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor."

Finding his observations uninterrupted by hobgoblins, or any other thing more formidable than

"Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen
Within her airy shell,
By slow meanders margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale
Where the love-born nightingale
Nightly to hear her sad song mourneth well,"

he renewed his visits from one time to another, each visit penetrating a little further, and making some new discovery, until finally, having explored the distance of a mile, his progress was interrupted by a lake of water. Not discouraged, however, he collected materials, constructed a boat, and had ere long the satisfaction of crossing the water and penetrating five miles beyond, still leaving "much land to be possessed."

The opening of the cave, now sufficiently wide and high to admit of the tallest person walking in erect, is approached by a gradual descent, and having entered, the beginning of a world of wonders presents itself. A short distance from the mouth the passage widens to a breadth of fifty feet, but does not materially increase in height, and the roof, which seems to be the segment of a large circle, is smooth and even. For the next quarter of a mile the ceiling descends so low as to oblige the visitor to double himself down, and proceed at a slow and shambling pace. At the end of that distance the roof curiously and abruptly rises to a great height, and widens into what is called the Chapel. The name is not inappropriately derived from a beautiful combination of stalactites resembling an altar, and overhung with a drapery, fluted and fringed in a style of royal magnificence. Immediately above this altar is a conical opening in the roof, twenty or thirty feet across at the base, and of such immense height that no number of torches can more than partially illuminate it.

A good many similar openings are to be seen in different portions of the cave, and Mr. Howe has not inappropriately christened them belfries. Depending from the edges of some of these belfries are fringes of stalactites, and other fantastic ornaments, which require to be seen in the full glitter of the torch-lights to be appreciated, as any written description falls immeasurably short of the reality.

Besides the altar, the chapel contains another curious formation of stalactites called the epaulet, from its striking resemblance to that soldierly appendage; none, however, but a giant could support its weight.

The "Gallery" presents few attractions; not enough, indeed, to compensate for the trouble of an exploration, which can only be effected by stooping, walking on the hands and knees, and in some parts even dragging the slow length along, in inglorious likeness of the ancient beast, so narrow is the space between floor and ceiling.

Many a forlorn adventurer has been led to believe, as he wriggled through this damp darkness, flattening himself between the stony roof and floor, that "night and shade had joined with hell in triple knot against his unarmed weakness," and to put unction, elsewhere undreamed of, in the spirit's soliloquy:

> Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance,
> "I tell you 'tis not vain or fabulous,
> What the sage poets taught by th' heavenly muse,
> Storied of old in high immortal verse,
> Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,
> And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to hell."

In this gap, or gallery, as it is called, there is a continuous draught of air, very cold, and so strong as to make it almost impossible to keep the torches alive; some of them are always extinguished in every exploration, and too much precaution cannot be taken in regard to them, as the adventurer, who here loses his "upright shape, and downward falls into a groveling swine," cannot hope for

> "The swift sparkle of a glancing star
> To shoot from heaven, and give him safe
> Convoy out of the awful labyrinth."

The danger of this passage has hitherto begotten caution, and no fatal accidents have taken place.

The path beyond this gallery is comparatively easy for the distance of a quarter of a mile, but as the lake is approached the ground is strewed with fragments of rocks that have fallen from the roof, and some caution has to be observed in order to the maintenance of an upright position.

The lake is situated at a distance of nearly a mile from the entrance of the cave, and Mr. Howe has always in readiness a substantial boat for the convenience of visitors, which is arranged with the kindliest regard to their comfort, for he feels a commendable pride in whatever pertains to his subterranean domains.

The boat is rowed across the water in a few minutes, the lake being only about fifty feet wide; its depth is some twelve feet. There is no danger whatever in the passage, as the lowest projections of the rocks still leave sufficient room for those being ferried across to retain their upright position.

Following the main avenue of the cave for about a mile beyond the further shore of the lake, the visitor's attention is arrested by a rumbling noise like the sound of distant thunder, and he presently discovers an opening in the rocks at the left hand, passing through which and journeying forward, the roar increases in volume until it becomes almost deafening, and presently he discovers that he is standing on the level with the top of a cataract, which tumbles, and groans, and breaks itself to pieces on the rocks below with a momentum that shakes the very foundations of the cavern. Notwithstanding the crash and dash of the water, there is said to be a soothing charm in its noise, and the traveler is apt to linger as if

> "The murmurs of the wandering wave,
> Seem'd to his ear the pity of a friend."

The main passage of the cave presents the appearance of a long and spacious hall, occasionally widening out into ample rooms. Besides the main avenue there are innumerable side passages of greater or less extent, many of which have only been partially explored. It is known, however, that many of them branch out into what appears to be interminable distance, presenting a broad field for the inquiries of the curious. One of the largest of these side rooms is called The Cotton Factory. A stream of considerable size runs through it, and the roar of another one some half a mile distant is heard very distinctly. The sensation of the visitor is similar to that he experiences in witnessing the gathering of the most terrible storm, so awfully grand are the reverberations.

One of the passages winds for a long distance on the margin of a small stream, which has not been explored to its termination, but which, so far as it has been explored, abounds with curiosities in the shape

of stalactites and stalagmites, some of them of such gigantic dimensions as to make the journey among them almost impracticable. Most of these formations are suspended from the roof; some of them sufficiently high to offer no obstruction to the traveler, but others descending so low as to make it difficult even to crawl beneath them.

A most agreeable music may be obtained by playing upon these columns as upon an instrument, and a singer, by ingeniously regulating his strokes, may accompany himself very admirably, and produce music which all the artificial instruments in the world cannot equal, as has been said by those who have heard it. There is a clear ringing silveriness about it that no other sound, or combination of sounds, come anywhere near producing. Perhaps some melodious genius may catch here some ideas, the embodiment of which shall command the admiration of the world.

A circuitous path, which obliges the visitor sometimes to stoop and sometimes to creep, conducts to a large apartment running up into a towering dome. One of the ornaments of this chamber is an exceedingly large stalagmite in the form of a pyramid, of a yellowish color, and presenting a surface smooth and shining as if it had been varnished, as indeed it has been by the continuous moisture of ages.

Another one of the chambers is almost entirely filled by an enormously large stalagmite, sitting in everlasting darkness like one of the old divinities, "Who had wrapped his senses up in sweet oblivion of all thought, a piece of excellent beauty."

Many of the ceilings are hung with stalactites, and their uniformity of appearance throughout the cave is remarkable; they resemble more than anything else huge mullen leaves growing in clusters.

The air of this, like that of the Mammoth Cave, appears to produce the most exhilarating and healthful effects. A traveler who has experienced them says: "Comparing the air with water, that of the cave is the pure cool water of the fountain, and that of the earth the insipid water of the rain-vat," and on coming out, he experienced, he tells us, a sensation of lassitude wholly unknown to him while within the cave. These salutary effects are probably attributable to the niter which abounds in greater or less degree in all caverns, imparting an easy action to the respiratory organs, buoying the spirits, and invigorating the whole system. The efficacy of cave air in alleviating pulmonary diseases has been referred to in some of the previous articles of this series.

Howe's Cave possesses an advantage, in the great size of its curiosities, over most other caves, as they cannot be easily mutilated or removed by the unrighteousness of visitors. It would be tedious to the reader were we to enter into minute and elaborate descriptions of the many avenues, chambers, domes, and ceilings which this beautiful wonder of nature presents to the visitor, as most of it would seem a mere repetition of descriptions which have been previously given.

It abounds in the most curious and beautiful formations, such as challenge the intensest and sincerest admiration of the beholder. "I found," says one of its explorers, "in the course of my wanderings, several square columns, with bases and cornices, apparently cut out of the solid rock, and noticed many arches overhead that looked like fine stone masonry; the white incrustations having the appearance of cement or mortar."

It is very hard to infuse into the imagination an idea of splendors, to which nothing the eye has seen bears a resemblance; not much, therefore, is to be hoped from such poor word-paintings as I can command. Any further attempt would be little more than an accumulation of words, leaving all the marvel, and mystery, and solemn magnificence still a great way off from the apprehension of the reader.

Those who have examined it carefully bear testimony to the fact that every step, so far as explored, gives the beholder more and more extended ideas of the awfully sublime mysteries of nature, and more and more impress the mind with a sense of its own littleness.

Were it not that love, and not power, is the name of Him who made all these things, we might justly fear that we should be lost and forgotten among the glories through which we creep about. But,

> "He sees with equal eyes, as God of all,
> A hero perish, or a sparrow fall."

So thoroughly ventilated is Howe's Cave, with a current of air coming from no one knows where, and going no one guesses whither, that no danger need be apprehended from a visit to it; the niter,

too, is not only a preservative of the health, but a benefit to it.

That the cave was known before the settlement of the whites is a supposition underlying which is the argument that human bones, as well as pieces of charcoal, incrusted with a solid coating of carbonate of lime, of two or three inches in thickness, have been found at the distance of more than a mile from its entrance.

The action of water has in a great degree affected and varied the formation of the cave, but it appears probable that the opening of the solid rock was first produced by some tremendous convulsion, and the splintered walls, together with the stupendous masses of rocks with which the floors are strewn, and which seem to have been torn from the roof, are indications favoring this idea.

Wherever the ceiling is smooth and sufficiently low, "it is covered with autographs and classic symbols done in lamp-smoke," and showing that ambition survives the difficulties of the way. It is not unusual for the guide, on reaching a certain point, to undertake, like Salmoneus of old, to rival the thunders of Jupiter. "His firmament," says one who witnessed one of these vast attempts, "was comparatively narrow, and the fulminating machinery somewhat primitive, but there was nothing contemptible in the report of the thunderbolts." His method was to raise a heavy plank on end, and by throwing his weight upon it, bring it in sudden contact with the floor. The nearest arches would catch up the sound, split it into ten thousand fragments, and multiply them into each other until they became a deafening peal; then they would cuff them this way and that, till they deepened into the angry bellow of an earthquake, sending them through the long-drawn aisles of the immense apartments, until every rock in those miles of cavern would be gifted with a voice of thunder. "We stood still, submerged in the awful noise," continues the narrator; and he concludes by saying, "If Jupiter Tonans could have found any fault with the report of that fulminating plank, his idea of good thunder must have been different from ours." The same writer says:

"A second experiment in acoustics was not less brilliant. Howe had brought a mysterious box under his arm, shaped like a baby's coffin, from which he took out a violin, and resigning the insignia of Jove, he stepped abruptly into the character of Ole Bull. Howe the thunderer had petrified us into speechlessness; converted us into momentary fossils; but Howe the fiddler re-executed the old Orphean feat, and made the human rocks caper about him in wild excitement; his music went to the heels quicker than champagne ever went to the head, and the magic of the place transformed his humble instrument into something divine.... Our spirits, buoyed up by the music, kept their elevation until we came in sight of The Harlem Tunnel. This passage is half a mile long, and not more than five feet square. On entering the cave we had passed the Tunnel on stones thinly covered with water; now the stream had risen so high that there was only a foot of space between its surface and the roof of the passage. Howe drew near, and so held his lamp that we could clearly see the torrent rushing through the tunnel. 'There,' said he, 'we must either wade through that passage or retrace our steps, and pass the night within the cave.' The water was fast rising, and in twenty minutes would fill the tunnel. Before us were a warm supper, dry bedding, cheerful daylight, wives and sweethearts. Behind were darkness, hunger, cold, wet rocks, and a fearful looking for of death by flood or precipice. We gave the onward word, and followed our leader. The passage was well-nigh a tragic affair, yet we managed to extract fun from it. We had only to look well after our lights, and avoid butting the rocks with our foreheads, and the rest was simply wading. Once through, we drained our boots, and pressed forward without obstruction. A hundred rods from the entrance, our eyes were greeted with a soft pale-blue light, which grew larger, and whiter, and warmer as we advanced, until our lamps became dim, and we were again bathed with the glad and yellow sunshine. Howe was especially grateful for the preservation of his violin, while there lingered in all hearts

"'A feeling like the moan
Of wearied ocean when the storm is gone.'"

It is advisable that those persons proposing to make a subterranean journey should provide themselves with a suitable outfit before leaving home, over which one of the "court dresses," made and provided, may be worn; said dresses not unfrequently bearing evidence of service that makes the fastidious shrink from immediate contact.

It is a little surprising, in view of the number and magnificence of our underground palaces, that they have not more especially attracted the attention of travelers, and not more frequently afforded inspiration to poets, particularly to our own poets, as they present not only the best quality of material for fancy to work with, but are also infinitely suggestive. So we will take our leave of Howe's Cave,

"From whose curved roof the mountains' frozen tears,
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,
Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light."

BRITISH INDIA—No. II.

THE CONQUEST OF BENGAL.

OUR previous article closed with the settlement of the great preparatory question, whether the French or English were to be the future lords of India. The great blow to the French dominion had now been given by Captain Clive, but the issue of the contest still continued for some time doubtful, but at last terminated in favor of the British arms. We now turn to the second act of this great drama, the denouement of which was the subjugation of Bengal to British authority.

The affairs of the Company in India being now in a highly prosperous condition, Captain Clive, the hero of the Carnatic, returned to England, where he was greeted with universal applause, received with public honors, and presented by the Court of Directors with a diamond-hilted sword. At this time war again broke out between France and England, and the former, chagrined at the advantages she had lost, and which had been acquired by her rival in India, was determined to encourage and support her agents in their efforts to restore and extend her influence in the East. In the meantime Captain Clive had embarked in an election contest, and had been defeated, and having, by his extravagant and expensive habits, nearly exhausted the immense fortune he acquired in India, he began to look again toward the East. This was the very thing desired by the Company and the government, who were both eager to avail themselves of his services in the promising conflicts of India. Accordingly, after an interval of two years, the Directors appointed him Governor of Fort St. David, and the king gave him the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and in 1755 he again sailed for the East.

The theater of Clive's former brilliant exploits was the Carnatic, and the object, the breaking of the French power in India; the next scene was changed to Bengal, the richest, most populous, and most powerful of all the subdivisions of the Mogul empire, and the prize of the contest was a kingdom. The province of Bengal, together with Orissa and Bahar, had long been governed by a viceroy, named Aliverdi Khan, and who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, had become virtually independent. His death, in 1756, gave the sovereignty to his grandson, a youth under twenty, whose name was Surajah Dowlah. This young sovereign, rash, ignorant, and unfeeling, enervated in body and mind by excessive debauchery, and cruel as an Oriental despot, was just the character, and lived in just the circumstances, to lose an empire; Colonel Clive, bold, adventurous, and ambitious, was just the man to win it.

On some pretext of being displeased, Surajah moved his powerful army toward Calcutta, and as he drew near the gates, the governor, the few soldiers, and all who could, fled to the ships in terror. When the last boat had pushed off, the Nabob's troops were entering the town, and there were still one hundred and ninety Europeans left in the city, who had no means of escape. These took refuge in the fort, where they were assailed by Surajah's troops, and after a valiant but fruitless defense, were compelled to surrender. Their number was now reduced to one hundred and forty-six, who were taken into custody, and marched in the evening to a small chamber, which had served as the prison of the fortress. Then was enacted the most foul of all the acts of cruelty which ever stained the annals of mankind, known as the tragedy of the "Black Hole," and which led almost directly to the establishment of the British dominion in India.

The "Black Hole" was a room eighteen feet by fourteen, badly ventilated by two small windows, which were barred with iron, and which opened into a verandah. Mr. Holwell, a member of the council and the chief of the English there, remonstrated against the cruelty of forcing them into so small an apartment; but the officer of the guard threatened to cut down any one who refused to enter, and the wretched prisoners, like sheep driven to the slaughter, suffered themselves to be literally packed in this small chamber, and the door was locked.

It was on the 19th of June, and the evening was more sultry than is usual even in India at that time of the year. Many of the prisoners were suffering from severe wounds, and some were intoxicated with arrack, which they had been drinking in the fort. Nothing can surpass the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that fearful night. A writer says:

"They cried for mercy; they strove to force open the door; they trampled each other down; fought with desperation for places at the miserable windows; contended with each other for the small quantities of water with which their cruel murderers mocked them; they became mad with despair; insulted, and then implored the guards to fire among them. Mr. Holwell offered one of the inferior officers a thousand rupees if he could get them distributed into two apartments. He tried, but on his return said that the Nabob was asleep, and that no change could be made. The sum was doubled, and he tried again, but returning, reported that the Nabob still slept, and no one dared to awake him. The air in the confined cell became pestilential, and many were suffocated, and others trampled to death. At two o'clock only fifty were yet alive; and when Surajah awoke at six in the morning, only twenty-three, ghastly and insensible, were taken out alive."

As soon as the news of this fearful massacre, and the fall of Calcutta, reached Madras, it was determined to prepare an expedition forthwith, to retake the possessions of the English, and to avenge their wrongs. An armament was fitted out, consisting of nine hundred Europeans and fifteen hundred Sepoys, with a fleet of five ships under the command of Admiral Watson, and the direction of the whole movement was given to Colonel Clive. This expedition, undertaken ostensibly with the view of recapturing the small territory taken from the English by Surajah Dowlah, and of avenging the fearful punishment he had inflicted on one hundred and forty-six subjects of Great Britain, wears the aspect of a movement altogether justifiable on the part of the English, and one which was called for by the grievous wrongs which had been inflicted upon them. But it soon changed from an armament formed for defense and revenge, to an army of conquest, and the expedition was soon converted into one which called into action the talents of Clive as a statesman, rather than his ability and courage as a soldier; an expedition in which his military movements became subordinate to his political designs. In this new character he exhibited great talents, and gained great results; but that the transactions in which he then began to take a part, have left a deep stain of blood and treachery upon his character, and created a link of treachery in the acquisition of Bengal by Great Britain, we shall now see.

The expedition sailed from Madras in October, but did not reach Bengal until December, 1756. On the second of January, 1757, they retook Calcutta without any difficulty, as it had been already abandoned by the Nabob, who was concentrating his troops at some distance from that city. Although the army of Surajah amounted to forty thousand men, Clive determined to make a night attack upon his camp. He was not successful, but was obliged to retire with a considerable loss; yet the daring attack had all the influence of victory. Surajah was alarmed, and sought rather to negotiate than to fight, and a compact was made by which great advantages were conferred on the English. The treaty, however, had scarcely been concluded, when Surajah formed new designs against them. He intrigued with the French authorities at Chandernagore. He invited M. Bussy to march from the Deccan to the Hoogley, and to drive the English out of Bengal. All this was known to Clive and Watson. They were aware of the efforts which the French government was making to recover its influence and power in the East; they knew that Bussy, the successor of Dupleix, and his equal in valor and artifice, was at no great distance from Bengal, with a European and a large native force, and they clearly saw that a French and English dominion could not exist together in India. They concluded, therefore, that they would be consulting the honor and the highest interest of England, by attacking her greatest rival, while they could do so with advantage. Instead of waiting to be attacked in Calcutta, they determined to strike a decisive blow, and to march against Chandernagore itself, which was the headquarters of the French. Watson directed the expedition by water, Clive by land. The success was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the military stores, all fell into the hands of the English. Nearly five hundred European troops were among the prisoners. The result proved that Clive was correct in his suspicions and opportune in his attack, for it was then discovered that the Nabob was actually in treaty with the French. Clive then determined to incur the further responsibility of declaring war against this prince, and of taking part in a formidable conspiracy already existing among his subjects, to dethrone him. "He is," said Clive, "a villain, and either he or we must be upset."

A prime leader in this native conspiracy against Surajah was Omichund, an artful

and avaricious banker, who had suffered by the fall of Calcutta, and who had been the chief instrument in carrying on the recent negotiations between the English and the Nabob. The confederacy included also Roydulluh, the minister of finance, Meer Jaffier, the principal commander of the troops, and Jugget Seit, the richest banker in India. The plot was opened to the English agents. Their wish was to dethrone Surajah Dowlah, and to make Meer Jaffier their ruler in his stead. Communication was opened between the malcontents at Moorshedabad and the English committee at Calcutta. The committee hesitated, but Colonel Clive declared for the conspirators, and his vigor and firmness bore down all opposition. It was determined that the English should lend their assistance to depose Surajah Dowlah, and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal. In return, Jaffier promised ample returns to the Company and its servants, and a liberal donation to the army, the navy, and the committee. Thus began the struggle directly, and the game of artifice for Bengal, and from this time forward Clive had to carry on a painfully anxious game of treachery and dissimulation. Even winning an empire cannot justify the deceptions which he stooped to practice. He wrote to Surajah a letter in terms so affectionate and loyal, that they for a time lulled that doomed prince to perfect security. The same messenger who carried this to the Nabob, carried to Mr. Watts, an agent of the Company at Moorshedabad, a letter in the following terms: "Tell Meer Jaffier to fear nothing. I will join him with five thousand men, who never turned their backs. Assure him I will march night and day to his assistance, and stand by him as long as I have a man left."

But his dissimulation and treachery were met by the indecision and artful duplicity of his conspiring allies. Meer Jaffier took an undecided part, evidently desiring to adhere to the Nabob, until he saw that he could desert him with safety. Nor could the avaricious Omichund be depended on; he held the thread of the whole intrigue, and by one word in the ear of the Nabob he could destroy the whole plot. The plans were all ripe for execution, when on the very eve of action Omichund, in addition to the enormous reward already promised him, demanded £300,000 for his agency in the plot. The peril was imminent; the life of Watts, of Meer Jaffier, of all the conspirators, was at his mercy. The committee, appalled at the danger, knew not what course to take. But Clive was ready even for this emergence. The man, he said, was a villain, and any artifice which could defeat such knavery was justifiable. "Promise him all he asks," said the man who was determined to win Bengal, "and draw up any form of engagement that shall satisfy him and secure us against his treachery." Two agreements were prepared, one written on red paper, promising all that Omichund had asked; the other on white paper, giving him nothing. Admiral Watson signed the latter, but refused to sign the other, which, however, Clive determined to do for him. Omichund was deceived and satisfied; Clive had forged the name of Admiral Watson!

All was now ready for action. Clive put his troops in motion, and wrote to Surajah in a menacing tone, very different from that of his previous letters. The Nabob assembled his whole force and marched to encounter the English. Meer Jaffier, still undecided, delayed to fulfill his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English. Clive's situation was imminent and painfully anxious, but his valor, if not indeed his recklessness, was equal to it, and in spite of the decision of a council of war to the contrary, he determined to march to Plassey, where were concentrated the thousands of Surajah's troops. After a day's toilsome march, the English army took up its quarters within a mile of the enemy. The day broke; the day which decided the fate of India; the day which gave an Asiatic empire to Great Britain; the day which converted the East India Company of traders into a company of sovereigns! At sunrise the army of the Nabob began to move toward the grove where the English lay. The battle commenced with a cannonade. It lasted but a few hours. The forces of Surajah were dispersed never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain; "but their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two men killed, and fifty wounded, Colonel Clive had scattered an army of sixty thousand men,

and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

As the battle was closing, Clive observed a dense body of troops, on the left of the enemy, moving toward his right. As they made no communication, they were fired on as they approached, but in a short time some horsemen came in, announcing that this was Meer Jaffier's corps, and that he sent his congratulations to the victors. Although he had given no assistance to the English, yet on the following morning he entered the camp, and claimed the conditions of the agreement. He was obviously uneasy, and conscious of his duplicity. Clive, however, though he was in reality master of Bengal, and could as easily have driven off Jaffier as he had scattered the forces of Surajah, knew that it was not the time, and would be neither politic nor safe to assume the sovereignty of an empire, and therefore he received him with open arms, and hailed him as Nabob of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. In a few days the ceremony of the installation was performed, Clive led the new Nabob to the seat of honor, placed him on it, presented to him an offering of gold, and then turning to the natives who filled the vast hall of the palace at Moorshedabad, congratulated them on the good fortune which had freed them from a tyrant.

Soon Omichund came to gather the enormous rewards that had been promised for his treachery. The white treaty above referred to, and the only one which Admiral Watson had signed, was now produced and read, and Clive turned to Mr. Crafton, one of the Company's secretaries, and said: "It is now time to undeceive this treacherous Omichund." "Omichund," said Mr. Crafton, "the red treaty is false, and without authority; you are to have nothing!" Omichund fell back insensible into the arms of his attendants; he revived, but his mind never recovered from the fearful shock. He survived the event a short time, bereft of both his estate and his reason, and died in poverty and obscurity.

Such were the intrigues attending this treacherous overthrow of Surajah Dowlah; and such was the famous battle of Plassey; a battle which marks the first great era in the history of British India; a battle which achieved for Great Britain the richest district of Hindoostan; broke completely the power of the French in the East; established the authority of England, and spread the terror of her arms throughout the provinces of the Mogul empire, nearly all of which have since been subjected to British dominion.

Various have been the judgments of English writers with regard to these transactions of Lord Clive. Some honestly condemn the whole transaction, and exhibit the character of Clive as one of infamy and treachery. Others, like Macaulay, present for consideration many circumstances which they suppose palliate his guilt and duplicity, while Sir John Malcolm undertakes to defend the affair in all its parts. About sixteen years after the battle of Plassey, the treacherous transactions between Clive and Meer Jaffier were condemned by the public voice, and severely criticised by Parliament. In 1772, that body felt that it could no longer neglect the affairs of India, and leave the interests of so great a territory and so vast a number of people, wholly in the hands of a mere trading company. The cry of tyranny and oppression constantly rang about the chambers of Parliament; Clive was hated and condemned throughout the country; the financial difficulties of the Company brought on a crisis, and the ministers were forced to take up the subject. A long and scrutinizing investigation of the career of Clive and the affairs of the Company ensued, and at length the House of Commons, by a succession of strange and contradictory resolutions, condemned and approved the transactions of Lord Clive; severely criticised his treachery, and at the same time assumed to itself the vast consequences of his duplicity. They resolved that acquisitions made by the arms of the State, belong to the State alone, and that it is illegal in the servants of the State to appropriate such acquisitions to themselves. They resolved that this wholesome rule had been systematically violated by the English functionaries of Bengal. They resolved that Clive had, through the power which he possessed as commander of the British forces in India, illegally obtained large sums from Meer Jaffier; and then passed a unanimous resolution that "Lord Clive had, at the same time, rendered great and meritorious services to his country." Clive was promoted, and left in the enjoyment of his vast fortune and doubtful honors. Great Britain took possession of his vast territorial acquisitions in the East; began from that time forward

to direct and regulate the affairs of India, and from that time becomes responsible to God and the world for the administration of the affairs of an empire more vast than herself, and containing a population of more than one hundred millions of souls.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

IT has been a question among zoologists whether or not man ought to be considered as an animal, and to take his place in the system of nature with a generic and specific name. Some have decided in the affirmative, as Linnæus, who places *Homo sapiens* at the head of his *Primates*, and Cuvier, who creates an order, "*Bimanes*," for the express reception of the human species. Others, as Aristotle, Ray, and Swainson, exclude him from their systems, and refuse to assign him a zoological place. The grounds of this exclusion are tersely expressed by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, in the following words: "There is nothing philosophical in the comparison of a being possessed of improvable reason with one that is governed by natural instinct, because there is no just affinity between the talents which are compared."

We incline to think, however, that both these hypotheses are true. Man, in regard to his body and soul, is an animal, and is to be compared with other animals; he is the highest form in the highest class; while it is in regard to his spirit, the moral consciousness of responsibility, the principle which constitutes him capable of worshiping God, that he is separated from the brute creation, and placed *per se*. The contrast between man and beast is not a *contrast between reason and instinct*, common, and almost universal as is this supposition, for it can be readily shown that these two mental qualities, though very different, are by no means inseparable; that in point of fact the dog is endowed with reason as well as instinct, and that man performs many actions which are purely instinctive, as well as those which are prompted by reason. We shall presently adduce some examples in proof of the former of these propositions.

What is the nature of spirit, or how that principle can be defined, by the possession of which man is raised above companionship with the ape and the dog, is a question which we will not attempt to answer. "In the image of God made he man." The Creator, who spoke all other terrestrial existences into being by his almighty word, condescended to "breathe into the nostrils" of man, whom he had formed out of dust, "the breath (or spirit) of life." Thus his spiritual part was a direct emanation from the Deity, who had respect to the wondrous plan, devised before the foundation of the world, whereby the creature man was to be brought into the closest union with himself. Here is the true dignity of man: it is not that he is a reasonable being; it is not that he is a moral being; but it is that by an act of stupendous grace his being has been shared by the everlasting God, who became partaker of his flesh and blood, in order that he might become a partaker of the Divine nature. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!

To some it may appear strange that we should consider the possession of *a soul*, as well as a body, common to the brutes with man, and may possibly startle even some who do not fall into the general mistake of confounding the soul with the spirit. Yet it is evident that the inferior creatures do manifest mental attributes. "The phenomena," observes Dr. Prichard, "of feeling, of desire and aversion, of love and hatred, of fear and revenge, and the perception of external relations, manifest in the life of brutes, imply, not only through the analogy which they display to the human faculties, but likewise from all that we can learn or conjecture of their particular nature, the superadded principle, distinct from the mere mechanism of material bodies. That such a principle must exist in all beings capable of sensation, or of anything analogous to human passions and feelings, will hardly be denied by those who perceive the force of arguments which metaphysically demonstrate the immaterial nature of the mind."

Instinct has been defined as a natural impulse to certain actions which animals perform without deliberation, and without having any end in view, and without knowing why they do them. It differs from intellect in the unerring certainty of the means it employs, the uniformity of its results, and the perfection of its works prior to, and independent of, all instruction or experience; and, lastly, by the pursuit

of nothing beyond what conduces directly either to the continuation of the individual or the propagation of the kind. But the arts of rational creatures proceed slowly through diversified and oft-repeated experiments, while the means they employ are always various, and seldom the best and most appropriate.

Assuming the correctness of this diagnosis, let us examine the source of the actions recorded in the following anecdotes:

"The battering-train going to the siegé of Seringapatam, had to cross the sandy bed of a river that resembled other rivers of the Peninsula, which leave, during the dry season, but a small stream of water running through them, though their beds are mostly of considerable breadth, very heavy for draught, and abounding in quicksands. It happened that an artilleryman, who was seated on the tumbril of one of the guns, by some accident fell off, in such a situation that in a second or two the hind-wheel must have gone over him. The elephant, which was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the predicament in which the man was, instantly, without any warning from its keepers, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him."

"While an old man was wandering by the side of one of the largest tributaries of the Almand, he observed a badger moving leisurely along the ledge of a rock on the opposite bank. In a little time a fox came up, and after walking for some distance close in the rear of the poor badger, he leaped into the water. Immediately afterward came a pack of hounds at full speed in pursuit of the fox, who by this time was far enough off floating down the stream, but the luckless badger was instantly torn to pieces by the dogs."

"A gentleman was engaged in the amusement of coursing, when a hare, closely pressed, passed under a gate, while the dogs followed, by leaping over it. The delay caused to her pursuers by this manœuver seems to have taught a sudden and useful lesson to the persecuted creature, for as soon as the dogs had cleared the gate and overtaken her, she doubled and returned under the gate as before, the dogs again following and passing over it. And this flirtation continued backward and forward until the dogs were fairly tired of the amusement, when the hare, taking advantage of their fatigue, quietly stole away."

Of dogs numberless well-authenticated stories are on record, (and almost every one can add to the number from his own circle of information or observation,) which indicate a comparatively high degree of reasoning power. Who has not observed the intelligence of those dogs which lead the blind through crowded thoroughfares and dangerous places, always awake, not to their own comfort, but to the safety of their unconscious masters? Montaigne has seen one of these dogs along the ramparts of a town leave a smooth and uniform path, and take a worse, in order to lead his master from a too close proximity to the edge.

M. Fred. Cuvier, in his highly interesting description of an orang, brought to France by M. Decaen, makes the following statement. After alluding to its love for its owner, he says:

"This principle of affection generally induced our orang to seek the society of those persons with whom it was acquainted, and to shun solitude, which was at all times displeasing to it. On one occasion it exhibited for this purpose a very remarkable degree of intelligence. It was kept in a small room off a large saloon, usually occupied by the members of the family, and had frequently been observed to mount a chair which stood contiguous, for the purpose of unbolting the door and joining the rest of the company. At length the chair was removed to a distant corner of the room for the express purpose of preventing the intrusion; but scarcely had the door been shut than it was again opened, and the orang was seen in the act of descending from the identical chair, which he had carried back again to its old situation, to enable him to mount up to the height of the bolt. It is certain that the animal had never been taught to act in this manner, nor had he ever seen others do so; the whole affair was the result of his own natural reason, and differed in no respect from what a human being would have done in like circumstances."

And is not this a legitimate deduction? and will it not apply to all the examples we have enumerated, and to thousands of others? The elephant had never been *taught* to lift wheels when they threatened to crush fallen men; nor the fox to transfer his own peril to a stray badger; nor the hare to run to and fro under a gate; nor the blind man's dog to give a wide berth to the rampart's verge. The actions were not the results of education, of habits induced by training. Neither were they, or any of them, marked by "unerring certainty in the means," or "uniformity in the results," nor can it be said that they were "performed independently of all experience;" they differed *in toto* from instinctive actions. Every one of them indicates a reasoning power, combining cause with effect, using the light of past experience, or perceiving the suitability of some resource to present emergence, and that, in one or two of the cases, as in those of the fox and the hare, with a sudden

promptitude which in man would have been admired as presence of mind. Why should we hesitate to call it so here?

Instances are not wanting in which the inferior animals have manifested a capacity for comprehending some of the more abstract notions, such as time, number, and language—notions which certainly have little in common with *instinct*. Southey, in "Omhiana," mentions two dogs which were able to count the days of the week. One of these, he says, belonged to his grandfather, and was in the habit of trudging two miles every Saturday to cater for himself in the shambles. "I know," he adds, "a more extraordinary and well-authenticated example. A dog, which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food *upon Friday*."

In one of his Essays, Montaigne says:

"The oxen that served in the royal gardens of Susa, to water them, and turn certain great wheels to draw water for that purpose, to which buckets were fastened, (such as there are many in Languedoc,) being ordered every one to draw a hundred turns a day, they were so accustomed to this number, that it was impossible by any force to make them draw one turn more; but, their task being performed, they would suddenly stop, and stand still."

As proofs that brutes can acquire some knowledge of human language, we may mention the following facts and anecdotes out of many. Mr. W. C. Martin says:

"We have two dogs, a spaniel and a terrier, both of small size; and if, by way of trial, in the course of conversation we say, in the ordinary tone of voice and without looking at them, 'I am sure there must be a cat somewhere about the house,' they are instantly excited, and search in every place for the animal, to which they bear instinctive hatred."

Dr. Gall says that dogs learn to understand not merely separate words or articulate sounds, but whole sentences expressing many ideas. In his treatise upon "The Functions of the Brain," is the following passage:

"I have often spoken intentionally of objects which might interest my dog, taking care not to mention his name, or make any intonation or gesture which might awaken his attention. He, however, showed no less pleasure or sorrow, as it might be, and, indeed, manifested by his behavior that he had perfectly understood the conversation which concerned him. I had taken a bitch from Vienna to Paris; in a very short time she comprehended French as well as German, of which I satisfied myself by repeating before her whole sentences in both languages."

Elephants habitually perform certain duties on the mere verbal promise of special rewards, which it would be very dangerous to withhold when the condition is accomplished.

But one of the most remarkable examples on record of this faculty, is the following story of a spaniel, avouched by the personal knowledge of Mr. Martin, a zoologist of deserved reputation:

"One morning, as the lady to whom the spaniel belongs was lacing her boots, one of the laces broke. She turned to the dog, and playfully said, 'O dear! I wish you would find me another boot-lace;' and having managed with the broken one, thought no more about it. On the following morning, when she was again lacing her boots, her spaniel ran up to her with a new silken boot-lace in his mouth; not only to her great amazement, but that of the family. Where the dog had obtained the boot-lace no one could tell; but, doubtless, he had purloined it from some work-box or similar repository."

The same naturalist has mentioned several instances in which a communication was made by one animal to another of certain events that had occurred to the former, and of a definite and intelligent common action resulting.

Every observant reader is aware that the brutes, especially those which, being domesticated, come more frequently under our notice, display many of what, in ourselves, we call *moral* feelings or affections, whether good or bad; but, perhaps, all are not cognizant of the extent of the category. We could readily cite anecdotes to prove that love, hatred, jealousy, gratitude, pity, sympathy, faithfulness, obedience, sorrow, joy, pride, revenge, and even conscience of guilt, are attributes of the bestial, no less than of the human soul. Some of these are too commonly witnessed to need illustration, but we shall cite a few examples.

The affection of the dog for his human friend is so fervent, so tender, that it is scarcely surprising that it should sometimes beget that horrid accompaniment, jealousy, with which in our nobler bosoms it is so often associated. Nor is it only of their own species that dogs are jealous; any intruder that appears to share the regard which they had been accustomed to consider exclusively their own, becomes an object of fierce hatred. M. Blaze mentions a dog which died of consumption, because its mistress received home an infant that had been put out to nurse. He

growled whenever he saw her kiss the child. In 1841, a bull-dog in Paris flew upon and killed a child of six years old, in the arms of his mother; the only reason for this ferocity being that the little fellow had been in the habit of caressing another dog in the sight of the savage animal, which had always, before this, been kept chained.

As to pride, it is well known in the East that the elephant receives pleasure from his gorgeous trappings, and moves with a more stately step, and with manifest appreciation of his honors, when bedizened in scarlet and gold. Pliny relates that one of the elephants of Antiochus, having been deprived of his silver ornaments for refusing to sound the depth of a river, rejected his food, and actually died under the sense of his disgrace.

The same intelligent creature shall afford us an illustration of sympathy, so strong as to overcome even the obedience habitual to the animal. Bishop Heber saw an old half-starved elephant fall under his work, and being unable to rise, another of very large size was brought to assist him.

"I was much struck," says the good prelate, "with the almost human expression of surprise, alarm, and perplexity in his countenance, when he approached his fallen companion. They fastened a chain round his neck and the body of the sick beast, and urged him in all ways, by encouragement and blows, to drag him up, even thrusting spears into his flanks. He pulled stoutly for a minute; but on the first groan his companion gave, he stopped short, and turned fiercely round with a loud roar, and with his trunk and fore-feet began to attempt to loosen the chain from his neck."

Dr. Abel, in his minute account of the manners of a Bornean orang, speaks of the fits of passionate anger into which he would sometimes fall:

"If repeatedly refused an orange, when he attempted to take it, he would shriek violently, and swing furiously about the ropes; then return and endeavor to obtain it: if again refused, he would roll for some time like an angry child upon the deck, uttering the most piercing screams, and then suddenly starting up, rush furiously over the side of the ship, and disappear. On first witnessing this act, we thought he had thrown himself into the sea; but on a search being made we found him concealed under the chains."

The worthy doctor says that this act, in a rational being, would have been called the threatening of suicide. Was it anything else in this ape? Was not the act evidently the result of a process of reasoning, founded on his observation of the value his master set on him, and comprehending the sorrow which the supposed loss would produce? The cautiousness which determined that it should be only a *deceptive* loss was a refinement of intellect, almost human.

A kindred animal, the Siamang, shall afford us an example of a mental principle very like conscience. The dog and cat, however, often display its workings as well. In Mr. Bennet's "Wanderings," there is an account of this ape, which he was keeping. In the cabin, there was a piece of soap, which had excited the Siamang's cupidity, and for the abstraction of which he had been several times scolded. One day Mr. Bennet, while engaged in writing, happened to see the siamang engaged in his thievish practices.

"I watched him," says the observer, "without his perceiving that I did so; he occasionally cast a furtive glance toward the place where I sat. I pretended to write; he seeing me busily engaged, took up the soap and moved away with it in his paw. When he had walked half the length of the cabin, I spoke quietly, without frightening him. The instant he found I saw him, he walked back again, and deposited the soap nearly in the same place whence he had taken it; thus betraying, both by his first and last actions, a consciousness of having done wrong."

We shall close these anecdotes with a very touching one, illustrative at once of the most tender and faithful love, and of the deepest sorrow. After the battle of Aughrim, the bodies of the Irish were left where they fell, to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. Among them was an Irish officer, who was killed and stripped in the battle. But his faithful dog discovered his remains, and guarded the body day and night; and though he fed with other dogs on the slain around, yet he would not allow them or anything else to touch the body of his master. When all the dead bodies were consumed, the other dogs departed; but this one used to go in the night to the adjacent villages for food, and presently return to the place where his master's bones only were then left. Thus he continued from July, when the battle was fought, till January following, when one of Colonel Foulk's soldiers, who was quartered in the neighborhood, happening to go near the spot, the dog, fearing he came to disturb his master's bones,

rushed upon the man, who unslung his musket on the instant, and shot the poor animal dead. He expired faithful as he had lived.

Here we take a respectful leave of our readers. We have sought to lead them, rapidly but not unobservantly, through a small portion of the wide range of animated being. Our course has been like that of a railway passenger through a varied and fertile country: it is but a small portion of the expanse that falls under his brief and rapid glances, but then this affords him a fair sample of the whole. We have left untouched multitudes of details, not less interesting in themselves, nor less suggestive than those which we have noticed; but these may suffice to be the spokesmen of the vast band, who with one accord render unceasing praise, not less eloquent because silent to the ear of sense, unto Him who made them all for his own glory.

THE HOLY SCAPULAR.

THERE lie before me two small pieces of brown woolen cloth. I judge they may be about two inches long and an inch and a half wide. On the reverse of one of them is a female figure in plain costume with rays of diverging light streaming from both hands. Over her head are these significant words: "*O Marie, conçu sans péché, priez pour nous qui avons recours à vous,*" which the English reader may understand thus: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to you." Just at the bottom we read, "*Ces rayons sont le symbole des grâces que Marie obtient aux hommes,*" which words do inform us that "These rays are the symbol of the favors which Mary obtains for men."

On the reverse of the other we have the letter M, surmounted by a cross, so arranged as to answer for I. M. I., [Jesus, Mary, and Joseph,] and the sacred hearts of Jesus and Mary, surrounded by sixteen stars, and these solemn words are at the bottom, "*Revers de la médaille miraculeuse:*" "Reverse of the miraculous medal." Now these two mysterious pieces of cloth, lined with cambric and so curiously stamped, are coupled together by two strings of very small worsted braid.

These pieces of cloth, gentle reader, are THE HOLY SCAPULAR, concerning which I beg to submit to your consideration sundry strange and miraculous facts from the highest official authority.

There is also before me a notable book, the title of which runs thus:

"The Scapular Book; Containing the Scapular of our Lady of Mount Carmel; the Scapular of our Blessed Lady of the Seven Dolors; the Scapular of the Immaculate Conception; the Scapular of the most holy Trinity; the red Scapular of our Lord's Passion, and of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. With the approbation of the most Rev. John Hughes, D. D., Archbishop of New York. *Donnegan & Brother, 151 Fulton-street, New York.*"

You are inclined to ask, What can be the importance of these two little pieces of cloth? They cannot, you say, be even properly named, for the word *Scapular* indicates something about the shoulder, like a scarf or mantel, thrown gracefully over. But do not be hasty; these are representative pieces of cloth. They *do*, instead of entire "livery." Know what St. Alphonsus Liguori saith:

"As it is considered a mark of distinction by men to have attendants wearing their livery, so does the blessed Virgin like to see her servants wear her scapular; it should be a sign of their having devoted themselves to her service, and of their belonging to the family of the mother of God."

Think of that, O ye heretics! And what unapproachable kindness in "the blessed Mother of God" to accept of a couple of little patches, in the stead of a whole dress. One would think, to be sure, that this was an attempt of the saints to cheat the blessed Virgin out of so much cloth; but it is by no means so. Hear what is said under the sanction of the incomparable Archbishop Hughes:

"The scapular should be made of two pieces of woolen cloth, of a dark brown or coffee color, attached to a double string, so that it may hang over the shoulders, one piece on the breast, and the other on the back."

It would seem that there has been some little mistake in the size of this "Scapular of our Lady of Mount Carmel," which lies before us, for it is said in a note, "with the approbation of the most Rev. John Hughes, D. D., Archbishop of New York," that "these pieces are each about three inches square;" and these, as I have told you, are not quite so large. If, however, the Archbishop is anything like as accommodating as the blessed Virgin, who

gives up at least ninety-nine hundredths of the garment, for convenience, he will not hesitate, for the benefit of the faithful poor, to spare half an inch or so from the scapular, which, to tell the truth, without his blessing, would be no better than any other rag! We gather much encouragement as to this gracious "indulgence," from that word "about," "*about* three inches square," which his grace has seen proper to sanction.

That our readers may have full explanations of the reason for the reverse of "the Scapular," we append the official statement thus:

"It is a pious custom to have a picture of our blessed Lady sewed on the scapular, or to have the initials I. H. S. marked on the piece, and the initials I. M. I. on the other, but [thanks be to Mary] neither the picture nor these letters *is* necessary; [O bishop! what grammar!] a simple scapular without either is sufficient!"

What a mercy! It behooves us to inquire diligently where this "miraculous medal" came from. It would seem just, to a simple, uninitiated heretic, to be like the "greegree" of the savage African, made, you know, of braided strips of leather, and most scrupulously worn around the neck, as a charm to keep off "bad spirits" and the like, precisely similar to the purpose for which the very Rev. Archbishop Hughes wears "the scapular!" Merely looking at them, one can see just as much sense, just as little divinity, and just as much ridiculous superstition in the one as the other. But read from this official book:

"It is Mary who presents it to us as the sign of her adoption, as a pledge of her assistance, and a source of peace and confidence!"

Not these very pieces of cloth? Well, yes; it would seem so; for though you can buy them by the dozen at Donnegan & Brother, 151 Fulton-street, New York, yet *Mary gives us the scapular*, all stitched and sewed up, just as if a pretty Irish girl had made it with her own fingers! If it isn't by a sort of transubstantiation by the power of the priest when he blesses it, (for he does bless it,) similar to that which makes "the very body and blood of God" out of the bread and wine, we do not know how it is done.

But we must take you clear back into the dark ages to show you the origin of this gracious overture to poor mortals.

"This devotion was instituted toward the middle of the thirteenth century; it was in some measure the fruit of the prayers of St. Simon Stock, born in England, in the County of Kent, in 1163. He was endowed from infancy with extraordinary grace. At the age of twelve years he retired to a solitude; his food was only herbs and roots, with water from a rivulet. The hollow of an old tree served him for an oratory, a bed, and a cell; prayer was his sole occupation; the Mother of God favored him with particular graces; monks from Mount Carmel found him, and at length raised him to the dignity of Superior General of Mount Carmel. He then zealously devoted himself to promote in his order an ardent devotion to the blessed Virgin Mary, in which he perfectly succeeded. From that period he might assuredly claim her special protection, and even, if we may presume to say so, the gratitude of her who has said, 'I love them that love me.'

"For a long time he entreated her to grant him some pledge of her favor. After he had passed several years in tears and supplications, this good mother appeared to him surrounded by a great number of blessed spirits, and, holding a scapular in her hand, said: 'My beloved son receive this scapular as the livery of my confraternity. It is a privilege granted to you and to all the Carmelites; it shall be a mark of predestination, [only think of it!] a safeguard in danger; [my dear sir!] a pledge of peace and of eternal alliance. [My Lord Bishop!] Whoever shall be so happy as to die wearing this garment shall not suffer in the eternal flames of hell."

O Bishop Hughes, do wear yours night and day! It is, we fear, your only safety.

Let no one presume that this is a mere figment of monkish superstitions. This story, showing that the scapular (two bits of woolen cloth, string and all) was actually made in heaven! (nice looms, and nobody knows how many busy weavers and seamstresses they must have up there!) and literally handed to our pious monk, St. Simon Stock, by "the Mother of God," and invested with all this miraculous power, has, as we are gravely assured on the authority of Archbishop Hughes, received the sanction of kings and popes. "Besides many popes of former days," says a pious author, "we know that several nearer to our own times, as Clement X., Clement XI., Clement XII., Benedict XIII. and XIV., wore the holy scapular with great veneration." They did!

We have not room to give the long line of popes and worthies who have given the sanction of immutable authority to this solemn, impious fraud. It gave unheard-of popularity to the confraternity of Mount Carmel, and mere numbers made a decree

of Pope Gregory XVI. necessary to dispense with the inscription of the names upon the record.

Other revelations were given; other scapulars devised; those, for instance, named at the beginning of this article, differing, however, in nothing essential to the reader from the one we have described. It is enough to say that no point of Romish polity is more clearly defined, more solemnly ratified, and sacredly enjoined upon papal devotees, than "the devotion of the scapulars!"

With the utmost gravity, Archbishop Hughes wishes his miserable dupes to believe that this stupendous falsehood is true! and he joins with popes and princes to assure them of the efficacy of these scraps of cloth when piously worn. He, by this official endorsement, assures them that "the devotion of the scapular is of great antiquity, and ever since its first beginning, has been highly approved of by the Church, which is sufficiently attested by the bulls of the pontiffs, and the indulgences they have granted to it at various times." He covers with his name the assertions that "it is not of human invention; it is favored with the special protection of the queen of heaven; it has the promise of eternal salvation; it avails much to shorten the expiatory flames of purgatory;" and, finally, "It has been favored by God with many graces and miracles ever since its first institution." Under the same high sanction, insulted, degraded human beings are hypocritically informed that they shall secure to themselves the following blessings by piously wearing these two pieces of cloth. First, "communion of merits;" second, "the special protection of Mary;" third, "plenary indulgences," and numerous "partial indulgences," the occasions of which are detailed with great particularity; fourth, "a shorter purgatory;" and fifth, "the grace of salvation!" The amplification of the last "advantage" begins with these notable words:

"The holy Virgin, in giving the scapular to St. Simon, made him a most consoling promise. She put no bounds to the confidence of those who should wear her habit. In the engagement she made to protect them is no condition. Her words are precise: '*Whoever shall die wearing this habit shall not suffer eternal fire.*'"

Who now will say that Romanism corrects her gross and blasphemous superstitions under the influence of modern civilization? When has she ever, more presumptuously than to-day, denied the Lord that bought us, and trampled into the dust the souls and rights of men? How undeniably does she elevate not only the Virgin Mary, but a contemptible piece of cloth, above the glorious Saviour of the world! and teach her votaries to depend upon "the scapular" for salvation. In this very book, authorized by Archbishop Hughes, is an extract from a sermon by Père Colombière, S. J., in which he says:

"I conclude that the devotion of the scapular is the best of all those pious practices which the Church authorizes, because it has been confirmed by more frequent and well-authenticated miracles than any other. How many fires have been extinguished by it, while it has itself been preserved whole and entire in the midst of the flames! How often have persons in danger of perishing by fire been so wonderfully protected by it that they passed through the burning flames without even a hair of their heads being singed! Its utility has been more than once proved in shipwrecks, as well as on other trying occasions, but especially in sickness. I should never end were I to particularize the many instances in which the servants of Mary have been preserved by it."

Then six examples of miracles are given and solemnly attested! One shows how a soldier was shot and not killed. "He was instantly undressed, when it was perceived that the ball, after penetrating his clothes, rested on the scapular which he wore, when it stopped, thus evidently proving that to it he owed his life!" "Monsieur de Cage" received a cannon ball which "tore his heart to pieces," and yet he lived "three or four days," made his confession, and repented of his "mortal sin," and was "preserved from eternal death," all of which was explained by the fact that "the bullet had driven the scapular into his heart!" A fire broke out in a house, and raged with much violence, when, at the suggestion of "a worthy clergyman," a young man "threw his scapular into that part of the fire where it was raging most violently. At the same moment the flames seemed to ascend like a whirlwind and the fire ceased burning. The scapular was found intact on the following day!" The others are similar; but we have seen enough. Bishop Hughes is said to be intelligent, and he doubtless is. How, then, must his cheek *burn with shame* to find that the fact of his endorsement of such stupendous frauds is known to the American people.

HAMMERING IT IN.

DEPRESSED by a severe cold, for which I was indebted to the variable nature of the late bad weather, I sat, a few mornings since, in a despondent way beside my coffee and dry-toast, roasted the soles of my slippers, and read away my digestion over the last murder recounted in the morning paper. Suddenly I was startled by the step of a man rushing hurriedly up stairs; the door of my sitting-room was burst open, and my friend Boulder, flourishing in his hand a heavy hammer, stood before me and gasped out, "I've done it at last, Smith! I've done it at last!" Boulder is a most excitable man, with a wife and a large family of boys. I looked aghast for marks of blood upon the hammer—for a trace of human hair in some crack of the handle.

"Which—who—how many?" I shouted.

"My son Jack," he declared, "is the cause of it all. He brought it upon me. O Smith, my dear friend, would you have believed I should have ever come to this? Cut me some ham."

He sat down opposite me in an easy chair, turned up his soles also to the fire, helped himself to a thick slice of bread, and said again,

"Cut me some ham. I must be off to the hills in ten minutes, and it's well to fortify myself, because I may miss dinner to-day."

"Sir! Mr. Boulder!"

"Let me ring for a cup and saucer. There, now, go on with your breakfast, and I'll tell you all about it. I was led to it entirely by that hard-headed fellow, David Page."

"Page?"

"David Page, F. G. S. Hark you! Three weeks ago, Mrs. Boulder came to me, and said, 'Peter.' I replied, 'Susannah.' She said, 'Look at Jack's clean shirt.' She showed me a shirt folded neatly, and its front covered with red stains, and holes, and indentations. 'Mercy,' I cried, 'what's the cause of this?' Jack was at school, round the corner, you know, Tickleby's day-school. 'I wish to show you, Mr. B.,' said my old girl, 'Jack's linen drawer.' Followed my wife, looked in the drawer, found it filled up with stones and dirt. In the drawer below that found clay, sand, and old shells in his Sunday jacket. Caused the dirt to be instantly carried to the dust-hole. Further examined drawers in Jack's room, and, in the corner of one, found a book entitled, 'Advanced Text-Book of Geology, Descriptive and Industrial, by David Page, F.G.S.'

"'That's what has done it, Peter,' Mrs. B. said. 'That's the book I've seen him reading, evening after evening.' 'He shall read no more of it,' said I. 'The book is confiscated.' When Jack came home at dinner-time we had a great disturbance."

Here Mr. Boulder gasped over his ham, and I felt painfully nervous. Boulder went on:

"'Jack,' said I, 'you shall never more look on that book.' I put it on my own library table. I peeped into it; I looked into it; I read bits of it; I read more of it; I liked it; I studied it; I threw myself heart and soul into it; I comprehended it; I bought a hammer."

Here Boulder caught his hammer up and flourished it again. He was evidently stone-mad.

"With this hammer, my boy, I break my way into the treasury of Nature."

Here Boulder brought his hammer down, and smashed my tea-cup.

"Ah, good!" he cried, taking a fragment up. "A lucky accident. Look at the crystalline fracture. What's here? Clay. What makes the clay crystalline in its fracture? Fire. Theory of the igneous rocks. Thickness of the ponderable crust of the globe, eight hundred miles. Depth at which most of the rocks ordinarily found at the surface would exist in a molten state, say five-and-twenty miles. Undercrust of the globe, granite. Here's a bit."

My excitable friend took from the mantelpiece a handsome paper-weight of polished stone.

"Some ass of a man has polished this fine specimen of primitive rock." With one tap of his hammer, Boulder broke it in two. "Observe," he said, "the exquisite fracture."

"Exquisite—confound—"

"Never polish a fine specimen. The geologist, my dear boy, is most particular to show you a clean fracture and nothing else. He breaks a stone, and takes pains not so much as to dim with a finger's touch the brilliance of the broken surface. Now fractures are of various sorts, conchoidal or shell-like, even, uneven, smooth,

splintery, hackly. Only look in this beautiful bit of granite, at the silvery gleams of the mica and the suety bits of quartz speckling the solid pudding of the felspar. Quartz is, of simple minerals, one of the hardest. I knock out a little chip of granite, and you will observe that it is impossible to powder the quartz in it by blows of a hammer on the hearth-stone. You perceive the hearth-stone breaks, but the quartz grains remain uncomminuted."

"Mr. Boulder," I began, faintly. I was made somewhat weak and helpless by my cold, or I should have met vigor with vigor.

"Pardon me, Smith; they remain, I say, uncomminuted. Let me advise you to be a geologist. I am going to the hills to-day on an excursion. Come. Ah, you have a cold. Well, I will stop exactly half an hour." Here he pulled out his watch. "I do want you to share my enjoyment. I do want to make you feel the delight caused by the study of geology. I didn't think that I should take it up myself when I turned out Jack's drawers. Page over-persuaded me. He's just the man to bring the science home to you. Ah, Mrs. Boulder doesn't know it, but I've carried up her sheets and blankets into one of the attics, and have a most beautiful experiment on the formation of mud-banks from aqueous deposit in her linen chest. I've mixed up in water earth and shells, and a shilling's worth of shrimps. In a few days, when I drain the water off, you come over to me, and I'll show you how the top crust of the world is formed, and how the remains of extinct animals get to be mixed with it. Only, if Mrs. B. should by chance go to the chest before the experiment is finished—O those women! those women!

"But now, Smith, as you've a cold, and can't go to the hills, I'll show you how a geologist need go no farther than his own room for a study of incomparably the most glorious of sciences. I'll give you to-day only an elementary lesson. When I come next we'll go into the thing more completely. Now look here," down came the hammer on the corner of my mantle-piece, "I break off this little piece of metamorphic rock; the character has been destroyed by polishing, but now what beauty have I not revealed."

"Boulder," I cried, "give me your hammer. Let me send your hammer down into the hall."

"Thank you, thank you; I shall be going presently. 'Tis not worth while. Dismiss from your mind what I was just saying about aqueous rocks. Above the igneous you have the metamorphic; you have, to speak familiarly, the mantle-piece upon the paper weight, and not the paper weight upon the mantle-piece."

"I have, have I?"

"To be sure you have. Heat and the pressure of the superincumbent strata have given to these metamorphic rocks their crystalline appearance, though it is believed that they were once deposited by water, and contained fossils of which all trace has been extinguished. Well then, Smith, on the top of the metamorphic rocks, on the top of the mantle-piece, we place Sir Roderic Murchison."

"Can it be possible?"

"Yes, Murchison and the Silurian rocks defined and discovered by him. They used to be called, along with some others, the Greywacke formation."

"O, indeed!"

"Yes. Here we have certain sandstones, shales, limestones, flagstones, and the slates near Bala. By Jove! Smith, you've a slate top to that console table. If it should be Silurian, you happy dog! if it should be Silurian!"

Up leaped my friend and up leaped I, but not in time to save the chipping of a rather costly bit of furniture.

"Boulder," I cried, hoarse with rage and rheum together, "break another piece of furniture, and we are enemies forever!"

"Ah, my boy, you have your enthusiasm yet to come. I'll promise to break nothing of any value. But of what value are these precious polished specimens of yours? Their value's doubled when they show the fracture and the cleavage, and that sort of thing. Nay, I'll break nothing more. Well, then, above the Silurian you have the old red sandstone, and then above that—ha! but it's all fair to break coal—above that the coal."

A heavy lump of coal was suddenly whipped out of the coal-scuttle, and hammered into fragments on the breakfast-cloth before I could effectually interfere.

"It is most interesting to search coal for the remains of extinct vegetable life. The markings sometimes are of the most beautiful description. The whole of yesterday I spent in our coal-cellar, and a more delightful day I never—"

A loud knocking at the street-door startled us. Mr. Boulder was picking carefully about the contents of the coal-scuttle, and had spread some choice bits on the rug for further investigation, when a servant appeared to report that Mrs. Boulder wished, if Mr. B. was disengaged, to see him instantly.

"Ah!" said my friend, laying another coal upon the rug. "She has been to the linen-press. Smith, go and pacify her."

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

CAIN AND ABEL; OR, THE FIRST MURDER.

WE are told by the apostle (Hebrews xi, 4) that by faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it he being dead yet speaketh. And this is one of many illustrations of the fact that the New Testament throws light upon the writings of Moses and the prophets.

In the book of Genesis the account of Cain and Abel is very brief, and the apostle's allusion to the two brothers will materially aid us in our present meditation.

Brief as is the record of their history, it is interesting from the contrast exhibited in their character and in their conduct. In them we behold the first germ of that division which has ever since existed in the human family; a division which places the righteous on the one hand and the wicked on the other. The apostle declares that Cain was of the wicked one; and Jesus Christ calls his younger brother righteous Abel.

There are several points of similarity between them to which we shall turn our attention in the first place. They were both born with a corrupt nature; equally prone to sin, and by consequence equally in need of the atonement shadowed forth in God's promise to their parents. With this promise there can be no doubt that they were both equally well acquainted. It is not reasonable to suppose that there was any material difference in the instructions which they received. With the dire history of the fall, its lamentable consequences, and everything connected with it, they were doubtless familiar.

There is no evidence that there was any parental partiality, or undue preference of one before the other; and, consequently, the great difference in their moral character cannot *thus* be accounted for. On the contrary, it would seem by the remarkable language used by Eve at the birth of her first-born, and which is rather inadequately rendered by our translators, that she regarded him as the promised seed by which was to be bruised the serpent's head, and by whom was to be averted the consequences of God's bitter curse.

We learn, also, that they were both trained to habits of industry. Cain was a tiller of the ground, a farmer; Abel, a shepherd: occupations equally favorable to piety and religious meditation. Toward each, let it be observed also, God looked with the same eye of kindness and benignity. There was no irreversible decree in favor of the one or against the other. They were both, alike, free moral agents. If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? was the language of God to Cain. A question indicatory of a strong affirmation: thou shalt be accepted if thou doest well, and implying, beyond controversy, that it was abundantly within his power to do well, and thus to find acceptance with God.

In the external observance of religious duties it appears also that they both participated. In process of time, it is said, it came to pass that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof. It has been said, I know, that the offering of Abel was, in itself, more valuable than that of Cain; but there is no Scriptural warrant for such an opinion. They both offered unto God from those things which they possessed as the fruit of their respective callings.

As to the intrinsic value of their offerings, there could be, in the sight of God, no real difference. Not only is the earth the Lord's, but the cattle also upon a thousand hills. It was, however, in this offering, that the difference in the moral character of the two brothers is discernible, and specially pointed out by the sacred writer. It is said, The Lord had respect unto Abel and his offering; but unto Cain and *his* offering he had not respect. Why this difference? Wherefore had God respect unto the one and not unto the other? The answer to this question is found in

the language of the apostle already referred to. By *faith* Abel offered a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain. It becomes, therefore, a subject of serious inquiry, What is implied by the faith wherewith Abel made his offering to God? and in the answer to this question we shall see wherein consisted the difference in the offering of the two brothers.

I remark, then, that faith has always reference to some previous revelation, and looks forward to some prospective good. Thus, the faith of a Christian has for its foundation the word of God, and in its exercise regards the promises made by him to all who believe.

The faith of Abel must have rested then upon some promise or declaration from the Almighty with which it has not pleased him to make us acquainted. Its nature, however, may be gathered from what Abel is said to have done by faith, and this was the offering in sacrifice of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. That this was done in accordance with directions from Heaven, and with assurances that such a sacrifice would be acceptable, is clear from the fact that otherwise the faith spoken of could have had no warrant, and the act itself would not have been an act of faith, but of mere fancy.

In the language of the eloquent Archbishop Magee: "Abel, in firm reliance on the promise of God, and in obedience to his command, offered that sacrifice which had been enjoined as the religious expression of his faith; while Cain, disregarding the gracious assurances that had been vouchsafed, or at least disdaining to adopt the prescribed mode of manifesting his belief, possibly as not appearing to his reason to possess any efficacy or natural fitness, thought he had sufficiently acquitted himself of his duty in acknowledging the general superintendence of God, and expressing his gratitude to the Supreme Benefactor by presenting some of those good things which he thereby confessed to be derived from his bounty. In short, Cain, the first born of the fall, exhibits the first-fruits of his parents' disobedience, in the arrogance and self-sufficiency of reason rejecting the aids of revelation, because they fell not within its apprehension of right. He takes the first place in the annals of Deism, and displays, in his proud rejection of the ordinance of sacrifice, the same spirit which in later days," turns away from the atoning merits of the blood of Christ, and seeks some other means of salvation than that of the only name given under heaven whereby men may be saved.

Every man, probably without exception, who has heard of the possibility of salvation beyond the grave, lives in the expectation of enjoying that salvation and participating in that glory. But what foundation, what warrant has he for that hope if he have not repented of his sins and believed in Christ? Does he say he believes in the existence of God; that he is thankful for God's goodness; that he attends to the outward ordinances of religion? So did Cain. In all these things we find no difference between him and his brother Abel, and yet while the latter was accepted the former was rejected. Faith in Jesus Christ constituted the grand characteristic difference between them. The same faith runs the dividing line through the human family, leaving the righteous on the one side and the wicked on the other.

By what means God manifested his approbation of Abel's offering we are not told. There have been many conjectures on the subject. It may have been by an audible voice from heaven, or by the descent of celestial fire consuming the sacrifice of the one and leaving the other untouched; or, by a sensible communication from the Holy Spirit to the soul of Abel. In whatever way it was done, it was sufficiently evident unto the parties themselves. Abel obtained witness that he was righteous, or justified, and accepted by his Maker.

Thus early is shadowed forth the doctrine, which is looked upon even by many at the present day as fanaticism: the doctrine of assurance, the knowledge of acceptance with God. Abel, says the sacred writer, *obtained witness* that he was righteous. This was to him, doubtless, a cause of rejoicing; being justified by faith he had peace with God. And of all the enjoyments that man can have in this life, what one can compare with this, the witness of acceptance with God?

Very different was the case of Cain. He was wroth, and his countenance fell. With whom was he angry? With his brother? Surely *he* had given him no cause. It was not Abel's fault that God had not accepted Cain's offering. Why,

then, was he angry with his brother? Alas! the question is easily answered. It was caused by that spirit of envy, the bitter fruits of which have been perceptible in every part of our earth, from the day sin first entered into our world to the present hour. He hated his brother because his own works were evil and his brother's righteous.

But Cain was angry with his God also. Instead of attributing the non-acceptance of his sacrifice to its true cause, the absence of suitable feelings on his own part, he feels as if the Almighty had acted with unjust and unreasonable partiality toward his brother. In this unhappy frame of mind, in infinite condescension, God visits him, talks with him, and endeavors to allay the storm raging within his bosom. The Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? Behold, sin, or, rather, as it should have been rendered, a sin-offering, lieth at the door. As if he had said, Thou hast no cause to be angry either with thy brother or thy God. Though thy former sacrifice has been rejected, yet is it not too late even now for thee to make a suitable offering, which, if thou wilt do, thou also shalt be accepted.

Is it not strange that Cain's heart was not softened by this endearing language, this language of entreaty from his great Creator? Should we not have thought that he would gladly avail himself of the proffered blessing by at once bringing the suggested offering? Yes, his conduct was strange; to the holy angels who gazed upon it, perhaps unaccountable. But to us it is not so strange when we behold multitudes, even at the present day, to whom also God condescends to speak by his Spirit, to woo and invite to the great atoning sacrifice, and who, like Cain, turn away from that sacrifice and spurn the proffered mercy of Jehovah.

In the most correct editions of the Hebrew Bible there is a mark indicating an hiatus, or omission, after this address of God to Cain, and some of the ancient Targums have supplied this deficiency with a fancied conversation between the two brothers. They have described minutely the circumstances attendant upon the dark transaction which we are now about to contemplate; but as they are merely imaginary, we need not dwell upon them. The inspired writer enters not into detail, but says: Cain talked with Abel his brother, and it came to pass when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel, his brother, and slew him.

It would seem from this brief account as if there had been malice aforethought on the part of Cain. They went together to the field; they conversed there, and while thus engaged, death entered our world; death in its most horrid form; death by violence and blood; death by a brother's hand. Terribly true to nature is the language put by a modern poet into the lips of the murderer as he stands over his bleeding victim, and beholds the answer to the hitherto unanswered question, What is death?

"My brother,
Awake! Why liest thou so on the green earth?
'Tis not the hour of slumber. Why so pale?
Thou wert full of life but now; I pray thee
mock me not.
Stir; stir; nay, only stir!
Why, so; that's well; thou breath'st! breathe
upon me.
His eyes are open! then he is not dead!
Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down our
lids.
His lips, too, are apart; why then he breathes;
And yet I felt it not. His heart! his heart!
Let me see, doth it beat? methinks. No! No!
This is a vision, a horrid dream, or I am become
The native of another and worse world.
The earth swims round me; what is this? 'tis
wet;
And yet there are no dews! 'Tis blood; my
blood?
My brother's blood; and shed by me!
But he *cannot* be dead. Is silence death?
No! he will wake: then let me watch by him.
Life cannot be so slight, as to be quench'd
Thus quickly!
What shall I say to him? My brother? No!
He will not answer to that name; for brethren
Smite not each other. Yet, yet, speak to me.
O for a word more of that gentle voice,
That I may bear to hear my own again."

It needs very little aid from the imagination to enter somewhat into the feelings of Adam and Eve, when they first became acquainted with this horrid affair. How was the father's soul lacerated, and the heart of the mother wrung with agony, when they first gazed on the pallid features, the stiffened form, the cold body of their beloved Abel; and what must have been their feelings toward the surviving brother, their first born, the murderer! toward him whom Eve had fondly thought might be the promised seed.

It is an awful thing to look upon a mangled body whence the soul has been forced

by violence. At the present day, when death is so common, few can gaze upon his ravages when brought about by violence, without a shudder, even though the victim be a total stranger! But here we have the father and the mother beholding death for the first time, the death of a son, the holiest man perhaps on earth, and that death caused also by their own son.

But it was well with Abel! The pang was momentary; the transition glorious. The angels of God now entered upon that duty assigned them by the great Creator; ministering spirits, says the apostle, unto them who shall be heirs of salvation; they caught away the first of the redeemed from earth, and welcomed righteous Abel, as the foremost of the spirits of the just made perfect, into the blessed society of the angelic host. Far happier was thy lot, thou murdered martyr, than that of thy bereaved parents; *they* were left to weep, while thou wert safely landed in that peaceful clime where sorrow and sighing are forever unknown. And being dead, he yet speaketh; he speaketh to us by the sacrifice which he offered, proclaiming, as he did to the men who lived before the flood, to succeeding generations, in the patriarchal and in the Mosaic dispensation, as he will continue, by that offering, to proclaim till time shall be no longer: Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin, no forgiveness, no hope!

And how was it with Cain? What were his feelings when the bloody deed was done? The fires of hell were kindled prematurely in his bosom, and he manifests no signs of contrition, or sorrow, or penitence. The Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? a question designed, doubtless, to draw from him an acknowledgment of his guilt; and who shall say that even then he might not have obtained mercy? But instead of confession, he answers his Maker with a direct falsehood: Where is thy brother? I know not, is the reply; and not satisfied even with this, he retorts upon his God with the insolent question: Am I my brother's keeper?

It is scarcely possible to conceive an answer more full of hardihood; or how language could have been used more clearly to illustrate the depth of depravity into which Cain had fallen. We look upon it as even worse than the bloody deed itself. For the murder, were it not for Cain's subsequent conduct, there might possibly have been some palliation, but for this, none, even with the utmost stretch of charity. And mark here how rapid and how dreadful is the progress of crime.

At first in the bosom of Cain there arose a feeling of jealousy toward his brother; this, indulged, led on to envy. Envy produced its natural fruit, malice; he hated now that brother whom once, no doubt, he loved with fraternal affection. Hate prompted to revenge, revenge called for blood, blood is shed; and now, with hands reeking and crimsoned, he meets his Maker with a bold falsehood and an impudent and barefaced denial of his guilt. But his denial avails him nothing. The voice of thy brother's blood, says the Almighty, crieth unto me from the ground. What a terrific figure! Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.

The blood of the martyr has a voice that reaches heaven; the cold, inanimate earth is represented as refusing to cover up that blood; the ground becomes vocal, the very stones cry out for vengeance. And now, continues Jehovah, now art thou cursed from the earth, which has opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength: a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth. The amount of this awful sentence seems to be, that while Cain continued on earth, it should be doomed to a peculiar barrenness wherever he should fix his abode; that he should be a wandering outcast, hated and shunned by all. God fixed a visible mark upon him, that all might see the indignation of Heaven against a murderer.

Then Cain went out, says the sacred writer, from the presence of the Lord; that is, as has been supposed, from the place where the Almighty was wont to manifest his peculiar presence, throwing off all restraint and all semblance of the fear and the worship of his Maker.

To this departure from God's presence St. Paul probably alludes when, speaking of the final doom of the wicked, he says, they shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the *presence* of the Lord and from the glory of his power. How long after this Cain lived, or when, or where he died, we know not. A dark, portentous cloud rests upon his history, and the sacred record throws not a gleam of hope upon his endless destiny.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LEAF INSECT.

THE resemblances existing between insects and other natural objects, particularly those of the vegetable kingdom, are frequently very striking. Some caterpillars have a habit of porrecting their bodies, and, being attached only by their posterior legs to the branches of the plants upon which they feed, they look not unlike small twigs; the deception being very much favored by their color and warty appearance.

The cochineal insect was, until the year 1530, mistaken for a seed, when Acosta, a Spanish naturalist, examined it carefully, and ascertained its real character. The mistake continued to be made, long after this date, by persons engaged in commerce. One of the most remarkable instances, however, of this strange similarity, is the Leaf Insect, (*Phyllium Scythe*,) whose resemblance, in the perfect state, to a leaf, has given origin to its name.

It belongs to the order of *Orthoptera*.

Its egg is barrel-shaped, and about the size of a small pea. Its appearance reminds one of a seed. It has six longitudinal ribs, which are separated by equal intervening spaces, except two, which are placed more widely apart than the rest. The space between those two ribs is also flatter, so that, when the egg falls, it finally settles upon this flatter side. The outside is corrugated, like the bark of a tree, and is penetrated by longitudinal rows of large holes on each side of the ribs, and by rows of small holes between the larger ones. At one extremity is an opening, into which fits tightly a little conical lid. The outside of the lid is rough, like the rest of the egg, and its rim is studded with minute projections. On removing the lid, we see the inner wall of the egg, which is of a white color and looks like enamel. When the shell is held up between the observer and a good light, the spaces corresponding with the holes are translucent, and in the center of each light space is a dark point, appearing to be a pore. The cortical part of the shell is very thick, and, seen with the naked eye, its structure appears to be reticulated and fibrous; but under the microscope, it is seen to be composed of cells, arranged in rows which radiate outward.

Within the egg are found two delicate, pellucid membranes. The inner one is a capsule of a rich carmine hue, shaped like a flask at the bottom, but flat at the top. The nature and functions of this capsule have been the subject of considerable discussion. Mr. Murray, to whose monograph upon this subject we acknowledge our indebtedness, has expressed views on this matter and its bearings, which are certainly plausible and beautiful, and which, if admitted to be true, must revolutionize much of what is now believed in relation to insect life.

It is known that orthopterous insects—the grasshopper, for example—do not quit the egg as caterpillars, but seem to have already attained the perfect state, were it not that the absence of wings, and the undeveloped conditions of some other organs, suggest the contrary opinion. They never become dormant, but, after casting their skin a definite number of times, the wings and other parts make their appearance. The period intervening between extrusion from the egg and the ultimate attainment of structural and functional perfection, has been supposed to embrace the larval and pupal states, the latter commencing when the wings begin to appear. The larva, in such cases, was said to be "homomorphous," from its resemblance to the perfect insect; while the pupa was said to be active, differing in this respect from the passive chrysalis of the butterfly. It has been shown, however, by the philosophic Owen, that the larval state of these insects is to be sought for within the egg, and not outside of it. Careful observation has convinced him that some insects undergo, in the egg, organic changes, similar in all essential respects to those which others experience after their emergence from it. He says:

> "I first learned to appreciate the true nature and relations of the nominally various and distinct metamorphoses of insects, by watching and pondering over the development of a cockroach, which quits the egg as a crustacean. I saw that it passed through stages answering to those at which other insects were arrested; there was a period at which its jointed legs were simple, short, unarticulated buds, when its thirteen segments were distinct and equal; when it was apodal; when it was acephalous."

Mr. Owen's views were plainly novel, *quoad* the larva. But here he stopped. It was left for Mr. Murray to announce the fact, that orthopterous insects pass the

pupa as well as the larva state within the egg.

Analogy inculcates the idea, that orthopterous insects must remain, during a portion of their life, in a state of quietude, in order that those changes may be effectuated, by which they may be carried to the perfect state. Such a state of quiescence obviously does not exist after their escape from the egg. It must then exist before that event. But what is the real ground for the supposed necessity of a quiescent state? It is to be found in the magnitude of those changes which are requisite to transform an insect from an imperfect to a perfect animal; from the maggot to the fly, or from the grub to the beetle. Can such changes as these take place while the animal is moving about? Certainly not. A true pupa state seems, therefore, to be necessary, and that state is to be found in the egg, for it is not discoverable elsewhere.

These views are not invalidated by the fact, that orthopterous insects cast their skin several times after leaving the egg. The perfect crab sheds its skin; and yet no one, on that account, ceases to regard it as perfect. But it is not so easy to dispose of the objection, which is founded on the changes that affect the form of these insects, and on the alteration of organs previously existing, and the appearance of new ones. The antennæ are considerably lengthened, and the number of their joints is increased, after each molt. The wings begin to show themselves after the first change of skin, budding out, as it were, from the back; their size is somewhat augmented after the second change, and they do not attain their full expansion until the third and last. It should be observed, however, that these alterations and increments are gradual and progressive, and seem to have a closer analogy with ordinary growth, than with metamorphic changes. They have been very happily compared to the growth of the teeth in the mammal, and to the alterations which take place in the human species at the period of puberty.

Resuming, now, the special consideration of the leaf insect, I remark that it escapes from the egg by pushing off the lid. The middle of the body appears first; the head and tail, which meet each other, are next drawn out; the legs are extricated last. It now measures about three quarters of an inch in length. Its color is a reddish-yellow. When it has once settled upon the leaves upon which it feeds—as those of the common myrtle—it quickly becomes bright green, and can scarcely be distinguished from them. The deception is increased by its habit of curling its tail upward, reminding one strongly of the bend at the extremity of the myrtle leaf. The upper surface of the insect is of an opaque green, but the under surface is exceedingly glossy. It adheres to the under side of the leaf, so that its bright surface is uppermost; a beautiful contrivance, serving greatly to heighten the resemblance of which I have spoken. It is enabled to lead this "upside-down mode of life" by the claws which terminate its tarsi, and by a spongy pad between the claws, which excretes a viscid substance that causes it to adhere firmly to the leaf.

At this stage the leaf insect is destitute of wings. The antennæ, whether the animal turns out subsequently to be a male or female, have at present the form belonging to those of the perfect female. The legs have the male form. The abdomen tapers from the third segment to the tail. The number of segments in the abdomen, and of parts in the thorax, is the same as in the fully developed animal. A small swelling indicates the site of the future wings, and a slight elevation marks the place where the scutellum afterward appears.

The leaf insect undergoes three molts, or *ecdyses*, as they are technically called. The first molt takes place about ten months after the *éclosure*, or hatching. During this interval it experiences a slight increase in size. After this molt its appearance is changed in a very slight degree. The abdomen is a little broader than before, and the swelling at the point where the wings afterward appear is rather more marked. The third joint of the antennæ has grown larger. The second molt occurs about three months after the first. The wings and wing-covers now make their appearance, but are of small size. The joints of the antennæ in the male exhibit decided traces of division. Mr. Murray's specimen, cannibal-like, devoured its second cast skin. "This insect, whose food is exclusively vegetable, has made a curious deviation from its instincts, unless we are to hold that the leaf insect not only looks like a leaf, but also tastes like a leaf." The third and last molt

takes place two months after the second. For a day or two before each molt, the insect is uncommonly lively, shaking its body, while its feet are firmly attached to the leaf. It also acquires a grayish tinge, which is doubtless caused by the loosening of the skin.

After the last molt, the insect rapidly attains its perfect development. After the first two moltings its color is an emerald-green, but now it has a shade of yellow along its lateral margins. It subsequently becomes brownish at the edge, and, in fact, passes through all the tints of a decaying leaf. Considerable difference is now observable between the appearance of the male and that of the female. The former is two inches and three quarters long, while the latter measures three inches and a half. In the male the antennæ are an inch and a quarter in length, and are composed of twenty-four joints, of which the basal thirteen are smaller and different in form from the apical eleven. The antennæ of the female are not more than an eighth of an inch in length, and consist of but nine joints, of which the third is much bulkier than the rest. The flattened, leaf-like appendages of the legs are much broader in the female than in the male. The abdomen is much wider in the female, and tapers gently to the tail, instead of exhibiting that parallelism which is seen in the abdominal borders of the male.

The proper home of the leaf insect is India. It requires a continuously genial atmosphere, so that it could not flourish in our variable latitude. I am not aware that any attempts have been made to introduce the insect into the United States, but it would certainly form a most beautiful addition to our conservatories.

Such is a very imperfect account of the leaf insect. But how meager is our knowledge of it, compared with what still remains to be known. The hand and the eye of the minute anatomist have not explored the hidden recesses of its structure; nor has the physiologist unraveled the complicated web of its vital, chemical, and mechanical functions. In view of these facts, we may well exclaim with Réaumur, not only of the leaf insect, but of insects generally: "*Combien de merveilles nous sont cachées, et le sont toujours! Que nous en découvririons, si nous pouvions voir distinctement tout l'artifice de la structure intérieure de leur corps!*"

GENUINE EAU DE COLOGNE.

OF all the lesser articles of usefulness or luxury which have ever been invented for the convenience of man, none, perhaps, ever attained such a world-wide celebrity as Farina's Cologne water, generally known, even in the land of its origin, under its French name of Eau de Cologne. Certainly no article, the manufacture of which has been kept a profound secret, ever called forth such a host of imitators, and no name has been surreptitiously used to so great an extent as that of Farina; hence, nothing is more difficult for the general public than to be thoroughly assured that the Cologne water which they purchase is the genuine article of the original inventor.

John Maria Farina, the original inventor of Eau de Cologne, was born of poor parents, in 1685, at Santa Maggioris, in the valley of Vigezza, in the district of Domo d'Ossola. Like so many youths of his rank of life in Italy, both then and at the present day, he quitted the land of his birth at an early age, to seek his fortune on the wide theater of Europe. With a slender supply of money, and the whole of his property contained in the small bundle which he carried with him, this founder of a splendid fortune and a celebrated name quitted the humble cottage home of his fathers, and commenced on foot his travels toward the north. Of the probable struggles, trials, and vicissitudes of his early career, we are unable to speak; but, whatever they may have been, prudence and perseverance must soon have enabled him to vanquish all difficulties, for we find him at the early age of twenty-four naturalized in Cologne, and carrying on a brisk trade in objects of art, silk-mercery, and perfumery. His shop was the favorite resort of the maskers of the carnival, in the celebration of which, Cologne at that time, and indeed up to a late period, vied with its ancient parent, Rome. The masks, dominoes, and gay dresses of silk, satin, and velvet, were all imported by Farina from his native country, the manufacture of such articles having been first introduced into Germany at a much later time.

At an early period of his residence in Cologne, he invented his celebrated perfume, to which he gave the name it now bears, after the town of his adoption. The

agreeable qualities of the new Eau de Cologne soon spread its fame among his fellow-citizens, and it became so important a branch of his business that he invited over his brother from Italy to come and join him as a partner. The latter dying in 1732, John Maria Farina, who was unmarried, sent for his nephew, John Maria, from Italy. The remittances of money sent to Italy by the elder Farina for the traveling expenses of the younger one cannot have been upon a very extended scale, as the youthful John Maria arrived at Cologne with no other clothes than the threadbare ones on his back, and scarcely a franc in his pocket. The account of his journey formed one of the old gentleman's favorite stories, at the time when he ranked as one of the richest citizens of his adopted city. This nephew succeeded to the secret and business of his uncle in 1766. He had three sons, the last of whom died in 1850, at the age of eighty, leaving behind him the present head of the firm, John Maria Farina, who was born in 1809. The present proprietor carries on the business in partnership with the widow of his cousin, the only son of the eldest of the three above-mentioned brothers. The portraits of the original inventor, with his long, venerable-looking wig, as also those of his successors, are carefully preserved by the present Farina as family relics.

The sale of Eau de Cologne, though sufficiently extensive to induce the inventor and his nephew to devote themselves exclusively to its manufacture, was of course very limited compared with that which it has obtained of late years. Its merits became gradually known. The French, who occupied the Rhenish provinces during the seven years' war, soon appreciated the excellent qualities and agreeable perfume of the Eau de Cologne, and were principally the means of extending its fame to France and distant parts of Germany, whence it afterward found its way to the remotest corners of the civilized world.

About the same time that the original inventor settled in Cologne, other branches of the family settled at Maestricht and Dusseldorf. In 1750, the Cologne water was already so celebrated that it was considered as a profitable speculation to embark in; accordingly, John Anthony Farina, of Dusseldorf, established in Cologne a manufactory of Eau de Cologne, under the firm of John Anthony Maria, of the City of Milan. He transmitted his business to his eldest son, while his youngest established another firm under the title of John Maria Farina, of the City of Turin. These three firms are the only ones to whom the name of Farina legitimately belongs, though the official gazette of Cologne, in 1819, numbered sixty manufactories of Eau de Cologne, nearly all of which were carried on under the name of Farina. It may be asked, how could so many Farinas have arisen, there being but three in reality, and it being unlawful to assume the name of another man? The unscrupulous are never at a loss for expedients to profit by the invention of others; and many ingenious contrivances have been resorted to by the imitators to become possessed, with a shadow of legitimacy, of the coveted name.

The name of Farina has become so closely associated with Eau de Cologne, that it was soon found that all attempts to gain a sale for the imitation were useless, unless under the sanction of the name. At the close of the last century, a Charles Francis Farina, residing in Dusseldorf, sold the use of his name to a maker of Eau de Cologne, and within a very short space of time six other houses sprang up, all using the name of Farina, and all derived from the same source. In the course of a few years, the number amounted to sixty. One of these firms at last took a house in the immediate vicinity of the original Farina, and usurped the words "Opposite Julich's Place," which words had been till then the sole property and distinctive mark of the inventor. This was too much for his patience, and, in conjunction with the other two legitimate owners of the name, recourse was had to law. It was decided by the court that it was unlawful to purchase a name as an article of trade. This was a great blow to the interlopers, who were obliged to carry on their business under their own names, and, to their cost, they soon learned to appreciate the magical properties that reside in a name. Others gave up their business at once.

But the means of evading inefficient laws were soon found by ingenious manufacturers, whose consciences were none of the tenderest. Many of the discomfited Eau de Cologne makers posted off with all speed to Italy, where the name

of Farina is by no means uncommon. Among the Italian peasantry there were many Farinas found who were willing enough, for the consideration of a—to them—large sum of money, to become the heads of establishments for the manufacturing of Eau de Cologne. Of course, they were merely the *nominal* heads of the firms, giving only their name, but without receiving any part of the profits, or having any authority whatever in the business. Thus, by this ingenious contrivance, the mere name was no longer *purchased*, but the Farina was, according to law, the head of the firm. The last street directory of Cologne mentions twenty of these spurious firms, the law affording no protection against this abuse of the name.

But the increase of the number of Farinas gave rise to increasing vigilance on the part of the public, and it was no longer enough to usurp the name of Farina, for the name of "Julich's Place" became as intimately associated with the article as that of Farina itself. Firms were established in the vicinity, and the words "Opposite Julich's Place" were again appropriated by them to their own use. When brought before the law courts, the use of the word *opposite* only could be forbidden, so that those who had been fortunate enough to establish themselves in the vicinity adopted *at*, *near*, or *by*, which they continue to use to this day.

Let us now take a glance at its manufacture. In visiting the establishment of John Maria Farina, at Cologne, there is little to interest the sight-seer, compared with what is to be seen at the great breweries, manufactories, and gigantic establishments of London. The little that there is, however, the kindness of the proprietor, when we recently visited his premises at Cologne, has enabled us to lay before the reader.

The manufacture is conducted in a few rooms, none, with the exception of the cellar, being larger than a good-sized sitting-room; and, while passing through them, we could hardly help expressing our surprise that an article so extensively in use, and so well known in all the civilized countries of the earth, should emanate from so small a manufactory. The first room into which we were introduced was the laboratory, a small room scarcely large enough to hold a dozen men. Here were rows of large glass bottles, each containing about a couple of gallons, filled with the different essential oils and essences. To secure uniformity in the quality of the oils, upon which, of course, in some degree depends the uniformity of the Eau de Cologne, M. Farina imports all the oils and essences he requires from one distiller in the south of France, who supplies him not only with those he distills himself, but also with several others whose native land is Italy. They are exported in small, copper, barrel-shaped vessels, tinned over in the inside, each containing about a gallon. There were hundreds of these vessels piled up in the laboratory. After their arrival, the essences are drawn off into the glass-bottles, and allowed to repose till all sediment is deposited. A mixture of these sediments is much prescribed by the physicians of Cologne, as an embrocation equal to the genuine Eau de Cologne itself as a medicament, in all countries where the duty imposed upon it has not rendered it too expensive for common use.

The only apparatus in the laboratory is a large copper cylinder, holding about fifteen or twenty gallons. Small as the room is, it is fully large enough for those who have to work in it, the number being confined to one, namely, the proprietor himself. Entering here, and turning the key in the lock of the door, he mixes the oils in their due proportions till the cylinder is full. It will be needless to inform the reader that we were not initiated into this part of the secret, which is known only to the proprietor himself, and with which his successor will not be made acquainted until the death or retirement from business of the present head of the firm. It is now generally admitted that the manufacture of Eau de Cologne is no longer a mystery; but, as the original receipt has descended from father to son as a profound secret, the composition can have been only in part discovered by long experience in the imitation of it. Modern chemistry has worked wonders; but though it informs us of the proportion of elementary matter that any substance contains, it has not reached to such a degree of perfection as to discover the proportion of essential oils dissolved in a given quantity of spirits of wine. It is true that the most sensitive olfactory organs can distinguish scarcely any difference between the odor of the original and that of some of the imitations;

the superiority of the original, therefore, is to be attributed rather to the care taken in its manufacture than to the secret of the essences which impart to it its peculiar fragrant odor. It is mainly on the quality of the spirits of wine which are used that the excellence of the Eau de Cologne depends. Most of the manufacturers, the success of whose business rests upon the cheapness of the article they prepare for exportation, are compelled to use an inferior kind of spirit made in Germany, and, indeed, in Cologne itself, or in the neighborhood, and prepared from potatoes and other vegetable fruits. M. Farina makes use only of the purest French spirit, of which he imports many hogsheads at a time from Montpelier. The heavy duty upon imported spirits, and the expense of carriage, raise the price to nearly double the cost of that which he might purchase at home; the superiority of the quality, however, fully compensating him for the loss he sustains by the difference in price.

We were now shown into an immense cellar, running under the whole of the house. Here were arranged twelve huge casks, filled with the manufactured Eau de Cologne, the whole process of manufacture being simply the mixing of the essences in the due proportion with the pure spirit. Each of these casks holds about five hundred dozen of the common-sized bottles, thus making in all seventy-two thousand bottles. This large stock gives the proprietor another advantage over his competitors with regard to quality, for the amount of capital sunk in it would prevent them from furnishing the article at the cheap rate on which alone they can depend for an extensive sale. The Eau de Cologne is allowed to remain in these casks for a considerable period before being bottled off, in order to give the spirit full time to dissolve every portion of the essential oil. When ready for bottling, the cask which was first filled is drawn off, and its contents carried to another room, in the center of which is a kind of fountain. In this fountain is a large woolen bag, through which the spirit is filtered. It thus descends into a vessel below, from which, by means of four cocks pointed at the end, it is drawn off into the bottles, which are then corked and packed in boxes containing half a dozen bottles. The boxes are principally for exportation.

Ascending the staircase, we were now shown the two store-rooms, where the water lies packed ready for sending away. One of these rooms is partitioned off by wooden lattice-work, with a door at each end. The object of these two doors is to admit of the newly-made article being piled up at one end in proportion as that which has been the longest made is taken from the other; it being a strict rule always to sell that first which has been warehoused the longest, as the article materially improves in quality by long keeping. The average stock on hand ready for sale is about seventy thousand bottles, there being in this one room, at the time we saw it, seventy-five thousand. The second room contained single bottles for home sale, bottles of different shapes and sizes, and champagne bottles inclosed in wicker-work. Of the long-necked, inconvenient bottles, formerly so well known among us as Eau de Cologne bottles, there were only a few dozen cases, which were chiefly intended for the benefit of those whom prejudice had not yet suffered to believe that the article can be genuine in any other bottles than those they were accustomed to see in their youth.

AN EVENING WITH THE LITERATI.

NOT long since, a friend and myself witnessed a novel yet brilliant soirée. We were not admitted into the parlors, but peeping through a glass door, saw the alphabet out, sociably entertaining themselves. It was yet early in the evening, and the guests were not all assembled, but those already there, were engaged in an animated discussion. It was a merry company, full of talk and wide awake; a pleasant mingling together of vowels and consonants. Their appearance and manner of address were peculiarly striking; indeed, my friend and I agreed in pronouncing it the most grotesque assembly we had ever seen.

They were all dressed in black, and were without ornament, except i and j, who wore jaunty little caps. Some of them were graceful and easy, while others maintained an unbending posture. We listened to their conversation, and were amused to know that they were with one voice down on Phonetics.

"Indeed," cried **W**, a portly, dignified gentleman, "we are too well established

to have our places superseded by this upstart innovation." "Somebody says we take up too much room in this densely crowded world, and the idea seems to take," said Y, a droll-looking fellow, with a large head, glancing over to G, another odd specimen. "Yes," replied G, "the world can't get on fast enough with its lightning and its steam, but must seek to remove us who have stood by its interests so manfully." "Base ingratitude!" exclaimed T, a pious looking Catholic. "Well," said P, a dapper little fellow with a roll to his hair, "with all their dots and fractions of curves, they can't get up a better looking set of fellows than we are." "That's so!" exclaimed b, d, f, and l, drawn up to their utmost height, while p and q laid their heads together as if devising plans for mutual protection. My friend here remarked that he thought K showed a pugnacious spirit, and also called my attention to V, a handsome fellow, though not more than half as large as his neighbor W, who was laughing immoderately. "I propose a general hiss upon *Phonetics* and *Phoneticians*," cried S, at the top of his voice. "Agreed," chimed in the whole company; and with one consent an expression of contempt was lavished upon the unfortunate innovators, C and S being nothing behind. There was then a general move in the assembly, and little detachments were forming in all parts of the spacious parlors. By this time the whole Alphabet were present, together with the Marks of Punctuation, who came in for moderators, as they said. The , was a demure little thing, unobtrusive and retiring; the . had a remarkable rotundity of figure, and was always rolling himself into notice whenever there was a full pause in the conversation. The ! took his place beside his charming friend O, and never left her side during the whole evening; while the ? diffused herself everywhere, chattering so volubly and asking so many questions, that the [ ]—twin brothers—threatened seriously to take her in hand. The — made himself very conspicuous, often causing the company to stop short, for the sole purpose, my friend said, of attracting attention.

Upon looking through the rooms, we found that each group had its own peculiar fund of entertainment. The Vowels and Liquids were having a nice time to themselves, not far from the glass door, and we overheard their chat. "Where is D to-night?" asked m, a short, fat personage, of n, who much resembled him in personal appearance, only more slender.

"O! there he is, in the corner, surveying the company; don't you see him?" said l. "Doleful as ever," cried r. "I wouldn't wear his long face on any account." We should expect him to be dignified and solemn, for only reflect upon his mission," returned l. "Who ushers into the world Death, Destruction, Despair, and all other dreadful things, but this same D?" "O! I pity him," said i. "Only think of him in Danger?" "Disease," moaned O. "Debt," exclaimed u. "Derision," cried a. "Doubt," said e. "Disgrace," groaned y. "Well, his lot is hard, unmistakably," said a, "but then he isn't always forlorn; I've seen him in Delight." "I've been with him when he has brought in the Dawn of the Day," caroled a. "And he wanders with me in the Dells," hummed e. "Why, have you really spoken, little e?" questioned m. "Yes; why shouldn't I?" "O! you are so often mute, you know," laughed the fat tease. "He always goes before me in to Dinner, any how," said the jolly little i. "He helps me make Dolls for the children," said the round faced o. "Well, he is a capital fellow, after all," said u; "none of us could fill his place."

"Do look at that interesting company under the further chandelier," said r, "those dough-faces, c and g, with their cronies s, k, and j. I presume they are telling of their Janus-like performances among you Vowels; let's listen a moment." a, o, and u put themselves in an appropriate attitude, while e, i, and y looked with disdain upon the simpering swains. My friend and I could get nothing from that quarter except soft, suspicious sounds, mingled with guttural groanings, as though Spain and Germany had come together.

Just then P made a movement toward the Piano, and, to our great surprise, D led off his little friend a in a dance.

Merrily now did the company trip to the enlivening music, except X and Z, poor fellows, who were so awkward that, not daring to figure in the ball, they took a tête-à-tête and entertained each other; or rather Z, being a quiet fellow, his companion told him of his remarkable Xploits on Bank notes. Swiftly passed the mo-

ments, and gayly did the cavaliers sweep with their fair companions through the mazy dance.

H was decidedly the belle of the evening. **C, T,** and **W** all claimed her for a partner, while **P** insisted upon her standing beside him occasionally at the piano.

Q wouldn't dance with anybody but **u**; **i** and **e** were the most nicely matched couple on the floor, and so smoothly did they whirl through the waltz, that for the life of me I couldn't tell whether 'twas **ie** or **ei**.

We watched them for some time, when the music ceasing, my friend and I left off peeping at the glass door.

GOING TO BE MARRIED.

THE story is told by a young woman about to embark from a port in England for Australia. She was certainly the plainest of the female passengers. Her nose turned up, and her mouth had scarcely any turn at all; her hair was red, and so were the rims of her eyes; and her eyes themselves were far from being good ones; but there was a certain piquancy and sprightliness about her, too, as though she had been a French lady's maid rather than an English one. She looked as if she could put her hand and her well-rounded arm to anything, and had been very good-tempered and obliging throughout the journey. It was understood—it had been expressed, indeed, already rather triumphantly by the young lady herself—that she was an engaged young person, going out to Australia to be married; that there was a somebody waiting upon the other hemisphere with outstretched hands, yearning to receive her as his bride. She would be a capital wife for a settler without doubt, although perhaps in this country we should have called her rather a settler for a wife. She seemed to know very well, indeed, what we were all likely to think about this matter; but she didn't care.

If I had been better looking—she began her story with this—I might never have got a husband, or at least not the money to marry him upon, which is the same thing. The unsuitableness of my face to what I may be allowed to call a very tolerable figure, has been literally the means of bestowing happiness, as I hope, upon Joseph, and of putting £400 into my own pocket. And this was how it all came about: my late mistress, who was very kind to me, and had intended, poor thing, for she told me so, to leave me comfortably provided for, took me over with her, seven years ago, to Paris. She was a widow lady, fond of a gay life and brilliant amusements; and that place suited her so well, that she made it her home, and I, but little loath, remained there too.

Joseph and I had kept company together before that time, but he was not so foolish as to wish me to give up my expectations for the sake of a hurried marriage; he said that he would wait patiently, dear fellow, although the great salt sea was to roll between us, and there could be no chance of his getting a letter more than once a day. He was a mason's assistant in London, and very hardly worked, it seemed, for he himself was not able to reply nearly so often; however, of course I was not a bird, that I could be in two places at once, so I made the best of it, and was as happy as a confidential lady's maid, under such circumstances, could hope to be.

One evening I had been preparing my mistress, who was a very splendid dresser, for the opera; my only fellow-servant was on leave of absence for some days; and except the porter in the court-yard, there was nobody, when the carriage had driven off that night, in the whole house save myself; therefore, having nothing better, or at least nicer, to do, and being in my mistress's bedroom among her beautiful robes and ornaments, it was hardly to be expected that I should resist such an opportunity of trying them on. The room, besides being charmingly hung with mirrors, had a delicious, full-length swinging-glass, and before this I amused myself for a good long while. I beheld how Mademoiselle Elizabeth Martin—that is my present name, but dear Joseph's is Andrews—how she looked in barèges, in silks, in muslins, for the morning; and how lace and satin, and low sleeves, with pearls, became her for evening wear; finally, equipping myself in a particularly pleasant glacé silk walking-dress, with a bonnet and falling vail fit for a bride, I could not help twisting round a little, to see as much of myself as possible, and contrasting the effect at the same time with that of madame, who was beautiful

enough, but indifferently proportioned, I involuntarily remarked aloud:

"Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are certainly unexceptionable behind."

It was an absurd thing to say even to one's self, and I remember blushing like a beet, as though it were not quite out of the question that I could be overheard. There were several jewel-drawers; this ruby upon my middle finger, a ring belonging to my mistress's late husband, was in one of them; but I had no time for more than to set off a handsome necklace or two, and to very much regret that my ears had not been punched for the accommodation of an especial pair of diamond ear-rings, before I heard wheels in the courtyard, and my mistress came home. Everything had been put away very carefully, and I undressed her and saw her to bed as usual. She was more than commonly kind and gentle in her manner that night, as I have since thought at least; and when she wished me her *bon soir*, she added:

"I am sure we shall both be tired to-morrow, Bessie; so call me an hour later, and take an extra sleep yourself."

I was never to hear my good mistress speak any more.

Did I dream that night that she had left me all her wardrobe, and that I was married in the glacé silk? Did I, even in my sleep, build schemes of what I would do with the money that my dead mistress might enrich me with? No: as I hope for heaven, and to meet dear Joseph, with all my woman's vanity, I had my woman's heart too, beating true and warm, and I thought no shadow of evil. I told them so in court, where all looked black against me, and they believed me even there. But in that morning, late, when the sun was shining full upon the window, and the noise of the people going about their dayly work was full and clear, I saw a frightful sight, a ghastly horror that the day but served to make more hideous and unnatural, my mistress murdered in her bed! No answer when I knocked; again no answer. The curtains at the bedside were close drawn, but through the open shutters a fiery flood of light fell red upon the carpet and the curtains, ay, and on the corner of the snow-white counterpane, red also. It was blood! I thought there had been a rain of blood; upon the handles of the drawers, upon the toilet-cover, on the dressing-case, upon the towels, in the basin, everywhere where the murderer's hands had been after their deadly work; and in the bed; I dared not look in the bed; but in that great swing-glass, where I had decked myself but a few hours ago, I saw it all, and every mirror in the room was picturing the same sight; there lay the corpse, the murdered woman with her gaping throat.

They thought at first that I was murdered too, lying so stiff and cold in that death-chamber. I answered nothing to their questions, neither in the house nor in the prison. I knew nothing, nor could I have told them had I known, until Joseph came. It seemed to me then quite natural that he should be with me; nothing praiseworthy, nothing. [This dear little engaged young person's eyes began to get redder about the rims at this reminiscence, and her story to assume an incoherent as well as choky character.] I did not understand how much I owed him: how, not having heard from me for some time, and reading in the paper that an English lady's maid had been taken up in Paris for a murder in the Rue St. Honoré, but that she refused to speak, and even had perhaps in reality lost her senses, he started off at once, giving up his employ, and borrowing and begging what he could, and knowing no word of French but the name of that one street, he hurried to me: so that my mind came back again, and I could tell them what I knew. All he did, he said, was less than he ought to have done, because he had behaved ill to me of old, (which, I am sure, dear Joseph never had, nor thought of doing.)

He stood by me in court; in the prisoner's place along with me he stood and shared my shame. I told about the jewels, and of my trying them on; how everything was safe, and the doors locked, and the chamber-window too high to be climbed up to, though a man might have let himself down from it into the yard. And then I learned for the first time that all that afternoon and night the murderer had lain hidden under my mistress's bed; that he must have been there all that time—think of it!—that I was trying on the dresses and the ornaments; that there was murder waiting in that chamber all the while; it made me shudder even then, amid that crowded court, with Joseph by me. They thought it very strange, they said, that

since there was so much time before him between my mistress's departure and return, that he had not murdered me instead. He had carried off all the jewels; those in the drawers as well as those which my poor mistress had worn that very evening; but from the moment he had dropped into the courtyard the police could find no trace of him. A mere suspicion fell upon the brother of the gate porter; but it was so vague that he was not put upon trial.

A great sum was offered in reward for the apprehension of the murderer, making up, with what was offered by the late mistress's family, nearly £400. She died without a will, poor lady, and they were not disposed to give me anything beyond the wages due to me. After my acquittal, a collection for mine and Joseph's benefit was made by some good people; but the money only sufficed to bring us back to England. Joseph had to work out a heavy debt, incurred upon my account, and I went into service again at once, resolving to do my best to help him. At the end of two years, poor fellow, except that he had discharged his obligation, he was but little better off than at the beginning; and despairing of ever getting a living for us both in the old country, he sailed twelve months ago for Sydney. Whichever of us first got rich, it was arranged, should cross the seas after the other; and until very lately, it seemed that we might each stop where we were, engaged young persons, till we died.

I was nursery-maid in my new place, and was taking the youngest child across Hyde Park one afternoon, when I was followed by an impertinent man; I had my "ugly" on, for the sun was hot, so that my face might have been like Venus, for all he knew to the contrary; and otherwise, I flatter myself I was not disagreeable looking. At all events, I attracted the wretch, who kept close behind me. He was an abominable person with a foreign appearance, which I had reason enough for disliking, and eyes that looked different ways, but neither of them nice ways, so that I was glad enough to get in sight of the policemen about the marble arch. He saw that there was no time to be lost, if he meant to get a good look at me at all, so he passed me on a sudden very quickly, turned round, and looked up into my face. I gave him a very tolerable stare, too, because I knew it would disappoint him, after his great expectations; and it did so; and not only that, for it made him give a sort of villainous grin, which I hope I may never see again, and he broke out, as if he could not help it for the life of him, with, "Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are unexceptionable behind." I cried out "Murder" and "Police!" as loud as I could, and the man was secured at once. No human being except the one who had been under the bed, her murderer, could have known those words, which I had spoken alone, before madame's toilet-glass. He denied everything, of course, and said it was an unjust detention; but in little more than half an hour, a telegraphic message from the Paris authorities set his mind at ease in this respect, and demanded his presence in that city. He was the elder brother of the gate porter, whom I had never before seen; and what I had to tell, in addition to the previous suspicions against him, procured his conviction. He was sent to the galleys for life. This ruby ring, which he wore upon his little finger, I identified as having been in the jewel-drawer that very night. It was bestowed upon me after the trial by the heir-at-law, and I obtained besides the £400 reward. If I had been pretty, you see, there would not have been any occasion for me to have remarked upon it that evening, and I might have remained, my whole life long, an engaged young person.

I'M WAITING FOR TO-MORROW.

We sought her on her bridal eve,
So beautiful and fair,
And sportively we placed the wreath
Of roses in her hair;
Her smile a flood of sunshine seem'd,
Without a cloud of sorrow,
And when we left she gayly said,
"I'm waiting for to-morrow."

Next morn we led her to the church;
No bridegroom met her there;
The white-robed angel Death had stolen
The heart she hoped to share;
We told her he was call'd away,
And strove to soothe her sorrow.
"I knew he was not false," she said;
"I'm waiting for to-morrow."

Now ofttimes in the churchyard green
Alone poor Ellen strays,
And kneeling by a new-made grave,
By turns she weeps and prays;
And when at eve the radiant skies
Their sunset glories borrow,
She turns toward the west, and sighs,
"I'm waiting for to-morrow."

AN EMBALMED PATRIARCH.

MONSEIGNEUR GERIOPOLIS, his Eminence the Patriarch of Grand Cairo and Thebes, (besides many fabulous cities which the patriarch's ancestors, counting ten generations backward, had only heard of in history,) was seized with the cholera, and went the way of all flesh in August, 1855, at Alexandria; and, chancing to be a resident in that ancient city at the time, I, in common with some thousands of others, was invited to the laying in state and funeral of the defunct and highly respected churchman.

I said "*laying in state!*" let me rather substitute "*sitting in state,*" for therein consisted the singularity of the spectacle. Everybody has seen great men, or rather their remains, exposed to public gaze with all the paraphernalia of velvet coffins, tall candlesticks, and so forth; but very few have had an opportunity, especially in hot climates, where immediate sepulture is indispensable, of standing face to face with a body a week dead, and no inconvenience or horrible sensations arising therefrom. Such, however, was the case in this ceremony.

The summer had been intensely hot, and the cholera had been raging for three months in its most virulent form. There was something peculiarly awful and solemn in the cases hourly occurring around us; something more shocking to the nervous system than has to be encountered, under similar afflictions, in our own country, and among civilized people. With us, death is a quiet warning, bringing with it a sacred sorrow. The closed shutters impart to the casual passer-by the gloomy fact within doors. A hearse and a coach or two, waiting in the shady side of the street, and eventually a dark load carried out of the door, these are significant to the American; but he cannot, nor has he any wish to pry into the extent of the calamity that has fallen upon his neighbor; he is only too thankful, though sooner or later it must come to his turn, that as yet the fell shadow has been kept away from his own hearth. Turning into the next street, his attention is immediately riveted by something else, and he has forgotten that sad particular procession. The whole street may die off of cholera, and Jones or Smith be not one atom the wiser or the more frightened. There is no denying that a consciousness of existing pestilence, and that in disagreeable proximity, must more or less shake the nerves of even the boldest man; it is a cruel death and a sneaking foe; one that sets at defiance the wrestlings of iron constitutions, and the energy and skill of the most learned in medicine; consequently, where it can be done, it is best to engross one's mind as much as possible, and refrain from inquisitively raking up information which can prove more than disagreeable, as it has, in many instances, laid the foundation of the prevailing contagion.

Now in Egypt it was physically impossible to shut one's eyes or ears to the dreadful extent of the malady raging around. At whatever hour of the day business or exercise called us into the streets, we were forcibly reminded of the brief tenure of life under any circumstances or age, by the continuous string of funeral processions. Now hurrying along with indecent speed, preceded by bands of blind men and boys, chanting their rapid and interminable chorus from the Koran, (God is God alone; praise to God and Mohammed, the chief of God;") or, with rosaries and crosses, and low, heart-rending wail, native Christians of all persuasions, Greeks, Maronites, Armenians, Copts, and Catholics; some carrying their dead in open coffins, covered over with wreaths of flowers; lastly, and not so commonly, owing to the comparative paucity of population, the somber, lumbering old hearse of the Protestants, carrying the dead to their graves in Egypt's sandy soil. Such were hourly incidents out of doors during the day; but, both by day and night, we were at all times apprised of catastrophes happening around by the wild, loud bursts of lamentation that issued from houses in the neighborhood.

Cries so peculiar and awful that, coming, as they often did, long after midnight, and just as one was enjoying the first few snatches of slumber, hitherto interrupted by the heat and musquetoes, they almost congealed the blood, and struck a momentary terror, which seemed to whisper that the Angel of Death was even then entering the threshold, and aiming his torture-imbued arrow at one's palpitating heart. The sudden scream and howl of terror often came from the next room; sometimes from above; sometimes below. Hired mourners, a profession or calling

in vogue ever since the days of the ancient patriarchs, would rush up and down the streets, their usually ugly faces distorted and besmeared with tears and ashes, their hair disheveled, and flying loose in the night air; their garments rent, and their girdles loosed, while waving these latter to and fro in their hands with grotesque antics, and a hideous dirge, they proclaimed aloud to the world that Azrael had stricken such and such an inhabitant; that the great and the rich, the charitable, and beneficent, had passed suddenly from the earth; and they called upon the city to take up the echoes of their lamentations; to howl aloud, as they did, like unearthly demons, for the heavy visitation that had fallen upon the city.

Look out upon this at the solemn hour of midnight, with a heaven whose canopy of brilliant stars seemed to gaze down in mocking brilliancy upon the pest-ridden earth; to listen to this wailing, and behold the distortions of those unearthly hired mourners, carried the mind solemnly back to those darker pages of prophecy which cried even against this very land of Egypt; and an illustration of the force of which, and the truthfulness of its imagery, was never surely better painted than by the scenes there enacted.

Toward the close of the scourge season the old patriarch succumbed to a short but virulent attack, and the whole city was called upon to bewail the loss of a man, who, through nearly half a century, had commanded the esteem of all classes and creeds; and, accordingly, the invitations were issued already mentioned.

In the East no patriarch is ever committed to the earth, as is the usage, or with the same ceremonials, attendant upon other defunct mortals. Although he had fulfilled the full term of years allotted to man upon earth; although he had died full of honors and old age, the scene of his honors upon earth had not closed with the departure of his immortal soul; his clay remained to be almost worshiped by the semi-idolatrous Greeks and Armenians. The old man had barely expired when a considerable subscription was made to meet, not only the paraphernalia of a public funeral, but to reimburse the labors of the embalmer; who, with cunning spices and sage devices, after the manner of the ancient Egyptians; or, rather, as he is said to have expressed himself, with considerable improvements on the art, undertook to preserve the body of the dead. Accordingly, having duly pocketed the six thousand piasters he had claimed as a fee, this Æsculapian genius completed his task, agreeably to the expectations of those who had employed him.

Within the week ensuing the patriarch's demise, the rooms where he sat in state were opened to gratify public curiosity; and multitudes flocked thither with marvelous expectation depicted on their faces. Every master and every man of a ship's crew that could manage it rushed to the spectacle; the Mufti and the Ulemas, the Cadis, the cautious, calculating merchant, the money-making banker, the reckless clerk, the renegade and the cutthroat, Moslem, Christian, Jew, and Heathen, all pressed eagerly to view the gratuitous exhibition; and that when death had only so lately, in many and fearful shapes, been familiar to them every hour in the day and night.

Carried along by the impetus of general attraction, I, too, found myself climbing up some fifty tiresome stone steps, which led to the chamber of death. We entered with a sensation of awe, tinged with curiosity; we left with a mingled feeling of pity, contempt, and derision, at the mockery that the superstitions of degenerate Christians reveled in.

On entering the apartment we found ourselves face to face with the mortal remains of the poor old patriarch. He was propped up in a gaudeous chair of state, the back of which was surmounted with a massive cross. Dressed out in all his robes, holding a cross in one hand, a golden apple in the other; his head decorated with a crown, from which flowed a loose gauze vail, which reached down to his feet, the old man looked the picture of calm sleep, his face retaining (artificially, I presume) the tinge of health, while his eyelids were judiciously closed. People crept in and out softly and quietly, afraid to disturb the sleeper's repose.

So far, all appeared natural enough; but when we came to look at his hands, these were horribly arranged; there was no substance, no appearance of flesh, or bone, or vein; like a pair of damp, creased gloves, they were tied round the objects they sustained, the whole being supported by being carefully bandaged to the arms of the chair. Moreover, the head had not

been strongly set, and the result was, that every gust of wind that blew through the open windows imparted to it a ghastly nodding motion, which threatened some horrible catastrophe even while we were looking on.

On either side stood a couple of gigantic candlesticks, the tapers from which emitted a sickly flare in the palpable sunlight of an Egyptian August day. Priests were swinging incense to and fro; pious laymen sat on the divans about the room, keeping up a low chant, while a low conversation was carried on by the spectators.

For a whole week this spectacle was continued; the weather had meanwhile become exceedingly sultry, and it was discovered, to the dismay of bishops and prelates, enthusiastic Greeks and Armenians, that even a patriarch was nothing more than mortal, and that, notwithstanding all the pretended skill of the embalmer, all the drugs used, all the piasters expended, a change was rapidly taking place, which rendered it imperative that the funeral obsequies should no longer be delayed. Accordingly, an early Sunday was fixed upon for the procession. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the square began to fill from all sides with a mixed multitude of anxious spectators. Now came bishops and clergy, with long trains of small boys carrying all the insignia of Oriental churches; the whole square was filled with the odor of incense. Then numberless cocked hats and feathers, indicating the consuls of the various nations: afterward a species of sedan chair, painted black, with a large white cross on the back; (this was to hold the patriarch, chair and all, on the transit of the body to Cairo;) and, finally, an unexpected climax, one that filled the spectators with surprise and consternation, the martial notes of a military band suddenly burst upon their ears, very speedily followed by the appearance of the musicians and a whole regiment of Egyptian infantry in full dress uniform. At first, people were wholly at a loss to account for this sudden irruption of soldiers; some were of opinion that they were only out for drill and exercise; others that they came forcibly to prevent public demonstrations on the part of Christians; this latter seemed the most plausible opinion, especially as the soldiers halted in the square, and piled their arms. Soon, to the delight of Europeans and natives, it was ascertained that the pasha, out of personal respect and esteem for the deceased prelate, had ordered military honors to be paid to his *manes!* Such an occurrence was without precedent in Egypt. The idea of Mohammedan soldiers and music attending to escort a Christian's funeral; and that Christian not an embassador, or consul, or traveler of high consideration, but absolutely a bishop! a high priest of a sect that Islam detested and openly insulted, whenever fair opportunity offered for so doing! Gray-headed Egyptians wagged their beards sagely and quoted the Koran, morosely predicting that now for a certainty the Prophet's sway would shortly come to an end. What was still more remarkable, the soldiers themselves evinced not the slightest distaste for the task allotted them. On the contrary, they were eager and determined to follow up as much as they could conceive to be the usual etiquette of European military funerals. The band took up its position in front of the sedan chair already alluded to. The soldiers formed a line of march on either side by ranging themselves in single columns, from the square right away to the gates of the Latin church, where the corpse was to be deposited for the night prior to its removal by railway to Cairo. Presently the body, just as we had seen it before, only much more agitated and of a hue that too clearly indicated decay, was carried down, chair and all, on the shoulders of eight privileged personages, merchants of high rank and wealth, who considered themselves honored by the burden they bore; the procession formed and moved on, the band struck up, and, horror of horrors! to the scandal of Christians present, they executed with extreme gusto a very favorite polka!

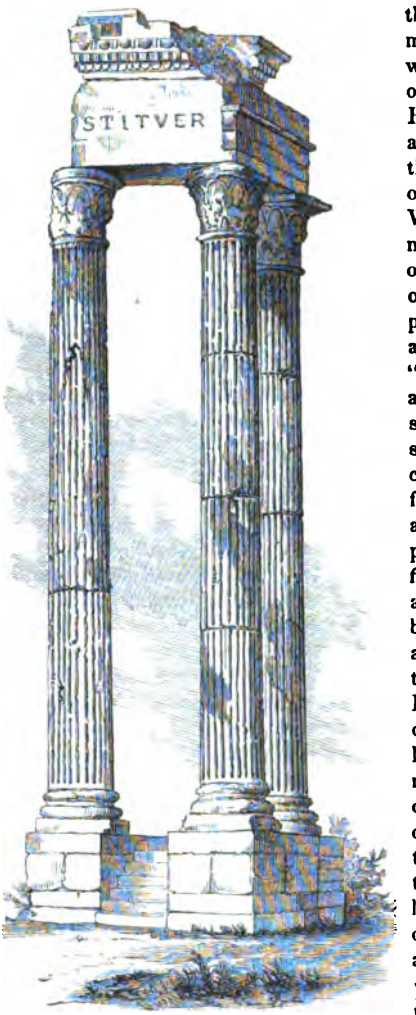
Thus the procession, augmenting in numbers as they proceeded, reached the Latin church, while the poor patriarch's head, from the motion of being carried, nodded the while after a most unearthly and ghastly fashion. None were more eager to enter the church than the Egyptian soldiers. The monks endeavored to exclude them by closing the gates, but they quickly yet determinately forced them open again.

Two days afterward the old patriarch, chair, robes, crosses, and all, was let into a niche in his cathedral at Cairo, and then carefully bricked up.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE ETERNAL CITY.

ONE of those American travelers who usually "do up" the sights of any foreign city in an incredibly short space of time, and who are in the habit of boasting that only a few months are required to see all Europe, had actually devoted two *whole* weeks to the wonders of the Eternal City, and was about to leave, with the settled conviction that he had seen Rome very thoroughly. Meantime he assured the writer of the present article, that there was but one spot in the city which he had not visited, and this he was "much puzzled to find, as people were always talking about the Forum," and although he believed his topographical knowledge of Rome very accurate, he was compelled to acknowledge that he had not yet seen the Forum.

Such is the experience of many of our *fast* men abroad. They tell an amusing story at Rome of an American, who was posting, with the greatest possible rapidity, from Florence, where he had spent *one* day, to Rome. The postillion drove up to one of the hotels in the Piazza di Spagna, supposing, of course, the gentleman would wish to alight. But no, he received very peremptory orders to drive at once to the Church of St. Peter. The equipage brought up in the magnificent *piazza* in front of the most remarkable edifice in the world. The stranger sat in the carriage, glanced at the *façade* of St. Peter's, folded his arms, and ordered the postillion back to Florence. This class of travelers have usually a vast amount of information about all Europe when they reappear in America. They "have seen everything worth seeing," in the incredibly short space of some two months, and declare "it is all a humbug."



TEMPLE OF VESPASIAN.

Apropos of fast traveling, I once met in the vast museum of the Vatican, the most magnificent in the world, an American of this same class. He held in his hand a guide-book with the significant title of "Rome seen in a Week," forcibly reminding one of some of the advertisements of charlatans, who profess to eradicate all the diseases that "flesh is heir to" in a hitherto unheard-of space of time. This stranger in the Vatican was standing before that miracle of art, the unequaled picture of the Transfiguration, by Raphael, which seems to be nothing less than a flash of inspiration from heaven. His guide-book was opened to the catalogue of the Capitol museum, the number of the great Raphael corresponding with that of a Guido in the last-named collection. He was, no doubt, enjoying and appreciating this fine work, supposing it to be the martyrdom of St. Sebastian by Guido, and when he returned to America his opinion might be sought to determine the degree of excellence of the works of some of our youthful aspirants for fame in art, on the ground that his taste had been cultivated by travel.

I remember in another instance meeting

an American in the singularly interesting city of Nuremberg. But there was nothing in this

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,"

which seemed to excite in him the least interest. He had "spent six weeks on the continent, seen everything worth seeing; 'twas all a humbug." Turning to a gentleman upon the steps of the beautiful church of St. Lawrence, he declared that there was "nothing in all Nuremberg to compare with any single thriving Western American town." "I shall go back by the first steamer to America," said he, "unless I can find some place which indicates progress here." Surely Nuremberg the ancient was a singular spot to look for progress. But enough of *fast* travelers.

THE FORUM ROMANUM.

"The Forum where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!"

Forums seem, in the early history of Rome, to have been numerous; there were no less than nineteen of importance. In its original signification the word Forum seems to have been applied to any open space surrounded by buildings and porticoes. In the time of the ancient Romans, as is, indeed, the fact at present in Italy, much more of the business of every-day life was transacted in the open street than in more northern countries.

The place in ancient Rome known as the Forum Romanum, *the* Forum *par excellence* of Rome, occupied an irregular space between the Capitoline and the Palatine Hills. The whole of this space was surrounded by edifices which were among the most remarkable of the city of the Cæsars. The Capitol was at one extremity; near it, the temples of Concord, of Vespasian, of Saturn, the School of Xantha, the Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus; and but a short distance from these, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the Basilica of Constantine, etc., etc. Still beyond, looking from the Capitol, was the Arch of Titus, built in commemoration of the taking of Jerusalem by the Romans; from this point the ancient paved road descends toward the Coliseum and the Arch of Constantine, while upon the right extend the shapeless masses of ruin, upon the Palatine Hill, known as the Palace of the Cæsars.

It is probable that no other spot in the world has excited so much speculation and conjecture as the Forum Romanum. The antiquaries of every age have labored to establish each his own theory, that of the one century usually diametrically opposed to the established opinions of the previous one. So that the ruined temples and other edifices in this vicinity have received from one century to another a constant change of nomenclature.

At the present day there is an accumulation of about fifteen feet of soil above the ancient surface of the ground. We often hear at home of excavations being made at Rome which we do not understand. We comprehend the necessity of removing the earth from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, but forget that there is in Rome often an accumulation of from fifteen to twenty feet of soil above the former surface of the ground. This accumulation of earth is not alone confined to the City of Rome, but upon the open Campagna the first floor of the buildings excavated is usually found some fifteen feet below the present surface.

During the summer which I passed at Rome a ruined church of the fifth century was excavated, when the floor was found some fifteen feet under ground. The same season I made a visit to a villa near the base of the Alban Hills, in the vicinity of which persons were then engaged excavating an ancient Roman villa, which stood near the Campagna. The experiments were very successful, and many interesting things exhumed. The villa had probably been demolished by the barbarians, and its contents left under its ruins. Some valuable works of sculpture, as well as rare marble, pieces of ancient pottery, etc., etc., were discovered here.

But to return to the Forum. Virgil tells us, in the eighth book of the Æneid, of a visit which Æneas makes to Evander, and that the latter, while doing the honors of the place to his distinguished guest, conducts him to the Tarpeian Rock and to the Capitoline Hill, covered at that time with a dense growth of trees and shrubs. Here they overlook the Forum, and see herds of cattle wandering over it and the splendid streets in its neighborhood.

This pastoral scene, which was a mere fancy of the poet, we find in the nineteenth century realized. The proud Forum of ancient Rome has become the cattle market of the modern city. Here you see, under

the very shadows of the proud temples and triumphal arches of other days, droves of the long-horned cattle and buffaloes of the Campagna. These, with a few peasants, in their slovenly but picturesque costume, with long hair and dark, wicked eyes, with an occasional person in ecclesiastical dress, are oftentimes all that indicates life upon the Forum Romanum of the nineteenth century. How sad the contrast with other days.

A modern traveler says of the Forum:

"No spot on earth is more imposing, for it is overshadowed with the power and majesty of the Roman people. Here were laid the foundations of that wonderful political system, which lasted so long and worked so well; which was strong enough to hold the whole world in its grasp, and wise enough to exercise a controlling influence over the legislation and jurisprudence of the civilized world down to the present day. It is a place illustrated equally by the wisdom of great statesmen and the eloquence of great orators. Here was trained that unrivaled power of constructive legislation, which was the great redeeming feature of the Roman mind, and which has bequeathed to posterity that precious bequest, the Roman law, a gift quite equal in value to the splendid legacy of Greek literature."

The enthusiast in Greek literature might be disposed to question the assertion that the "Roman law is a gift equal in value to the splendid legacy of Greek literature." Indeed, what is there of early civilization, refinement, and taste, that we do not owe to Greece through the influence of her literature and art? The crude civilization which the Greeks borrowed from the Egyptians, was so mellowed and harmonized by their exquisite taste, that in the offspring we scarcely trace any lineaments of the parent. The civilization and refinement of ancient Rome were exotics. The architecture of Imperial Rome was but a reproduction of what the Greeks had originated. At times the adaptation to the wants of Rome were happy; at others, the imitation of Greek models in architecture, with the Roman blending of the Corinthian, the Ionic, and the Doric, in the detail of ornament upon the same edifice, is most incongruous in effect.

An eminent English artist has reproduced in an engraving the Forum of ancient times, restoring those edifices the fragments of which still exist, and at the same time filling up the vacant spaces with others once known to have existed here. The effect of the whole is singularly fine. Temples and porticoes of the most showy architecture arise one above another. The contrast here presented with the decay and filth which mark the Forum as it now appears is most depressing in effect.

The excavations of the Forum were commenced by the French during their occupation of Rome in the time of Napoleon. Since this period the work has been continued under the direction of Cardinal Gonsalvi. Those who remember the Forum as it appeared before these excavations, sigh over the change which modern scientific research has produced. The dry bones of art and architecture are sometimes like those of the human family, better left in their natural resting-places than exhumed and brought to the light of the nineteenth century. Doubtless what the world has gained by these modern researches and excavations has been lost in the harmony and picturesqueness of the whole scene.

We are indebted to the French for the preservation of the three beautiful columns of the temple of Vespasian, an engraving of which adorns the commencement of this article. Previous to the French invasion they were buried nearly to their capitals in the accumulation of earth and rubbish. It was ascertained by perforating the soil that the basement had been partly removed; it was, therefore, necessary to remove the entablature, and secure the shafts by scaffolding; the basement was then carefully restored; the ground was cleared, and the entablature placed in its original position. The columns are of Carrara marble, four feet four inches in diameter, deeply fluted. They appear to have been originally painted, as were the temples of Pompeii, and portions of them still exhibit a purple color, which does not belong to the marble. In the drawing the letters S T I T V E R are seen upon the entablature; the remains of the word *Restituere*, this temple having been restored by Septimius Severus and Caracalla. This ruin, like others in Rome, has been known by different names, and was for a long time supposed to be the Temple of Jupiter Tonans erected by Augustus in gratitude for his escape from lightning during his expedition to Spain.

Near the Temple of Vespasian, upon the side of the Capitoline Hill, are the remains of the Temple of Saturn, formerly

THE TEMPLE OF SATURN.

called the Temple of Concord. The effect of this ruin, although picturesque in the distance, upon a close examination shows evidently that it has been restored with very little regard to harmony or taste. The ruin consists, as will be seen in the engraving, of eight columns; they are of granite, forty-three feet high and thirteen feet in circumference. In the diameter of these columns there is a very perceptible difference; the moldings of the base are also irregular, and the whole seems to have been very clumsily restored. Poggio describes it in the fifteenth century as nearly entire, and says that afterward, during his stay at Rome, he witnessed "the destruction of the *cella*, and many of the marble ornaments for the purpose of making lime."

The Basilica of Constantine, long known as the Temple of Peace, is a gigantic ruin fronting upon the Forum, near the Arch of Titus, and was supposed to have been erected by Vespasian to receive the spoils brought from Jerusalem by his son Titus. But this theory is now entirely given up, as it has been decisively proved that the Temple of Peace was destroyed by fire in the reign of Commodus. Small chambers have been found under the present ruin, which would indicate that it was built upon the site of a more ancient edifice, and probably of the Temple of Peace referred to. The style of ornament indicates that the present edifice belongs to that period known as the decline of art, and very probably to the time of Constantine.

In the fragments which remain, the vaultings are decorated with large sunk octagonal panels, as will be seen in the engraving, and these filled with ornaments in stucco. The building appears to have been three hundred and twenty feet in length and two hundred and thirty-five feet in width. It seems originally to have

consisted of a nave and two side aisles, divided into three immense arches eighty feet across. The vaulted roof was supported by eight Corinthian columns of marble sixty-two feet in height. One of these now stands near the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and is known as the Colonna della Vergine. The beauty of this column attests the former magnificence of the Basilica of Constantine. It is supposed that this edifice was at an early period occupied as a place of Christian worship.

It is well known that the ancient basilicas were the earliest models adopted by the Christians as places of worship. Those edifices which had served as the seats of the public tribunals or courts of justice during the latter years of the empire were, from their peculiar construction, particularly adapted to this purpose. It is easy to be seen at Rome that the temples dedicated to the pagan divinities were quite unfit for the Christian services. The ancient worship of the Romans was a ceremony addressed to the eye; the temples were generally small, the ornaments entirely upon the exterior of the edifice. As sacrifices formed an important feature in this worship, we find usually an opening at the top of the building in order to allow the odor of the meats which were burned in the ceremonies to escape. Upon the introduction of Christianity it became necessary that the worship should take place in such an edifice as would allow the people to gather about their teachers. To the new wants of Christian worship the basilicas were well adapted.

There was, withal, a grandeur and simplicity in these structures which is at the present day very impressive. They consisted of a nave and two side aisles divided from the nave by simple lines of columns. From these columns sprang higher arches which sustained the roof. The only light admitted was from the wall above the arches, which were pierced with windows. The name of basilica is still applied to some of the oldest and most important churches of Rome, as, for example, St. Peter's is a basilica, St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, etc.

Among the baths of ancient Rome the remains of those built by Caracalla are the most perfect, and present altogether a more impressive ruin than perhaps any other edifice, with the exception of the Coliseum. These baths were commenced by Caracalla about A. D. 212. They occupy an area of about a mile in circuit.

BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE.

SKETCH IN THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

The sketch which I present, it will be perceived, is not a general view, but simply a sketch in the baths.

The thermæ of Rome, which, under the empire, became so numerous and splendid that their very remains astonish us at the present day, were unknown to the republic. The yellow waters of the Tiber served for all the purposes of ablution to the hardy race who subdued the Samnites and defeated Pyrrhus. The rapid current of the stream rendered strong arms necessary to the swimmers, and here the citizens of the republic braced themselves and developed their physical powers for other struggles. For a time after the building of the aqueducts which supplied the city with pure water from the neighboring mountains, the baths remained unbuilt, and small reservoirs served the purposes of bathing. It was left for the rapidly increasing power and luxurious taste of the empire to erect those magnificent baths which even in their ruin are such striking illustrations of Roman luxury.

The heat of the climate, as well as the peculiar costume of the ancient Romans, both contributed to render bathing of vast importance. It will be remembered that woolen clothing was in use among them, and sandals were worn upon the naked feet.

The word bath, as applied to the thermæ of ancient Rome, conveys to us in its modern signification a very imperfect idea of the design of these edifices. A recent writer says:

"As with the Romans the Forum was the representative of business, government, and legislation, so the bath, under the emperors, included all forms of amusement and entertainment, whether bodily or mental. The Roman thermæ were no more exclusively devoted to the act of bathing than is a modern coffee-house to the drinking of coffee. They comprised the modern club-room, billiard-table, card-room, public garden, concert-hall, lecture-room, etc. Here musicians played, philosophers discoursed, and poets recited. Here were shady groves for the contemplative, libraries for the studious, and gymnasiums for the athletic. The finest statues, richest frescoes, and the costliest mosaics were lavished upon them. Within the inclosure embraced by the outer wall every taste could find gratification. There was companionship for the sociable, and solitude for the moody; there were books and teachers for the lover of knowledge, and the noblest works of art for the lover of beauty; there was gossip for the vacant mind and refreshment for the overtasked brain."

The baths of Caracalla are described by historians who saw them in a state of perfection, as the most magnificent structure of Rome. They are said to have contained sixteen hundred marble seats for bathers. A portion of the roof of stone

still remains; this is approached by a narrow staircase, and affords one of the most enchanting as well as impressive views in the Eternal City. The accumulation of soil upon the roof sustains a considerable growth of grass, shrubs, and wall-flowers; foot-paths lead about among the shrubbery and grass. One would almost imagine himself in the midst of a neglected garden, were it not for an occasional opening in the roof which displays the fragments and arches below; otherwise he might fancy himself wandering over some elevated plain or terrace. Looking in the direction of the Alban Hills, the view is one of exceeding beauty. The middle ground is occupied by ancient walls and towers, and beyond these fragments of ruined aqueducts and tombs scattered over the Campagna, while the beautiful Alban Hills form the background of the landscape, these being relieved by the reflection of the sun as it falls upon the white houses which form the little villages of Frascati, Roca di Papa, Albano, and Castel Gondolfo.

The person who has never visited Rome can form but little impression of the importance of the Sabine, Volscian, and Alban Hills, in the panorama of the landscape of the Eternal City, as seen in contrast with the rolling sea of the Campagna.

The baths of Caracalla are now the favorite resort of the imaginative dreamers among the visitors at Rome. They were the especial haunt of the poet Shelley, who says in the preface to his "Prometheus Unbound:"

"This poem was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms, and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits, even to intoxication, were the inspiration of the drama."

The rich treasures of art which have been, from time to time, exhumed from these ruins, attest its former magnificence. Numerous statues, bas-reliefs, cameos, medals, bronzes, etc., have been discovered here, and some of them are now among the most celebrated and highly-prized works of the different museums of Italy.

TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

Among the ruins which attest the splendor of ancient Rome, the triumphal arches present an important feature. They appear to have been erected, in some instances, as offerings to the vanity of living emperors; at others, in gratitude to those whose lives had made their deaths a source of regret to the Roman people.

The original design of a triumphal arch seems to have been to erect the edifice in compliment to a successful general and his army; on his return from conquest he led his troops through the arch, so that each man might pass under the shadow of the monument of triumph which his courage and patriotism had helped to rear.

In the Forum there are now the remains of the arches of Septimius Severus and Titus. At a short distance beyond the latter, passing along the Via Sacra, in the direction of the Coliseum, is the arch of Constantine, an imposing monument, but overladen with ornaments, as were other works which characterize the age of the decline of art.

Upon the highest point of the Via Sacra, appears the most graceful and interesting arch of Rome. This was erected by the Senate and people, in commemoration of the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus. As a record of Scripture history, this is one of the most interesting monuments in existence. Upon the frieze is a *basso relievo*, representing warriors leading oxen to sacrifice. Upon the key-stone is the figure of a Roman warrior, nearly entire. But it is upon the inner side of the piers that the most interesting sculptures are found. Here is represented a procession of warriors carrying the spoils of the temple which Titus brought home from Jerusalem. Here are distinctly represented the silver trumpets, the massive golden table, and the seven-branched golden candlestick, some six feet in height. Both in size and form these trophies are represented to correspond with the description of Josephus, and are said to be the only authentic representations of these sacred objects.

A worn foot-path turns off from the Via Sacra, and passes outside of this arch. It is a matter of conscience with the oppressed Jews, never to pass under the monument which commemorates the despoilment of their glorious temple at Jerusalem

The condition of the Israelites at Rome, although greatly meliorated by the present pontiff, is certainly one to move the sympathies of the stranger. Confined to an inconsiderable space, called the Ghetto, they live huddled together in comfortless looking houses in the midst of filthy streets, subject to inundations from the Tiber.

It was in the reign of Paul IV., 1555, that certain restrictions were placed upon the Jews, many of which still remain. He would not permit them to live at any other places in the Papal states, except at Rome and Ancona; and compelled them to wear a badge of separation from the Christians. The gates which inclose the Ghetto were, until the accession of Pope Pius IX., always closed from sunset to sunrise. In former times, the Jews were compelled to run foot-races for the amusement of the people during the carnival. At the present day they make, at the commencement of the carnival season, certain presents to the senator of Rome, in acknowledgment of a sort of feudal dependence, which consists of a small sum in money, cloths of gold, silver, and brocade, which are distributed as prizes to the owners of the horses which win the races that take place during the carnival.

Several times each year the Jews are gathered together in a church, in the vicinity of the Ghetto, when they are obliged to listen to a sermon by a Dominican friar. Opposite one of the gates of the Jews' quarter is a church, with a fresco painting of the crucifixion upon its façade; underneath this are the words from Isaiah, both in Hebrew and Latin: "I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts; a people that provoketh me to anger continually to my face."

It is a singular fact, that the Ghetto, squalid and miserable as it is, and a fitting place, as it would appear, for the abode of disease and pestilence, is, in reality, the most healthy part of the city. This is accounted for by the fact, that owing to its dense population, numerous fires are necessarily kept up here, and where the malaria exists, fire is known to act as a disinfecting agent. It is also said, that during the prevalence of the cholera, in 1837, the deaths were less frequent here than in other portions of the city.

VISIT TO AN ENGLISH COAL-MINE.

AMONG the most celebrated of the English collieries, are those of the Ince Hall Coal and Cannel Company. Immense coal mounds, like the tumuli of ancient wars, cover the whole space claimed by the company. One side the canal, so laden with barges and so black its waters at times, we might regard it as liquid coal; the other side, the railway, so supplied with trucks, we might think coal its whole concern. Between the two so many coaly operations above ground as to take up a great deal of room; so many coal pits, coaly mounds, coaly people, coaly donkeys, carts, ponies, and other coaly things, that we can think, feel, see nothing beyond coal. Environed with coal, we seem to absorb its substance; we have nothing to do but with coal; we lose the outside world, and ourselves change to coal. Coaly overlookers tread about with dignity, ordering their black servants to attend to their duties, or scolding them in a louder key for neglect, as if coal were what they were all born for, and they could think of naught besides.

Offices distributed over the coaly ground are also coaly. All, all is coaly, but a radiant old gentleman in one of them, whose genial countenance beams, as he makes us free of any part of colliery, atop or bottom. Gathering our wits together on the weighing machine sunk in the ground before his office, and in fact fixed with trams for the trucks; each in its course to the railway indicating its weight on an index inside the office; gathering our wits, we say, for it is so long black that we have lost them again, we are troubled how to proceed with decorum, and doubly troubled with such a bathos to a tangled sentence.

Scramble up the loose knobbly mountain, and stand upon its brow. Hie away, or over you go. Here comes a tub of coal, and here another, and here another. Women nor men heed your broadcloth. On at full speed, like mad engines, full dash down upon you, and it is but by a dexterous turn the driver saves you from demolition. Before you have uttered your thanks, you have got in the way of another, and yet another, and the cry is, "still they come." You are in danger of losing the few senses left you, when a gentle pull from the manager puts you in a safe place.

Numerous people are about, and the women look queerer than ever; every one is so agile and busy, that each might be taken as the personification of the county.

We peep in upon the ponderous engine, and directly a loud voice is heard, exclaiming, "Come in, and have a good look."

The chief good look inside is that of the jolly "engine tenter." His rosy face is dimpled with good-humor, while his sparkling eye, looking everywhere at once, tells us we have already gone wrong, for we obstruct his view. He stands high priest of Æolus, his temple open to the winds, so that he may observe both fore and aft, through the open window, the slightest signal at either pit. It puzzles us, as well it might, how he knows precisely when the rope has reached the bottom, but he points to an index, and says, "Just you look." The signal calls, he starts the engine; the rope travels out of one window and comes home through the other, while the index hand moves round with a tick, tick, tick, till it strikes a sonorous spring, and the engine is stopped.

"It isn't at the bottom yet," we cry, "for he hasn't been half a minute."

"It is though," he answers. "Look!"

A cage of four tubs has risen at one pit, and the rope is deep down the other. Each tub holds six hundred weight. Such is the celerity with which the work is done, that when we turn to the tubs again, they have vanished, empty ones having been wheeled into the cage; the signal is caught, the engine reversed, and in precisely the same time a like cage rises at the opposite pit. The index-hand touches the little spring something like a thousand times a day, but without it, the engine-minder says he could tell to an inch when the cage was down, so perfect has the practice of years made him. Thus were our fears of bumping when we descended quietly allayed.

"That's the great wheel to wind the rope round, is it?"

"Go up—go up and look, sir," says the same jolly voice; "only don't tumble in anywhere, because you'd spoil the engine."

Thanking him for his saving clause, more friendly than complimentary to our prudence or skill, up we mount the steep stairs, to better survey the rope-winding. The gigantic fly-wheel whirls and whirls at a rate to produce a gale. Two deep grooves in its circumference pay out and take home respectively the rope. With a ton and a half to lift from depths compared to which the look-down from St. Paul's Golden Cross to the Wellington crypt is only a fourth part, you may venture upon guessing that a stout rope is wanted. Moving upward at the rate of ten miles an hour, tow would get such a tug as to break by mere torsion. Wire rope has come into common use, and this at the Arley Mine has to be platted and bound into a band four inches broad. Well tarred in its whole length, it crackles and uncrackles an accompaniment to the wind music of the wheel. To work the two pits, the engine is of sixty horse-power. "Good morning, hearty friend; you are a true Cerberus; but we need not puzzle you with such far-away comparisons."

Near at hand, a second engine pumps water out of the mine. Leviathan boilers, four of them forming a phalanx, hiss from their safety-valves and stop-cocks, puffing like the frog in the fable, though more resembling the bull in unwieldiness, in their vain efforts to burst. Another office is the lamp-house, where every man takes his Davy after work, and returns for it before half past five in the morning. It is necessary to place strict watch over careless men, and to bind them with rules of the utmost stringency. Every lamp is numbered and locked, the lamplighter keeping the key. He trims the lamp, and lights it, and locks it, ready for the pitman, but none are given out, and no men are allowed to go down the pit, a minute after time. Hundreds of lives depend upon the secure fastening of the lamp. Yet the devices to take off the top, so as to get a better light, or to draw the flame through the gauze to light a pipe, are too ingenious for such a cause, and would bring fame to the American picklock. Heavy fines and prosecution are certain, yet hardly a week passes without a foolhardy delinquent.

At last we are looking over into the depth of darkness, and watching the cage descend; weighing the necessity of descending too, much as a schoolboy weighs his jalap; inevitable while we shrink. Going so fast, the cage is quickly lost. It is not long getting a quarter of a mile down, and as the tubs are traversing a thousand passages below, there are ever waiting four tubs at the bottom, ready for

ascent. Before we have had time to wonder, the rope moves a moment slowly, then at its proper speed. Tubs are up again and off, empty ones are on, and down they go. Up and down, down and up, continually; multitudes of men and women wheeling off, and returning; all these things assist to explain how coal rocks, so many and huge, were ever formed, not, like their fellows the Pyramids, one brick at a time, but by four tubs. We can better comprehend the aspect of the canal, of the rail, of the colliery as a whole; of a magnificent trade so peculiarly English, both in staple and value, amounting to near seventy million tons a year, and to £15,000,000 or £16,000,000 sterling.

Our introduction to Dobison, the underlooker, is laid hold of by a grim blackamoor, whose fingers instantly made our *carte-blanche* piebald.

"Hast thee seen Dobison on the Broo?" he inquires of a mate.

"Na!" is the rejoinder of a fellow-smut.

"I thinks he be gone doon," he says, turning to us. "I'll jist go and look; stop thee 'ere."

Think but of his "jist go!" No fear, good fellow, of our leaping after thee; we'll stop there.

The cage hung for a moment quiet, and then suddenly let the adventurer go flop. So strongly did it associate with a more ignoble exhibition, that the sight caused sickly giddiness. Leaning over the scaffold, we watched him long, long, long, like an arrow shot down. Darkness reached, still down, down, down. Man, cage, Davy twinkle, all were lost; only the speedy rope could be seen piercing at a mighty depth the pitchy black abyss. Not like rope was it, but as a stiff endless lance penetrating the lower world, and resistless as the lance of great Michael. Down it still went. Twice the time had passed of his keeping in sight, time lengthened out as in waiting for the hands of a watch. Deeper, deeper, deeper. It there no bottom? It stops.

What a breath, almost as deep as the deep pit, while we wondered where the man could be! Giddiness was relieved by the gasp. What a hole for a man to dig! Who first thought of going down there to see what he could find? The rope moves once more, then starts up silent, with a swift sweep. In a minute at the top, with two boxes of coal and two live men. Our grim attendant had *jist* fished up the underlooker.

We loiter on the top, arranging for the final leap. It is but a step, and down we go. There is reason for hesitation. But a short time ago the very iron flags, now our causeway, the platform and apparatus near, were blown up by an explosion of fire-damp. Through miles of passages below raged the devastating blaze, searching out with dire precision the drifts where solitary men one moment were working in health and vigor, the next were dead. Eighty-nine mangled bodies were brought up to light. Imagination, says a friend, an eye-witness, could never paint the picture, and remembrance of it will haunt him as a horrid dream forever. This, too, was a second explosion within twelve months, both equally fearful and fatal. One old woman had three sons down the pit at the time. She was wailing in agony and suspense, for she had lost a son in the first firing. Her three sons were brought up dead. Mutilated bodies, and parts of bodies, so scorched and blacked as to be indistinguishable, lay scattered in every direction. Wives who would not be comforted, sisters and brothers, in one loud wail of woe. Did they then show they had human feeling, outside as they are of social sympathy? Widows and orphans, in the lowest depth before, have seen since then a lower still, for misery and want find many *lowest* extremes before they end in self-oblivion. With this remembrance of these dread events, we step upon the fated plank. Now we dangle between heaven and earth; our men instructing us in the freemasonry of "footing," before they let us down, though really we feel to be on no fair footing for the nonce. Swift the descent, but, swift as it is, it appears a long time to hang at the end of a rope, much longer than to watch others down. Easy gliding and silent, so well is the gear greased, yet at the sudden motion our senses grow giddy and sick, and our throat is rather choked. So gentle is the progress withal, that trepidation soon vanishes, and, except some degree of swimming-in-air like sensation, we feel as bold as a miner. Looking up, there is the mouth of the pit, a speck of light like half-a-crown; and then *that* is lost. In total darkness, we feel the motion as it were *upward*, and cannot persuade ourselves we are going down.

The glimmer of the Davy deepens the gloom. Down, down the abyss, and still deeper down. Trickling on the moist walls we hear the water, and can even distinguish a pattering like rain-drops on the stones. Consciousness grows that we approach our journey's end, and have reached the *top*. Thinking thus, we look skyward, and get welcomed with a shower, an initiatory rite, which falls upon our eyes and neck more gritty than pure water ought. It makes us suspect our personal beauty at a discount since the glass flattered us at shaving. Voices are heard before we land, and a moment after, lights and grim goblins await us, and we are in the Arley Mine. A roof of rock protects us from Lancashire skies, but the cold rush of damp air down the shaft is more pitiless, if possible, than the county climate. Such thickness of impending earth to weigh upon our mind, is more than any one could *bear*. Fancy digging a hole upward!

"Well, Jem, how art thee getting on?" says the underlooker to the "fireman" he meets.

"Weel, weel, I ha' sen' oop fifteen."

"An' how many more shall tha' send up to-day?"

"I doon noo; they bean't a workin' mooch, an' it's reck'nin."

"Well, Jem, I have brought thee a gentleman to see thee at work."

"Hopes the gen'leman will ken this is a dry place."

"O, indeed," says Dobison; "you must wait till you earn it."

"Ask us when we get back safe," we add, "and we won't forget you."

Our lamps have to be trimmed at the underlooker's office, a hermit's cell cut out of the rock, but inside as cosy as Friar Tuck's, when he was alone. A table is there, and so are seats and a fire; a barometer hangs on one side, and the officer has hung his *up-stair* clothes on the other.

While various kinds of lamps are getting ready, we listen to a practical lecture on their varied merits. First comes our old friend Sir Humphrey, most extensively used even now, almost to the exclusion of patent and improved successors. It is a simple cylinder of gauze, with a brass top and wick lamp at bottom, both carefully locked. Though it gives but a feeble light, it is safe. Desiderata of a new lamp are, more light and equal safety. Our guide issues forth with a Davy. He puts into our hand a beautiful lamp of Smellie's, but his caution to be "very careful" betrays misgiving. Very thick glass surrounds the flame, and the safety gauze is fitted above and under. The light is bright, and all that could be desired; but glass in treacherous. A current of cold air would make it fly, and against this its thickness is the opposite of a safeguard. An unfortunate blow with a pick is less to be feared than casualties against which caution is of no avail. To make up a trio, another in company lays hold of a third lamp. A large bull's-eye lens sheds a strong light from it, but, unfortunately, several feet further off from the miner than he wishes, or, if it shine upon his work, he must put it inconveniently far. The officer's lamp is lined with glass, not to give more light, but to prevent *pipes* being lit by the flame drawn through the meshes. Were it not that you are getting peevish at the time we keep you gossiping, we should like to tell you about these meshes, how many can be allowed to an inch, and so on, but the philosophy of it is too lengthy.

Our mine branches north and south. The south workings follow the dip of the coal, descending five inches to the yard, for a distance of half a mile. The north workings are the scene of the awful calamities to which we have alluded. Curiosity tempts us to the site, and we trust to time and inclination for an after view of the deepest parts. The underground map corresponds pretty well to north and south; we shall understand both by fairly examining either.

Odd appointments we think some, so far out of humanity's reach. The high road for one hundred yards is lit with gas, which, as full moon down here is not seen, is always alight. Choking up the gangways are trains of tubs, and, scrambling out of the way of these, we get muddled among the ponies that brought them. Ponies? Ay, there they are, and their stables, and the ostlers, all with duties allotted. Clear of these, the way is easy to pay our respects to his mightiness the Furnace. Somewhat out of order, as our route would guide, but the magnate plays so important a part in the economy of the mine, that neglect would be impolite.

Of the road ask for no record. A coal

in a three or four feet, or, miserable beings, as has been known, in less than a two feet seam. Be the pony pace the rule to go by, we should pronounce them as merry as their young drivers. They gallop in the dark as if they were doing nothing uncommon. Were we a pony, we fain think we should prefer being always poorly.

"Why do you call it a jig bow? Bow or bend is easy, but how about jig?"

We are led to ask this at No. 2 Jig.

"Don't you see, sir, the full tubs as they come down the incline *jig* up the empty ones. There is a pulley at the top of the jig, and the rope goes round it, up and down, on either side."

This knot undone, we start afresh. Ever and anon we pass a spot about which the guide has a little history. *That* was formerly an air-course, but the last "misfortune" tore the solid brick down, blew off the doors, and made ruins of the whole. *This* was an opening with doors once, but is bricked up, to prevent the current of air being too much *split*. It makes the journey further round into the "return," but it lessens risk from inattention. Then we arrive at a new air-course, strongly arched masonry, over which traverses, for strength's sake, an inverted arch, the path of return air. Part of the tunnel, with smooth, strong roof of "blue metal," or hard rock, upholds itself.

Elsewhere shaley shivers cover the path, significant of a rotten ceiling. Other parts are supported by timber, great trunks of which are here and there cracked across, like sticks of firewood upon the house-maid's knee. Enormous must be the force upon blocks of wood standing upright, and no more than from four to six feet in height, and thick as a man's body. Nevertheless it is not the pressure of the roof, we are informed, that performs such startling work, but the rising of the warren, or ground. Well may we imagine the ground to be elastic, relieved from the superincumbent weight of centuries of fathoms and of ages of solid rock.

"It is a long lane that has no turning." This is a long lane with three turnings, and we have reached the last. Who wants us now must inquire at No. 3 Jig. We were beginning to wonder when we should get to the men at work, but Dobison guesses that we prefer going to the extremity of the mine, and has brought us to the last jig. A minute, he says, would have taken us among the men, up either of the others.

Pony work ends at the jigs, and ours begins. Hard as was stepping into dust ankle deep, over shale, and shivers, and sleepers, clearing ponies, and trains, and tatterpd coachmen, it is harder to bend double, as we travel quite as bad a road. Pained beyond endurance, we soon complain. About a mile up the jig, though Dobison insists that it is exactly twenty yards, we come to an opening. By the same authority, whom we are in a mood regularly to disbelieve, it is four and a half yards wide, and goes back thirty yards. Wooden posts support the roof as far in as our lamps carry our sight, but "we won't go up there; that *drift* has been worked out;" so says Dobison.

"Is there a place to stand upright in there?" we plead on behalf of our back.

Discouraging is the rejoinder, and a little querulous, we plague our guide with, "How long is this to last?"

"O," says he, "this is about the highest part we have to go in; you'll have to stoop all the time now."

What a malignant answer, only fit for a coal-pit; but if we can't stand, we may sit, and e'en we do. Black is the seat; but so is it all, atop, afoot, on either side. Coal but lately got out sparkles on the walls. In the main road dust from the ponies rendered it dubious whether coal surrounded us or not. There is no doubt here, except that the shining surface might well be of rarer, richer gems than coal, for their ten thousand lustrous scintillations are worthy the halls of Eblis.

Our resting-place is well chosen, for we tread a dip of the seam, but only of a few yards, and all to be dug out in time. The dip terminates in a fault, and the coal rises at a step to its former level. These faults are numerous; but this is so small a one that we can trace it out with our Davy.

Another mile, or, as Dobison will persist, another twenty yards, we arrive at a second opening. Every like interval brings us to a drift, or working-place, till we are stopped short by the uncomfortable belief that the guide has shot ahead of us, and got lost. We may as well confess that our concern was not wholly for him. Toilsome and slow our steps, and too surely do we learn that more haste is less

speed, for a careless swing of the lamp, in the effort to catch up, puts the light out.

Let us off our reflections, in "darkness that could be felt." Forgive us, too, if we cried out, rather aloud, for our conductor. Coming to our aid, we found it was not distance that hid him, but a tarpaulin, fixed from the roof to the ground, a bar to our further progress. The underlooker's lamp shows that this *bodice*-cloth extends up a drift, leaving only a narrow alley aside the nearest wall, for the air to walk through.

"Let us turn in here," says Dobison, and we turn in. The thoroughfare leads us to a scene only to be found beneath the world. No German picture of Gnomes in the depths of the Black Forest, and under the mountain's base, hammering for unholy and ungeological treasures, could be more ludicrously terrible than a north collier, with his wedge and sledge, hewing out the coal. Here was a young, hearty-built chap, naked down to the loins, of the texture and color of his work, driving in an iron wedge, to separate a huge bulk of coal. His strokes went fast and furious, till the block fell, and he had earned a moment's reprieve.

His "drawer," a fellow stout and strong, though but an epitome of the master, was still more simply attired. A skin-tight suit of black, which Stultz could never have done in broadcloth, did credit to his own artistic skill. Clogs, and a girdle about his loins, the band without the leggings of a pair of pantaloons, clad him, and finished his getting up. Nothing could be easier and simpler for wear.

"Is all going well with thee?" demands the same sauve voice, which we can hardly admire enough, and which must make the officer a favorite among these roughs, despite the power he wields.

"Ay!" Jack replies; "all right."

"How many tubs hast thee filled?"

"We've sen' awee fort'n or fift'n this mornin'."

"And how many more shalt tha' send?"

"Doon noo, I'm sure. It's reck'nin'; we shall loose soon."

Dobison's eye has detected something out of order. "How is this, Tom?" turning to the drawer, and pointing to a safety-lamp hung on the point of a pick. "Thou know'st this is wrong."

"On'y put it there the moment afore tha' came."

"It ought not to be there at all, you know."

"It hasn't done any harm."

"No, but thou never know'st when it might. Thou know'st the pick might fall, and make a hole in the ga'ze. Tom, I shall fine thee."

"I've workit in the pit ever sen' it was open, Mas'r Dobison, an' hev ne'er been fined yet," poor Tom grizzled out.

"Thou'rt not going the right way to keep from fines now, Tom."

If it be true what the man says, we almost hope Dobison will let him off.

"Now," says he, sparing us his attention, "you can see the use of this cloth. It brings fresh air to the man working," and he held his lamp in the current to show the draught, "and walks round, carrying off with it all the gas from the drift."

"Hast thee seen any gas lately, Jack?"

"Na!" is Jack's laconism, as he pursues his work.

Dobison tries his lamps in all the chinks, but fails to show us any gas. He lowers the wick to the tiniest flame, when, if there were but a small quantity, it would ignite in a pointed red jet above the wick, but this test fails likewise. He says, we might without danger light the lamp here that has gone out; notwithstanding which, he won't yield to our request, and do it.

Round the cloth with the return air we travel back to the jig. On the ascent again we by and by approach another bodice-cloth and alley, but this time lift it up, and creep under into the easier road. Much the same scene is enacting. Lines of wood uphold the roof its whole depth. Rails are laid down even to the man at work. A tub waits to be shoveled full by the drawer.

"How long must it take them to accomplish such real tough work!" we wonder; and wonder still more when we learn they can do it in a month; more than a yard deep a day.

A black stalwart man, above half naked, as before, and two sturdy youths in still simpler drapery! So warm has the mine become that we think the black, close *soot*, sole privilege of the collier, really is as comfortable as any costume we could devise. Indeed, as far as is decorous, we essay it. Doffing cravat and throwing open our bosom add to comfort, at the cost of a future investment in soap.

"All going well with thee to-day?" the watchful and anxious officer asks as usual.

"Ya!" says the man interrogated.

"Thee ote to ha' a prop to that 'ere piece o' coal; tha' know'st a man was kilt th' tother day, through th' same neglect; tha' ne'er can tell when 'twill fall."

Our leader uses strong Lancashire or English, as feeling prompts or occasion requires. His man has undermined a monstrous block, and cut in deep at each side. Rather than lose time, for mere life-sake, he stoops every minute or so, to drive another wedge and another blow. He, like the rest, has excuse ever ready, "There are no props sent down."

"That won't do," says Dobison; "I saw them a minute ago."

"Well, then, the drawer told me so," he pleads, unwilling to be in the wrong.

Dobison knows his customer, and will not let him proceed till he has made a place to fix a support, and has sent for props also for the roof, which has extended far beyond its proper limits. Our instinct makes us creep back. The roof looks tottering, as though some heavy lumps would dearly like to tumble, and cracks are heard with every blow of the hammer. We remark to our leader, "It would give one an ugly knock, were they to tumble upon him."

"Thee'd ha' thout so, if thee'd seen all that loose stuff come topplin' down th' t'other day without warnin' us," says the man, who clearly had taken little warning from it.

Just such as these are the risks that lead to more fatalities than do the awful explosions that carry off their hundreds at a fell swoop.

Our course for a length is the repetition of these scenes. We *walk* with the air up Canvas Alley, turn round with it at the end of the drift, try the force of the current, now feeble, though hot from the bodies and breath of the men, and test for gas. Each drift supplies us with an incident; but, were we to enumerate them all, our patient patrons would forego their next day's duty, to accompany us.

At one place our leader is the first addressed.

"Hast te brote some moor men to work, Maa'r Dobison?"

"I have brought thee a gentleman from London to see thee work," Dobison tells him.

The fellow turns round, with grinning white eyeballs and teeth, and says, "Tha' maun tell th' queen, when tha' go'st back, how we work'n, and sen' her to du some of't."

"No, no, man; all to their trade. You would beat the queen, or Prince Albert, or any Londoner."

He is not a bad fellow, take him altogether, for he shows us how the coal "grows," and where it is still "growing." He has a better notion, however, of using a pick than of the familiar relationship between a Londoner and his queen. He is a dry son of the dust like the rest, and does not fail to intimate a word about "beer." "Dobison will make that all right," we assure him.

Drift after drift like this, at last our aching spine feels irremediably bent, and we experience such *cricks* in the neck that the thought of it makes them come again. Near three hours have we explored these dark coal cellars, and not got through one district. Stores, indeed, there are for all the engines of Lancashire, and some to boot for benighted London. Mostly we find the men working as if they meant a good reckoning, but in one or two instances they were indulging their "smoking time;" not that pipes are allowed; it is a criminal offense to light one; but that they rest, and would smoke, and designate the time as they would like it to be, regaling on the bare imagination of a feast.

"How much further have I to goo?" one of these indulgents wanted to know.

"On'y three or four yards, Sam; but thee'lt ha' th' same a good while, the rate thee'rt workin' jist now."

The underlooker had measured each drift with a rod as we passed up, and was always ready to encourage the men with their progress.

When a man has done his thirty yards he has to begin an opening at right angles to his drift, to form a communication with the next. Owing to the narrowness of these openings, being only half the width of the drift, it is far more tedious work for the men. They are paid two shillings a yard over what they earn for the coal got out. The work completed, there stands a solid mass of coal, twenty yards by thirty, and four feet high. These are the "pillars" left standing to support the roof, such as we read of in accounts of

coal-pits. If the mine were laid open to view, we should see them placed geometrically exact along each jig. It is the surveyor's work to do this, and he maps out the mine as skillfully as an estate above ground.

Our guide himself seems as well acquainted with the nature of their plans as the best of them could be. He is never at a loss to tell us precisely what part of the town is direct above our heads, though the passages undermine nearly the whole of it. But so tremendously deep are the workings that the surface level is never affected. A fall of roof could not shake strata five hundred yards thick.

Enough and to spare have we endured of stooping, to satiate the most cringing soul. We beseech our guide to give us the nearest chance of standing erect. He therefore takes us by cuts which we would not venture upon alone, and not long after lands us in the pony tunnel. Fresher breezes chill while they refresh us, and we willingly close up our throat again. Not to go back wholly the same road we came, he turns aside by roads better known to him than to us, beguiling us with most melancholy reminiscences of the great misfortune; how it spread through all the parts we had traversed, and pointing out spots where the poor victims were discovered. Most affecting, too, were some of the incidents. Dobison himself lost a fine boy, and we fancy that it is the recollection that gives a gentler tone to his speech.

In a dark passage he takes us to he says, "There, upon that spot, we took up a poor little fellow, who came to, but had no knowledge of what had happened. He was asked about his companion, and he pointed out where he was, as he said, 'asleep.' But it was the sleep of death." We cannot leave the mine without viewing the spot where the calamity had its origin. It is at present deserted; no one has worked in it since the fire. To reach it, we have to unbolt doors, whose rusty locks evince their little use, and pass through complete devastation not yet touched or remedied.

Without association of any kind, it would shock one, so blasted is its aspect. It is the *haunted* part of the mine, given up to the spirits of the departed. Scorched and blacked, though the fury of the misfortune was over in a few seconds, the marks of its power are visible in sooty floor and ceiling, and in walls, surface burned to cinder. A bodice-cloth lies on the ground, but rather what was a bodice-cloth, for now it is fragments of tinder. "Here," says Dobison, "the man sat waiting for his blast to take effect; he had just fired a *shot*, and that must have gone off at the moment a gust of gas was passing. He was found blown many yards distant, dreadfully mutilated."

Few, comparatively, were killed by the actual firing of the mine. The horrid choke damp that always succeeds a fire was the really fatal enemy of life. This was proved by the places the bodies were found in; for, burned and mangled as they were, it was evident that many had tried to make their way out.

Dreary are the histories at the underlooker's command; they add horror to the place. Yet there is an infatuation about the scene; we persuade our guide to try here also for gas. Ventilation now is so complete in every part of the mine, though the return air is vitiated like the atmosphere of a crowded room, that neither gas nor damp can be discovered. Particular states of the weather in the world over us influence the generation of these gases. On other days, so Dobison says, we should not find it hard to meet with some gas.

Since the last firing it has been made penal to blast for coal. The men are paid higher rates for wedging and hammering, to make up for the less amount they get. Plenty of them would "fire a shot" to-day, if allowed, and plenty would be found to fill their places, if *they* paid the penalty with their lives. Gas is capricious in its appearance, sometimes coming in a sudden whiff, and sometimes hanging about a corner for several days. The miners are required to cease work when much is seen, but they will occasionally persist, while their lamp is filled with flame, and even till the gauze becomes red hot, and would but little longer be a "safety."

Our route is nearly ended. Recovering our feet, we go groping after our leader through a passage so warm as to make us expect the fierce face of the furnace to show up. Nor are we far out. We light upon the *top* of the hot inclosure, a platform smooth, slippery, and warm. We pass over, and breathe from

a yawning gap such sulphureous and tormenting fumes, that but a little spice more of imagination would people it with "horrid shrieks and sights unholy." It is the smoke of the furnace and the return air mingling to ascend the chimney. Up this chimney we can see but very little. Laugh with us, that Dobison asks if we will ascend it!

Hark! Surely the earth is a capital conductor of sound! Why, we hear the noise of the steam-engine? Not so, says our conductor; the engine is itself here. The steam is made above, and comes down this pipe; the warmth of the upcast serves for a wrapper to retain the heat. Attention called to the pipe, we feel it too hot to touch long, though it has descended so far. It leads us to a cabin near the upcast, where we find a steam-engine usurping pony work for the south districts. It winds eight hundred yards of wire rope, and draws a long train of laden tubs at the end.

Our return earthward *is* warm. Vapors of carbon and sulphur stream out as we pass the furnace gap. Respiration is not easy, though our journey is. Up, and up, and up, with a surety that we are all the while going down. By the time we reach the bottom we find ourselves atop; our valuable life preserved to society, and we brought to believe, after all, that Lancashire is a fine place. Glorious is the burst of sunshine that gladdens our eyes, more glorious is the verdure and foliage than ever we yet allowed. Elated with beauty so long hidden from us, we cry the country's pardon for ever decrying her. People we pass reciprocate our delight, for they look at us, as though they too were full of enjoyment.

Reaching home, even there every one appeared buoyant with mirth. Rather dirty from our tour in the coal cellar, we hasten our ablutions. But the scene our glass reveals! The *élegant* who stepped so gayly forth this morning has changed condition with a sweep. It *was* a mistake to dress for the occasion. A bath restores us to comfort, and to our senses. The enjoyment of the people had been at our cost. The sunshine we admired was but murky daylight beautified by senses immured for many hours in the dark. The lovely landscape was Lancashire, and the verdure was more scant of green than of Lancashire rain and smut.

MIRIAM FOSTER.

ON a bright morning a child is seen running rapidly along the banks of a river. Deftly she flies along, her curly auburn tresses floating from under the coarse straw hat which preserves her clear complexion from the influence of the sun's rays. Now she runs close to the water's edge; then a little higher amid the willows and the brambles; until, turning into a thicket, she sits herself on the root of a tree and laughs a low, melodious laugh. There is something quaint and odd about the little girl. She does not appear to be running from sheer pleasure. Her features, calm and somewhat melancholy when the laugh is over, do not betoken a mind that admires running alone as an abstract pastime. It is evidently not from the fullness of her heart that she runs laughing that low melodious laugh—a laugh, after all, not that of a child, and barely in harmony with the singing of the birds, the murmurs of the stream, the rays of sun which she avoids, and all the view of smiling nature spread around. And the dress of the child is likewise quaintly assorted. It would be difficult to tell from it to what class of life she belongs. The hat is coarse and dirty enough. The frock is dull and dowdy enough—a calico print, the fastness of whose colors had long been outstripped by time. But a very pretty silk apron interposes to secure it from further soiling. Neat little socks and shoes incase the little feet; and the small hands are protected by gloves from the sun, to all appearance studiously withheld from the cuticle of this quaint child.

It would, indeed, be difficult to say what this child was by looking at her. At moments she scarcely seemed earthly. A wild flash would come across her eye as she sat at the root of that old tree, grubbing away with a broken branch, and drawing squares and triangles around her, intersecting circles by rhomboids, and engaged in similar pursuits, which appeared allied to something evil. A flush would come across her cheek as she at times suspended her employment, as though to listen for some one who was to come through the brushwood; and at times she would repeat the low, melodious laugh which, to an observant mind, would have given the impression of art rather than of nature.

Of a sudden she sprang upon her feet,

and, standing on the root, she shook back her curls, and gazed through the brushwood to the river. Then she pointed with her hand, as though indicating to a bystander some unwonted object; and with that low, studied, melodious, but penetrating voice, she began a recitation, pronouncing her words slowly at first, but gradually rousing herself to animation until she spoke out vehemently and wildly like a little Pythoness. She was reciting a passage from the Psalms.

She stopped all of a sudden. Her eye had detected the form of some one coming in the distance, and she resumed her seat and her former occupation.

A boy approached her, older and taller than herself, and dressed as the son of one well to do in the world. She received him with a laugh.

"So you have found me at last?" she asked.

"Yes, Miriam. I should have been sooner here, but I saw your father, who told me he had seen you go another way, and who bade me, if I found you, bring you home to him."

"Go and tell him I shall return soon."

"Will you not come with me, Miriam?"

The answer was given slowly and measured: "Go and tell him I will return soon."

"Not with me, dear Miriam?"

"Go! Go!"

And the boy turned away mournfully, lingering until he saw that there was no sign of yielding in the child's countenance.

He was scarcely out of sight, when she that was called Miriam, laughed again, as one glad to have seen proof that her power was triumphant; and breaking through the brambles, she ran deftly, as she had come, to find her home.

Myles Wellwood walked sadly away from the thicket. Once more had he been made the object of the caprice of that weird child, and once more, when he had hoped to see her, to hear her laugh, and to pour his confidence into her ear, had the whole current of his being been suddenly chilled with that cold sickening feeling which takes possession of a heart meeting with mockery from those for whom it is filled with loving-kindness and sympathy.

And it was strange that Miriam thus trifled with the feelings of her boy-admirer.

There was not many in that remote village where they lived who showed her too much kindness. Far removed from the peasants and tradesmen, she and her father knew none else. Since she had come as a baby to the village—to that cottage and garden yonder on the brow of the hill—they had seen no neighbors, they had received no letters, they had never appeared in the church or the chapel. The clergyman shook his head sorrowfully as he passed her, and mentioned her in his discourse as a vessel of wrath, and by that name was she habitually spoken of among the members of his congregation. The clerk of the parish, who was also schoolmaster, envied her information as he shook his head after the manner of his master, and spread reports that she was not a Christian, and that her learning was not attained by natural means; while one and all took their children from her with that feeling which, in a Roman Catholic, would have found a vent in the sign of the cross. But a poor workhouse maid, whom they had taken as their only attendant, declared that Mr. Foster and his daughter were "larned as Christians;" and that none in the village, not even the parson, knew and studied their Bible so well as that ostracised pair.

"It was almost their sole occupation," said the maid, "was reading their Bible." Whenever they were together they were engaged in reading it, or Miriam was reading it, except at such times when they together pored over thick tomes filled with characters such as she had never seen nor heard of, or when they retired to a garret filled with strange machines, bars, and pulleys, and wheels, retorts and chemical instruments, whence at night she heard strange sounds, such as the flapping of wings, the clank of irons, and the splash or hiss of water, and at times the notes of a soft plaintive music and voices chanting some melancholy canticle. As she first emerged from infancy the child had sought the company of her fellows. But soon she learned to live alone. Soon did she learn the lesson that all taught her, that solitude was to be her portion. Yet, conscious of her power, she loved to battle with the world; to struggle for the mastery was her excitement, as some love to turn the angry ocean to their purposes, or curb, and spur, and goad a mettled steed that they may subdue its violence and control its fury. As she would pass a knot of those who let her pass without a greeting

or a salutation, her low laugh, full of scorn and withering contempt, would rouse their vulgar passions, while a proud flash from her dark eye repressed insolence and forestalled retort.

Myles Wellwood alone, of all the neighbors, sought for her society. His father, the village doctor, despised the superstition of his neighbors and the occupations of his son. Wearily plodding from house to house in the wild district, he little minded the vague yearnings of his child for a companion, nor the spirit that induced him to court the society of Miriam, and to love the mystery that enshrouded the shunned and wayward being. Thus the two grew up together. Myles loved the little maiden, and Miriam loved him more than all the world, except her father. But this measure of her love was not great. The world had drawn forth but little fondness. But the two grew on together till the day at last came when Myles was to begin the life of man, to seek in distant towns for the bread of toil. In the dark thickets they pledged their love one to the other. He pressed her to his heart and bade her farewell.

Then from behind a tree comes the father of the maiden.

"Miriam."

"I hear, father!"

"For what is life worth living?" he asks. "Not for love!"

"For what?" answers the girl, with her bitter laugh of scorn.

"For power!"

"Father! I am ready—"

That night the cottage is forsaken, and the villagers have seen that strange pair for the last time.

A city stands upon the side of a dark, sluggish river. From high chimneys gushes dark smoke, and the faces of the townsmen are black, begrimed, and haggard as of those who toil—toil and labor for gold—under hard taskmasters. Some have a wild look under their shaggy hair. They curse their children, strike their wives; and harsh, hard words resound through the streets of this city where there lives little love but the love of money. All seem to have sold themselves to that ill demon, and in return he has given them but one gift—eagerness. There they are jostling one another; eager to get home, eager to walk out, eager to eat and drink, eager to live, eager to die, eager to leave the old, eager to find the new; looking for short cuts to everything—to wealth, to happiness—if possible, to salvation.

Eating an humble meal at a bench outside an inn sits a weary traveler. Young he is, but seemingly full of care—a care not such as that of those around him, but care produced from weary, anxious thought, from some mental emotion suppressed or thwarted. He eats slowly and carelessly, as one who only eats to live. He says nothing to those around him. Nothing has an interest for him. He does not ask the meaning of the unwonted stir that reigns about him. One by one the windows of the houses are filled with eager faces, and crowds assemble beneath them gazing. Far down the street is a murmur that slowly and gradually grows louder, as though it approached the spot where the traveler is sitting. The street leads to the river. The murmurs grow louder; and, above all, a clear, melodious voice chants some solemn anthem. The traveler begins to feel an interest. He sits up, and brushing his rough locks from his forehead, he listens. In the midst of the crowd a space is opened. A procession draws nearer. One by one, two by two, march the assistants, clad in white robes with fillets bound about their brows. In the midst of the fillet is a seal. One by one, two by two, the procession marches on—slowly, slowly as those conscious that theirs is a sacred employment. Again those seraphic accents ring through the air. The traveler stands upon the bench, and gazes more earnestly than any other. At length many men, clad in white, march slowly before him, bearing on their shoulders a wooden daïs. Before them walks one with a loose robe girded about his loins, his feet in sandals, and a long white beard that falls upon his bosom.

He cries like a prophet, "Behold, she cometh! the holy, the blessed! the might of the foe doth not prevail against her. She hath power over serpents. The winds of heaven obey her. Fire doth not harm her, and she walketh on the waves of the sea."

And on the daïs stands one most beautiful. Clad likewise in white, her auburn ringlets pour down around her. Enormous serpents are sleeping by her side, and ever and anon she takes from a furnace red glowing steel, and grasps it in her

unscathed hand, and her eyes flash almost as the burning metal.

And once again she raises up her voice,

O! come to me, both high and lowly!
O! come, ye sad and sore oppress'd,
For I am holy—I am holy!
O! come to me and seek your rest;
O! come to me, ye seal'd and bless'd,
For I am holy.

And the crowds around respond,

For she is holy.

With a heaving breast the traveler gazes on the vision. He waits to catch one glimpse from that proud, dark eye. At length it is turned toward him; but its glance does not change, neither does the color on that fair cheek tremble.

"O, Miriam! Miriam!" cries he, falling heavily to the ground. And the crowd passes on without notice; for they see in the prostrate man only a fresh convert.

Ere many minutes he rises from his swoon, and follows slowly. The crowds are ranged along the margins of the stream. It is wide—wider than usual—for the rains have swollen it beyond its limits. The disciples are to see the last, the crowning miracle. They gaze eagerly. Many have believed already. Many are willing to believe. All look with anxiety to the marvel. Some that their faith may be strengthened; others, that it may be established.

"Behold, she walketh on the waters!" cries the high priest.

The maiden is borne to a skiff that swings near the shore. There is a light in her eye—a proud conscious flash as though confident in her powers. Pushed from the shore, she guides her little bark to the center of the stream. Then she stops, and once more that melody is heard, and from either bank resounds the solemn chorus. She places both her feet upon the surface, and stands holding for a moment by the boat. Then she loosens her hold, and the boat floats alone down the stream. She stands alone upon the waters, and the chorus of that rough song is shouted exultingly. It is but for a moment. She totters as she sings—she sinks—those white arms, those long tresses, are but for a moment visible, and the fair form of the prophetess is seen no more.

Pale, pale and ghastly is the face of the priest as he watches the fearful climax.

"My child! my child!" he cries, as he tosses his hands wildly about him, preparing to follow her to the flood.

But a still more terrible vengeance awaits him. A dull sound rises from the crowd. Then, with savage yells and curses, they fall upon him, and the moment is his last. None knows who dealt to him the mortal blow, and none knows where he lieth.

In the simple parlor of a country cottage, a village surgeon tells a story to his children. Some are gathered round his knees, and some cling in fear to their mother. He tells them a story of a mad enthusiast impostor, who sacrificed his wife to his dark designs, and who taught his infant daughter deeply-laid deception. He tells them how Miriam Foster, the prophetess, was drowned while attempting to impose on a populace with mechanism cunningly devised and long practiced; and how her father was torn to pieces by the populace, savage at the fraud. But he does not tell them how, in her youth, Miriam Foster had plighted her troth; nor the struggles and wanderings of her lover.

The name of the village surgeon is Myles Wellwood.

CHINESE THEATRICALS.*

AT the end of the street or alley we now entered, we observed a vast court surrounded with scaffoldings crowded with people, and at the further end, on a stage, the actors were to perform their parts; the river, forming the harbor of Canton, and its countless vessels, being the background of the picture.

To think of forcing our way through the crowd which encumbered the pit (the court) was perfectly useless; but, thanks to the eloquence of M., we entered a house, through which we were allowed to pass, on payment of half a *gourde* each; and in this manner succeeded in gaining one of the scaffoldings which was on a level with the first story of the house. Here we found several rows of benches, ranged one above the other, and selecting one of the highest, for the purpose of com-

* This sketch is from the pen of a French naval officer recently stationed in the Chinese waters.

manding a better view, we quietly took our seats.

The arrangement of the theater was as follows: An oblong inclosure was shut in on both sides by the boxes—covered galleries erected on wooden stakes—and here were assembled all those who paid for their admission. The stage, likewise supported on pillars, and covered, not with matting, like the gallery, but with painted cloth, formed one of the small corners of the right angle, and extended to the edge of the water; finally, a wall which joined the house through which we had entered, to another house opposite, completed the inclosure of the vast space, leaving only one door open for the crowd, who occupied the pit gratis.

At the moment of our arrival, a clever mountebank belonging to the *troupe* was filling up the pause between the acts by passing his body through the rounds of a ladder, jumping backward over chairs, etc. As this was not a very exciting spectacle, I bestowed all my attention on the assembly among whom we now found ourselves. I remarked, first of all, that among all those grave Chinese heads, surmounted by black leather caps or conical hats, were some really pretty women, whose *coiffures* were ornamented with flowers and gold pins. Their costume, though simple, was nevertheless scrupulously neat; but although they possessed the most diminutive feet in the world, these beauties, with their oblique eyes, must have belonged to an inferior class of society, as the higher orders of women never show themselves in public. On one side, but at the extreme end, there was also three or four girls, whose friends seemed apprehensive lest we should attempt to approach them.

At our feet, on the neighboring benches, the good burghers of Canton, who had been probably sitting in the same place ever since the morning, were eating fruit and sweetmeats, which were supplied by ambulatory merchants: while others calmly smoked their metal pipes, whose narrow bowls will admit of only one pinch of tobacco at a time. A servant attends on each pipe, lighting it with a sort of phosphoric match; and this operation has constantly to be renewed, as a longer puff than usual is sufficient to exhaust the bowl.

All these people interested me very much; but the really exciting feature of the place, and of which we never grew tired, was the pit. Picture to yourself some thousands of Chinese stripped down to their waists, in order to save their clothes; their long queues rolled round their heads, lest these ornamental appendages should be laid hold of by the crowd; squeezing and pushing each other until they form a compact mass—a single block of human beings. There lies before you a sea of shaven heads, all of the same form and color, as if it was the head of a single man repeated a thousand times in a multiplying mirror. Now calm, now agitated by an imperceptible movement, the surface of this sea presents the appearance of a brown cloth, dotted with flat noses, and eyes that wink with desperate excitement. Suddenly the waves, lulled for a time, become agitated by some unknown cause, dash forward, then backward, with irresistible force, and a deafening sound—a confused murmur of voices laughing, shouting, crying, and menacing. The heavy stakes which support the stage are scarcely strong enough to resist the repeated shocks of these rolling masses. In vain those who are nearest endeavor, by catching at the stakes, to make buttresses of themselves, to stay the impetuous flood; their arms at length drop, and they are speedily carried away under the scaffolding down to the river.

If everything in this strange theater appeared to us curious and new, our presence produced assuredly the same effect on the assembly; for besides the investigations of which we were continually the subject, every burst of applause, as the play went on, was accompanied by the pretty Chinese girls, the beatified smokers, and even the unfortunate wretches forming the troubled sea of bald heads, all turning their eyes upon us, and seemingly endeavoring to discover the degree of interest we took in the spectacle.

After the mountebank had finished his tricks, the actors, whose dressing-room is a tent at the back of the stage, appeared, much to the satisfaction of the public. Ranged on each side of a high table, they wait until the manager has explained to the audience the nature of the piece they are about to witness. As soon as this formality, very rigorously observed in China, is completed, three or four personages, covered with magnificent robes,

whose cost is said to be enormous, come forth majestically upon the stage. One of these individuals, in order to mark his supreme dignity, wears in his hat, in the manner of horns, the two long and beautiful feathers of the tail of a Barbary pheasant. He seats himself at a table, while the grandees of his court, the ministers of state, the literati, and the populace at large, remain respectfully standing in two rows before him.

I was much surprised to find in these costumes the exact reproduction of those I had been accustomed to see in Chinese designs; the rich dresses studded with gold and silver, the heavy wings attached to the head-dress, the flags issuing from all parts of the person, and, above all, the grotesque painting, the lines of black, white, red, and yellow, which render the human face a diabolical mask. I was informed that this was a representation of the earliest Chinese courts; that the costumes were scrupulously correct; and that the fashion of the period was for the nobles, according to their several ranks, to besmear their faces so as to render them unrecognizable.

The emperor or chief who sat at the table, in the course of conversation, appeared to accuse one of the great personages of his court of some crime. This man, who was dressed in black, and apparently belonged rather to the literary than the warlike class, immediately left his place on hearing this accusation, and falling on his knees, muttered in a distressing tone of voice a long prayer, frequently striking his head against the earth. The judge, however, was immovable, and pronounced sentence; and at intervals during his speech, the guards and assistants uttered in chorus a sharp, discordant cry, which signified, as I was informed, acquiescence in the will of the prince. All at once, a woman in tears—a man plays the part—rushes on the stage: she is the wife of the prisoner, and throwing herself on her knees before the judges, implores their mercy. But her supplications and tears are all in vain.

So terminated one act of the piece, which appeared to interest very much the spectators; whose applause quite stifled the sound of the tam-tams, gongs, and other discordant instruments—instruments, however, far less discordant and piercing than the voices of the actors. Indeed, the efforts of these unhappy beings were distressing to witness; their eyes seemed starting out of their heads, and the veins of their necks were swollen to such a degree as to induce serious fears for their safety. Fatigued at length with the tumult, new and interesting as the scene was, I found that I had been quite long enough at the play; and as night was coming on, we soon afterward retired on board our ship.

THE POET OF POETS.

We know there once was One on earth
  Who penetrated all He saw,
To whom the lily had its worth,
  And nature bared her utmost law.
And when the mountain-side he trod,
  The universe before him shone
Translucent in the smile of God,
  Like young leaves in the morning sun;
Glory which Phidias never won
To consecrate his Parthenon.

Nature her fine transmuting powers
  Laid open to His piercing ken,
The life of insects and of flowers,
  The lives, and hearts, and minds of men;
Depth of the geologic past,
  The mission of the youngest star:
No mind had ever grasp so vast,
  No science ever dived so far.
All that our boldest guess sees dim
Lay clearly visible to Him.

Had He but utter'd forth in song
  The visions of His waking sight,
The thoughts that o'er his soul would throng
  Alone upon the hills at night;
What poet's loftiest ecstasies
  Had stirr'd men with such rapturous awe
As would those living words of His,
  Calm utterance of what he saw?
All earth had on those accents hung,
All ages with their echoes rung.

But He, we know, came not to speak;
  He came to live, He came to die;
To heal the sick, the lost to seek,
  And, dying, raise the fallen high.
And, save some few familiar words,
  Utter'd in calm and friendly tone,
Graved on the hearts of those who heard,
  And written down when He was gone;
He left no written words behind,
No volume to record His mind.

But where those scatter'd seeds were flung,
  Like raindrops on the parchéd green,
A living race of poets sprung,
  Who dwelt among the things unseen;
Who loved all men, who sought the lost,
  Yet saw beneath earth's masks and shrouds;
Whose life was one long sacrifice,
  Death but the breaking in the clouds.
His volume as the world was broad,
His poem was the Church of God.

PULP AND ESSENCE.

FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

How perpetually are we reminded of Solomon's saying, relative to the endless making of many books. They pour in upon us like an everlasting flood; "And the cry is, Still they come!" Of bad books we have a word or two to say hereafter, but on the other side of the question listen to Professor Edwards, as he utters his psean of

THANKFULNESS FOR GOOD BOOKS.

We are by no means sufficiently grateful for our literary privileges. How seldom do we offer thanksgiving for a *good book!* And yet that book may have been to us of inestimable value; the means of conferring gifts richer than the gems of Arabia. It may have strengthened the feeble flame of piety. It may have armed us to the conflict with sin and hell. Its pages are glowing with the spirit of seraphs. The mere *sight* of the book calls up the images of disinterested benevolence, of sublime purpose, of inflexible zeal, of charity which was never provoked, and never tired. It is a volume rich in pastoral experience. It is a journal of a missionary pilgrim to the Holy Land, bringing back the clusters of Eshcol, in its accomplished taste, genuine nature, heroic self-devotion, expansive benevolence. It is a volume full of natural wisdom, of profound and of original inquiry, of a childlike temper, and of the keenest spiritual sagacity. We open its pages, and feel that its author, who is studying with angels now, had some portion of an angel's intelligence on earth. We are encompassed by a great cloud of these witnesses. English literature is richer than the fabled garden of the Hesperides; every branch conceals some luscious fruit, pleasant to the sight, and really fitted to make one wise. We rejoice and give thanks that its leaves are not only *for*, but are *now*, the healing of the nations.

THE ATONEMENT.

THEOLOGICAL questions, about which the religious world differ, are not discussed in the pages of THE NATIONAL. We claim, however, to be a Christian Magazine, our aim being not to amuse merely, but to elevate the taste, and to magnify the cross of Christ. We give place among the memorabilia met with in our reading during the last month, to the following, from the pen of Albert Barnes, a well-known minister in the Presbyterian Church:

For one, I hold no doctrine, and never can hold any, which will seem to be inconsistent with the free and full offer of salvation to every human being, or which will bind my hands, or palsy my tongue, or freeze my heart, when I stand before sinners to tell them of a dying Saviour. I have no fellow-feeling for any other Gospel; I have no right hand of fellowship to extend to any scheme that does not teach that God sincerely offers all the bliss of heaven to every child of Adam—be he a Caffrarian, a Hindoo, a Laplander, a beggar, or a king; a man of wealth, learning, and respectability, or an abandoned wretch; to the man that, by the grace of God, will ultimately reach heaven, and to the man that, by his own fault, will wander forever as an outcast on the plains of despair. The scheme of Salvation I regard as offered to the world, as freely as the light of heaven, or the rains that burst upon the mountains, or the swellings of bread rivers and streams, or the bubblings of fountains in the desert.

THE COERCIVE POWER OF LOVE

Is well depicted in a passage extracted from a recently-published volume, entitled, "Sermons for the Christian Seasons:"

Love is never revealed merely to be gazed at. We are not simply to stand and look at the love of God, nor simply to have glowing thoughts concerning it, nor to pour forth glowing expressions. It is revealed, it is known, it is admired, it is confessed, in vain, unless it makes us love. The truth is wasted upon us unless it excites our love. There is always a danger of hearing of the love of God, of owning it, without being practically affected by it; and the true way of entering into the great Christian doctrine which is opened to us afresh, the true use of standing as it were at the manger of our Lord to-day, is to learn love toward God—not dreamy, idle, musing love, but love such as shall make the whole flesh and spirit His, and send us forth into the world with one great purpose in our hearts, that of adorning the doctrine of Christ in all ways, all actions, great and small, in all intercourse with men, in all deeds, in all thoughts.

NONE OF US LIVETH TO HIMSELF.

As a fitting climax to the preceding, and as presenting a field for love in its widest manifestations, we add from another source:

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air; on the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem; upon the rain drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert; upon its deep chambers; upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light; upon all his works he has written: "None liveth for himself."

DEATH OF A WIFE.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, on his great bereavement, writes to a friend:

She was a woman who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature, she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love

into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I seek relief, and I find it, in the consolatory opinion that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyment of human life; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that a being capable of such proficiency in science and virtue is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling place prepared for the spirits of the just; that the ways of God will be vindicated to man.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

DR. DORAN, in his recent book with the punning title, "Knights and their Days," says of Joan of Arc:

She was sentenced to death, and suffered the penalty as being guilty of infamy, socially, morally, religiously, and politically. Not a finger was stretched to save her who had saved so many. Her murder is an indelible stain on two nations and one Church; not the less so that the two nations unite in honoring her memory, and that the Church has pronounced her innocent. Never did gallant champion meet with such base ingratitude from the party raised by her means from abject slavery to triumph; never was noble enemy so ignobly treated by a foe, with whom to acknowledge and admire valor is next to the practice of it; and never was staff selected by the Church for its support so readily broken and thrown into the fire, when it had served its purpose. All the sorrow in the world cannot wash out these terrible facts; but it is fitting that this sorrow should always accompany our admiration. And so, honored be the memory of the young girl of Orleans!

CLEAR AND TRANSPARENT THINKING.

"Is that the learned Dr. Clarke?" asked a rustic after hearing him preach. "Why I understood every word he said." Just so. The truly learned man is always intelligible, and, in the language of a late English periodical,

We may lay it down as an axiom in ministerial scholarship, that all uninteresting preachers are badly educated men. Their English is a kind of learned gibberish, a sort of literary *patois*, a home-spun jargon, which their native language repudiates. It is only a truism to say a man who cannot speak his mother tongue, so as to be understood by all plain-spoken Englishmen and Englishwomen, is only half educated. And to give diplomas to these literary mystics, and call them refined and intellectual, is a monstrous mistake. *Intellectual thinking* is *clear, transparent thinking*, and we need not add that he who thinks clearly, however deep he goes, or high he soars, can always speak distinctly. A turbid fountain sends forth a muddy stream, and so, in like manner, obscure thinkers, whether they descend into the depths, or rise to the heights of science, always carry their own mists with them, and cast an awful shade and darkness on everything they approach; and, as a consequence, their speech is more like the muttering of the necromancer than the clear articulation and elocution of the disciple of wisdom. Truth is a transparent river, clear as crystal, and never has, and never can, send forth a turbid stream; and, therefore, when the draught presented to you is polluted, you may depend upon it the vessel from which it has been poured was unclean. No small part of what has gone by the name of scholarship has consisted in putting colored glasses on the eyes of the disciples, so that to them the sun is dark, the rose is blue, and the whitest lily purple. But then, as we have said before, it is an abuse of language to call such obscurations of the intellect profound thought or *over*-much education.

Perhaps we never had a finer specimen of sound divinity, logical accuracy, and plain English, than Robert Hall; and yet the house-maids, the mill-boys, and the farm laborers, could follow him from the beginning to the end of his sermons. One of his biographers has said that he seemed to proceed to the utmost verge of the region of truth which it is possible for human thought to tread, and yet he never puzzled his audience, although he carried them along with him, whether they were clowns or philosophers.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

THE importance of privacy as a secret of matrimonial happiness is thus beautifully described:

Preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last they will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding-day known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas! they are.

GOOD TASTE.

WHAT is good taste? Almost everybody has his own ideal answer to this question. Verplanck puts it into language thus:

The beneficial effects of good taste are to be found even where you least suspect its presence; it everywhere evidently excludes wanton superfluity, or useless expenditure in labor or ornament; it inculcates a wise and dignified economy; it prompts art to achieve its end by the simplest means; it gives to the productions of mechanical skill all the durability and elegance of which they may be susceptible by lending to them those forms, proportions, combinations of colors and agreeable associations which, because they are most simply and obviously fitted to their peculiar purposes, or are congruous to natural principles of man's physical or moral constitution, have pleased for ages, and will ever continue to please.

YOUNG LADIES IN FRANCE.

THE author of "Doré," a sprightly volume of travels, noticed in our pages at the time of its publication, describes the lot of the fair maidens of Paris as far from enviable:

The most insipid and meaningless person on earth is a young French lady of seventeen. Her body is bound up in corsets, and stays, and crinoline, her feet cramped in tight shoes, and her hair strained either very far back or very far forward, or very far up, as the fashion may direct, and last of all her soul is shut up in the strong iron box of *virtue*, of which her mother keeps the key, just as if the poor child would jump out of the box the moment her mother left the

key on the mantle-piece! In this constrained position, tied hand and foot, cramped soul and body, just at that age of life when she ought to be most free, (for it is the age that gives tone and color to the future of a woman,) like a poor dove, she is offered for sale in the market. She is denied accession to her own heart; she is not supposed to have a heart, and, indeed, it is to be feared that in this way the heart has been completely crushed out of the French nation. She grows thin, pale, and dejected, at that lovely season—the spring season of the soul—designed by nature to be the brightest portion of our lives. The market opens, the stock for sale is examined, O! how coldly and superciliously! just as the Turk examines the Circassian, as the Southern slave-dealer examines the black he is about to purchase. A price is offered, mothers are consulted; it is not enough, the article will fetch more. Other purchasers appear, and now and then, perhaps, the poor girl sees some one she would almost be willing to be sold to, if she must be the object of a bargain; but this is rare, for her constrained situation checks the feelings of her own heart. Finally, Mr. So-many-thousands-of-francs-rent offers himself, the mother concludes the bargain, the proper papers are drawn up, and the timid maiden is united in body to one, while her soul becomes the property of another, and the sequel (which really happened only a few days since in the south of France) is, that Mr. So-many-francs comes home some day and finds the gentleman who has the affections, also in possession of the person of his wife, and suspecting a crime, where perhaps there is none, immediately shoots him. The uncle and guardian of the lady entering immediately, her only exclamation, as she points to her dead lover, is, "*Ah, why did you not let me marry him?*" So long as this system of buying and selling wives continues—so long as young girls are locked up to make them virtuous—and so long as men, men who have mothers and sisters, continue to look upon women as only so much prey, so long will France be celebrated as one of the most licentious of civilized nations.

For the satirical portion of our monthly budget of extracts, by the way of giving it a little pungency, we pluck a leaf from the pages of a very savage English critic, who devotes his devoirs to

LADIES WHO WRITE NOVELS.

We had imagined that destitute women turned novelists, as they turned governesses, because they had no other "ladylike" means of getting their bread. On this supposition, vacillating syntax and improbable incident had a certain pathos for us, like the extremely supererogatory pin-cushions and ill-devised nightcaps that are offered for sale by a blind man. We felt the commodity to be a nuisance, but we were glad to think that the money went to relieve the necessitous; and we pictured to ourselves lonely women struggling for a maintenance, or wives and daughters devoting themselves to the production of "copy" out of pure heroism; perhaps to pay their husband's debts, or to purchase luxuries for a sick father. Under these impressions we shrank from criticising a lady's novel: her English might be faulty, but we said to ourselves, her motives are irreproachable; her imagination may be uninventive, but her patience is untiring. Empty writing was excused by an empty stomach, and twaddle was consecrated by tears. But no! This theory of ours, like many other pretty theories, has had to give way before observation. Women's silly novels, we are now convinced, are written under totally different circumstances. The fair writers have evidently never talked to a tradesman except from a carriage window; they have no notion of the working classes except as "dependents;" they think five hundred a year a miserable pittance; Belgravia and "baronial halls" are their primary truths; and they have no idea of feeling interest in any man who is not at least a great landed proprietor, if not a prime minister. It is clear that they write in elegant boudoirs, with violet-colored ink and a ruby pen; that they must be entirely indifferent to publishers' accounts, and inexperienced in every form of poverty except poverty of brains. It is true that we are constantly struck with the want of verisimilitude in their representations of the high society in which they seem to live; but then they betray no closer acquaintance with any other form of life. If their peers and peeresses are improbable, their literary men, tradespeople, and cottagers are impossible; and their intellect seems to have the peculiar impartiality of reproducing both what they *have* seen and heard, and what they have *not* seen and heard, with equal unfaithfulness.

DEATH AND THE MOTHER.

Miss Lydia L. A. Very has recently published a volume of Poems, many of which are marked by beauty of thought and sweetness of expression. There are those among our readers—mothers with blessed little ones just now beckoned upward, who will not read these lines without mingled—sweet and bitter tears:

Death to the mother said,
"Thou canst not keep the baby still, let me!
Thou mark'st with pain his gasping, feverish breath;
With one long kiss I set it free,
And on his brow the signet write
Of immortality!
Oft thou dost strive to lay
In smoothness down his golden hair; let me!
Smoother, beneath thy touch, 'twill never be—
Nor look more bright and fair!
Nay, weep not, that his toilet I would make,
Closing like violet up his eyes of blue;
For know'st thou not, earth-flowers as frail as this
Were better closed against life's chilling dew?
The sheet no more thou'lt fold,
Above his dimpled limbs over and o'er;
So statue-like, inanimate and cold,
They will lie bare no more!
The form that holds thy baby to His breast
Thou wilt not look to see!
Nor hear'st the soft voice breaking through his rest,
'Suffer the little one to come to Me!'
Else thou and I would soon be reconciled.
No more thy tears would flow—
But thou wouldst bless me that I bear thy child
Forth from a life of woe
To One unbias'd by a mother's love
Or mother's fears, to bring him up!
Perchance to aid thee when thou goest above!
Then push not from thee still, the sweet, sad cup!"

The National Magazine.

APRIL, 1857.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Ministers' Wives.—Katie does us the honor to ask our opinion as to her specific duties as the wife of a minister who has the pastoral care of a large congregation. Her husband's people, it seems, have crowded upon her several offices, some of which require more of her time than she can spare without neglecting household affairs, and for others she declares herself absolutely unqualified. We sympathize with Katie, and commend her case, as a text for a general review of the whole subject, to our dagger correspondent. In the meantime we may be permitted to say that it was not right for Sister Pepperidge to insist upon dragging Katie away from her own babe, who had the croup, to visit a bed-ridden mother in Israel, at the other end of the village. It was well enough for Miss Pepperidge, who is an unmarried lady of an uncertain age, and who has nothing else to do. But Katie's first duty was to little Charlie. Then as to "the sewing circle which meets every Wednesday," we give it as our opinion that Katie has just as good a right to stay away when she has work of her own at home, as any other sister. If little Charlie's pinafores are to be made, or big Charlie's hose are holy, or buttons are wanted upon his linen integuments, or any part of her own gear needs patching or darning, we hold that Mrs. Persimmon, the Vice-presidentess, has no right to snub Katie for not being present at every meeting of the circle, even if they do meet for the benevolent object of making up coarse clothing for the heathen. So, again, we hold it to have been a piece of savage cruelty in the sisters of the circle to find fault with Katie, even till she shed tears, for spoiling "three quarters of a yard of gray satinet," in her attempt to cut out a roundabout for Teague Murphy's boy. Suppose the boy did promise to come to Sunday school if they would give him a suit of clothes, and suppose Katie is the "presidentess" of the circle, by virtue of being the minister's wife, we cannot see how it follows that she should know how to cut a jacket, nor upon what principle of Christian kindness she should be abused for spoiling that remnant of satinet. We say it was savagely cruel, and we hope somebody will tell "the circle" what we say. As to her husband's paying for the material, an idea with which Katie tries to console herself, we have no objection, provided he does it as a matter of charity, and provided further that he waits until his salary is paid up.

But it is more especially with the honors thrust upon her that Katie is most troubled. She is not only president of the sewing circle, but first directress of the Female Missionary Society, leader of the ladies' prayer-meeting which meets every Friday afternoon at the Parsonage, and female superintendent of the Sunday school. Poor Katie! She declares she does not know how "to put the question," (she knows how Charlie did it once, but that is a secret locked away in the depths of her trusting heart,) and she begs us to explain what is meant by "pints of order," and "having the floor," and "laying on the table." The good sisters assure her that they have no hope of a revival if the ladies' prayer-meeting is not kept up, and that it is altogether out of the question to have a meeting without her. Then because—and for no other reason that she can think of—because she whispered Yes to Charlie's question above referred to, and because a minister's wife, it is taken for granted that she was married also to all these honors, and duties, and responsibilities.

Katie's is not a solitary case, and it is wonderful that so palpable an absurdity should be so prevalent. In any other relation of life the idea that a man's wife becomes public property because *he* is a public man, or that because he can preside at a public meeting, therefore his other half ought also to do the same, is seen to be preposterous. We all laugh at the good dame, who, when her husband came home from training, assumed to herself a share in the glory, arising from the fact that *he* had been made a corporal. "Ma," said one of the children, "are we all corporals?" "O! no," she replied, "only me and your father!"

The absurdity is no greater in the one case than the other. Corporals' wives are not necessarily corporals, nor is a minister's wife a minister. She has, like all other married ladies, her own specific duties, and her relationship to her husband's congregation is precisely the same as that of any other woman professing godliness. Her marriage with a minister gives her no pre-eminence, and she may faithfully do her duty in that sphere in which Heaven has placed her as a wife and as a Christian, without knowing how to cut an eleemosynary roundabout or the ability to keep order in a public meeting.

Pernicious Literature is evidently on the increase. In this country we may not have reached the amount which circulates in the cities of Europe, but that we are fast approximating thereto admits of no doubt. Some statistics on this subject, as published in the London *Times*, are absolutely startling. It was proved in evidence, given before the House of Commons, that the sale of immoral and infidel publications amounted to 29,000,000 annually. It is difficult to take in figures, but it is appalling to be told by the *Edinburgh Review* that this is more than the total issues of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, the Religious Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Scottish Bible Society, the Trinitarian Bible Society, and some seventy religious magazines combined. Hand-bills, too, pictures of a depraved character, were being and widely spread abroad. Thus there were sold of the last dying speech and confession of Good, 1,650,000; of Courvoisier, 1,666,000; of the Mannings, 2,000,000; of Rush, 2,500,000; and of Greenacre, 2,666,000. The trash sold with reference to Palmer's case must have greatly exceeded any of the above sales. Nor was there any mystery as to the way in which such an enormous circulation was obtained for these publications. Hawkers plied their trade in town and country, and brought their literary wares to the door of the laborer's cottage. And

in our country how many hundreds of men and boys are pressed into the service of circulating all kinds of demoralizing trash, on steamboats and rail-cars, at fairs and horse-races, and wherever men do congregate. What a lesson for the philanthropist and the Christian! How true and how severe the rebuke of the Saviour: "The children of this world are wiser *in their generation* than the children of light!"

—

HISTORY OF NEWSPAPERS.—The history of news-writing and news-publishing is a mirror of many of the changes in social necessities and conveniences. In 1625, Ben Jonson's, *The Staple of News*, exhibited a countrywoman going to an office of news and saying to the manager, who sits in state with his register and examiners,

> "I would have, sir,
> A groatsworth of any news, I care not what,
> To carry down this Saturday to our vicar."

This was written news. In London, before a newspaper existed, there were private gazetteers, who made a living by picking up scraps of intelligence in taverns and barbers' shops. This class of persons continued even when there were newspapers; for the News-letter, as it was called, is thus described in the first number of the *Evening Post*, issued in 1709: "There must be £3 or £4 per annum paid by those gentlemen that are out of town for written news: which is so far generally from having any probability or manner of fact in it, that it is frequently stuffed up with a 'We hear,' or 'An eminent Jew merchant has received a letter.'" The same *Evening Post* adds: "We read more of our own affairs in the Dutch papers than in any of our own." Sir Roger L'Estrange, who published the *Intelligencer*, with privilege, in 1663, says that he shall publish once a week, "to be published every Thursday, and finished upon the Tuesday night, leaving Wednesday entire for the printing it off."

—

ENCUMBRANCES.—The text from which the Chicago *Journal* pertinently discourseth is very frequently met with, more especially in advertising columns devoted to the house-hunter. In its abbreviated form it may be given thus:

"BOARD WANTED.—A Gentleman and lady, without encumbrances, desire," etc.

"'Without encumbrance?' What young mother, when she feels for the first time her first-born's breath, would ever imagine in the new blossoming of her new love, that anywhere beneath the sun there should exist a lexicon, wherein under the E's it should read thus: Ed, Eg, Ei, El, Em,

"EN.

"ENCUMBRANCE, *n.* A young human being—a child.

"There! What do you think of that, ye old-fashioned grandmothers, whose love is visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation! 'Rachel weeping for her *encumbrances*,' 'here am I and the *encumbrances* thou hast given me!'

"'And the leopard shall lie down with the lamb, and a little *encumbrance* shall lead them!'

"These little motives in pink and fair dimity, that stir the pulses like a clarion, that nerve up the weary and light up the hope, and fill up the sighing with song, are encumbrances.

"So, then, the sweet little candidates for heaven's kingdom, that dance round the threshold of the open heart and enter unforbidden; that keep the world from growing old in sorrow and in sin, *encumbrances*, all!

"And when they are elected, for so, alas! they sometimes are, as the greensward broken in little billows everywhere, and the Rachels that will not be comforted, so sadly attest, think you when the mother rocks the empty cradle, and looks upon the unpressed pillow, and finds in the 'till' a silken tress and a pair of little shoes that were laid aside for sandals of light, that she finds the name of the wearer under the En's?

"That when the poet sighed,

> "'There is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there—
> There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair,'—

or when he who sang the 'Airs of Palestine,' declared,

> "'I cannot make him dead!
> His fair sunshiny head
> Is ever bounding round my study chair,'

that either of them dreamed the burden of the song was a mortgage, and not rather one star lost out of the visible heavens—that set,

> "'As sets the morning star, that goes not down,
> Behind the darken'd West, nor hides obscured,
> Amid the tempest of the sky, but melts
> Away into the light of heaven.'

"May the hearths, the thresholds, and the hearts of the world never be without 'encumbrance;' let them all be mortgaged to them who 'like the planets are nearest the sun.'"

—

MEMORIZING.—It has been said that no truly eloquent speech was ever committed to memory. On the other hand, we find in a late English work the following fact stated by one who professedly knows whereof he affirms:

"At the Annual Anti-Slavery Meeting (I think of 1826) Mr. Macaulay, whose fame as a brilliant speaker at 'The Union Society' at Cambridge, and a Society of the same name in London, had preceded him, delivered the first of those brilliant orations with which the country has been since delighted. At its close, I told Mr. Macaulay that, from his rapid mode of speaking, and from so much of the merit of the speech being dependent on the accurate collocation of the words in which his many metaphors and figures were expressed, it would be only an act of justice to himself to furnish a report of the speech. At first he hesitated, and expressed some doubt whether he could furnish sufficiently ample notes for the purpose; but said 'he would think of it.' I told him, if he thought proper to do so, I would pay due attention to the notes, provided he forwarded them to the *Morning Chronicle* Office by eight o'clock that evening; on coming to the office of the *Morning Chronicle* at that hour, I found a large packet containing a *verbatim* report of the speech as spoken; the brilliant passages marked in pencil, and the whole manuscript well thumbed over, furnishing manifest denotement, that no speech in 'Enfield's Speaker' was more laboriously and faithfully committed to a school-boy's memory, than was his first essay in public eloquence committed to memory by the great historian of the age."

—

INVERTED COMMAS AND ITALICS.—Of Canning's assiduous care in the preparation and revision of his speeches, the author above quoted relates a curious anecdote of his being awoke at two o'clock one morning by a king's messenger from Downing-street; the sole object of his disturbance being a request from Mr. Canning that the words "*Spain with the Indies*," which occur in his celebrated speech on the affairs of Portugal, should be printed "within inverted commas and in italics." In all his printed speeches the same fastidiousness was displayed, as many as three or four revises of his proofs being commonly required, and his corrections were numerous.

—

THE TABOOED QUESTION.—Albert Barnes, in his book on the Church and Slavery, has some temperate and well-considered remarks upon this subject:

"The spirit of the age and the spirit of the Gospel, as I understand it, demand, not that the subject of slavery should have any undue prominence in these discussions; not that it should be *forced* into the publications of the Tract Society and the Sunday-School Union; not that it should occupy the sole place in the pulpit; but that *it should be treated just as all other acknowledged evils and wrongs are:* as contrary to the Gospel of Christ, as preventing the salvation of men, as a violation of the spirit of the Gospel, and as an evil not to be perpetuated, but to be removed. For one, I am weary—and I am sure that in this I speak the sentiments of many thousands of others—of the perpetual deference shown to the holders of slaves in the pulpit and in the religious literature of the land. I am weary of the care taken, more than in other cases of wrong, to conciliate their favor and to avoid giving them offense. I am weary of the anxiety evinced that every approach to this subject, in so large a part of the literature of the land, should be cut off, and that at so many points we meet this as a matter that is by common consent to be regarded as inapproachable. Why should this be so? How has it happened that in a Christian land mighty organizations have grown up, with vast power and wealth, from which all reference to slavery is excluded on principle, and that it is impossible through any national organization, though having their seat in the North, and sustained chiefly by Northern funds, to utter one word—yes, *one word*—in behalf of the slave? one word, even to a Christian master, that shall direct his attention to his duty to a fellow-man that he holds in hopeless bondage? one word to induce him to treat him in all respects as a brother for whom Christ died? It is clear to my mind that a great change should be effected on this subject in the Christian literature of the land, and that in religious newspapers, in the publications of the Tract Society and of the Sunday-School Union, and in all other publications, the subject of slavery should be approached *precisely* as any other admitted evil or wrong is approached.

"The same is true in regard to preaching. I would not have the pulpit depart from its legitimate object. I would not have it placed on the same level with the lyceum. I would not have it a place of vituperative language, or of declamation on political subjects. I would not have it a place where party politics should be discussed, or where the opinions of one political party should be defended, or where any political measures should be advocated. I would not have it a place where the interests of one section of the land should be arrayed against another; nor would I have it abused so as to embitter one part of the country against another. I would not have it a place where *disunion* should be advocated; nor would I have it a place where *union* should be advocated at the expense of justice, mercy, humanity, liberty. The pulpit is a place where everything should be discussed in its proper proportions, that bears on the progress of religion and the salvation of men. Everything that tends to promote religion should be defended and enforced; everything that hinders it should be rebuked and condemned. There is no subject whatever which bears on the subject of human salvation that can properly escape the notice of the pulpit. There is nothing that can claim to be exempted from that, however shielded and protected by laws and by the established customs of a nation, or however incorporated into civil constitutions, that tends to destroy the soul, or in any way to hinder the progress of the Gospel of Christ."

—

How Long shall I Live?—Dr. Powell, of Kentucky, has published a book, in which he professes to have made a grand discovery. It is that every son and daughter of Adam has what he calls "a life line," which indicates, with unerring accuracy, how long a lease of life belongs to each individual. He assures us, that if we draw a *true* line from the center of the occipital bone, (the most prominent bone at the hinder part of the head just above the neck,) and extend this line to that portion of the skull which we can touch with the finger's end placed under the eye-brow, (the orbit or inferior angle of the os frontis,) if we make a true line with a piece of stiff paper folded perfectly straight, we can, by measuring the distance between this line and the hole of the ear, tell the amount of life-force each person possesses.

We are told, too, that this rule applies to all persons, without reference to age, sex, or temperament; and that no form of disease, whether acute or chronic, proves fatal, so long as there is a respectable endowment of depth to the base of the brain. In a brain of medium size one inch places the individual considerably beyond the reach of an early death, *except by accident or violence.*

How important, then, that those who desire a long life should use all the efforts in their power to increase the length of this line? And this is a thing that the doctor assures us may be done. He has, in fact, so he gravely tells us, increased the length of his own life line three quarters of an inch in about ten years, and, so far as we are able to comprehend his theory, he may go on increasing it indefinitely. And if, as we are told, "*one* inch places the individual *considerably* beyond the reach of an early death," how perfectly safe from all the shafts of the king of terrors must he be who has managed to extend the life line to an inch and three quarters! In the mass of absurdities gravely paraded before a gullible public as scientific discoveries, we have met with nothing more repugnant to Scripture and common sense than this theory of lengthening the span of human probation.

—

Pre-Existence.—It has been often stated that all men have experienced, at some time or other a feeling that what they are then seeing or hearing, apparently for the first time, has been seen or heard by them before, though their reason assures them of the contrary. Sir E. B. Lytton, in one of his works, "Godolphin," thus notices this kind of day dream:

"How strange it is, that at times a feeling comes over us, as we gaze upon certain places, which associates the scene either with some dim-remembered and dream-like images of the past, or with a prophetic and fearful omen of the future. Every one has known a similar strange, indistinct feeling at certain times and places, and with a similar inability to trace the cause."

And Sir Walter Scott, a man with a sound mind in a sound body, made the following entry in his diary, under date of February 17, 1828:

"I cannot, I am sure, tell if it is worth marking down, that yesterday, at dinner-time, I was strangely haunted by what I would call the sense of preëxistence, viz., a confused idea, that nothing that passed was said for the first time; that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them. . . . The sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a *mirage* in the desert, or a calenture on board of ship. . . . It was very distressing yesterday, and brought to my mind the fancies of Bishop Berkeley about an ideal world. There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said."

—

The Water of the Nile.—Bruce, in his "Scenes and Sights in the East," says:

"The waters of the East, whether good or bad, are all soft. About the analysis of the water of the Nile I have no curiosity, and I would not be pleased to receive information. To be made acquainted with the chemical elements which compose our food or our drink, is enough to destroy all pleasure in eating and drinking; and to subject the substance of the venerable god Nilus to the torture of a scientific analysis

looks like impiety. The Nile water is particularly soft; it fills the mouth with a rich creamy taste; and in drinking it, in order to enjoy it, it is well to spread it over every part of the palate. It should be drunk, not to quench thirst, but to create high pleasure. It should not, therefore, be swallowed in large draughts at a time, but taken at short intervals, every hour or so. In the house the water jar, the admirable Egyptian water jar, which is so much more porous than the Indian jar, should be at hand day and night continually.

"Much refreshment of soul would be obtained by your rising from bed during the night and taking repeated draughts; allowing them to remain some little time in your mouth, so as to keep up an abiding sense of pleasure on your palate. The passion for Nile water, like the love of everything that is intensely exquisite in its way, increases with its enjoyment. No one who has once or twice tasted Nile water, and has a capacity for pleasure, will ever after consent to drink of it poisoned with the infusion of any other liquid. Jealous of its own honor, it appears to be the most averse of all waters to join in harmony with wine. Indeed, mixed with wine, it is a most nauseous compound. The illustrious river seems opposed to all alliance with ignobler fluids, and to court admiration and love in its own character, "without the foreign aid of ornament." At the hotels the water undergoes filtration. In the cottages through the country it is kept in large vessels which allow the sediment to fall to the bottom. The small clay jars in which it is placed before you in the hotels are very graceful in form and finely adapted to keep the liquid cool."

—

Respect for Women.—I have found, says Addison, that the men who are really the most fond of the ladies, who cherish for them the highest respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the places of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are their favorites. A due respect for women leads to respectful action toward them; and respect is mistaken by them for neglect or want of love.

—

Gallantry.—Fontenelle, at the age of ninety-seven, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed her once without perceiving her. "See," said she, stopping and addressing him, "how I ought to value your gallantries. You pass me without even looking at me." "Madame," said the old man, "if I had looked at you I could not have passed."

—

Geology at a Discount.—The geologist, if he be fairly in earnest, is far too tired, after his day's work, to trouble himself about the aristocratic air of his quarters, and, besides, generally manages to put his outer man into so uncleanly a condition that a grand hotel would have some scruple in taking him in. Professor Sedgwick, after a hard morning's work, betook himself to a village inn for a lunch of bread and cheese. When he asked what he had to pay, he was told "Fourpence!" He could not help remarking on the smallness of the charge. "Ah, sir," said the landlady, "I should ask eightpence of any one else; but I only ask fourpence from you, for I see you have seen better days."

At another time, a lady stopped by the roadside, where he was working, made some inquiries, and gave him a shilling, because his answers were so intelligent for his station. He met the same lady at dinner the next day, to her great astonishment.

A well-known geologist, long secretary to the Geological Society, was once taken up while at his vocation, and dragged to the Bristol Asylum for an escaped lunatic.

On another occasion, tired, and with his pockets full of the day's treasures, he mounted a stage coach, and fell fast asleep. Waking at his journey's end, he was horrified to find his pockets as empty as when he set out. An old woman, who sat beside him, feeling the pocket full of stones, took him for a madman, who had loaded himself, more effectually to secure drowning; so she slily picked the fossils, one by one, from the pockets of the drowsy philosopher, and tossed them on the roadside.

—

Origin of "Cant."—In "Things not Generally Known," we find that this word, now applied to fanaticism and hypocritical conduct, is derived from two Scotch Presbyterian ministers in the reign of Charles II. They were father and son, both named Andrew Cant; and Whitlock, in his "Memoirs," after narrating the defeat at Worcester, in 1651, says: "Divers Scotch ministers were permitted to keep a day of humiliation, as they pretended, for their too much correspondence with the king;" and in the same month, when Lord Argyle had called a Parliament, Mr. Andrew Cant, a minister, said in the pulpit, that "God was bound to hold this Parliament; for that all other Parliaments were called by man, but this was brought about by his own hand."

—

Well Answered.—What form of government is the best? "That which is best administered." This answer, says the "German Grit," is about as just as it would be to answer the question, "Which is the most perfect of living creatures?" by saying *the healthiest*, from which it would follow that a sound puppy is better than a sick man. So far is this from being true that even a sick philosopher is more than a sound fool; for the wise man may get well, but a fool can never grow wise.

—

The Parables.—A late traveler, Mr. Stanley, whose admirable book was noticed in our pages some time ago, draws attention to one important consideration, commonly overlooked in the study of the Gospel history; that, whereas the first three gospels turn almost exclusively upon the ministry of our Lord in Galilee, that of St. John turns almost entirely upon his ministrations in Judea. The consideration is important, not only as explaining some of the divergences between the two sets of narratives; as, for instance, the omission, in what we may call the "Galilean" gospels, of the miracle of the raising of Lazarus, which took place in Judea; and, on the other side, the omission in the "Judean" gospel of St. John of the histories of the demoniacs, whose peculiar habitat was around the shores of the Lake of Galilee; but also as illustrating many of the circumstances, and even somewhat of the character of the teaching recorded in each.

And this is peculiarly observable in the two classes into which the parables of the Gospel are distinctly divisible. Some parables, it is true, contain no distinctive allusions proper to any locality; but certain of them are plainly Judean; certain others are as clearly referrible

to Galilee. Thus, to take the beautiful parable of the good Samaritan, which appears to have been spoken on the way to Bethany, we are forcibly reminded of its appropriateness by the still traceable characteristics of the locality. We still see the "long descent of three thousand feet by which the traveler went down from Jerusalem, on its high table-land, to Jericho in the Jordan valley."

From this valley we might, even still, expect to see issuing the Bedouin "robbers," who to this day make it impossible for the pilgrim to pass without a Turkish guard, and who still, as in the days of the parable, fall upon the traveler, strip him naked, beat him severely, and leave him to die.

To this day it is only "by chance" that, on that unfrequented road, the aid of a passing traveler could be hoped for; and of the three "passers by" of the parable, two at least were just those whose presence would be most natural in that locality, the priest and the Levite going or returning between the two sacerdotal cities of Jericho and Jerusalem, while the solitary Samaritan might also be expected, if at all within the Jewish border, upon the great thoroughfare between two such stations.

The "inn" of the Gospel might still be almost identified in a rude hospice which stands on the mountain side about half way between Jerusalem and Jericho.

—

Coal *vs.* Gold.—It appears that the coal extracted from the mines of Pennsylvania the last year has been equal to the sum of forty millions of dollars, which is well up to the yield of the gold mines of California; and yet, while we have heard little or nothing of Pennsylvania coal, all the world has been running crazy after California gold. Shrewd people, those Pennsylvania Dutch.

—

Punishment of Criminals in China.—The Chinese *Repository*, in recording the punishment of a murderer, says that he was wound with cotton, places being left for him to breathe, then dipped, like a monster candle, until he presented a mass of tallow, and in this way he was stuck up on his father's grave, lighted, and kept burning until his body was consumed by slow degrees.

—

How the Meaning of Words Change.—In Shakspeare's time the word *miscreant* meant simply an unbeliever; Talbot, calling Joan of Arc a miscreant, intimated only that she had fallen from the faith. *Influence*, among the earlier English poets, meant only that power over mortals which planets were supposed to exercise. *Nephew*, as used by Hooker, Shakspeare, and others of the Elizabethan era, denoted grand-children and other lineal descendants. *Kindly fruits*, as used in the Litany, also simply denote the natural fruits, or those which the earth, according to his kind, should bring forth. The word *girl* was, at one time, applied indiscriminately to young persons of either sex.

Until the reign of Charles the First the word *acre* meant any field of whatever size. *Furlong* denoted the length of a furrow, or a furrow long. Also, the words *yard*, *peck*, and *gallon*, were once of a vague, unsettled use, and only at a later date, and in obedience to the later requirements of commerce and social life, were they used to denote exact measure. The term *meat*, now applicable to flesh only, was once applied to all food. *Baffled* (defeated) was applied, in the days of chivalry, to a recreant knight, who was, either in person or effigy, hung up by the heels, his escutcheon blotted, his spear broken, and himself or his effigy subjected to all sorts of indignities.

SMALL CHANGE.

A Banker in Trouble.—The following anecdote of the Court of Russia, in the reign of the Empress Catharine, forcibly illustrates the vital importance of understanding orders, particularly when given by those high in authority:

"A rich foreigner, named Sutherland, naturalized in Russia, was banker to the court, and in high favor with the empress. He was roused one morning by the information that his house was surrounded with guards, and that Reliew, the Minister of Police, desired to speak with him. This person entering, without further ceremony, at once announced his errand. 'Mr. Sutherland,' said he, 'I am charged by my gracious sovereign with the execution of a sentence, the severity of which both astonishes and grieves me; and I am ignorant as to how you can have so far excited the resentment of her majesty.' 'I am as much in the dark as yourself,' replied the banker. 'But what are your orders?' 'I have not courage to tell you,' said Reliew. 'Have I lost the confidence of the empress?' inquired the banker. 'If that were all you would not see me troubled,' said Reliew; 'confidence may return; position may be restored.' 'Am I to be sent back to my own country, or, good heavens!" cried the banker, trembling, 'does the empress think of banishing me to Siberia?' 'Alas! you might some day return,' said Reliew. 'Am I to be knouted?" inquired the agitated banker. 'This punishment is fearful,' said Reliew, 'but it does not *kill*.' 'Is my life, then, in peril?' exclaimed the banker. 'But I cannot believe that; for the empress, usually so mild, so gentle, spoke to me so kindly only two days since—'tis impossible! For heaven's sake, let me know the worst. Anything is better than this suspense.' 'Well, then,' said Reliew in a melancholy tone, 'my gracious mistress has ordered me to have you *stuffed*.' '*Stuffed!*' cried the banker, horrified. 'Yes, stuffed with straw,' continued Reliew. Sutherland looked fixedly at the minister of police an instant, and then exclaimed, 'Sir, either you have lost your reason or the empress is not in her right senses! Surely you did not receive such a command without endeavoring at least to point out its unreasonableness—its barbarity.' 'Alas! my unfortunate friend, I did that which, under ordinary circumstances, I should not dare attempt,' said Reliew; 'I manifested my grief, my consternation; I even hazarded a remonstrance; but her imperial majesty, in an irritated tone, bade me leave her presence, and see her commands obeyed *at once*, adding these words, which are still ringing in my ears, "Go, and forget not that it is your duty to acquit yourself, without a murmur, of any commission with which I may deign to trust you."' It would be impossible to depict the horror, the despair, of the unhappy banker. After waiting till the first burst of grief was over, Reliew informed him that he would be allowed a quarter of an hour to settle his worldly affairs. Sutherland wept, and prayed, and entreated the minister of police to take a petition from him to the empress. Overcome by his supplications, the magistrate consented to be his messenger, and took charge of the missive; but afraid to return to the palace, he hastily presented himself at the residence of Earl Bruce, the English embassador, and explained the affair to him. The embassador, very naturally, supposed the minister of police had become insane, but bidding him follow, he hurried to the palace. Introduced into the imperial presence, he told his story with as little delay as possible. 'Merciful Heaven!' exclaimed Catharine, on hearing this strange recital, 'what a dreadful mistake! Reliew must have lost his wits. Run quickly, my lord, I beg, and de-

sire that madman to relieve my poor banker of his groundless fears, and to set him at liberty immediately.' The earl left the room to do as her majesty requested, and on his return found Catharine laughing immoderately. 'I see now,' said she, 'the cause of this inconceivably absurd blunder. I had for some years a little dog, to which I was much attached. I called him Sutherland, because that was the name of the gentleman who presented him to me. This dog has just died, and I gave Relieu orders to have him stuffed; but as he for some time hesitated, I became angry, supposing that, from a foolish excess of pride, he thought this commission against his dignity. That,' added Catharine, in conclusion, 'is the solution of this enigma.'"

—

A MARRIAGE CEREMONY AMONG THE HAWKEYES.—A correspondent of a New-York paper, who had been spending some time in Iowa, gives the following singular account of a marriage ceremony among the Hawkeyes:

"Since I came home I have received a letter from 'Cousin Hannah,' the youngest daughter of the Squire in the town in Iowa in which she at present resides, containing the following account of a marriage under peculiar circumstances: Talking about weddings, writes my cousin, calls to mind one that took place in the suburbs of this city, and as it was a very important affair, I suppose you would like to have an account of it. Well, to commence: Father was called to marry a young couple, so putting on his 'chicken fixings,' he was escorted down to the place where you went hunting last summer 'in the woods,' and there we found a mansion which was seven feet front and nine feet deep, and, unfortunately, it was so low that father could not straighten in it, he being about six feet high. The furniture consisted of one small shelf, on which lay a large coon, minus the hide, and covered with a rag; neither chair, sofa, nor table graced the establishment. Within this beautiful establishment was the bride, dressed in what had been a calico dress, but was so disfigured by grease and patches, that it took a close inspection to tell what it had been. After we had taken a survey of this abode, the groom came in dressed in a dirty cotton shirt, slouched hat, and pants made up of all kinds of cloth of different colors. 'How are you, sir? I reckon you're the Squire, ain't you?' 'Yes, sir,' was the answer. 'Well, Squire, I've got a little job for you: can you tie a knot for us?' 'Certainly, sir.' 'Well, come ahead, Squire.' Whereupon, father, raising himself as well as he could, commenced a prefatory speech. 'My young friends, this is a very solemn engagement—' 'I know it—that's a fact,' said the groom, taking the chance of a pause in the speech. He then raised himself, and catching 'the lady' by the hand, exclaimed, 'Come, hurry up, Squire, crack her through!' 'Wait a moment,' said the Squire; 'what is your name?' 'My name is William S——r.' 'Well, William, do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?' 'Of course I do—that's the calculation all the time.' Then turning to 'the lady,' the Squire said, 'Do you take this man to be your husband?' 'Well, I do—that's the entention.' Here the Squire had to stop to get a new supply of gravity, as his old stock was exhausted. 'Come, hurry up and crack her through!' repeated the bridegroom. Again the Squire commenced, and finally pronounced them man and wife. 'That's it, Squire, that's it!' exclaimed the delighted groom; 'much obliged to you till you're better paid. See here, Squire, I've got a half a cord of good dry wood down here, and if you will haul it you may have the hull on it for doing the job so nice.' Squire K——t sloped with another laughable 'yarn' for his neighbors."

—

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—Some years ago, when Mormonism was rampant, and Millerite preachers began to abound in New-England, a reverend divine, a man at once of infinite eccentricity, good sense, and good humor, encountered one of these irregular practitioners at the house of one of his flock. They had a pretty hot discussion on their points of difference, and at length the interloper, finding more than his match at polemics, wound up by saying:

"Well, doctor, you'll at least allow that it was commanded to preach the Gospel to every critter."

"True," rejoined the doctor, "true enough. But then I never did hear that it was commanded to every 'critter' to preach the Gospel."

This was similar to the retort given by another minister, in reply to one who quoted the Scriptural assertion, that men are saved by the foolishness of preaching:

"True," said he, "but not by foolish preaching, else had the world all been saved long ago."

—

An exchange gets off the following, under the head of

"THE CANT OF THE SUPERCILIOUS SNOB.

"Yaw—aw—aw—aw—aw—aw!
Evawything's to me a baw,
There's nothing new,
And nothing twue,
But what ah've hawd a thousand times befaw.

"Yaw—aw—aw! there is no fun,
That ah can see, beneath the sun;
What ha don't see,
Of cawse can't be,
And faw that simple weason there is none.

"Yaw—aw! and sewious dissawtation
Ah call didactic; declamation,
Expwessing stwong
Wage against wong
Ah sneewingly tawn vawtuous indignation!"

—

CANES.—John A. Washington, the occupant of Mount Vernon estate, has sold to James Crutchett, of Washington, several thousand trees on the Mount Vernon property, and most of them from the hill on which the Tomb of Washington stands. This timber is manufactured into canes, and a portion of the proceeds will be used for the purchase of materials for the Washington National Monument.

We cut the above from one of our exchange papers. In another we find the fact thus versified:

"Dead millionaires at Greenwood
Lie royally in state,
Their tombs have rich appointments—
Marble sculpture, metal gate.
But the grave of Pater Patriæ
Is desolate and bare,
Though it nets on exhibition
A nice income for his heir.

"The groves of England's Windsor
No woodman's ax invades;
They stand as when the Tudors
Chased deer beneath their shades;
But the forests of Mount Vernon
Guarding Washington's remains,
Are sold on speculation,
To be peddled out in canes."

Who says Republics are ungrateful?

—

RIGHT TO THE LETTER.—Judge R., of this state, was some years since engaged in the defense of a suit against old Parson C. In the course of the trial one or two witnesses testified to one or two facts concerning the worthy parson, which were rather derogatory to his character as a parson. Judge R. handled the poor witnesses without gloves, and declared "that he had known the old parson from his boyhood; had *gamboled* with him many a summer's day in the shady hills of old M. county."

"O! judge," says the parson, "stop, I pray

you; if the *truth* will not clear me, my cause must be bad. If it please the court, I declare I never *gambled* in my life."

—

INEDITED POETRY BY BURNS.—When Burns was in Edinburgh, he was introduced by a friend to the studio of a well-known painter, whom he found engaged on a representation of "Jacob's Dream." After minutely examining the work, he wrote the following verses on the back of a little sketch, which is still preserved in the painter's family. It is highly characteristic of the man:

"Dear ——, I'll gie ye some advice,
You'll take it no uncivil;
You shouldna paint at Angels, man,
But try and paint the Divil.
To paint an Angel's kittle wark,
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger;
You'll easy paint a weel-kent face,
But no sa weel a stranger."

—

Quite a joke happened to one of the doctor craft, some time ago. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father, not liking the appearance of it, forced it down the cat's throat. When the doctor called again, and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied:

"No, we did not give it to him."

"Good Heaven!" said the doctor, "is the child living?"

"Yes, but the cat ain't—we gave it to her."

—

"Bob, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw."

"Don't say so—what is it?"

"A tree which never sprouts, and which becomes smaller the older it grows."

"Well, that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?"

"From California."

"What's the name of it?"

"Axle-tree! It once belonged to a California omnibus."

—

In the campaign of '44 Henry Clay was the Whig candidate. A Liberty party man, making a speech somewhere in New Hampshire, objected very strongly to the gallant Kentuckian on the ground of his being a duelist. This done, he began to glorify his own party as small in numbers, but destined to achieve great things. He compared it to David going forth with sling and stones to combat with the gigantic Goliath. Piling up the eloquence, he reached the climax at last, and cried out: "And then, then, fellow-citizens, what did David do?" "*Fit a duel, sir,*" came in shrill tones from one of the assembly.

—

Moore mentions a very amusing anecdote of John Kemble. He was performing one night in a country theater, in a favorite part, and being interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in one of the galleries, he came out not a *little* angry at the rival performance. Walking with a solemn step to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tone, he said: "Unless *the play* is stopped *the child* cannot possibly go on." The loud laugh which followed this ridiculous transposition of his meaning, relaxed even the nerves of Hamlet, and he was compelled to laugh with his auditors.

—

Woman is like ivy—the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you. A vile old bachelor adds: Ivy is like woman—the closer it clings to you the more you are ruined. Poor rule that don't work both ways.

This, we presume, was the same bachelor who being asked if he had ever witnessed a public execution, replied, "No; but I once saw a marriage."

—

BARE SKINS AND FURS.—The editor of the Cynthiana (Ky.) *Age* having recently attended a ball, says:

"We noticed a great variety of female costume at the last Bachelors' Ball. Some of the ladies danced with warm fur capes, made of otter or sable, while others had their necks and shoulders protected from the inclement season and gaze of the world, by white *bare* skins, very beautiful."

—

A COLD MAN AND A WARM REJOINDER.—The following comical narrative is related by an old Connecticut lawyer, who gives it as part of his circuit experience:

"A few years ago a county court was sitting in —— on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of year; cold weather, anyhow; and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin in the bar-room. The fire blazed, when in came a rough, gaunt-looking 'babe of the woods,' knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand. He looked cold, and half perambulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however; and, unable to sit down, for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing, leaned against the wall, 'with tears in his fist and his eyes doubled up,' and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrantee deed, as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him. 'You look like a traveler.' 'Wall, 'spose I am; I come from Wisconsin afoot, 'tany rate.' 'From Wisconsin! that *is* a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through the "lower regions" in your travels?' 'Yes, sir,' he answered, a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly phizmahogany, 'I ben through the outskirts.' 'I thought it likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? some of us would like to know.' 'O,' said the pilgrim, deliberately, half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corner of his mouth till two rows of yellow stubs, with a mass of masticated pig-tail, appeared through the slit in his cheek, 'you'll find them much the same as in this region, *the lawyers sit nighest the fire.*'"

—

THE C'S.—The *Chess Monthly*, a new periodical, thus alliterates with its favorite letter:

"Cherished chess! The charms of thy checkered chambers chain me changelessly. Chaplains have chanted thy charming choiceness; chieftains have changed the chariot and the chase for the chaster chivalry of the chess-board, and the cheerier charge of the chess-knights. Chaste-eyed Caissa! For thee are the chaplets of chainless charity and the chalice of childlike cheerfulness. No chilling churl, no cheating chafferer, no chattering changeling, no chanting charlatan, can be thy champion; the chivalrous, the charitable, and the cheerful, are the chosen ones thou cherishest. Chance cannot change thee: from childhood to the charnel-house, from our first childish chirpings to the chills of the church-yard, thou art our cheery, changeless chieftainess. Chastener of the churlish, chider of the changeable, cherisher of the chagrined, the chapter of thy chillad of charms should be chanted by cherubic chimes, and chiseled on chalcedon in cherubic chirography."

Recent Publications.

Travels and Researches in Chaldea and Susiana. By WILLIAM KENNETT LOFTUS, F. G. S. (8vo. *pp.* 436; *Carter & Brothers.*) This is a volume of more than ordinary interest. It relates to that remote and but partially-explored region which, from our childhood, we have been led to regard as the cradle of the human race. Mr. Loftus made two visits to these countries; one in 1852, and the other in the latter part of the year following. The author pleads "literary inexperience" in bar of any severity of criticism. But it was hardly necessary. In a work of this kind we look for truthfulness and matter of fact rather than for ornate rhetoric or the graces of the practiced book-maker. The volume is illustrated with valuable maps and wood engravings, and will fill a niche hitherto vacant in that part of the library devoted to topography and the antiquities of the Bible. A quotation, showing the present state of manners and morals in the country of the father of the faithful, will be read with interest:

"Nothing could exceed the primitive mode of life which we led in this region of Abraham's birthplace. In the patriarchal style, we were surrounded by our people. Our flocks and herds, asses and camels, were dayly driven to browse by the river side in the morning, and back to the camp at night. A few of the Arabs brought their wives with them, who baked flat loaves of barley bread in their native ovens for the wants of the community. Little enough, it is true, had the poor Arabs; and we were frequently obliged to provide for them out of our scanty store when their own was exhausted. The extreme scarcity of food was, perhaps, our greatest difficulty. In consequence of the river having failed to overflow its natural banks for the four years since my former visit, the small plots of cultivation which formed the chief support of the Mâdan tribes had utterly failed, and reduced them to a state of the most abject destitution. They had little or nothing to support life beyond the roots dug out of the ground, or the plunder obtainable from neighboring tribes.

"A dearth of provisions everywhere prevailed along the banks of the Lower Euphrates, so that barley had risen fourfold beyond its usual price. On first commencing operations, the offal thrown out from our cook's tent was greedily seized and devoured by the poor, half-starved wretches, who, however, fared better as the excavations progressed, and they received the reward of their dayly labors. Hunger makes all men selfish, and in most cases alters all the better feelings of our nature.

The Tuweyha tribe, which were previously in comparatively affluent circumstances, and had engaged my sympathies on account of their good-natured hospitality, were now become perfect demons of avarice and rapacity. They insisted on being paid their wages every night, so that, as there was much difficulty in obtaining coin, I was frequently obliged to reduce my customary number of hands until a fresh supply reached me. There was not sufficient small change to pay each man separately, so that a deputy was chosen for parties of four or five, and the wages were handed over to him in their presence.

"Then began a violent discussion about the due partition of the spoil. Each man tried to cheat the other, and argued his own case, at the full pitch of his voice, in rich, round Arab gutturals. The furious gesticulations that accompanied the dispute seemed frequently to threaten an open breach of the peace, but only ended in talk and abuse. They would sit for hours over their watch-fires, discussing the knotty question implicated in a black *pice;* and often, when it appeared to be settled, and the angry voices had subsided to their natural tone, the smothered flame would break out afresh with more impetuosity than before. Half the night was frequently spent in such debates, which invariably ended in some poor fellow being defrauded by his friend. The scenes which these quarrels gave rise to, under the light of the pale moon and the red glare of the tamarisk fire, were such as would have formed a fine subject for the painter. Each man was the guardian of his own wealth, and dared not trust his little skin of flour to the care of his neighbor; whether in camp or on the ruins, every one carried his supply tied up in his abba, which, when measured out to be made into bread by the women, never passed out of its owner's vision!"

—

We have very little medical skill, and are by no means competent to decide any question about which doctors differ. We have read, however, enough of a little volume entitled *Consumption*, by DR. W. W. HALL, to say that it is evidently written with an intention to benefit that large class who are predisposed to pulmonary affections. The doctor's style is plain and entirely free from everything like cant and professional pedantry. He is no quack. He has no faith in nostrums of any kind, and abjures cod-liver oil, brandy, swabbings with nitrate of silver, and medicated inhalations, giving it as his decided conviction that all of them are utterly inefficient, as to any permanent radical effect, toward the cure of consumption; and that by their temporary and deceptive ameliorations, they but lose invaluable time, and lure but to destroy. We may safely say, therefore, that a perusal of this little volume, if it does no good, is not likely to do any injury. (*Redfield.*)

—

History of the Invasion and Capture of Washington. By JOHN S. WILLIAMS. (*Harpers.*) Mr. Williams was Brigade Major and Inspector in the United States Army in the war of 1812. His object, in the present volume, is to wipe away, if possible, the obloquy which, in his opinion, was unjustly cast upon the American troops who were engaged in the battle of Bladensburg. The gallant major has availed himself of many documentary sources of information not accessible to the general reader, and spreads them out without fear or favor. He reaches the conclusion that the disastrous result of that campaign was not owing to the pusillanimous conduct of the American militia; but, in his own language, that "politicians of the fairest fame require watching, and will not hesitate to sacrifice or jeopard the interests and honor of their country in order to advance themselves or ruin a rival," a general truth which we presume no one will question; but whether competent in itself to account for the shameful conduct of the campaign, the reader must determine for himself.

—

The Desert of Sinai: Notes of a Spring Journey from Cairo to Beersheba. By HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. (*Carter & Brothers.*) Dr. Bonar promises to give, in another volume, his notes of a journey through the land of promise. The present embraces merely the desert and the semi-desert outside of Palestine. It is written in a very agreeable style, and with that profound reverence for the teachings of the Bible which is not, we regret to say, a distinguishing trait of professing Christian travelers who have

preceded him. We agree with him in the sentiment that

"If the attempts of rationalists to shut out God from the scenes of Scripture be painful, no less so are the efforts of those who, like Dr. Robinson, would compromise matters and reduce a miracle to the very smallest degree of the supernatural. 'If we must have a miracle, let us have as little of God in it as possible,' seems the maxim of some. Lepsius has praised the American traveler for his dignified protest against too much of the miraculous in Scripture. But from the lips of rationalism such praise carries no comfort to the conscience of a Christian man. There is danger in trying to stand well with rationalists and literary men, lest we sacrifice the veracity of Scripture to their good opinion. There is danger, too, in the well-meant efforts of some to win over opponents by making the miraculous as easy and palatable as is consistent with the admission of miracle at all. In neither case do we gain anything; in both we sacrifice the simplicity and truthfulness of the divine record."

With reference to that most majestic display of the Divine power, the passage of the Red Sea, and the attempts of Christian teachers to account for it without admitting miraculous agency, Dr. Bonar says:

"As to the passage of the Red Sea by Israel at low tide, and when the waters were driven back by the wind, I may add a few remarks which, especially to a spectator of the scene, may come with some force. The lowness of the tide is a mere gratuitous assumption, intended to supersede the necessity of a miracle, or to reduce it to its minimum of the supernatural. There is no hint of anything of the kind given us by the historian, and to assume this is not merely to invent a fact, but it is to say that Moses has given us such a narrative as would imply a miracle, when there was no miracle at all. Now had Herodotus done such a thing, what should we have thought of his veracity? If he stated a thing as a miracle which turns out to be a common natural phenomenon, and which he knew quite well to be no miracle, what opinion should we have of his honesty? If, then, Moses narrates a thing as a miracle, or even if he narrates it ambiguously, when he knew well there was no miracle at all, is he writing honestly? Is he a narrator or an inventor? Now Moses has certainly narrated the passage of the Red Sea in a way such as to make all his readers in every age believe that he was relating a miracle. If he meant no miracle, there has seldom been a narrative so fitted to deceive—a narrative which has been so successful in deceiving millions for more than three thousand years—and that in a matter of the most solemn kind; for the question is not one as to the depth or breadth of water, it is one as to Divine agency—it is the same question as has been raised by neology, as to whether Christ's healing of the sick was the result of supernatural power, or of superior skill of medicine.

"So explicit is the language of the narrator that it has led all subsequent writers, down almost to our own day, to believe that a supernatural event actually took place. It is certain that all Israel at the time believed that a vast miracle had been wrought for them; and it was of no *ebb tide* that Moses and Miriam and Aaron spoke when they led the mighty song of Israel's happy praise, lifted up within view of those waters through which a way had been cut for them:

> 'Pharaoh's chariot and host hath he cast into the sea:
> His chosen captains hath he drowned in the Red Sea.
> The ABYSSES have covered them,
> They went down to the DEPTHS like a stone.
> * * * * * *
> By the blast of thy nostrils STOOD UP THE WATERS,
> Gathered as a mighty heap were THE FLOODS,
> Congeal'ed were the ABYSSES in the heart of the Sea.'

"What sort of man does Dr. Robinson take Moses to be, who could thus declaim about an ebb tide and shoal water, uttering big words which meant nothing? But I forget. It was not Moses who spoke these words; it was the Holy Ghost. It was easy for Rosenmuller to say, 'everybody knows that this expression was by no means to be taken in their proper sense; they are merely the description of an ebb tide;' but it was hardly to be expected that a man so reverent toward Scripture as the American traveler should have spoken much in the same way."

On the miracle of the manna in the wilderness our author observes that

"Lepsius, who wonders how any one can believe Israel's manna to be anything else than the desert tree-honey, tells us that this tarfa-dew 'trickles down in incredible quantities' every morning upon the sand. Now, we are assured on good authority, that the whole quantity collected throughout the peninsula in the most fruitful season only amounts to seven hundred pounds' weight. If the reader will divide this by two millions (the numbers of the children of Israel,) and again by the number of days in the year, he will find what a small amount of sustenance each Israelite must have had. There would not be so much as *one* of these 'yellow drops' of tarfa-dew to each, even had they reaped the whole produce of the desert. Was this the meaning of the passage, 'He SATISFIED them with the BREAD OF HEAVEN!' (Ps. cv. 40.)"

We commend the volume before us as, in many respects, the best account of the vast howling wilderness through which Israel journeyed toward the promised land.

—

By the politeness of our Boston correspondent, the Rev. B. K. Pierce, we are in possession of the *Debates and Proceedings in the Convention of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts held in the Year* 1788. This is the convention by which was finally ratified the Constitution of the United States, and is a volume of permanent interest. It was printed by order of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and the care with which it has been edited is very creditable to Mr. Pierce, upon whom, as chairman of a committee, that duty mainly devolved.

—

Very seldom do we meet with a more interesting and instructive volume than one just issued from the press of *Carter & Brothers*, entitled, *Life in its Lower, Intermediate, and Higher Forms; or, Manifestations of the Divine Wisdom in the Natural History of Animals.* By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE. The author's object is to describe the various phases of animal life, commencing with the lowest of the *infusoria*, the most simple of all living creatures, and proceeding, step by step, upward, through life's various developments and functions, and thus to exhibit the manifold wisdom and goodness of the great Creator. An extract from the volume, entitled "Instinct and Reason," is given on a previous page of this number of THE NATIONAL.

—

In a neatly-printed duodecimo volume of less than two hundred pages we have, from the *Harpers'* press, *Elements of Plain and Solid Geometry*, together with the elements of plain and spherical trigonometry, and an article on inverse trigonometrical functions. By G. B. DOCHARTY. The author is well known as the Professor of Mathematics in the Free Academy of this city. His "Institutes of Algebra" is deservedly popular; and the present work appears well calculated to facilitate the progress of the student in mathematical science.

—

The writings of Andrew Fuller are deservedly held in high repute among our Baptist friends. His "complete works" were published some years ago, but in examining his papers, the editor has found material for another small volume, which is printed by the Baptist Publication Society, with the title, *The Last Remains*

of the Rev. Andrew Fuller. It is made up of sermons, sketches, essays, and letters on various subjects. They will add nothing to the author's reputation, but will no doubt be prized by his admirers. The volume has a very life-like portrait from an engraving by Sartain. We copy a short article on

"MINISTERIAL STUDY.

"The apostles found it necessary to free themselves of the care of the poor, that they might give themselves to the word of God and to prayer; and can we successfully attend to the ministry without study?

"The passage that is generally abused for setting aside the necessity of study, is Matthew, x, 19, 'Take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak.' But this evidently related to Christians when they were to be brought before magistrates. Now all forethought in this case would have been perplexity; and it was the decree of the Saviour that they should not perplex themselves, but in calmness possess their souls.

"But when study relates to the Christian ministry, then the injunction is, 'Meditate upon these things: give thyself wholly to them.' A wiser man than you or I found it necessary to meditate; hence he 'sought out acceptable words, even words of truth.' 'The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the Master of assemblies.' These are the words that will do good. Do not study fine words, but acceptable words; such as shall fasten upon the conscience and upon the heart, such as shall affect your own conscience, and lodge in the consciences of your people. In order to do this, you must meditate, study, and pray."

In the same style he gives his opinion of

"A GOOD TUNE.

"The criterion of a good tune is not its pleasing a scientific ear, but its being quickly caught by a congregation. It is, I think, by singing, as it is by preaching; a fine judge of composition will admire a sermon, which yet makes no manner of impression upon the public mind, and therefore cannot be a good one. That is the best sermon which is adapted to produce the best effects; and the same may be said of a tune. If it correspond with the feelings of a pious heart, and aid him in realizing the sentiments, it will be quickly learned, and sung with avidity. Where this effect is not produced, were I a composer, I would throw away my performance, and try again."

—

Swormstedt & Poe, of Cincinnati, have issued in a neat volume *Sermons on Special and Ordinary Occasions.* By the late Rev. Robert Newton, D.D. Many of our readers will remember this eminent preacher's visit to this country in 1840, and not a few of them had an opportunity to hear his voice. The sermons contained in this volume were not written for the press, but taken from his lips by reporters. The American editor, Rev. D. W. Clark, D.D., has supplied "headings, indicating the subjects of discourses," and corrected "a few inaccuracies which had escaped the attention of the English editor." The sermons are not profound, but plain, hearty, and evangelical. We note a few errors in the Scriptural quotations, which were pardonable in the reporter, but should have been corrected before the volume was sent to the press.

—

Fidelity to Truth; or, What Church shall I Join? is the title of an able discourse delivered in Philadelphia by the Rev. Dr. Hodgson. It is an eloquent, outspoken, and seasonable rebuke to that time-serving spirit which seeks honor and ease at the expense of honesty and conscientious conviction. A few sentences will show the object of the speaker:

"It would be exceedingly difficult to find justifying reasons for joining a Church, the doctrines of which we do not believe, unless it were impossible, on account of distance, to join one of our own faith. The reasons usually influencing this course are very unsatisfactory. One is, that our ancestry belonged to it. This would be very well if no sacrifice of principle were involved. Another is that our relatives belong to it. This is a very amiable reason, and would be entitled to great respect if no sacrifice of principle were involved. Another is, our friends belong to it. Of this also we say, it would be a very good reason if it required no sacrifice of principle. But, mostly, the object is to acquire respectability and influence, or to escape odium. Great pains are taken by the members of some sects, to make it appear that their Church has the most respectability, and influence, and wealth. And to some, joining such a Church seems a cheap and sure way to acquire reputation, though they may despise its peculiarities. Some select their Church relations with a view to fashionable society.... Some have in view: securing business, or place, or bank accommodations. Sometimes the physician or the lawyer, in search of practice, selects his church with the view of securing professional success. Sometimes matrimonial alliances are the motives. God's truth is cashiered for the sake of a wife or a husband."

We should be glad to quote at greater length did our space permit, but must close by commending a perusal of the entire sermon to our readers of every denomination. It is for sale at the Tract Society's Depository in Philadelphia, and may be ordered through our publishers, Messrs. *Carlton & Porter.*

—

Kathie Brande is just what it professes to be, a fireside history of a quiet life. It is written in an admirable style of simple earnestness; and, although evidently a work of fiction, it is replete with common-sense views of men and things, and life-like delineations of character. It inculcates a love for honesty and truth, and is decidedly one of the best works of its class that we have seen for a long time. *Harper & Brothers.*

—

Our Friends in Heaven is the title of a little volume, of which several editions have been printed in Scotland. It is from the pen of the Rev. J. M. Killen, and is now issued, in very neat style, from the press of *Swormstedt & Poe.* The subject is one of special interest to those who mourn the departure of relatives and friends, and is handled skillfully, and with constant reference to the oracles of Divine truth.

—

Memories of Bethany is a neat little volume, belonging to a class which is becoming quite numerous. It is dedicated to mourners in Zion, with whom Bethany has ever been a name consecrated to sorrow. The author takes as his themes, successively, the good part chosen by Mary, the death and raising to life of Lazarus, the precious ointment wherewith the Saviour's feet were anointed, the barren fig-tree, and the ascension of the risen Redeemer; all of which events are associated with the village which gives its name to the book. (*Carter & Brothers.*)

—

Villas and Cottages; a Series of Designs prepared for Execution in the United States. By Calvert Vaux. The author of this beautifully printed volume was associated with the lamented Downing, the most ingenious and skillful architect of his day. Mr. Vaux appears to have profited by the association, and to have engaged

in the science with similar enthusiasm. He has made a book that will not only add to his own reputation as a man of admirable taste and artistic genius, but be sought after by those who desire, in building, to combine, with economy, the greatest amount of comfort and convenience. It is illustrated with three hundred engravings, and contains estimates of cost for the erection of a great variety of villas and cottages. (*Harper & Brothers.*)

—

A volume of *Songs and Ballads*, by SIDNEY DYER, discloses a great deal of practical good sense, with a very fair proportion of the true poetic fire. What cannot be said of a great deal of the rhyme recently given to the world in large type and pretty binding, will at once strike the reader of Mr. Dyer's volume, namely, that his poems are so expressed, as not to overtask an ordinary intellect in detecting the author's meaning. Estimating the value of things by their rarity, this is high praise. Take as a specimen and a sample these stanzas on

"THE GOLDEN RULE.

"In the bustle of life, when the truth of the heart
Is tried by a selfish control;
Where, where is a refuge to shield, and impart
True light to a heaven-born soul?
O, pause not to ask what the wisest would do,
Their wisdom ne'er found such a gem:
'All things that ye would men should do unto you,
Do ye even so unto them.'

"If thou and thy brother have aught to decide,
And fail at the last to agree,
Ne'er bring to another thy cause to be tried,
As erring and selfish as he.
No! judge for thyself by this rule, ever true,
Ere thou dost a brother condemn:
'All things that ye would men should do unto you,
Do ye even so unto them.'

"If a dark wave of trouble has swept o'er a soul,
And a cry has gone forth for relief,
Ne'er pause ere you give, nor thy charity dole,
Lest thou add a new pang to the grief.
Still follow the rule that is changeless and true,
And ne'er will thy conscience condemn:
'All things that ye would men should do unto you,
Do ye even so unto them.'"

—

In justice to the author of *Duties, Tests, and Comforts*, which book we commended in our last number, it may be remarked that the *accidental* exaggeration, on page 79, has been corrected by the substitution of the word *four* for *forty*.

—

A Ray of Light is the title of an interesting moral tale, English in its scenes and modes of thought, reprinted by *Carter & Brothers*. It is by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."

—

The Christian Review for January is one of the best numbers of that able quarterly that we have seen. It has recently changed its location and management, and is published in Baltimore. From an exceedingly pertinent article, entitled "The Providence of God in books," we take the following interesting fact:

"Some twenty years ago, the writer of this article occupied an important literary position in London, when a manuscript, written by a young man, was placed in his hands for an opinion. It was large and cumbersome, roughly put together, and when examined, proved to be much interlined; its style was overloaded with ornament, and was very far from being in the purest taste: but the thoughts were both Scriptural and original; the creations of imagination which it presented were brilliant and enrapturing, and the spirit it breathed was elevated and devotional. Being assured by the author's most intimate friend that the fate of the young man was in our hands, for that he had resolved, as his work had been rejected by several booksellers, to write no more, we earnestly entreated the publishers to send it forth to the world. It was urged, in reply to us, that the author was unknown, the book was large, and the subject was not generally attractive to purchasers of books. These and other objections were answered as well as we could do it, and at length 'HARRIS's *Great Teacher*' saw the light. Thus was its author encouraged to compete for the premium offered for 'Mammon,' and thus commenced his extraordinary career as a theological writer."

—

The (*London*) *Quarterly Review* for January has an article entitled "Our Youth; their culture and education." The writer takes for his text "Dr. Thomson's Educational Essays," published at Cincinnati last year. The critic pronounces them "genial and instructive, pervaded by a purpose to engage the minds and hearts of young men, and young women too, in the service of all that is great and good." "Emerson's English Traits" forms the subject of another article; and a third is devoted to American Agriculture. It is not a great many years since, one of the reviewing fraternity of Great Britain flippantly asked, Who reads an American book? Three American books, selected as subjects for review in one number, would seem to indicate progress, if not a more correct appreciation of cisatlantic authorship.

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

We propose, occasionally, to omit our usual summary of Arts and Sciences, and the Literary Record, that we may have room for interesting facts relative to the cultivation of the soil, and the production of those choice gifts of our heavenly Father—flowers and fruit, including, of course, the products of the kitchen garden.

In this department we have the promise of assistance from a competent source. Original articles, with selections from the best agricultural and horticultural publications, American and European, will, we doubt not, render this department attractive as well as instructive.

—

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE is at present attracting attention in all parts of the country. Seeds have been freely distributed from the Patent Office at Washington, and Mr. Mason, the United States Commissioner, thus describes it, and suggests the proper mode of its cultivation:

"The Chinese sugar cane, when cultivated on ordinary land, in the United States, somewhat after the manner of broom corn, grows to a height of from eight to sixteen feet, while in Europe it does not attain more than half of this altitude. Its stems are straight and smooth, often covered with a white bloom or down, having leaves somewhat flexuous, falling over and greatly resembling in appearance those of Indian corn, but more elegant in form. When cultivated in hills, containing eight or ten stalks each, it puts forth at its top a conicle panicle of dense flowers, green at first, but changing into violet shades, and finally into dark purple at maturity.

In France and the central and northern sections of the United States, it has thus far proved an annual; but from observations made by M. Vilmorin, as well as some experiments in our Southern States, it is conjectured that, from the vigor and fullness of the lower part of the stalk in autumn, by protecting them through the winter, they would produce new plants the following spring. It stands drought far better than Indian corn, and will resist the effects of considerable frost without injury, after the panicles appear, but not in its younger and more tender state. If suffered to remain in the field after the seeds have ripened and have been removed, where the season is sufficiently warm and long, new panicles will shoot out at the topmost joints, one or more to each stalk, and mature a second crop of seeds. The average yield of seed to each panicle is at least a gill.

"*Cultivation.*—Since its introduction into this country the Chinese sugar cane has proved itself well adapted to our geographical range of Indian corn. It is of easy cultivation, being similar to that of maize or broom-corn, but will prosper in a much poorer soil. It does not succeed so well, however, when sown broadcast with the view of producing fodder, as it will not grow to much more than one half of its usual height.

If the seeds are planted in May, in the Middle States, or still earlier at the South, two crops of fodder can be grown in a season from the same roots—the first one in June or July, to be cut before the panicles appear, which would be green and succulent, like young Indian corn—a month or two later, at the time, or before, the seed is fully matured. In the extreme Northern States, where the season is too short and cool for it to ripen in the open air, the cultivator will necessarily have to obtain his seed from regions further south. If it were important for him to raise his own seed, he could start the plants under glass, in the spring, and remove them to the field or garden at about the period of planting Indian corn, after which they would fully mature. One quart of seeds are found to be sufficient for an acre.

If the soil be indifferent or poor, they may be sown in rows or drills about three feet apart, with the plants from ten to twelve inches asunder; but if the soil be rich, they may be planted in hills, five or more seeds to each, four or five feet apart in one direction, and three or four in the other. The plants may be worked or hoed twice in the course of the season in a similar manner to Indian corn. Any suckers or superfluous shoots which may spring up, may be removed. The seed should not be harvested before it acquires a dark or black hue. Should the plants lodge, or fall to the ground, by the excessive weight of the heads, during storms of wind or rain, before the seed matures, they may remain for weeks without injury. In collecting the seed, a convenient method is to cut off the stalks about a foot below the panicles, tie them up in bunches of twenty-five, and suspend them in any secure, airy place, sheltered from rain. If intended solely for fodder, the first crop should be cut just before the panicles would appear, and the second as soon as the seed arrives at the milky stage. It may be tied up in bundles, shocked and cured, like the tops or stalks of Indian corn. If not intended to be employed for any other economical use, after the seed has been removed, and the average temperature of the day does not exceed 45° or 50° Far., the stalks may be cut up close to the ground, tied in bundles, collected in shocks, or stowed in a mass in a succulent state, for fodder, in sheds or barns, where they will keep without injury, if desired, until spring. In this condition, however, the lower parts of the stalks will be found to be quite hard and woody, and will require to be chopped into small pieces for feeding.

"*Precaution.*—Particular care should be observed not to cultivate this plant in the vicinity of Dourah corn, or Guinea corn, as it hybridizes or mixes freely with those plants, which would render the seeds of the produce unfit for sowing."

THE RASPBERRY, in the judgment of our friend of the *Rural New Yorker*, is the most delicious fruit that grows. He is careful, however, to tell us that he does not mean a kind of fruit that denizens of crowded cities call by that name, "little mashed up things, scooped up with a spoon, measured in a dirty little tin cup, and wrapped in brown paper." O! no; he means such fruit as every sensible cultivator may have for his own table, large and luscious. He tells us how they may be produced:

"The raspberry will do well in any good, rich, and deep garden soil, but succeeds best where it is inclined to be moist. In a dry, sandy soil, the more tender sorts will ripen the wood better, but in such a soil thorough mulching is necessary. The best *situation* is in a border on the north side of a fence, or where they are grown extensively on the northern exposure of a side hill, as in this situation the plants are not as much affected by sudden changes in winter, and the fruit is larger if grown in a rather shady situation. They may be grown finely in young orchards; say two rows between each row of trees.

"The raspberry may be *planted* from two to three feet apart, and the cane should be cut down to within twelve or eighteen inches of the ground, according to the strength of the plant, cutting the weakest cane the shortest; and no fruit should be allowed to grow the first season. The buds should be picked off as soon as they make their appearance, that all the strength of the root may go into the new canes; and these should be carefully tied to a stake, as on their health and vigor depends the crop the next season.

"*Pruning* the raspberry is a very simple operation. The canes are produced one season, bear fruit the next, and then die. When plants have remained in one place a few years a good many canes will be produced from one plant, or stool. In this case it will be necessary to cut out the weakest in the spring, allowing from four to six of the strongest to remain. These must be cut back as before recommended. When all the canes are allowed to remain, as we see in many old raspberry beds, the fruit soon becomes scarce and worthless.

"The common plan of training is simply to tie the canes together, around a stake, about eighteen inches from the ground, so that they may spread at the top. Another plan is to place stakes in the ground, and then attach wire or tarred rope to them. The canes are then spread and fastened to the wire or ropes. Still another plan is to have two parallel rows of stakes with wire or rope about two feet apart. On one of these is trained the bearing canes, and on the other the young canes that will bear next year. In training, the objects to be kept in view are sufficient light and air for the fruit, and convenience in picking.

THE CURRANT.—There is good sense, with directions that may be profitably followed, in the remarks of the *American Agriculturist*, from which we abridge the following:

"No fact in horticultural science is better established, than that high culture is a wise economy. This remark will apply to the currant with peculiar force. It is true, so generous is its nature, it will from year to year produce a moderate crop under very bad treatment; but when judiciously cultivated, the product is wonderfully augmented in quantity, quality, and size. In addition to this latter fact, a healthy, well-grown, symmetrical plant, gladsome with its peculiar treasure, always produces an emotion of pleasure in the beholder: a matter of no small moment to those who would extract pleasure even from the sweat of their brow. If, then, additional profit, as well as no small degree of pleasure, will result from the application of skill and care to the treatment of the currant, let it by all means be done. Let it no longer be thrust into a corner, or some other out-of-the-way place, but bring it out into the open air and genial sunshine, and minister properly to its wants. It is almost useless to attempt to bring into shape, vigor, and productiveness, old, unsightly, and half-decayed plants. It is better to begin anew.

"Let the ground be trenched a couple of feet deep, and incorporate with it an abundant supply of well-rotted manure. In planting, remove enough earth to spread the roots out in their natural position, cutting off

all that are bruised; and be careful not to plant too deep. Tie the plant to a small stake till it becomes established; thin out the shoots so that a round, open head will be formed; shorten in all the remaining shoots about two thirds of their length, and the work of planting will be complete. The subsequent treatment will only become difficult through neglect. An annual pruning is indispensable, which may be done during the winter, or very early in spring, and which consists mainly in shortening in the last season's growth, leaving about six inches of new wood, and cutting out entirely all branches that cross or interlace each other, so as to keep the head well open and in good shape. Suckers must be eradicated as soon as they make their appearance. Fork in some good old manure in the spring, and keep the ground mellow and free from weeds. If the soil is stiff, the manure may be applied in the fall, and forked in in the spring. If you have done the work thoroughly and skillfully, you may look confidently for an abundant reward."

—

Profit and pleasure of a small garden. To us whose lot it is to live amid red bricks, and whose only semblance of a garden is a seven by nine piece of sward in the rear of our dwelling, facetiously called a grass plot, a letter like the following excites feelings, not exactly of envy, but of something very much like it. It is a part of a business letter to one of our exchanges:

"I have in this city, (Roxbury, Mass.,) about one-third of an acre adjoining my house, well set with fruit trees of all varieties. I have more than fifty pear-trees, all of which are doing finely. One Bartlett this year yielded five and a half bushels of pears, worth $4 a bushel. A Bonne de Jersey, only six years of age, gave a bushel of beautiful pears, worth at least $6. For the past three years, I have had one hundred boxes of strawberries each year, and in addition, this year I have raised fifty boxes of raspberries, and twenty-five of blackberries. I also raise my currants and cherries, and all the vegetables for my family, with the exception of corn and potatoes. I had this year about two bushels of grapes, and my grape vines are doing well, and in a few years will supply a great many mouths with a delicious fruit. I expend annually about twenty-five dollars for manure, and do my own garden work before eight o'clock in the morning. It would cost at least $200 per annum to purchase in the market what I gather from my little garden, but the advantage to health of body and mind, and energy of action, is worth far more than any other species of profit."

—

Transplanting large Trees.—During the past winter a dozen full-grown ornamental trees were transplanted to the grounds around a gentleman's mansion in Philadelphia. They are Norway firs, balm of Gilead, hemlock, spruce, Scotch larches, horse chestnuts, etc., varying from 30 to 40 feet in height, having balls of frozen earth, from five to six tons each, embracing all the roots. They look as if they would never know they were moved, and will be placed in the holes prepared for them during this week. Six horses were required to draw each tree. They cost from $75 to $100 each tree. The gardener who superintends the removal, warrants their growth, and he does not permit a doubt of success.

—

Flower Plants for Bedding-Out. — The verbena is spoken of as the most common and cheapest of bedding-out plants, and in addition to this there are salvias, scarlet geraniums, petunias, heliotropes, Drummond's phlox, lantanas, cupheas, nierembergias, ageratums, bouvardias, and many other families, each containing many distinct species. These do not include annuals; that is to say, flowers, the seed of which, when sown, vegetate, bloom, and ripen their seed during the course of one year. Bedding-out plants are those which may be cultivated in the green-house, propagated from cuttings, divisions of the root, or from seed, which generally require more than one season to produce flowers from the time of sowing. Some of the most popular and choice species are, properly speaking, hot-house plants, requiring to be kept during the winter in a temperature upward of sixty degrees, though in the summer season they flourish finely out of doors, at least in ordinary seasons.

—

Propagating Roses.—Roses generally produce the greatest profusion of bloom and largest individual flowers when supplied with a little rich manure, well incorporated with the soil; for pot culture it is necessary that the soil be made rich, else its fertile properties soon become exhausted. The ever-blooming roses, as they are termed, are of a dwarf habit generally, and do not require pruning except to preserve the general shape of the plant; the straggling shoots, which are generally weak, should be taken off early in the spring, at the commencement of the growing season. Roses of this class may be easily propagated by cuttings of sufficiently ripened wood, set in pans or boxes in a cold green-house. Choose short wood, and make the cuttings about three inches long, inserting them in a compost of sand and loam, or mold, about two parts of sand to one of the other. The soil must be pressed firmly. A slight sprinkling of the cuttings is necessary to prevent their wilting, and close attention in removing dayly all decayed leaves, and careful shading from the sun's rays, are essential points. The plants, when properly rooted, require removal into small pots, say two inch size, or three inch if the roots are strong; the compost used for the first slips must be sand and loam with leaf mold, instead of manure. After potting, the plants must be placed in a cold frame and kept shaded for a few days till taken with the pots, allowing a little air by tilting up the sashes. For the final shift, rather stiff loam with about one third leaf mold and manure should be used. The rose is found in almost every country, and almost everywhere its beauty and fragrance have made it the ornament of the garden, and the object of admiration. It has been wedded to the nightingale, and its fragrance and beauty have been the theme of every tongue. In Shairy and Cashmere the rose is peculiarly odoriferous, and yields the most fragrant odor or essential oil.

—

Planting out Dahlias.—When this operation is performed, the plants, if on beds by themselves, which is desirable, should be set in rows not less than six feet apart each way. Due regard must be had to the respective heights of the plants and the colors of their flowers; if on a bed where they are to be viewed from all sides, the tallest-growing kinds should be placed in the center; if to be seen only from the front, the loftiest must be set at the back, and in reference to colors so arranged that they will produce a harmonious effect as a mass. It is a very common error to keep the dahlia in

pots too small for the quantity of roots the plant has formed, and the evil consequences of this are increased in seasons when it is most desirable they should be avoided; for if the weather be so unfavorable as to put off the period of planting out, the roots have been meanwhile increasing, and filling up the pot, so that when the plant is taken out to be set in the open ground, the ball of earth cannot be removed without breaking some of the fibers; and, fearful of doing this, many persons plant them without disturbing it, and the result generally is, that the plant does not begin to grow vigorously until the time it ought to be in flower.

—

THE VERBENA GARDEN.—There are many persons who fail in the cultivation of the verbena. The requisites are, that the plants be young, strong, and healthy. They must have a full exposure to the sun, from sunrise till sunset, for they will not thrive in the shade. The soil should be light and deep mold from the woods, loamy, (or well-rotted chip dirt,) and fine white or silver sand. An occasional watering with liquid manure, made by dissolving one pound of guano in ten gallons of water, letting it stand twenty-four hours without using, once a week, will be found beneficial. The soil should be kept loose about them, and well worked. Some verbenas have a tendency to grow upright instead of the true form, a dwarf, with close-spreading habit, broad segment of petal, well-defined eye, and good foliage; they should have a good stamina, so as not to be burned out in midsummer. The scarlet varieties should not be forgotten in making selections. The verbena is peculiarly adapted for purposes of decoration in small city lots, from the rapid growth it makes if at all carefully planted, producing, even on poor soil, a profusion of its dazzling trusses of flowers; sustaining its vigor under the burning rays of the sun if a little mulching is spread around the plant at the root, and not liable to suffer much from extreme wet if the weather is moderately warm. The verbena is patient of cold, and will withstand several degrees of frost, while it requires air and light to keep it in even medium health during the winter. It requires a little care and skill in its arrangement, as do all choice flower plants.

—

THE RANUNCULUS.—This plant loves a cool and moist location, but no stagnant water should be permitted, nor should they be placed under the shade or drippings of trees; the morning sun, free circulation of air, and shade, will insure success. The soil should be trenched eighteen or twenty inches, and composed of good rich loam, to which add one sixth part of very old, well rotted cow-manure, and the same quantity of clay broken into small pieces; add to this a little sand, and thoroughly mix the whole, adding some sandy peat if the soil binds, and make the bed on a level with the path or walks; the plants will do better if the bed be below, rather than above the level. Having thus prepared the soil some time during the summer or autumn, the bed must be stirred up early in the spring, and one and a half inch of the soil taken off; then place the plants in an upright position on the surface, six inches apart each way, and replace the soil carefully, which should cover the crown of the ranunculus about one and a half inch; deeper planting is injurious. After the plants appear, keep them free from weeds, and press the soil firmly around them after they get two inches high. If the weather prove dry, water them freely early in the morning, and shade them from the sun during the hottest part of the day.

—

PETUNIAS.—No class of summer flowers better repay the small care they require, than petunias; they are a mass of gay bloom from June to November, and, when planted in patches, or in beds, or even in pots or vases, flower profusely. Common kinds are raised from seed, sown in a hot-bed, and afterward pricked out into small pots, and, when sufficiently strong, turned into the open ground early in the summer. A bed of choice kinds, in full bloom, is a brilliant sight. The finer varieties are increased from cuttings. The best time is late in the summer, and from plants that have been headed down for that purpose; or, if the plants are taken up in autumn, and kept in the greenhouse, they will make abundant increase from cuttings during the winter.

—

BALSAMS OR LADY SLIPPERS.—According to Breck, there has been a great improvement in this beautiful family of flowers. They are now divided into early, late, dwarf, tall, and camellia-flowering. This last section contains about one dozen beautiful varieties, very large, double, and perfect in shape, and resemble roses, or medium-sized camellias; the colors are very brilliant, viz., scarlet, crimson, violet, purple, rose, white, yellowish white, purple spotted, scarlet spotted, rose spotted, red striped, purple striped, variously striped and mottled, etc. They should be transplanted to the garden in June, care being taken to give plenty of room to each plant, for when crowded together they will not develop themselves to perfection; two feet distance between the plants is not too far. Single or semi-double plants should be pulled up as soon as the flowers show themselves.

—

TEA AND NOISETTE ROSES.—The tea and Noisette roses have been generally classed distinct from the China; they are, however, but varieties of the latter. Many of the roses now classed among the China have a strong tea scent, and many of the present tea roses have very little fragrance. The characteristic of the Noisette rose is understood to be its cluster-blooming habit. China and tea roses seldom endure our winter with the thermometer at zero, and it is better to protect them by means of straw and hay, or boards upon low stakes. Perhaps the least troublesome way of protecting them is to have one or more hot-bed frames, six feet by twelve, and about a foot and a half or two feet deep. This can be set several inches from the ground, and litter of any kind placed around the sides. The roses can be carefully taken up and planted in this frame as thickly as they will stand; the top can then be covered with boards a little slanting, to carry off the rain, and the plants will be sufficiently protected.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1857.

HECTOR FALLS, SENECA LAKE.

THE LAKES AND LEGENDS OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

IN a separate article devoted to the league of the Iroquois,

"The six fierce nations of the North,"

I shall describe at length their peculiar form of government, and their most striking characteristics. The Cayugas, to whom I have frequently alluded, were more closely allied with the Senecas, their western neighbors, than with any other members of the league. While the latter produced several eminent chiefs, as Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother, there is but one great name associated with the Cayugas, Logan, "the noblest Roman of them all."

His own cruel fate seems to have been inherited by the remnant of his tribe. They ceded their lands to the state in 1795, with the exception of a small reservation, which was also given up about the year 1800, when they entirely disappeared. Some of them settled at the Grand Rapids, others near Sandusky, in Ohio, and still another branch in Canada. About one hundred and fifty Cayugas are now living with the Senecas, near Buffalo, under their own chiefs, but doubtless they, too, ere long, will be banished beyond the Mississippi.

Mr. Bogart, for a long time clerk of the Assembly, relates an interesting incident which occurred at the reception of General Quitman by the Legislature of our state in 1847.

Directly in front of the speaker's chair, a place of honor in the crowded hall granted by the kindness of the presiding officer, sat an old Indian, who shared the attention of the audience with the hero of the Mexican war. He was an aged man, dressed fancifully with beaded cloth leg-

gins and with gay and checkered cap. Though not understanding a word of English, he listened with Indian gravity to the proceedings.

After their termination my friend was delighted to learn that he was an old Cayuga, who had come from Canada to transact some business with the Land Office department. He had, as he stated through an interpreter, left the Cayuga Lake in 1794, and resided ever since in Canada. Himself and three old women were the only survivors of the Cayugas in that settlement.

My friend pointed out on a chart his own native village on the Cayuga. The old Indian's eye lighted up as he recognized the outline of the shore; and he cheerfully communicated much information concerning those old times and localities. He pointed out his birthplace, near the great spring, to which I have already alluded. This remarkable fountain is situated at Union Springs, six miles south of Cayuga Bridge, and being the distinguishing feature of the adjacent region, evidently served as a landmark to the Indians and the early explorers of the country.

Two large streams, employed in propelling several mills, gush perpetually from the soil, but a few rods from the beach, as if designed to furnish a measure of usefulness before mingling with the waters of the lake. The Owasco, but ten miles east of the Cayuga, has an elevation of more than a hundred and fifty feet above the latter. It is supposed by many that the great spring is supplied from that source through a subterranean channel. This, however, is by no means certain. A venerable Quaker, an educated man, and one of the oldest inhabitants of Union Springs, informed me that the above theory is untenable.

Between the Hamilton group, in which the Owasco is imbedded, and the Limestone, from which these springs issue, there are several formations, one of which, the Oriskany sandstone, is not favorable to the existence of a fissure from that lake. The quantity of water is also much diminished in time of drought, which would hardly happen if it came from an elevated reservoir like Owasco Lake. Again, the sulphur that abounds in one of the streams, and not in the other, discredits the idea that they come from the same source.

There are many limestone sinks in the neighborhood into which small streams discharge themselves, and the cavernous nature of that rock leads us to suppose that the springs are supplied from subterranean reservoirs into which the water percolates, or perhaps flows in subterranean channels. The latter are known to exist, and sounds like the flowing of water underground have frequently been heard in the vicinity. It is singular, however, that the springs discharge a greater volume of water when the wind blows down the lake. We revert here to some of the peculiarities of the Iroquois.

It was the interest of the chief priest, or medicine man, with whom the good spirits that so abound in the Indian system were supposed to be in constant communion, and by whose charms and mystic ceremonies the evil spirits were checked and subdued, to inculcate superstition and foster the love of the marvelous peculiar to the wild man of the forest. The office of medicine man secured for him the reverence of the people, who received through his mediation the favor of the Great Spirit, invoked by charms and magic spells. In him, indeed, they saw the type of the benign influence and aid of the supreme power, or the Great Spirit.

Every year, upon an appointed day, the priest performed a sacred service alike in every habitation. At early dawn every fire was extinguished, and every hearth was cold. Ashes and cinders were scattered about, and discomfort and misery seemed everywhere to prevail. With measured step the venerable man entered each wigwam, and with solemn fervor invoked the Great Spirit in behalf of the family. Then striking a light, he kindled a new fire on the domestic altar, with a prayer for the continuance of comfort and prosperity during the year. The lodge was swept, the feast prepared, and peace and joy prevailed. In this manner the bond of allegiance was annually renewed, and religious reverence maintained.

Curious, indeed, were the traditions of the Indians respecting the origin of their race. It was their belief that there existed in the beginning two worlds, one inhabited by man, and the other by monsters living in darkness and deep waters. In the advance of time the lower world was made a proper abode for the human race. To people it a female descended from the

upper world, and found a resting place on the back of a tortoise, where she gave birth to twins. The one was called Usskoss, (good,) the other Tautaokoss, (evil.) Soon after their birth the mother died, when Usskoss converted his mother's head into the sun, moon, and stars. By their genial influences he drove the great monsters to their hiding places in the deep, and checked the ferocity of the lesser monsters.

The tortoise increased rapidly in size, and ultimately formed a great island. Uskoss then made the earth, its hills and valleys, its water courses and lakes, and filled them with game and fish. Finally, he made a man and woman, and named them Ongwee Honwee, the best of people.

While Usskoss was engaged in these beneficent labors, Tautaokoss was equally industrious to undo the work of his brother. He created and increased monsters of frightful form, venomous serpents, and destructive creatures, and especially left no means untried to destroy the man and woman whom Usskoss had placed upon the earth. Disturbed and exasperated by the constant struggle for power, a terrific conflict at last took place, in which Tautaokoss fell, and was hurled from the island into utter darkness.

The triumph of Usskoss enabled him to perfect his intended works. This done, he committed them to the care of the man and woman, and disappeared from the earth. This tradition of the creation of the world is held, with slight variations, by most of the Indian tribes of North America. Each nation, however, has a legend of its own origin at a subsequent period. The Senecas affirm that their tribe originated on Mandowaga Hill, near the head of Canandaigua Lake. It is asserted that the progenitors of the nation came forth from the hill, and dwelt on it for a time in peace and joy. While they were yet few in number a reptile was one day found by the children, and brought within the embankments of their village. There it became the fondled associate of the young, who cherished the creature with tenderness and care. While it was yet harmless the men fed it dayly with game. The serpent, however, grew so rapidly that its increasing appetite soon demanded more food than the whole village could provide. It then went forth to seek its own sustenance.

Sporting in the lake, or ranging the forest, it began to exhibit a degree of power beyond human control, and a propensity to mischief inconsistent with the safety of the people. The latter also became alarmed at the destruction of game, and were induced to seek means to put out of the way a creature which promised to be so troublesome and dangerous in the future. At early dawn on the day appointed for the attack, they descried the monster encircling the hill, its enormous jaws opening as if in defiance, in front of the gateway or passage of their intrenchments.

Undaunted by this formidable foe, they made arrangements for a vigorous sally, previous to which, however, some had attempted to escape by climbing the scaly sides of the monster, but had been thwarted, and thrown back from his wreathing folds. Urged on by hunger, and impatient of restraint, the whole tribe made a vigorous onset, rushing with desperation into his very jaws.

None returned that day to their homes; all fell a sacrifice to the monster, save only one woman and her two little children, who effected their escape. Gorged with his feast, the huge reptile rested for a day and night undisturbed. In terror the woman and her little ones found shelter in the forest. When overcome with sleep a vision warned her to provide arrows of a peculiar form for herself and children; and at the same time she was instructed how to use them.

Carefully complying with the injunction thus received, she sought the monster, which held his watch around the hill. The charmed arrows sped with unerring aim and penetrated beneath the shining scales, reaching the reptile's heart. In agony the creature lashed the steep hillside, breaking down the forest, and plowing deep furrows in the earth. Rolling down the hill-side, it plunged into the lake, and, wild with distress, disgorged its human victims upon the shore with convulsive throes, and, at length exhausted by pain, sank gradually to the bottom of the lake.

On the shores of the Canandaigua, pebbles of the size and shape of a human skull are numerous at this day, which the Indians affirm are the petrified skulls of the "people of the hill" disgorged by the wounded monster. The woman and her children removed to the banks of the Sen-

FALL CREEK, ITHACA.

eca Lake, and from them originated, according to the tradition, the powerful nation of the Senecas.

We might pursue this interesting topic further, but enough has been given to attract the attention of the reader to the traditionary lore of the Iroquois. It is remarkable in how many respects their religious belief corresponds with that of the uncivilized nations of the Old World.

The Senecas, to whom I have just alluded, became in time the most powerful tribe of the Iroquois. In 1770 they were able to bring one thousand warriors into the field, about twice as many as the Cayugas and Onondagas together.

Exceedingly interesting were many of the adventures of the early settlers in Central New York. Here is one related by Mr. Weyburn, which occurred near Taghanic Falls.

As he was returning, one Sunday evening in October, from feeding his horse, on the north side of the ravine, his dog started up a bear and her two cubs. The settler started for a gun, and during his absence the cubs took to a tree, and their mother took a position on the brink of the gulf, with her back against a tree, so as the better to protect herself from the attacks of the dog. On arriving at the spot he fired and broke one of the animal's fore legs, whereupon she retreated into the gulf, and was seen no more that night. In the meantime his wife and two sons, who had followed in pursuit, came to the tree up which the cubs had climbed. The latter, frightened at the report of the gun and the sound of human voices, began to cry in the most plaintive and affecting tones, strongly resembling indeed those of the human voice. The father shot the cubs, when they all returned home. The next morning, thinking that he had killed or severely wounded the bear, he proceeded in quest of her with no better weapon than a pitchfork, for he had expended his last charge of powder the previous evening. He was accompanied by his two sons, one of whom carried along a hatchet. Thus accoutered, and followed by the dog, they arrived near the great fall, when the old man, apprised of the nearness of the enemy by the barking of the dog, ran forward and left the boys in the rear. He intercepted the bear as she was attempting to climb the almost perpendicular wall of the basin, and commenced the attack by giving her three thrusts with the fork. The animal then turned upon him, when he met her with another thrust, which put out one of her eyes and severely tore her tongue

She then rushed furiously upon him. His feet gave way, and as he fell she caught him by the clothes near his breast. At this juncture he was enabled to seize and throw her below himself, which was repeated two or three times in their descent to the bottom of the ravine, though not without several severe bites from the animal upon his legs and arms. At the bottom, in the creek, lay a stone whose front was not unlike the front of a common cooking stove, the water reaching to the top, while four or five feet distant stood a sharp rock. Into this notch it was Mr. Weyburn's good fortune to throw his antagonist, with her feet toward the rock in the stream. In this situation he succeeded in holding the animal, his back to hers, and braced between the rocks, until the son came to his assistance, who struck her a violent blow upon the back with his hatchet. At that moment the father sprung from her and seized the fork. The bear turned toward them with a furious growl and shaking of the head, and when thrust back, recovered and renewed the attack again and again until her strength entirely failed, and she was dispatched by the victors. The blood ran in streams from Mr. Weyburn's wounds.

The surviving pioneers of Central New York relate many curious adventures with these surly denizens of the forest. It was believed that they were attracted by music, and on more than one occasion, when the young people were assembled to sing in the log school-houses, under the instruction of some strolling Yankee teacher of psalmody, Bruin drew nigh as if to enjoy the harmony. The Sunday meetings were often broken up to give chase to the ungainly animal, drawn from his forest retreat by love of music, hunger, or an unwarrantable spirit of adventure. A large tract of land in the southeast part of Cayuga County has, from its early settlement, borne the name of Bear Swamp. Although so sickly that the whole district has been kept in a perpetual earthquake by the shaking of its ague-stricken inhabitants, Bear Swamp has had the honor of giving birth to a President of the United States. Mr. Fillmore is a native of Cayuga County. All honor to the sturdy, high-hearted man who, born in a Bear Swamp cabin, became, by his unassisted energy and good fortune, the chief of the republic.

The woods were filled with the choicest game, and it must have been a splendid sight to see the deer bounding away before the hunter, and the flocks of wild fowl laving in the crystal water of the lakes. The Iroquois could not have selected a more beautiful region for their homes and hunting-grounds. For the same reason the lake country was most tempting to the

RAPIDS OF SENECA RIVER.

PARKE HOTEL, CLIFTON.

early pioneer, but it required an immense expenditure of labor to fell the stately forests and bring the soil under cultivation. I have heard many stories concerning the industry and enterprise of the early settlers, of which the following will serve as a sample.

In the year 1798 the "Big Field," near Levanna, on the Cayuga, containing four hundred and thirty acres of heavily timbered land, was cleared by its proprietor and sown with wheat. This for the time was an extraordinary effort. The crop was estimated at fifteen thousand bushels, but in the absence of the owner, Mr. Richardson, the greater part of it was sold by his creditors, at sheriff's sale, at six cents per bushel, when the current price was one dollar. The affair had been secretly managed, and resulted disastrously for the enterprising settler.

So rapidly did the country fill with emigrants, that in twelve years after the arrival of Mr. Franklin scarcely an Indian was to be seen in the old and favorite haunts of the Iroquois. One can hardly believe that the red men of the forest celebrated their war dances, their corn feasts, and council gatherings there less than seventy years ago.

Half way between Geneva and Canandaigua by the rail is Clifton, one of the most charming watering places in our country, and thronged in summer by persons in quest of health and pleasure. The curative properties of the sulphur spring of Clifton were well known to the Indians.

On this spot, the most delightful in a region remarkable for pleasant scenery, the Senecas were accustomed to encamp and recruit their strength after distant expeditions, and in this way they came to esteem its healing waters quite as highly as ourselves. The early settlers also occasionally resorted to Clifton in pursuit of health, but the spring acquired no great celebrity until Mr. Parke, the present proprietor, erected a commodious hotel and beautified the grounds. It is now one of the most popular summer resorts in New York. The water, so strongly impregnated with sulphur that its odor can be perceived a long distance, gushes forth from the earth in a copious stream. Its principal bases are the sulphates of soda and magnesia, with strong admixtures of the carbonates and chlorides of the same metals. Like all sulphur waters, those of Clifton are especially beneficial in rheu-

matic complaints and cutaneous affections.

It was in the village of Palmyra, Wayne County, that Joseph Smith developed the system of Mormonism. He was born in Vermont, and removed to Western New York about the year 1820, with his parents, who were in humble circumstances. In Palmyra he bore the reputation of a lazy and vulgar young man. People who were acquainted with both the father and the son aver that they were addicted to disreputable habits. They were of doubtful moral character, and appear to have been firm believers in witchcraft. According to the account given by Mr. Barber, in his historical collections, they at one time procured a mineral rod and dug in various places for money. Smith testified that when digging he had seen the pot or chest containing the treasure, but never was so fortunate as to get it into his hands. He placed a singular looking stone in his hat, and by the light of it pretended to make some wonderful discoveries of gold and silver treasures deposited in the earth. He began his career by founding the new sect when about the age of nineteen, and appointed a number of meetings in Palmyra for the purpose of declaring the divine

HEAD OF CANANDAIGUA LAKE.

revelations which he affirmed had been made to himself. He could, however, produce no excitement in the village. On applying to Mr. Crane, an honest Quaker, for means to print the revelations, he was told to go to work, or his career would terminate in the state prison. Young Smith, however, had better success with a Mr. Harris, a wealthy farmer of Palmyra, who became his disciple, and furnished $3,000 for printing a large edition of the Mormon Bible.

According to Smith's story, the golden plates, from which the book of Mormon was transcribed, were discovered by him in a hill-side about three miles south of Palmyra. It is stated by persons in Palmyra, that when he exhibited these plates to his followers they were done up in a kind of canvas bag. Smith made the declaration, that if any person should venture to uncover them the Almighty would strike him dead. He pretended that no one but himself could read what was engraved upon them; and that he was enabled to do so by looking through a peculiar kind of spectacles found buried with the plates.

The last page of the book of Mormon contains the testimony of eight witnesses, and is so remarkable that I give place to its insertion.

"Be it known unto all nations, kindred, tongues, and people, unto whom this book shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jun., the author and proprietor of this work, hath shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many leaves as the said Smith has translated we did handle with our hands, and we also saw the engravings thereof, all of which had the appearance of ancient work and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and *hefted*, and know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world that which we have seen, and we lie not, God bearing witness of it."

The truth of the matter is, that the book of Mormon was written as a religious romance in the old English phraseology, by an invalided clergyman of Cherry Valley. Joseph Smith, by some fortunate means, obtained possession of the same, and put it forth to the world as the Mormon Bible, purporting to be an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, which are a remnant of the house of Israel, written to the Samanites, and also to Jew and Gentile, by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and revelation.

Smith soon made a few converts in Palmyra, and then moved west, the more successfully to carry on his imposition. His subsequent career and the history of his sect are too well known to be enlarged upon in this connection. It is not improbable that the historian of future times will designate the founder of the sect of Mormon as the most remarkable man in the first half of the nineteenth century.

THE ROCK-CITY AND ITS EXPLORERS.

LESS than fifty years ago the ruined rock-city, whose extraordinary remains it is our purpose to describe and illustrate in the present article, was utterly unknown to European nations. The foot of no civilized traveler had strayed, even by accident, into its deserted streets, and only the faintest echoes of its secret marvels had reached the ears of the pilgrim as he passed beneath the shadow of Mount Hor. Tales of strange import had certainly been current among the wild Bedouin tribes infesting the surrounding region; but they were invariably received with incredulity by the few Franks who, under their guidance, trod the inhospitable pathways of Arabia Petræa. It was in the autumn of the year memorable for the disastrous retreat of Napoleon from Moscow that Petra first disclosed the well-guarded vestiges of its ancient magnificence to the eye of a modern European. How this discovery took place is worthy of narration.

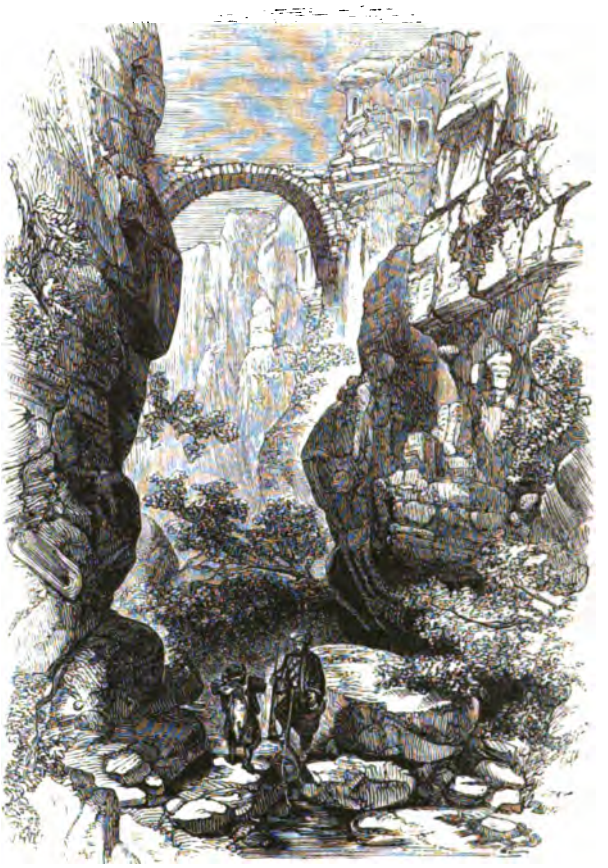
Early on a morning toward the close of August, 1812, before the sun had begun to glare fiercely upon the wilderness once traversed by the liberated Hebrews, two men, attired as Arabs, might have been seen quitting Eldjy, a small village picturesquely situated near the entrance of Wady Mûsa, or the Valley of Moses. One of them, who was evidently acting as guide to the other, carried on his back a goat, while his companion, who was addressed as Sheikh Ibrahim, bore with him a skin of water. Any one in a position to overhear their conversation would have gathered the fact that the strange sheikh was bound for Mount Hor, under a professed vow to sacrifice the goat to Aaron, a superstitious rite with which the Bedouins seek to propitiate the favor of the first high priest of Israel, for whom they entertain an extraordinary veneration. Presently they reach and enter the ravine represented in our engraving, along which they with difficulty make their way for nearly two miles.

At length the precipitous sides of the valley gradually widen and expand, until the intruders upon these profound solitudes find themselves in the midst of an extensive area, shut in on all sides by an amphitheater of hills, and dotted over in every direction with ruins, the skeleton remains of an extinct city of the past. The faces of the rocks, too, were observed to be everywhere excavated into caverns, tombs, and temples, some of them displaying, even after long centuries of decay, the most classic taste and the most gorgeous architectural magnificence. The eye of the sheikh was eagerly, yet furtively turned on all these spectacles of departed grandeur; he even occasionally, though with timid, hesitating step, ventured within some of the mighty rock-hewn temples and palaces that overlooked his path. It was clear, however, that he was acting under some restraint; his impulses and his dread of danger were manifestly in a state of distressing conflict. The distrustful and anxious glances which

he ever and anon cast upon his companion, who seemed to be totally uninterested by all he saw, proved that he was in some way connected with these secret misgivings.

At length, on the sheikh turning aside to examine more narrowly one of the principal monuments, the suspicious guide exclaims: "I see now clearly that you are an infidel, who have particular business among the ruins of your forefathers; but, depend upon it, that we shall not suffer you to take a single para of all the treasures hidden therein, for they are in our territory, and belong to us."

Alarmed by this threat, Sheikh Ibrahim seeks to allay the suspicions of his guide, and earnestly protests that it is curiosity alone which prompts him to look at the ancient wonders around him, and that he has no other object in view in visiting Wady Mûsa than to sacrifice to Aaron. After this explanation, they proceed onward until the decline of the sun warns them that the day is rapidly departing. Mount Hor is still at considerable distance, and it being clearly impossible to reach the tomb before nightfall, it is resolved to pause on a platform of the mountain, known as "Aaron's Terrace," and there immolate the victim. Here, then, in sight of the tomb, the goat is killed. As the blood begins to flow, the guide, in a fit of pious fervor, exclaims in a loud voice, "O Haroun, look upon us! it is for you we slaughter this victim. O Haroun, protect us and forgive us! O Haroun, be content with our good intentions, for it is but a lean goat! O Haroun, smooth our paths; and praise be to the Lord of all creatures." The sacrifice accomplished, the pair hastily return by the way they came, their retreat being accelerated by the dread of robbers, who prowl about in the recesses and labyrinths of the rocks.



PETRA; OR, THE ROCK CITY.

The Sheikh Ibrahim of this romantic and hazardous adventure was none other than the celebrated Burckhardt, a man whom we may designate the pioneer of Eastern travel. To facilitate his researches in regions which fifty years ago were almost inaccessible to Europeans, he adopted the costume and simulated the character of an Arab from Damascus.

Stimulated by the reports of the extraordinary monuments of Wady Mûsa, which reached his ears on approaching the Arabian peninsula, he felt anxious to explore that realm of old-world marvels, and judge how far its fame was indebted to an Oriental habit of exaggeration.

Accordingly, he pretended to have made a vow to slaughter a goat in honor of Aaron, whose tomb could only be reached by passing through the ancient city. In resorting to this censurable deception he calculated upon the superstitious reverence of his guide for the saint; nor was he mistaken, for the Arab at once acquiesced in the proposal, and accompanied him on his errand as we have seen. The only reward which the poor traveler was able to offer to the guide for his fatiguing journey was a pair of old horse shoes.

Taking into account the circumstances of restraint and terror under which Burckhardt made his hasty observations, his notices of the remains of Petra are surprisingly accurate. The publication of his description at once produced an excitement throughout Europe, almost equal to the sensation more recently created by the resurrection of Nineveh.

In 1828 Count Laborde, accompanied by M. Linant, passed the rocky barriers, but not without encountering much hostility. The success in this instance arose, in a great measure, from the popularity of the latter gentleman with the Arabs, who had become acquainted with him through his long residence in Egypt, and who on this occasion treated them with great liberality. Nor was this visit barren of results; for it is to the wonderful industry of Laborde, during the short time spent amid the fallen monuments of Petra, that the public are indebted for the first pictorial representations of the wonders of the place.

Eight years after this visit, Stephens, the American traveler, when on his way from Egypt to Palestine, turned aside to see this great sight, and contrived to penetrate to the city without encountering any opposition from the natives; indeed, he and his party fortunately saw only one Arab during the day and night which they spent there.

Almost close upon the footsteps of Stephens, at the close of May, 1838, came Dr. Robinson and his companions, with five camels, hired at Hebron. During the night succeeding their arrival they were beset by a troop of ragged, wild-looking Arabs, headed by "The Father of Olives," the identical old sheikh who, twenty years before, had so obstinately resisted the progress of Irby and Mangles. They had come to exact the fee imposed on all travelers visiting their territories. This Dr. Robinson refused to pay, on the plea that Mohammed Ali had abolished all such extortions.

Then ensued fierce gesticulations, brandishing of swords, firing of muskets, and other measures of intimidation. All attempts at a compromise failed, the greedy old chief being bent on enforcing his exorbitant demands. To avoid bloodshed Dr. Robinson retreated by the way he entered, after a very partial examination of the wonders of the scene.

Bertou, who had been to Petra only a few weeks earlier, had not escaped so easily from the clutches of the stubborn old savage, he having been stripped of all he had, including powder, tobacco, soap, etc.

The next year, 1839, saw Mr. Roberts wandering amid these hoary relics of the past, and sketching those incomparable views, which will ever associate his name with the moldering capital of Edom. He got off by paying three hundred piasters, instead of one thousand.

A year later, and these solemn solitudes were again invaded by a large company of sixteen individuals, consisting of Englishmen, Americans, and Germans, with their attendants, and some fifty camels. Among this imposing caravan was Dr. Olin, whose description of the visit, in his volume of "Travels," is remarkably graphic and accurate. The tax paid to the Arabs by this party for permission to examine the ruins was commuted to seventy-five piasters each, or twelve hundred in all.

Next to the gratification of actually visiting any site of great interest, is the pleasure experienced in perusing the descriptions of such a visit by others. There are few persons possessed of a spirit of adventure and a love of travel, whose hearts would not leap at the prospect of a tour to Petra, and who would not cheerfully brave all the fatigues and risks of such an undertaking for the sake of the wondrous sights which it would enable them to contemplate, and the glorious memories which it would help them to treasure up. As such a pilgrimage, however, is too costly, both as regards time and money, to be within the reach of more than a few individuals of ample means and leisure, those who are compelled to stay at home may well be grateful for any account of the place, sufficiently graphic to enable them to realize

its wonders. This secondary pleasure we purpose to afford our readers, if they will for a brief period bear us company. For the illustration of the more prominent features and monuments of Petra, we shall be indebted, more or less, to the works of those explorers whose adventurous visits we have just reviewed. If our imaginary expedition lack the romantic accessories of excitement, and surprises, and blood-stirring disputes with the sordid natives, it will at least possess the recommendation of being quite free from danger, and will cost us less than a single piaster per head.

For many years after the discovery of the rock-girt metropolis of Idumea, it was believed that there was only one avenue by which access could be obtained to the central area. This impression was fostered by the Arab guides who accompanied the earlier travelers. The idea was confirmed, too, by the testimony of Diodorus. The different directions, however, from which subsequent visitors have entered the heart of the amphitheater, disprove the accuracy of the statement. For instance, Dr. Olin seems to have made his way into Petra over or through the southern hills, which are here not so lofty or abrupt as to be impassable. Miss Martineau, we may infer from her narrative, entered by the same difficult passage. This intrepid lady says: "Finding that we were not to arrive by the entrance which Laborde declared to be the only one, (the Sîk,) I determined not to dismount, in order to ascertain whether there really was more than one entrance practicable for beasts of burden. I entered Petra first, after the guide, and can testify to the practicable character of this entrance, as I did not alight until we reached the platform above the water-course." Bartlett, also, coming from Mount Hor, evidently penetrated by the same narrow, rugged pass.

Besides this southern portal, there is another means of ingress from the north, traversed by Dr. Olin, on his return to the area of the city, after exploring the Sîk and the wild rocky region beyond its mouth in an easterly direction. "In returning to Petra," he remarks, "our guide led us through another deep and wild ravine, which enters the northern extremity of the town. The way is narrow and precipitous, and practicable only for foot passengers. The mountains north of us resemble a cyclopean city of domes, and the rock is of gray sandstone, which gives them a hoary and venerable aspect. In some parts of this route, immense masses of rock, which have fallen from the higher regions of the mountains, stand reclining against each other on the sides of the ravine, forming covered ways, under which we passed. With the exception of a few inconsiderable excavations, or niches, in the face of the mountain, we discovered no marks of art or industry, besides an aqueduct, extending the whole length of this wild valley."

But it is by neither of these avenues that we propose to enter the city. The grandest approach by far is from the east, known as the Sîk. Transporting ourselves thither in imagination, without the intervention of Arab guides, let us commence the exploration of this fearful pass, making an industrious use of our eyes as we pass along. About two miles distant, in an easterly direction, from the site of the old city, then, we find ourselves at the entrance of a narrow valley, shut in by sandstone cliffs, of no great height at first. This is one of the extensively ramified suburbs of Petra, and it gives us a foretaste of the antiquarian riches of the place. The tombs at once arrest our attention. See here, on our right hand, is an excavation, with a court in front, flanked by small galleries, resting on Doric columns. There is quite an Egyptian air about it, too; for on either side of the entrance into this court is a huge statue of a couchant sphinx or lion: they are too defaced to enable us to determine which. But we must not linger here.

Passing the façades of several sepulchers, which anywhere else would be objects of great curiosity, we pause before three tombs, very similar to the monuments named after Absalom and Zechariah, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. They consist of isolated masses of rock, which have been detached from the adjacent cliffs, having their sides chiseled into pilasters, pediments, and other decorations. There are excavations in the interior to contain the sarcophagi. Still advancing, we come to other remarkable repositories of the dead—one with a front of six Ionic columns, flanked by chambers—and another, high above it in the face of the cliff, bearing as an ornament four sculptured pyramids, still clinging to the living rock out of which they were hewn.

And now, after passing a while along this once populous street of tombs, we reach a spot where the valley, which has been gradually contracting its width, suddenly expands into a soft green area, adorned here and there with grass and shrubs. Emerging into this snug bosom of the rocks, we can at first discern no outlet except the one by which we have approached. Following the brook, which has hitherto been our wayside companion, however, we perceive at length, in the opposite wall of rock, a narrow cleft, through which the gurgling waters disappear. Here, then, shrouded by a little thicket of wild figs and oleanders, is the opening of the terrific chasm which anciently formed the only avenue to the city on this side.

A kind of awe settles upon the spirit as we enter the strange portal, which seems to shut us out from the living world. A dim, rock-strewn, almost subterranean road is before us; a veritable "valley of the shadow of death." A few paces only beyond the entrance of the Sîk, a noble but decaying arch springs from one precipice to the other, and excites the astonishment of the beholder. The sides, as may be seen in our engraving, are enriched with niches and pilasters. Whether it were reared to commemorate some great exploit, or merely as an ornament over the gateway of this marvelous city, it is impossible to say. It is too narrow to have been a bridge, and too steep to have been an aqueduct. Its effect is highly picturesque and imposing. It has generally been deemed inaccessible; but Dr. Olin discovered some ancient steps cut in the rock, and masked by a thicket of shrubs and bushes, by which he was enabled to reach the summit, and examine the construction of the arch. In this elevated region, the same traveler observed traces of gardens, with remains of the gutters by which they were once irrigated.

No very keen eye is required to perceive that this passage, though now encumbered with thickets of oleander and fig, and fragments of rock, was once kept open with scrupulous care in the prosperous days of Petra. The waters of the brook, which now wander at their own will through the whole course of the ravine, were once conveyed along a channel elaborately hollowed in the rock. Vestiges of this ancient conduit still exist, as also of aqueducts and pipes, by which the water was alike collected and distributed. During heavy rains, when a desolating torrent would have swept along this gorge, provision was probably made to carry the surplus waters away in different directions; indeed, the explorations of travelers have clearly shown this to have been the case. The bottom of the pass was anciently paved with large square stones, in which, in places, ruts have been worn by Idumean chariot-wheels, in their passage to and from the capital.

Ah! how instinctively the imagination rushes backward toward those long-vanished centuries, when up this pass came long trains of camels, laden with the silks, muslins, spices, and ivory of India, the gold of Ophir, the pearls of Arabia, amber and apes from Abyssinia, and the other luxuries of the rich East. Through this avenue tramped the servants of King Solomon, on their way to and from Eziongeber, his commercial port on the Red Sea. Nearly all the traffic of those old times passed through Petra, which was an immense dépôt and exchange for the merchandise of the East and of the West

But see! what is that vision of architectural beauty which breaks upon us, from between the gray, perpendicular walls of the chasm, along which we must have proceeded now for more than a mile? Surely, it must be the celebrated Khusne, or Treasury of Pharaoh, in whose praise all travelers are so eloquent. At first only glimpses of the façade and pediments, and statues are seen, every turn in the road disclosing some new feature, until, on reaching the abrupt termination of the ravine, the entire front of the exquisite edifice bursts upon the view. It stands on a slightly elevated area fronting the principal approach to Petra, thus blocking up the way in that direction by what has been felicitously called a "barrier of enchantment." The position of the structure is wonderfully fine, and the chiselings are surprisingly fresh and beautiful. The architects of Petra, as Mr. Bartlett has remarked, must have had an excellent eye for the picturesque; and with consummate skill have they here availed themselves of the level face of a vast cliff, to dazzle the stranger, as he emerged from the long shady chasm opposite, with the most beautiful of their rock-hewn monuments. Most fortunate, too, were they in

the material upon which they had to work, for the exquisite rosy tint of the stone, contrasting with the gloomy masses around, adds to the beauty of the architecture.

Nor are we extravagant and singular in our admiration. The sober-minded Dr. Robinson, fresh from Rome, Greece, and Egypt, was moved to unwonted enthusiasm in recording his impressions of the spectacle; and Stephens writes of this "thing of beauty" as being to him "a joy forever."

Having surveyed the richly embellished exterior, let us enter. Ascending several broad steps, we cross the colonnade and gain access to a large chamber, of some fifty-four feet square and twenty-five feet high. In striking contrast with the outward decorations, the interior is quite plain. On each of the three sides is a small chamber, apparently for the reception of the dead. Behind this is an inner apartment, on the back wall of which, as our eyes become inured in the dim light, we trace the names of numerous travelers, who have left this memorial of their visit.

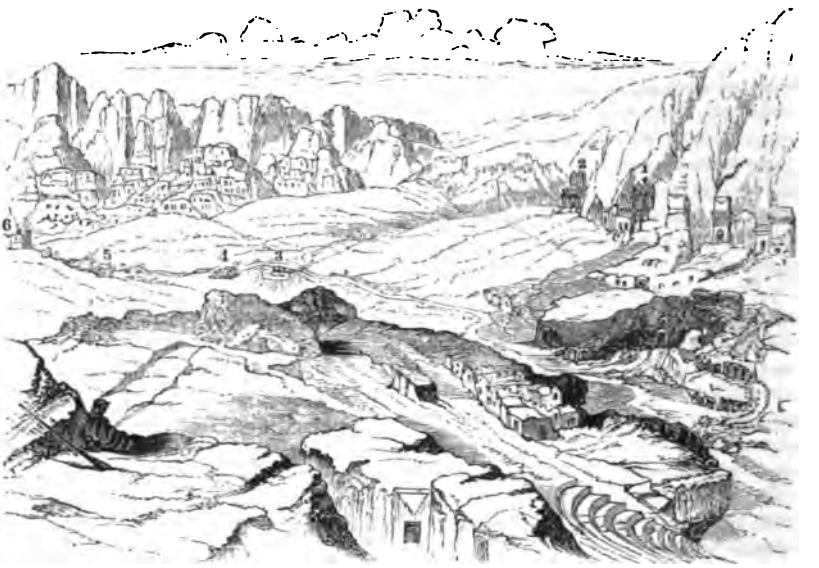
But we must linger here no longer. Other sights await us. The ravine, which seems as if it had just opened to afford a suitable situation for this beautiful monument, now closes again for a while, and the cliffs become less lofty. Our way now turns to the right, which we pursue, following the course of the stream. Sepulchers in abundance, some of them decorated with pilasters, and half covered with wild vegetation, look down upon us from the rocks on either hand.

At length the defile widens, and presently a strange wonder greets our eyes. Why here, as we make a sudden bend to the left, we actually come upon a THEATER, hewn out of the bosom of the mountain. This gathering-place of Idumean pleasure lovers is in good preservation, nearly all the rock-seats being almost entire. It has thirty-three rows of seats, ranged in a semicircular form, open to the valley, and could easily accommodate five thousand persons at a time. There are remains visible of a row of columns which formerly extended along the front, opposite the street. High in the overhanging rock, immediately behind the theater, are several excavations, which some have conjectured were galleries where persons of distinction sat to listen to the performances. They were, however, ill adapted to such a purpose, and were, far more probably, tombs made before the theater was constructed. This vast area was open to the heavens, like the theaters of Greece and Rome, and the audience looked full upon the sepulchers which confronted them on the opposite cliffs. It was a strange taste which chose these gloomy environs as the arena of amusement and merriment.

The precipices at the back of the theater are hollowed in innumerable chambers, access to most of which may be obtained by flights of steps leading from the upper benches. Anxious to secure a good bird's-eye view of the city, into whose bosom we are now penetrating, we ascend one of the rugged flights of stairs leading to a lofty crag. The climb is toilsome and dangerous; but at length we have reached the summit; and, O! how magnificent the sight that bursts upon our gaze! From this spot the accompanying plan of the city is taken.

Look abroad. Far below on the right hand flows the stream, which, winding round the rocky point, crosses the open area in front, and then disappears in a cleft among the piles of rock on the opposite side. The principal buildings of the city stood along the banks of this brook, and the chief surviving edifices may be seen on the left hand, near its point of disappearance. Heaps of ruins, scattered to the north and south, show that the edifices of the primitive city covered these spots. But see the immense masses of rock which rise, like frowning fortresses, on the right of the picture, the lower parts of which are perforated with sepulchers. The left hand range is pierced by different ravines, and is also dotted with innumerable tombs —a region of death, looking down upon what was once a vast and crowded hive of noisy life far below. So that on all sides, if we are right in supposing that all these excavations were originally sepulchers, the inhabitants of this unparalleled city beheld the habitations of their dead engirdling them round.

But it is time to descend from our eyrie, that we may examine more minutely a few of those multitudinous excavations, whose imposing facades arrest and rivet attention. The task is done, and we find ourselves again within the embrace of the theater. Crossing the brook, by the aid of some fragments of ruin, we make for the great



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PETRA FROM THE BACK OF THE THEATER.

range of temples and tombs which appears on the right hand side of our sketch. On our way we pause a while to explore some of the excavations that thicken around our path as we advance. Animated discussions have often taken place among travelers as to whether these rock chambers were originally designed as tombs for the dead or dwellings for the living. In most cases, it is very difficult to determine the point, since very few instances are on record of the discovery of any human remains. Some of these caverns, however, were clearly sepulchers, since pits are still visible in which the dead had been laid; while others were as certainly dwellings.

Pursuing our onward course, along the eastern range, the next object of special interest is a structure which, like the Khûsne, is crowned with an urn, (marked 1 in the plan,) battered and mutilated by the bullets of the natives. As a specimen of architecture, it is very singular and unique. Its base springs from an artificial platform about one hundred feet above the level of the valley. Amid the masses of ruins which have accumulated here, we can discern five stupendous arches of solid masonry; and behind them are several chambers cut out of the mountain. Above this rises the great temple or tomb. Having clambered to the top of these heaps of ruins, we step from them upon a broad platform, which is flanked by two galleries, twelve feet deep, supported by columns, and which run back to the front of the main apartment. The front of the edifice is adorned with four magnificent pilasters. There is a window over the ample doorway, and others between the columns. Let us enter. The interior, we at once perceive, though without embellishment, is in an excellent state of preservation, and still bears the marks of the chisel in every part. It has six recesses in the wall; and another large chamber adjoining it, into which we return to peep, has eighteen grave-like depressions sunk in the floor. But that for which this tomb is so justly celebrated is the splendid tinting of the rocks of which it is formed. The ceiling of the main hall is magnificent beyond description. In its northern half a brilliant deep red is the predominant hue, intermingled, however, with deep blue, azure, white, and purple.

The blue is usually the pale azure of the clear sky or of the ocean, but sometimes has the deep and peculiar shade of the clouds in summer when agitated by a tempest. It is more easy to imagine than describe the effect of tall, graceful columns exhibiting these exquisite colors in their succession of regular horizontal strata.

They are displayed to still greater advantage in the walls and ceilings of some of the excavations where there is a slight dip in the strata. This gives, in the perpendicular sides of an excavation, greater breadth and freedom to the exhibition of colors, while in the ceiling of a chamber the harmonious blending of the tints is indescribably beautiful.

We now approach what is known as the CORINTHIAN TOMB, of which we give a representation. Its magnificent façade rises to a great height, and forms two stories, richly adorned with columns, entablature, and pediment. The upper story is composed of three beautiful porches or miniature temples. The porches are separated by recesses or deep niches, which were probably occupied by statuary.

Adjoining this tomb is another immense façade. Springing from a broad platform of rock the front rises to a height of eighty or ninety feet. It is ornamented with a number of massive columns, between which there are four entrances. The peculiar character of the architectural ornaments will be seen to the left in the accompanying sketch.

The two façades to which our attention has just been directed are among the finest in Petra. Their position, too, is favorable, commanding as they do the entire area of the city, so that they must have been visible from the chief thoroughfares and resorts of the citizens. The cliff out of which they are formed, and which towers high above them, is itself a magnificent object, and, indeed, it appears, at the first glance of the eye along its ample bosom, to be an immense and gorgeously decorated palace.

A glance at the plan will show our position. (See figure 2.) The face of the eastern cliffs continues to exhibit excavations as far as the eye can distinguish. Looking northward, the broken surface of the ground rises until it terminates in considerable elevations at a distance of about half a mile. Numerous dark fissures cleave this mountain range, many of which, according to the testimony of travelers, are crowded with the caverns of the dead. As time would fail us for the exploration of these wild defiles, which resemble in their general features the ravine we have already traversed, we give up the attempt, and turn off on the left hand toward the center of the old city.

The area outspread before us is undulating and very uneven, and not unlike the interior of some old quarry. From the top of some of the mounds over which we are climbing, we can detect a stream coming down from the northern ravines to join the ancient river that crosses the area of Petra. We reach it at a point where it was anciently spanned by a bridge, the ruins of which are still traceable.

Proceeding along the bank of the stream, we gain an idea of the early populousness of the city from the multitudinous fragments that everywhere encumber the spot. In places, large heaps of remains show where some palace or temple has moldered away. At the junction of the two streams are the ruins of another immense bridge, by the aid of which we contrive to transport ourselves to the left side of the river. Here we find ourselves on the site of all the principal public edifices of Petra; and grand and stately must they have looked in the palmy days of Idumea's prosperity and commercial glory.

Climbing up the terraced side of the stream, we reach a spacious platform, which will be seen indicated in the plan. (Figure 3.) This is, perhaps, the largest level space that will be found in the city. It is sheltered on two sides by rocks, about twenty feet in height, the faces of which have been smoothed by art. The eastern side is formed by a massive wall, in good preservation. The remaining side was once inclosed, also, by some barrier, of which a mound of rubbish and a part of the foundation stones still mark the direction and extent. This great platform was certainly a place of public resort; probably the Forum of Petra. The spacious bridge by which we have just crossed gave access from the northern side of the river, and two decayed staircases still exist by which the multitude ascended to this theater of business or pleasure. Several pedestals and an immense prostrate column still mark the unquestionable position of a colonnade—the magnificent entrance to the Forum, fronting the north, and standing immediately above the bridge, from which it separated by a broad paved thoroughfare, that extended from the eastern entrance by the Sîk through the most central and splendid portion of the city. It was on this platform that Dr. Olin and his large party encamped during their sojourn in this city of the dead.

THE CORINTHIAN TOMB.

But we must not linger even here, attractive as the spot is both to the antiquarian and the student of history. The banks of the stream, and especially the southern one, teem with memorials of past grandeur. A little to the west of what is supposed to be the Forum, we come upon some extensive ruins, which probably belonged to a temple, or to a place devoted to public business or amusement. They will be found marked (4) in the plan. The ground is covered with fragments of columns not less than five feet in diameter. Twelve of these, whose pedestals still remain in their places, once adorned either side of this stately edifice. Other massive pillars, also now prostrate on the ground, stood in the front and rear of the building. The site is bounded on the south by a nearly semicircular bulwark of rock, excavated by art.

But see! what have we here? Excepting the solitary pillar, just noticed, keeping watch through the ages over the scene of its pristine glory, all the architectural marvels we have been contemplating have been carved out of the living rocks—not reared. It would seem as if the hurricane of Divine wrath had swept through the doomed city, and hurled down all its edifices in one indiscriminate ruin. But here, at least, we have an exception to the nearly universal prostration. In front of us there springs part of an arch, commonly known among travelers as the Triumphal Arch. (Figure 5.) It is constructed in a late and florid style of architecture. Under it are three passages; and a number of pedestals of columns, as well as other fragments, suggest the idea that a very magnificent colonnade was connected with it.

Passing under the arch, and along the paved platform which extends beyond, we are speedily brought to an immense structure of mason-work, to which this colonnade was, no doubt, intended as an approach. This dilapidated edifice is believed to have been a palace, and among the Arabs is called Kusr Pharoon, or Pharaoh's Castle. (Figure 6.) The walls are nearly entire, and, on the eastern side, are still surmounted by a handsome cornice. The front, which looks toward the north, was beautified with a row of columns, four of which are still standing. An open piazza extended the whole length of the building. In the rear of this piazza are three apartments, the principal of which is under a noble arch, about forty feet in height. Joists of wood may, in different parts, be seen, let in between the courses of stone, which were no doubt intended to receive the fastenings for ornaments of wood or stucco. The distribution of the interior into chambers and stories seems to show conclusively that it was not a temple, but rather a public edifice of a different character, or a private palace.

One other task remains, and then our pleasant expedition will be ended. Far away from hence, in a northwestern direction, and situated among the topmost crags of yonder mountains, like the eyrie of the eagle, is a rock-hewn temple, called El Deir, (the convent) which we must visit ere we depart from these scenes. The approach to this acropolis of the city is singularly difficult, wild, and romantic.

At one moment we are hidden among precipices, darkened with large yew-trees; then, through openings in the cliffs, we obtain peeps of the area of the city below, with its girdle of tombs. The way becomes more and more difficult as we ad-

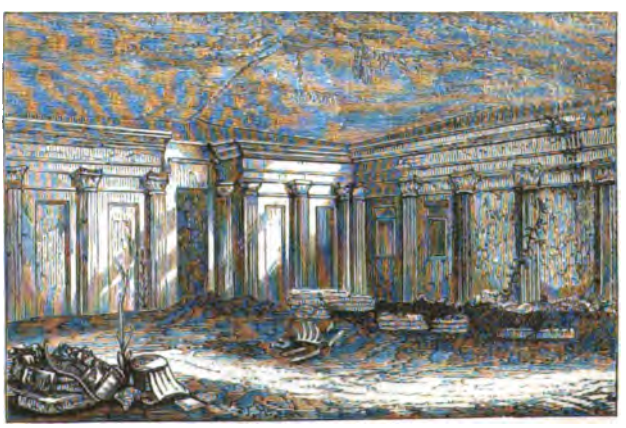
vance; passing along the edge of yawning chasms, the depths of which cannot be seen from above, while the intricate wilderness of rocky peaks, rising in all directions, affords a sublime spectacle.

"There it is!" is the exclamation that joyfully escapes our lips, as we suddenly emerge upon a beautiful green area of two acres or more, at the back of which stands the edifice of which we are in quest. El Deir, however, is more remarkable for its startling position than for its architectural beauties. It is a gigantic monument, excavated from the face of a towering cliff, and producing, from its vastness and the wildness of its situation, an impression almost of awe; but it is very defective in style, for it is ponderous without grandeur, and elaborate without elegance. The interior resembles in its plainness the monuments already examined, consisting merely of one large chamber, with a recess or chapel at the extremity, reached by four steps. Here, where crowds of Edomites probably once congregated to join in their religious rites, the flocks of the Bedouin are now sheltered, for the temple has been degraded into a sheepfold.

Gazing abroad upon the desolations of the fallen city, we cannot fail to discern the inscriptions of Divine retribution alike upon tomb, and temple, and palace. Nothing can exceed the desolation of its present condition, although the signs of its former wealth and power are so durable as to have remained many centuries after it was deserted, and they look as if as many more may pass over them without working any visible change. The fulfillment of the prophecies has been most wonderful; for although it was beyond the foresight of man to imagine that so opulent and powerful a city should be deserted and desolate, yet all human works and habitations are subject to a like fate; but the memorable words, "I will make thee small among the heathen," have been actually accomplished to such a degree that the very site of Petra itself was for many centuries unknown.

That a great city should be thus swept from the memory of man, and blotted out for a long season from the knowledge of the world, is a most striking manifestation of the truth of the prophetic record, and utterly exceeded all human foresight and sagacity. But every step in this region exhibits some wonderful accomplishment of the doom which was pronounced while it was flowing with riches and teeming with inhabitants; every specific misfortune has overtaken this devoted kingdom, and yet there are innumerable remains of what it once was.

Taking out our pocket Bible, and searching for the denunciations uttered against this once proud capital, we are astonished at the literal accuracy with which they have been fulfilled; and the remarkable words of Stephens, suggested by a similar survey to ours, rush to our minds; and with their citation we will close this narrative. "I would," he says, "that the skeptic could stand, as I did, among the ruins of this city amid the rocks, and there open the sacred book, and read the words of the inspired penman, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking with fear, as the ruined city cries out to him in a voice loud and powerful as that of one risen from the dead: though he would not believe Moses and the prophets, he believes the handwriting of God himself in the desolation and eternal ruin around him."



INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE TOMBS OR DWELLINGS.

RUDIGER.

THIS beautiful poem, the production of Robert Southey, was written by him in 1796, the year that gave birth to other ballads, fruits of the same powerful and fertile mind. Although termed an English ballad, it cannot, in fact, be regarded as such in either character, construction, or reference to the scene in which it is laid. The poet himself, in his preface, gives us the best idea of what Rudiger is. He says: "Divers princes and noblemen being assembled in a beautiful and fair palace, which was situate upon the River Rhine, they beheld a boat, or small barge, make toward the shore, drawn by a swan with a silver chain, the one end fastened about her neck, the other to the vessel; and in it an unknown soldier, a man of a comely personage and graceful presence, who stepped upon the shore; which done, the boat, guided by the swan, left him, and floated down the river. This man fell

afterward in love with a pretty gentlewoman, married her, and by her had many children. After some years the same swan came with the same barge into the same place; the soldier, entering into it, was carried thence the way he came, left wife, children, and family, and was never seen among them after."

Bright on the mountain's heathy slope
The day's last splendors shine,
And, rich with many a radiant hue,
Gleam gayly on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the river stroll'd,
As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream
The ev'ning gales came cold.

So as they stray'd a swan they saw
Sail stately up and strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along,

Whose streamer to the gentle breeze
Long floating flutter'd light,
Beneath whose crimson canopy
There lay reclined a knight.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly up the parting tide
The little boat came on.

And onward to the shore they drew,
Where having left the knight,
The little boat adown the stream
Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls
Could with this stranger vie;
Was never a youth at aught esteem'd
When Rudiger was by.

Was never a maid in Waldhurst's walls
Might match with Margaret;
Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dark,
Her silken locks like jet.

And many a rich and noble youth
Had strove to win the fair;
But never a rich and noble youth
Could rival Rudiger.

At every tilt and tourney he
Still bore away the prize;
For knightly feats superior still,
And knightly courtesies.

His gallant feats, his looks, his love,
Soon won the willing fair;
And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning dreams of happiness
Fast roll'd the months away;
For he was kind and she was kind,
And who so bless'd as they?

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit
Absorb'd in silent thought,
And his dark downward eye would seem
With anxious meaning fraught:

But soon he raised his locks again,
And smiled his cares away,
And 'mid the hall of gayety
Was none like him so gay.

And onward roll'd the waning months—
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret her Rudiger
Hail'd with a father's name.

But silently did Rudiger
The little infant see;
And darkly on the babe he gazed—
A gloomy man was he.

And when to bless the little babe
The holy father came,
To cleanse the stains of sin away
In Christ's redeeming name,

Then did the cheek of Rudiger
Assume a death-pale hue,
And on his clammy forehead stood
The cold convulsive dew;

And falt'ring in his speech, he bade
The priest the rites delay,
Till he could, to right health restored,
Enjoy the festive day.

When o'er the many-tinted sky
He saw the day decline,
He call'd upon his Margaret
To walk beside the Rhine;

"And we will take the little babe,
For soft the breeze that blows,
And the mild murmurs of the stream
Will lull him to repose."*

And so together forth they went;
The evening breeze was mild,
And Rudiger upon his arm
Pillow'd the little child.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the banks did roam;
But soon the evening wind came cold,
And all betook them home.

Yet Rudiger in silent mood
Along the banks would roam,
Nor aught could Margaret prevail
To turn his footsteps home.

"O turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
The rising mists behold,
The evening wind is damp and chill,
The little babe is cold!"

* "Now who can judge this to be other than one of those spirits that are named Incubi?" says Thomas Heywood, in his "Notes to the Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels," a poem printed by Adam Islip in 1635. "I have adopted his story," writes Southey, "but not his solution, making the unknown soldier not an evil spirit, but one who had purchased happiness of a malevolent being, by the promised sacrifice of his first-born child." Southey has borrowed themes of other ballads from this quaint old writer; one in particular, "Donica," who moved about the world many years after she was dead, eating and drinking, "although very sparingly," and indicating the absence of the soul only by "a deep paleness on her countenance." At length a magician coming by where she was, in the company of other virgins, as soon as he beheld her he said, "Fair maids, why keep you company with this dead virgin, whom you suppose to be alive?" when taking away the magic charm which was hid under her arm, the body fell down lifeless and without motion.

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
The mists will do no harm,
And from the wind the little babe
Lies shelter'd on my arm."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
Why onward wilt thou roam?
The moon is up, the night is cold,
And we are far from home."

He answer'd not, for now he saw
A swan come sailing strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along.

To shore they came, and to the boat
Fast leap'd he with the child,
And in leap'd Margaret—breathless now,
And pale with fear and wild.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly down the rapid tide
The little boat went on.

The full-orb'd moon, that beam'd around
Pale splendor through the night,
Cast through the crimson canopy
A dim, discolor'd light;

And swiftly down the hurrying stream
In silence still they sail,
And the long streamer fluttering fast
Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And he was mute in sullen thought,
And she was mute with fear;
Nor sound but of the parting tide
Broke on the list'ning ear.

The little babe began to cry,
Then Margaret raised her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice
"Give me the child!" she said.

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
Nor my poor heart distress!
I do but pay perforce the price
Of former happiness.

"And hush thee too, my little babe!
Thy cries so feeble cease:
Lie still, lie still; a little while
And thou shalt be at peace."

So as he spake to land they drew,
And swift he stepp'd on shore,
And him behind did Margaret
Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate,
Nor house nor tree was there;
And there a rocky mountain rose,
Barren, and bleak, and bare.

And at its base a cavern yawn'd,
No eye its depth might view,
For in the moonbeam shining round
That darkness darker grew.

Cold horror crept through Margaret's blood,
Her heart it paused with fear,
When Rudiger approach'd the cave,
And cried, "Lo, I am here!"

A deep sepulchral sound the cave
Return'd, "Lo, I am here!"
And black from out the cavern gloom
Two giant arms appear.

And Rudiger approach'd, and held
The little infant nigh:
Then Margaret shriek'd, and gather'd then
New powers from agony.

And round the baby fast and close
Her trembling arms she folds,
And with a strong, convulsive grasp
The little infant holds.*

"Now help me, Jesus!" loud she cries,
And loud on God she calls;
Then from the grasp of Rudiger
The little infant falls.

And loud he shriek'd, for now his frame
The huge black arms clasp'd round,
And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound.

LOVEST THOU ME?

Lovest thou me?
From the flowers beneath thy feet,
From the vine and garden tree,
Hast thou heard its music sweet?
Didst thou hear the gentle tone,
When the southern wind pass'd by,
Which, with sweetness all its own,
Waited for thy heart's reply?

Lovest thou me?
Didst thou hear its music low
Breaking through the agony
Of His darkest night of woe?
Didst bid thee quickly start,
While thy tears in torrents fell,
Answering from a full, deep heart,
Lord, thou knowest I love thee well?

Lovest thou me?
When life's high and brilliant schemes
Hope was planning well for thee,
Did it startle all thy dreams?
Didst thou quickly turn away
With a painful burning brow?
Didst thou then, without delay,
At the feet of Jesus bow?

Lovest thou me?
May the music of this tone
Never, for a moment, be
From my wayward heart withdrawn!
Now a voice responsive, deep,
Answers from the heart's deep cell,
While with gratitude I weep,
Lord, thou knowest I love thee well.

* Several of the translated ballads of Jamieson, Lewis, and others, record incidents of a similar character. When Southey borrowed the story, it was comparatively new to the English reader. It would be easy to quote many illustrative examples. Jamieson publishes one—from the Danish—entitled "The Merman and Marstig's Daughter," in which occurs the following stanza: the wedlock being followed by the drowning of the fair May.

"The priest before the altar stood:
'O what for a good naight may this be!'
The May leugh till herself, and said,
'God gif that gude knight were for me!'"

* * * * * * * * *

A translation, apparently of the same ballad, has been made by Mr. Charles Mackay; it is entitled "The Wild Water-man, or the Fate of the vain Maiden;" the following is the "moral:"

"I warn you, maidens, whoever you be,
Beware, beware of vanity;
Maidens, I warn you all I can,
Beware of the wild, wild water-man."

JEAN PAUL.

WITH the exception of Goethe and Schiller, no German author is more widely known than Jean Paul Frederic Richter; at any rate, no one is more widely known by name, if not through the medium of his works. He is the most untranslatable of all the Germans, so much so that he puzzles many of the Germans themselves. He was advised in his lifetime to translate some of his most enigmatical books into the common language of literature. If I am not mistaken, this has been attempted since his death. It seems a little absurd to say, after the manner of the cheap grammars, "JEAN PAUL MADE EASY;" but when you come to know the man the absurdity vanishes.

Goethe and Schiller had a wider reputation than Jean Paul, because they are more cosmopolitan than he. They were essentially men of the world, and for all time, especially Goethe, whose mind was as broad as Shakspeare's. The universality of their genius commends them to all cultivated nations.

> "Based on the crystalline sea
> Of thought and its eternity,"

their works delight and instruct the world. Jean Paul, on the contrary, appeals to the thoughtful alone; nay, only to the most thoughtful—the sincere lovers and seekers after truth, who are willing to dig out an author's meaning, if it be buried in a crabbed and obscure style, under cartloads of intellectual rubbish. That there is a world of rubbish in Jean Paul, even his admirers allow; but it differs from the rubbish of dull and hackneyed authors. It is not so much the sweepings of his mind—dust, and cobwebs, and worthless odds and ends—as its natural imperfections, its magnificent towers and palaces, meanly built, or, worse still, in ruins. There is always something *in* Jean Paul, if we have the clew to it, and the patience to follow up the clew. But most of us lack patience; we read for amusement, and *pour passer le temps:* consequently Jean Paul is not for us. Still we have a sort of curiosity about him, just as we have about a famous city, or a dexterous mountebank. He commands our attention because he is unlike all other authors. Even in Germany, where literary nondescripts abound, he is Jean Paul *der Einzige*—the only.

He is the embodiment of certain tendencies of the German brain and heart, and as such is worthy of a careful study. Give him this study; deal fairly with him until we master the peculiarities of his style and manner of thinking, and the chances are that we become his warmest admirers, willing captives of his genius. He is able to hold his own against all odds, and even to extend the boundaries of his kingdom, conquering and turning his foes into friends. He is dangerous to young authors; in some cases to old ones: witness the change that came over Carlyle, after his acquaintance with the writings of Jean Paul. The style of Carlyle's early efforts is simple and un-

affected: his later style is about the worst that ever disfigured English literature, which is saying a great deal.

One of the first things that strikes us in reading him is his originality. "How queer and yet how original all this is! We never saw anything like it before," we say, and possibly we add, "and never desire to again." We do not know whether we like it or not. It is odd and strange, and clumsy and uncouth; but it is imaginative and poetical. We wonder how he came to have so rich and strong a mind, and so little control over it? Why don't he deliver himself like a man of the world, instead of writing so turgidly and thunderingly? We read on and on, now annoyed, now amused, and now delighted. A poetical image startles us; a glimpse of humor makes us smile; a touch of pathos sends the tears to our eyes. As a general thing the *style* of Jean Paul displeases his readers. It is too unlike the world-language of literature to be easily understood. Obscure in his own tongue, Jean Paul is still more so in English. He lacks directness and simplicity. Instead of stating his theme, and working it up in a clear and reasonable manner, he seizes it when it is but a dim and vague conception, and plays all sorts of vagaries with it, beclouding it with a crazy style, and burying it under a profusion of metaphors. Sometimes it is poetical prose; sometimes prose run mad. With all these drawbacks it is still magnificent writing, grand and stately in diction, and noble in thought. The old Titans might have talked in just such music. It is Olympian—

"The large utterance of the early gods."

Jean Paul is often puzzling because he means so much. There is no poverty of matter in his books, but an *embarras de richesse*. He is too lavish with his barbaric pearl and gold.

To indicate his manifold faults and excellences would require pages, to criticise them in full, a volume. Such a volume may be written, but not while the English and American public are ignorant of "Hesperus" and "Titan." It would be love's labor lost.

He is one of the greatest humorists that ever lived, not only in his own country, but in the whole world, and in all time, worthy of a place beside Cervantes and Shakspeare. Humor is the ruling quality of his mind, the central fire that animates his being. Titanic in his humor as in his earnestness, he oversteps all bound and limit, and riots without law or measure. His humor is not in all cases natural and unalloyed. It is often unnatural, extravagant, and absurd; but take it all in all, it is genuine, subtle, and spiritual, drawn from the deepest, and purest, and sweetest recesses of his being. His good and great heart is in it, his simple and tender nature, the kindliness and friendliness of his genius.

He was born at Wunseidel, in the Fichtelgebirge, on the 21st of March, 1763. His father was a master in a gymnasium. A German gymnasium is not a place where young gentlemen climb poles, throw weights, use boxing-gloves, and develop their muscles generally, but an academy or school, divided into eight classes. Jean Paul's father was Tertius, or teacher of the third class. His mother was the daughter of a cloth-weaver in Hof, from whom John Paul (for Jean Paul was merely a *nom de plume*) derived his name. The day after his birth he was baptized; and when he was five months old he was taken by his parents to the death-bed of his paternal grandfather, who was then in his seventy-seventh year, and a rector of a gymnasium in Neustadt. "Let the old Jacob," said a clergyman present, "lay his hand upon the child that he may bless him." It was done, and the child was blessed.

Besides being a schoolmaster, Jean Paul's father was a good musician, and filled the post of organist in Wunseidel. Jean Paul was himself a musician, and many of his strangest stories were conceived while he was fantasying on the piano-forte.

In 1765, the Tertius master was called to be pastor in Joditz. Jean Paul calls this portion of his life (he remained at Joditz till he was thirteen) his Idyllic years. He describes his joy of a winter evening, when he received from the city an A, B, C book, with a pointer to show the letters. After he had at home privately gone through the lower school classes, he entered the high school, which was opposite his father's parsonage.

One winter's day, when Jean Paul was eight or nine years old, his father brought him a little Latin dictionary, which was to be his, after he had read a page of it. He obstinately mispronounced the word

lingua, and the pastor took the book from him. He had no further chance of learning Latin.

He read everything that he came across, so craving was his thirst for knowledge. His father's library was rarely open, except when he was not at home. At such times, Jean Paul would creep into the book-shelves and hunt up a book. He read the "Orbus Pictus," a huge quarto, entitled "Conversations on the Kingdom of the Dead," and all the newspapers that he could find.

In the course of time "a tender, blue butterfly" visited the dewy flower of Jean Paul's heart. This butterfly was a blue-eyed peasant girl of his own age—his first love. He saw her on the Sabbath at church, as he sat in his father's pew; they were near enough to look at each other without being satisfied. In driving her cows from the pasture at night, she used to pass the parsonage. Jean Paul learned the sound of her cow's bell; and as soon as he heard it, flew to the court-wall to see her pass, and to give her a nod as she went by. Sometimes he reached his hand through the gate, and gave her sugared almonds. In his thirteenth year, the family removed to Schwarzenback on the Saale, and out of love for his old residence, the pastor took with him a young tailor, whom he entertained for weeks. When snip returned to his home, Jean Paul sent by him many graphic portraits, sketched in wax and soot, presents to the blue butterfly!

When he was sixteen years of age his father died, leaving to Jean Paul his debts and the care of his mother. Shortly after the grandparents died also. Frau Richter was their favorite child, and they remembered her handsomely in their will, so handsomely, indeed, that the other relations instituted a suit to break the will. She removed to Hof, and Jean Paul went to Leipsic. He entered the University of Leipsic in May, 1781. It seems to have been understood by all that he was to study theology, and fill his father's place. "Man proposes, but God disposes," and always wisely. Jean Paul was not destined to become a preacher.

He saw but little of life at Leipsic, except what he observed in the streets and in the public gardens. He stood for hours once at the door of a hotel in Bavaria to see an embassador enter, in order to be able to describe one. He wrote letters to his friends about the books that he read, and his thoughts and opinions, and to his mother about their family affairs. His mother wrote him that his brother Adam had enlisted for a soldier, and Jean Paul tried to console her.

"The state," said he, "could not exist without soldiers."

She asked him to send her some coffee.

"I would gladly do so," he says, "but my want of funds is as great as yours. If only my expedient succeeds as I hope; in four weeks it will be decided; and I shall certainly know whether I shall be able to make money by it, or not."

The expedient that he alluded to was authorship. Jean Paul had determined to become an author, and was already writing a book. His mother was grieved because he was not preparing for the ministry, and inquired what kind of books he was writing.

"They are not theological, nor juridical," he tells her; "but satirical, or droll books."

In the same letter he asks her for eight Saxon dollars. Not to pay his victualer, whom he owes twenty-four dollars, nor his landlord, whom he owes ten dollars; but his washerwoman, who does not trust, (sagacious washerwoman!) and his milkman, and cobbler, and tailor, and also the maidservant, who does not trust, of course!

"When I come to Hof at Whitsuntide," he writes, "I shall not only bring myself, but all my old linen, and you may send my stockings and shirts after your new recruit. I have no whole stockings, only some few that are patched. But what of that? Do not be angry that I write the whole day nothing but amusing books."

Jean Paul's first effort was anything but amusing, if the booksellers may be taken as judges; they refused it with a promptness that did them credit. It was a "Eulogy on Stupidity!"

His second attempt, "The Greenland Lawsuits," was more successful. Refused by all the Leipsic booksellers, a Berlin publisher accepted it, and gave Jean Paul fifteen *louis d'ors*, his first literary "blood money." Sixty-eight dollars and fifty-five cents are not a large sum for a book; but it heartened the young author, and enabled him to pay his debts,

and change his lodgings to a summer house in his landlord's garden.

After the publication of "The Greenland Lawsuits," he went to Hof to spend his vacation with his mother. While at Hof another butterfly hovered over the opening blossoms of his susceptible heart. Instead of giving her sugared almonds, he copied for her whole volumes of sugared extracts from late publications. She gave him a ring, and he gave her his profile, and so the affair ended.

Vacation over he returned to Leipsic, and wrote a second volume of "Greenland Lawsuits." He sold it to the publisher of the first volume for one hundred and twenty-six dollars. Encouraged by his success, he ventured on a third volume, but nobody would buy it. He sent it with letters stating his necessities to several distinguished persons, but they took no notice of him. When the money that he had received for his second volume was nearly gone he returned to his mother at Hof.

He was in debt to his victualer for his frugal midday meals, and she gave him no peace, but seasoned the viands with her peppery questions. "Now, Herr Richter, has not your golden ship arrived?" In despair he resolved to beat a retreat from the foe, and fled to his mamma!

This was the darkest period of his whole life. The lawsuit had stripped his mother of the little property she had inherited from her parents, and she was obliged to part with the old homestead. When Jean Paul made his memorable Hegira to Hof she was living with her other children in a small tenement containing but one apartment, in which she attended to her cooking, washing, spinning, and other domestic matters. He immediately made his return known to his friend, the pastor of Rehaw, and the pair exchanged their books and manuscripts.

The pastor's wife knew the circumstances of the Richters, and when Jean Paul visited her husband, she took care that he should not study the philosophy of hunger. But, in the meantime, the disconsolate victualer had tracked his runaway debtor, and, following him to Hof, he said, like the Biblical creditor, "Pay me that thou owest!" Jean Paul was in the deepest perplexity; but two of his friends, the brothers Otto, good Samaritans both, paid part of the debt, and became his surety for the rest. One of the brothers, Christian Otto, became, in later years, his confidential critic. So much faith had Jean Paul in his friendly judgment, that he never published a line until it had twice gone through the ordeal of Otto's criticism. He gave one half of the day to writing, the other to invention in the open air. He took so many long walks in the neighborhood of Hof, and was so well acquainted with the atmospheric changes that his fellow-townsmen called him "The Weather Prophet." His mother chatted with him while he wrote, now imparting some trifling household intelligence, and now a glimpse into the lives of the villagers. He learned to know the hearts and sorrows of the poor; the latter he experienced himself.

In 1786, his twenty-third year, another friend returned from Leipsic to his father's residence in Topen, and suggested a plan to improve Jean Paul's fortune. It was to teach his (the friend's) younger brother French. He accepted the offer, and filled the situation of private instructor for nearly three years; disagreeable enough he found it too.

In all lives, great as well as small, there are, as it were, blanks, spaces of time so unimportant for biographical purposes that most biographers skip them. Such a space occurs in the life of Jean Paul, from his twenty-third to his twenty eighth year. Then a new era commences, and, as might have been expected, with a new book.

Speaking of his early satirical efforts Jean Paul says that for nine years he worked in his vinegar factory; but at last through the somewhat honey-sour "Life of the little Schoolmaster Wuz," he took the blessed step over into "The Invisible Lodge." The Little Schoolmaster Wuz is a poetical representation of Jean Paul's childhood. It was the first composition to which he lent his own life.

"The Invisible Lodge" was based on Jean Paul's experience in teaching. He calls it his pedagogical romance. When it was finished he sent the manuscript of it to a hofrath, or councilor, who had great influence with a Berlin publisher, whose daughter he was about to marry. The councilor was delighted with it. "This is no unknown author," he cried, as he read it; (it was sent anonymously;) "it is Goethe, or Herder, or Wieland."

He wrote Jean Paul a warm-hearted letter of praise, and as soon as the book was printed sent him thirty of the hundred ducats which the printer gave for it. The moment that Jean Paul received the money, (it was about two hundred and twenty-six dollars,) he set out from Schwarzenbach to Hof. He walked on and on in the starlight, building castles in the air, and entering, late at night, the low apartment in which his mother sat spinning by the light of the fire. He poured the whole treasure into her lap! At last Herr Richter's golden ship had arrived.

He now began his second romance, "Hesperus," and worked at it diligently before and after school. He finished it in 1794, and sold it, or rather threw it away, for two hundred Prussian dollars. "Hesperus" is the work by which Jean Paul is best known out of Germany. After its publication letters poured in upon him from every side. The appreciation of his friends and the consciousness that in striving to embody his own high ideal, he had, if not succeeded, at least reached a higher point than in his former efforts, made him happy despite his poverty.

In 1796 he wrote "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces." The Dream of the Dead Christ, the second Flower piece, translated by Madame de Stael, first made Jean Paul known out of Germany. The longest of the Flower pieces is the history of Siebenkas, the most personal of all his characters. Under a thin vail of fiction, he describes his transition from the every-day life of reality to the ideal life of poetry and the imagination. In the character of Lenette, the wife of Siebenkas, Jean Paul is said to have drawn his own mother. It represents a good but uninstructed and limited nature, contending with the petty difficulties of life, and menaced by the specter of want. We have all seen such natures, and happy are we, if we have escaped being influenced by them.

After writing the "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," Jean Paul made his first visit to Weimar, the German Athens. He met Herder, and Goethe, and Schiller, and the Duchess Amelia; in short, all the magnates of the place. Herder received him with open arms; but Goethe and Schiller were cold and dignified. Goethe was displeased at the want of art in his writings. Weiland was not at home; but he wrote him a cordial greeting from where he was, somewhere in the Alps. The Duchess Amelia invited him to Tieffruth, and became one of his best friends. From her descriptions of Italy he derived his knowledge of Italian scenery, which he employs so exquisitely in "Titan." After his return from Weimar he laid "Titan" aside, and labored on two smaller subjects, "Jubelsenior," and "Kampaner Thal;" the latter, a work on the Immortality of the Soul. In June, 1797, his health was so much impaired by work, that he fled to the baths of Eger, in Saxony. While there, intelligence reached him of the death of his mother. He returned to Hoff with a bleeding heart.

His next published work was the old third volume of "The Greenland Lawsuits;" the one for which he could obtain no publisher. It was originally entitled "Selections from the Papers of the Devil;" it was now published as "Palingenesien; or, Born Again." He worked away at the unfinished "Titan," writing, in the mean time, his history of "Charlotte Corday," and "Clavis Fichtiana." In 1800 he visited Berlin, and was introduced to the Queen Louisa, one of the four beautiful sisters to whom he dedicated "Titan." She invited him to Sans Souci, the old pleasure-house of Frederic the Great, and showed him the kindest attention. His visit to Berlin influenced the whole course of Jean Paul's after life; for it was in this city that he met his future wife. A learned Berliner gave him a festival or party. Coming a little too late to take the place which had been assigned to him, he took the only one that was vacant. It was by the side of a daughter of Herr Meyer, a counselor of the secret tribunal. Her heart beat when the great author sat down by her, and in her timid humility she shrank from conversing with him. The mildness and friendliness of his manner won upon her, and changed her timidity into an ingenuous confidence. With his natural weakness for butterflies, Jean Paul was attracted to the young lady; and when they rose from the table, he gave her the flower from his breast, (it is to be supposed that there were no sugared almonds near!) and asked her to introduce him to her father. He left Berlin in a few days, without openly declaring himself; but there seems to have been a sort of understanding that they were lov-

ers. In the fall he returned, declared himself, and was accepted.

Jean Paul Frederic Richter and Caroline Meyer were married in May, 1801. In that month of bloom and flowers, they traveled over the most beautiful parts of Dessau, visited the Herders, in Weimar, and settled for a time in Meiningen, where Jean Paul's first child and the last volume of "Titan" respectively saw the light.

His eldest daughter, Amelia, gives a beautiful picture of their life at Baireuth. She represents her father as entering her mother's chamber the first thing in the morning. His hound springs on before him, and the children hang about him, and seek, when he leaves the room, to thrust their little feet into his slippers behind. They go with him to the door of his study, where they leave him; sometimes they creep up stairs softly, and hammer against the door until he opens it, and lets them in. He gives them a fife and a trumpet, and goes on with his writing. They march up and down the room, tooting discordant music, now and then stopping to play with another member of the family—a pet squirrel, which their father used to carry in his pocket when he went out.

Jean Paul was fond of tamed animals, and generally kept one or two by him. Sometimes he had a mouse, then a great, white, cross spider, which he kept in a paper box with a glass top. There was a door in the bottom of the box by which he could feed the poor prisoner with dead flies. When he left his study for a walk he used to open the cage of his canaries to indemnify them for his absence.

From the time of his settlement in Baireuth in 1804, to his death in 1823, a period of nineteen years, the current of Jean Paul's life ran calmly and uneventfully, bearing him from the ripe fields of manhood to the wintery land of age. His reputation, now fully established, was maintained by his successive works, the chief of which were an "Introduction to Esthetics," a "Lexicon for Ladies," "Levana," "Circular Letter of Attila Schmalzle," "Bath-journey of Dr. Katzenberger," "Peace Sermons," "Nicholas Margrof," "Life of Fibel," "The Comet," and "Selina."

The death of his son Max, at the age of nineteen, was a heavy blow to Jean Paul, and one from which he never recovered. From early childhood Max had devoted himself to learning with incredible industry. In his fifteenth year he had read the Old and New Testaments in their original languages, and Homer and the Greek tragedians. His ascetical and mistaken sense of duty while in the gymnasium at München, and the University of Heidelberg, the intensity of his industry, the faithfulness with which he imitated his father's industry, the few comforts that he allowed himself, above all, the high tone of his religious enthusiasm, imperceptibly undermined the health of his mind and body. His death seemed to strike his father to the earth. He could not bear the sight of any book that his son had touched, and the word philology (the science in which Max excelled) went through his heart like a bolt of ice.

He wept so much in secret that his eyes became impaired, and he trembled for the loss of his sight. Wine, that had previously been a cordial to him, he could not bear to touch; and after employing the morning in writing, he spent the whole afternoon lying on the sofa in his wife's apartment, his head supported by her arm.

His increasing blindness compelled him to lay aside the composition of "Selina," a book on the immortality of the soul. He wrote, through his wife, to his nephew Otto Spazier, asking him to lend him his eyes and pen for its completion. Spazier came at once, (it was in October, 1823,) and found him lying on the sofa, shrouded in furs and supported by cushions. Early next morning he began a complete revision of his works. The nephew read aloud and Jean Paul inserted his corrections.

Eight days before his death the dark night settled upon him. Even then, however, he hoped the coming spring would bring for him the warm sun, the blue heaven, and the everlasting stars. Many times he raised his eyes to the window, hoping a faint ray would pierce the gloom. Music was his only consolation. Exhausted by the labors of the day, he longed for the refreshment of music in the evening. He could not bear to hear the voices of his children in the same room with him; so they sang in another apartment, that the sound of their voices might be muffled. One evening during the singing he said it seemed to him as if some one had drawn over him a soft and warm mantle, and when the sounds ceased he wondered that he found no covering upon him.

On the morning of the 14th of November, when his nephew came down, Jean Paul was absent from his study for the first time. Spazier found him in the apartments of his wife. She sat with her ear close to his mouth, for she only could understand the well-known but imperfect accents. He said "Good-morning" when his nephew entered, for his hearing was still acute. Owing to his blindness and the irregularity of his repose he had lost the consciousness of the course of time, and thought it was already evening. He was confirmed in this mistake by the presence of his physician, who usually made his visit in the evening; they did not undeceive him, but humored the error. His nephew read the newspapers to him, and some passages from Herder's spiritual works; but he seemed to thirst for the voices of his wife and children; his youngest daughter climbed perpetually on the back of his chair, and held her youthful face close to his. When noon arrived he said, "It is time to go to rest," and wished to retire. He was wheeled into his sleeping room, and all was arranged as if for repose. His wife brought him a wreath of flowers that a lady had sent him. As he touched them carefully, for he could neither see them nor smell them, he seemed to rejoice at the images of the flowers in his mind; he said repeatedly to his wife, "My beautiful flowers! my lovely flowers!" As he imagined it was night, his friends ceased to converse; he arranged himself as if preparing for repose, and soon sank into a tranquil sleep. At six o'clock the physician entered. Jean Paul still appeared to sleep; his features became every moment holier, his brow more heavenly, but it was as cold as marble to the touch. The tears of his wife fell upon it, but he remained immovable. At last a slight convulsion passed over his face. "That is death," said the physician, and all was quiet. The spirit had departed!

To English readers unacquainted with German, Jean Paul is nearly a sealed book, so little of him has been translated into English. Carlyle gives us two of his shorter stories, "Quintus Foxlein" and "Schmalzle Journey to Flatz," and Mrs. Lee, of Boston, from whose "Life of Jean Paul" we have derived the materials of the present sketch, has translated "The Twins" and "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces."

FASHION AND THE CHURCH.

WITHIN the last half century the aggressive activities of the Church have been greater than at any time since the apostolic age. Revivals of religion have been frequent in Christian lands; Bible, missionary, tract, Sunday-school, and other religious organizations have been making spirited assaults upon the territories of darkness, both at home and in the remotest regions of the earth. If we except the vast interiors of Asia and Africa, nearly the whole world is to-day feeling the power of influences which are either wholly or partly Christian; and no small portion of this territory has been brought under these influences within fifty years.

It might be supposed that the centers from which this light radiates must themselves be completely illuminated. Alas! this is a wild supposition. No part of Christendom is wholly Christianized; and, indeed, right at the central points whence the mightiest aggressive influences of the Church diverge, there may be found certain territories, not geographical, but social territories, which evangelical effort has not yet invaded; and toward which it is not even directed. I will indicate but one such territory, and that is, the circles of fashionable high life in our large cities.

Several periodicals, both secular and religious, have recently made allusion to these circles, setting forth the enormous expenditures which the present demands of fashion require. The statements there made may be somewhat exaggerated, although they claim to be within the limits of truth. They are unquestionably so nearly accurate, that we are justified in the conclusion that the expenses of a fashionable lady's wardrobe for the "morning reception," the "evening party," the "opera," the "ball-room," and the "Broadway promenade," for winter and for summer, are not reckoned by hundreds of dollars, but by thousands, or even tens of thousands!

Wardrobe alone! But expenses are not confined to wardrobe. Fashion is not so unmindful of congruity as to overlook the furniture and decorations of the drawing-room, the parlor, and the tea-table. These must be of a style and costliness to match. They are so. And it is not the ladies alone who pay a costly tribute to

fashion; the other sex are following almost *passibus æquis*. It is in this as it was in the "fall of man," *woman* was a little in advance; but man hastened to sustain her by accepting, imitating, and sharing the offense. Luxury and display characterize the united sphere of man and woman, as much as the separate hemisphere of either.

These facts give us an outside view of high life. Let us look *into* it if we can. I have said that the Church is not operating upon this class of society, nor even aiming to do it. Is she justifiable in this neglect? In order to answer this question, let us endeavor to fix the religious relation of these fashionable circles. What are they, evangelically estimated? It is no matter now whether many or few of the forgeries, defalcations, and financial suspensions, which have recently been neither few nor small, should be charged to these extravagances.

The commercial world has chiefly felt the shock of these things. Let us hope that commercial wisdom, so sagacious in other researches affecting her interests, will not lightly pass over these. But I will not enter that investigation; nor will I stop to lament over the precious millions of treasure, precious if rightly used, which are thus annually diverted from the Lord's treasury, where they properly belong, and squandered in luxurious living. I will notice only two aspects of this subject.

Let us consider how deeply engrossing to both heart and intellect the influences of fashion are upon her votaries. To pay one hundred and fifty dollars for a "white silk dress brocaded with gold in waving figures," or one hundred dollars a yard for Valenciennes flouncing, a quarter of a yard deep, or twelve hundred for an India cashmere shawl with a scarlet center, might be called a very *thoughtless* act.

There are very few persons who have not at some time been foolish enough to pay an extravagant sum for an article which was not really needed. But no man enters thoughtlessly upon a regular system of enormous expenditures; no man pursues such a system purposely and continuously without thought. Those men and women who make it a point to be even with the foremost in the display of wealth and fashion do not procure and fit up all the appliances for such display at "odd spells," and as a part of their recreations.

No matter how careless, how void of thought and feeling a man's manner may be when he dashes out the cash for this and that article of luxury, I affirm that a person must be *interested* in a matter which draws from his purse eight or twelve hundred dollars at a time, and repeats the draught with every veering of the wind of fashion.

If you desire illustration and proof, go to your wealthy and fashionable neighbor with the claims of some benevolent enterprise, and solicit a donation of a hundred dollars. At your first mention of that enterprise he seems pleased, for he is a friend to it. But you may spend the hour which you and he can spare in arguing the importance of the cause and pressing your claim. He does not controvert your arguments; he admits them all; he even adds others of his own. But how much nearer his purse are you now than when you began? None! He is "a friend to the cause;" he "wishes it success;" he "hopes you will obtain the amount you need."

Do not call him a hypocrite; he is not one; he feels precisely as he professes to feel. He *is* interested in the cause which you have presented, but his interest in it has not penetrated to that part of his inner man which guards the purse-strings. He cannot give you a hundred dollars for that enterprise; but as he leaves you he turns into the nearest "Emporium of Fashion," and with all ease hands out five hundred dollars for a shawl for his wife, or a necklace for his daughter.

What ails the man? What shock has his nature so suddenly received? None at all. The whole transaction is in the utmost harmony with nature. Just as the majestic river flows on in its own broad and deep channel so calmly that you might deem its waters asleep; but if you throw a dike across its bed, or attempt to turn its course into another channel, it becomes an irresistible power mocking your feeble efforts, and sweeping away your puny barriers with as much ease as the gale wafts a feather. So it is with the thoughts, feelings, and energies of mankind. They do easily and readily whatever accords with the deep current of their heart's affections.

But how has it happened that a man who is friendly to the cause of benevolence and piety should have the whole

current of his nature so profoundly moved in one direction, and that so averse to piety? The natural fondness of the human mind for luxury and display is doubtless the basis of the passion; and then it is strengthened by all his associations at home and abroad.

His standing of respectability demands a compliance with the rules of fashion; he must, therefore, give a practical attention to those rules. This is the subject of conversation with his most familiar associates; it becomes, therefore, the most heartfelt of his subjects of conversation and thought. But it is at home that he is most deeply imbued with this spirit. There the voice of affection whispers it into his ear; the glances of love look it into his eyes; it inspires all the domestic arrangements; it is the soul of every scheme of recreation and pleasure.

No wonder that the strongest movements of the soul should be in this channel. And when we consider the important fact, that in the circles of fashion the spirit of rivalry prevails more strongly, probably, than anywhere else, who can be surprised that the love of display becomes a passion too impetuous to be checked by the admonitions either of economy or of conscience?

Consider, now, how many thousands of persons, gifted by their Creator with the very highest mental endowments, are living for fashion alone! taxing their ingenuity and tasking their energies, simply to shine and outshine! How many manly hearts, naturally brave, and noble, and aspiring, have had every noble sentiment, every manly aspiration, every brave resolve, frittered away in the disgraceful race of vanity to which they have abandoned themselves! How many womanly hearts, naturally the shrine of all that is lovely, and trustful, and holy, the richest fountain of every kindly influence that blesses humanity, have been swept of all their goodness, and garnished out with a mere tawdry and meretricious glitter!

But the fact that the cause of truth and righteousness suffers a continual loss of all the bright examples, and elevating influence, and holy energy which these higher circles might contribute, is only a part of the evil which we lament. The blight upon those votaries of fashion themselves is positive and remediless. Borne on by a tide which they have become utterly unable to stem, they have no leisure, they have no heart, they have no intellect for anything beyond the whirl of luxury and pleasure, much less for anything averse to it. The seed of evangelical truth, if scattered here at all, would fall upon a soil so completely preoccupied that there would be no place for it to take root. I do not call in question the politeness of this class of persons, nor their social refinement, nor their respectful bearing even toward Christianity and religious institutions. I admit all these. But we are not now considering them with respect to social accomplishments; we are viewing them evangelically. What are they in this light? They certainly are not Christians: there is no piety in them: there is no room for any. They are *sinners*. The Gospel has no other name for them. The fearful utterances of the Bible against sinners are God's out-spoken verdict against this large and respected class of society. And they are very far gone toward ruin: there is scarcely a hope of their conversion. It may be that, when their round of pleasure is ended, and they lie on the bed of death, they will utter a few words of religious concern, and listen to a formal prayer or two from some one whose respect for refined society renders him unable to discern the danger of a dying sinner. Anything more favorable than this to their conversion cannot reasonably be expected. But what Christian, whose heart is alive to the vital truths of the Gospel, would deem a social position like that safe for the soul's eternal interests?

But I turn to another and much more important aspect of this subject; the influence which the fashionable circles exert beyond their own sphere. And at this point it is essential to our purpose to consider the relative social position of these classes. They are called "the higher circles," "the upper ranks of society," "the better classes." These are not to be considered merely as aristocratic titles which they have arrogated to themselves: they are titles which all others unhesitatingly bestow upon them. And there is much meaning in them: they show very clearly the relative position which these circles hold. It is the *highest* position: they are the *leading* ranks of society. They lead not only their own avowed members, they also lead all other classes; they lead the *Church*.

I do not assert that Christians generally go to the same excess of extravagance with others; nor that the more humble and faithful followers of Christ keep up, in the race of fashion, with the formal and worldly professor. But how seldom can a Christian be found who, in making his or her arrangements for equipage and dress, has no reference to the example of some one who occupies a position a little nearer "the higher circles;" and this one follows the style of another still further advanced in the same direction, and so on. Thus the eyes of the whole series, from beginning to end, are directed toward the same center and source of influence—the fashionable classes of society. *There* is the standard which gives law and stimulates imitation everywhere else. Go into any worshiping congregation on the next Sabbath, let your eye glance over the assembly, and tell me if the hats, coats, bonnets, shawls, dresses, and jewelry there, have not cost hundreds of dollars more than what you would have seen there if no "higher circles" had been in existence. It is undeniable that Christians generally dress with reference to "the fashions," much more than they do with reference to convenience, or health, or economy, or Christian simplicity. It is undeniable that they change the style of their dress, and that, too, at no trifling pecuniary sacrifice, much more frequently than they would if totally uninfluenced by the ranks of gayety and fashion. Let it be admitted that there is among religious people too much conscience, too much piety, nay, too much pride of Christian character, to imitate in full the examples found in the circles of fashion. This we know to be true; but we know it to be equally true, that whatever "mode" those circles may adopt, it immediately becomes, even to the Church, nothing less than "the pattern showed on the mount;" and imitations, far off, perhaps, at first, but real imitations are everywhere seen decorating the candidates for crowns and thrones on high! Mortifying as the fact is, it cannot be denied, that, with respect to social position and influence, the Church is an underling, confessedly, willingly so! Of whom do manufacturers of satins, laces, and velvets take counsel respecting the wants of the "best families?" From whom do importers receive intimations as to "the demands of the trade?" From whom do tailors, milliners, and dress-makers obtain suggestions respecting the fashions for the opening season? In short, what nook of society is so obscure or retired that it has not felt the "down lettings" of influence from the "upper classes?"

Now if from these classes an influence goes forth which is so mighty to mold all other circles, we might reasonably expect that an influence of equal strength would go out to attract all other circles toward these. So it is; and the suck of the maelstrom is felt far out on the surface and in the depths of society. The young, especially, feel the attraction. They behold the display of riches, and the exhibitions of elegance and taste in these wealthy families; they see the gay and luxurious character of their lives, they feel the spell of their influence; and very soon the ruling ambition of their hearts is, to share those pleasures and shine amid the leaders of that fascinating display.

Look at this evil: we have not seen the whole of it: I cannot present its aggregate. It absorbs the wealth of the country; it fills the hearts of the people, it engrosses their thoughts, it exhausts their energies, it lays its grasp upon the ranks of the young, it leads captive in its train, talent, refinement, learning, and, alas that it must be added, piety! It casts a perpetual blight upon the Church of God, enervating her energies, bringing down her standard of consecration and benevolence, crippling her faith, taming her into acknowledged subordination, and exacting from her a continual tribute of her very life-blood!

Such, evangelically considered, is the character, such the relative position, such the influence of fashionable society. To this state of things the Church has tamely submitted for ages. But the evil was never so great before as at this moment. For the few years past it has increased by gigantic degrees; and now, if it does not threaten an utter extermination of true piety from the earth, it does threaten to cripple the power of the Church, as it has not been crippled since the dawn of the Reformation.

Must the Church submit to this? If God has imposed such a doom upon her, let her submit. But no; such a thought is impious. Rather let her, in the strength of grace, dare to assert an everlasting independence from so base a thralldom; and to make her independence sure, let her

resolve to *conquer* the power to which she has so long ignobly bowed. With unfaltering confidence in the efficacy of Gospel truth, and in the grace of God, let the Church undertake the bold enterprise of reversing the relative position of the long-fixed grades of society. Let her dare to assume the position assigned her by her Lord and Master; the position of highest moral and social influence; the city set upon a hill; the light of the world!

A DARK DAY AT THE PARSONAGE.

MR. and Mrs. Hackit were seated comfortably by their bright hearth, enjoying the long afternoon afforded by an early dinner, when Rachel, the housemaid, came in and said,

"If you please, have you heard as Mrs. Barton's wuss, and not expected to live?"

Mrs. Hackit turned pale, and Mr. Hackit said, "Thee'dst better have the pony chaise, and go directly."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hackit, too much overcome to utter any exclamations. "Rachel, come an' help me on wi' my things."

When her husband was wrapping her cloak round her feet in the pony chaise, she said,

"If I don't come home to-night, I shall send back the pony chaise, and you'll know I'm wanted there."

"Yes, yes."

It was a bright frosty day, and by the time Mrs. Hackit arrived at the parsonage, the sun was near its setting. There was a carriage standing at the gate, which she recognized as Dr. Madeley's, the physician from Rotherby. She entered at the kitchen door, that she might avoid knocking, and quietly question Nanny. No one was in the kitchen, but, passing on, she saw the sitting-room door open, and Nanny, with Walter in her arms, removing the knives and forks, which had been laid for dinner three hours ago.

"Mr. Barton says he can't eat no dinner," was Nanny's first word. "He's never tasted nothin' sin' yesterday mornin', but a cup o' tea."

"When was Mrs. Barton took worse?"

"O' Monday night. They sent for Dr. Madeley i' the middle o' the day yesterday, an' he's here again now."

"Is the baby alive?"

"No, it died last night. The children's all at Mrs. Bond's. She came and took 'em away last night, but their father says they must be fetched soon. He's up stairs now, wi' Dr. Madeley and Mr. Brand."

At this moment Mrs. Hackit heard the sound of a heavy, slow foot in the passage; and presently Amos Barton entered, with dry, despairing eyes, haggard and unshaven. He expected to find the sitting-room as he left it, with nothing to meet his eyes but Milly's work-basket in the corner of the sofa, and the children's toys overturned in the bow-window. But when he saw Mrs. Hackit come toward him with answering sorrow in her face, the pent-up fountain of tears was opened; he threw himself on the sofa, hid his face, and sobbed aloud.

"Bear up, Mr. Barton," Mrs. Hackit ventured to say at last; "bear up, for the sake o' the dear children."

"The children," said Amos, starting up. "They must be sent for. Some one must fetch them. Milly will want to—"

He couldn't finish the sentence, but Mrs. Hackit understood him, and said, "I'll send the man with the pony carriage for 'em."

She went out to give the order, and encountered Dr. Madeley and Mr. Brand, who were just going.

Mr. Brand said: "I am very glad to see you are here, Mrs. Hackit. No time must be lost in sending for the children. Mrs. Barton wants to see them."

"Do you quite give her up, then?"

"She can hardly live through the night. She begged us to tell her how long she had to live; and then asked for the children."

The pony carriage was sent; and Mrs. Hackit, returning to Mr. Barton, said she should like to go up stairs now. He went up stairs with her and opened the door. The chamber fronted the west; the sun was just setting, and the red light fell full upon the bed, where Milly lay with the hand of death visibly upon her. The feather-bed had been removed, and she lay low on a mattress with her head slightly raised by pillows. Her long, fair neck seemed to be struggling with a painful effort; her features were pallid and pinched, and her eyes were closed. There was no one in the room but the nurse, and the mistress of the public school, who had come to give her help from the beginning of the change.

Amos and Mrs. Hackit stood beside the bed, and Milly opened her eyes.

"My darling, Mrs. Hackit is come to see you."

Milly smiled and looked at her with that strange, far-off look, which belongs to ebbing life.

"Are the children coming?" she said, painfully.

"Yes, they will be here directly."

She closed her eyes again.

Presently the pony carriage was heard; and Amos, motioning to Mrs. Hackit to follow him, left the room. On their way down stairs, she suggested that the carriage should remain to take them away again afterward, and Amos assented.

There they stood in the melancholy sitting-room—the five sweet children, from Patty to Chubby—all, with their mother's eyes—all, except Patty, looking up with a vague fear at their father as he entered. Patty understood the great sorrow that was come upon them, and tried to check her sobs as she heard her father's steps.

"My children," said Amos, taking Chubby in his arms, "God is going to take away your dear mother from us. She wants to see you to say good-by. You must try to be very good and not cry."

He could say no more, but turned round to see if Nanny was there with Walter, and then led the way up stairs, leading Dickey with the other hand. Mrs. Hackit followed with Sophy and Patty, and then came Nanny with Walter and Fred.

It seemed as if Milly had heard the little footsteps on the stairs, for when Amos entered her eyes were wide open, eagerly looking toward the door. They all stood by the bedside; Amos nearer to her, holding Chubby and Dickey. But she motioned for Patty to come first, and clasping the poor pale child by the hand, said:

"Patty, I'm going away from you. Love your father. Comfort him; and take care of your little brothers and sisters. God will help you."

Patty stood perfectly quiet, and said, "Yes, mamma."

The mother motioned with her pallid lips for the dear child to lean toward her and kiss her; and then Patty's great anguish overcame her, and she burst into sobs. Amos drew her toward him and pressed her head gently to him, while Milly beckoned Fred and Sophy, and said to them, more faintly:

"Patty will try to be your mamma when I am gone, my darlings. You will be good, and not vex her."

They leaned toward her, and she stroked their fair heads, and kissed their tear-stained cheeks. They cried because mother was ill and father looked so unhappy; but they thought, perhaps next week things would be as they used to be again.

The little ones were lifted on the bed to kiss her. Little Walter said, "Mamma, mamma," and stretched out his fat arms and smiled; and Chubby seemed gravely wondering; but Dickey, who had been looking fixedly at her, with lip hanging down, ever since he came into the room, now seemed suddenly pierced with the idea that mamma was going away somewhere; his little heart swelled, and he cried aloud.

Then Mrs. Hackit and Nanny took them all away. Patty at first begged to stay at home and not go to Mrs. Bond's again; but when Nanny reminded her that she had better go to take care of the younger ones, she submitted at once, and they were all packed in the pony carriage once more.

Milly kept her eyes shut for some time after the children were gone. Amos had sunk on his knees, and was holding her hand while he watched her face. By and by she opened her eyes, and, drawing him close to her, whispered slowly,

"My dear—dear—husband—you have been—very—good to me. You—have—made me—very—happy."

She spoke no more for many hours. They watched her breathing becoming more and more difficult, until evening deepened into night, and until midnight was past. About half past twelve she seemed to be trying to speak, and they leaned to catch her words.

"Music—music—didn't you hear it?"

Amos knelt by the bed, and held her hand in his. He did not believe in his sorrow. It was a bad dream. He did not know when she was gone. But Mr. Brand, whom Mrs. Hackit had sent for before twelve o'clock, thinking that Mr. Barton might probably need his help, now came up to him and said:

"She feels no more pain now. Come, my dear sir, come with me."

"She isn't *dead!*" shrieked the poor desolate man, struggling to shake off Mr. Brand, who had taken him by the arm.

But his weary, weakened frame was not equal to resistance, and he was dragged out of the room.

* * * * * * *

They laid her in the grave—the sweet mother with her baby in her arms—while the Christmas snow lay thick upon the graves, and the day was cold and dreary; but there was many a sad eye watching that black procession as it passed from the parsonage to the church, and from the church to the open grave. There were men and women standing in that churchyard who had bandied vulgar jests about their pastor; but now, when they saw him following the coffin, pale and haggard, he was consecrated anew by his great sorrow, and they looked at him with respectful pity.

All the children were there, for Amos had willed it so, thinking that some dim memory of that sacred moment might remain even with little Walter, and link itself with what he would hear of his sweet mother in after years. He himself led Patty and Dickey; then came Sophy and Fred; Mr. Brand had begged to carry Chubby, and Nanny followed with Walter. They made a circle round the grave while the coffin was being lowered. Patty alone of all the children felt that her mother was in that coffin, and that a new and sadder life had begun for her father and herself. She was pale and trembling, but she clasped his hand more firmly as the coffin went down, and gave no sob. Fred and Sophy, though they were only two and three years younger, and though they had seen mother in her coffin, seemed to themselves to be looking at some strange show. They had not learned to decipher that terrible handwriting of human destiny, illness and death. Dickey had rebelled against his black clothes, until he was told that it would be naughty to mamma not to put them on, when he at once submitted; and now, though he had heard Nanny say that she was in heaven, he had a vague notion that she would come home again to-morrow, and say he had been a good boy, and let him empty her work-box. He stood close to his father, with great rosy cheeks and wide open blue eyes, looking first up at the minister who read the burial service, and then down at the coffin, and thinking he and Chubby would play at that, when they got home.

The burial was over, and Amos turned with his children to reënter the house; the house where, an hour ago, Milly's dear body lay, where the windows were half darkened, and sorrow seemed to have a hallowed precinct for itself, shut out from the world. But now she was gone; the broad, snow-reflected daylight was in all the rooms; the parsonage again seemed part of the common working-day world, and Amos, for the first time, felt that he was alone; that day after day, month after month, year after year, would have to be lived through without Milly's love. Spring would come, and she would not be there; summer, and she would not be there; and he would never have her again with him by the fireside in the long evenings. The seasons all seemed irksome to his thoughts; and how dreary the sunshiny days that would be sure to come! She was gone from him; and he could never show her his love any more, never make up for omissions in the past by filling future days with tenderness.

O the anguish of that thought, that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them; for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know!

Amos Barton had been an affectionate husband, and while Milly was with him, he was never visited by the thought that perhaps his sympathy with her was not quick and watchful enough; but now he re-lived all their life together, with that terrible keenness of memory and imagination which bereavement gives, and he felt as if his very love needed a pardon for its poverty and selfishness.

Reader, whoever thou art, husband or wife, brother or sister, take to thine own heart—it will be a blessed thing when thine own dreary day of bereavement shall come—take, therefore, now to thine heart, the lesson taught thee by the dark day at the parsonage.

When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down upon those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.—*Dr. Moore.*

THE BURNING SPECULA OF ARCHIMEDES.

OF all the inventions ascribed to Archimedes, there is none more extraordinary than that of the burning specula by which he is said to have set fire to the Roman fleet, while it rode at anchor in the harbor of Syracuse, and he himself was shut up within the walls of that city. The fact, however, seems not to have been called in question till the time of Descartes. That philosopher, trusting to certain optical laws which he had discovered, and which, though just, were not sufficiently comprehensive, ventured to deny the possibility of constructing specula which could burn at so great a distance. His authority was then an overmatch for the testimony of all antiquity: his opinion prevailed; and till the experiments which we are about to notice were made, the mirrors of Archimedes were regarded as a chimera.

For some years prior to 1747, the French naturalist, Buffon, had been engaged in the prosecution of those researches upon heat which he afterward published in the first volume of the supplement to his "Natural History." Without any previous knowledge, as it would seem, of the mathematical treatise of Anthemius, in which a similar invention of the sixth century is described, Buffon was led, in spite of the reasonings of Descartes, to conclude that a speculum or series of specula might be constructed sufficient to obtain results little, if at all, inferior to those attributed to the invention of Archimedes.

This, after encountering many difficulties, which he had foreseen with great acuteness, and obviated with equal ingenuity, he at length succeeded in effecting. In the spring of 1747, he laid before the French Academy a memoir which, in his collected works, extends over upward of eighty pages. In this paper he describes himself as in possession of an apparatus by means of which he could set fire to planks at the distance of two hundred, and even two hundred and ten feet, and melt metals and metallic minerals at distances varying from twenty-five to forty feet. This apparatus he describes as composed of one hundred and sixty-eight plain glasses, silvered on the back, each six inches broad by eight inches long. These, he says, were ranged in a large wooden frame, at intervals not exceeding the third of an inch; so that, by means of an adjustment behind, each should be movable in all directions independently of the rest; the spaces between the glasses being further of use in allowing the operator to see from behind the point on which it behooved the various disks to be converged.

These results ascertained, Buffon's next inquiry was, how far they corresponded with those ascribed to the mirrors of Archimedes, the most particular account of which is given by the historians Zonaras and Tzetzes, both of the twelfth century. "Archimedes," says the first of these writers, "having received the rays of the sun on a mirror, by the thickness and polish of which they were reflected and united, kindled a flame in the air, and darted it with full violence on the ships which were anchored within a certain distance, and which were accordingly reduced to ashes." The same Zonaras relates that Proclus, a celebrated mathematician of the sixth century, at the siege of Constantinople, set on fire the Thracian fleet by means of brass mirrors. Tzetzes is yet more particular. He tells us, that when the Roman galleys were within a bow-shot of the city walls, Archimedes caused a kind of hexagonal speculum, with other smaller ones of twenty-four facets each, to be placed at a proper distance; that he moved these by means of hinges and plates of metal; that the hexagon was bisected by "the meridian of summer and winter;" that it was placed opposite the sun; and that a great fire was thus kindled, which consumed the Roman fleet.

From these accounts, we may conclude that the mirrors of Archimedes and Buffon were not very different either in their construction or effects. No question, therefore, could remain of the latter having revived one of the most beautiful inventions of former times, were there not one circumstance which still renders the antiquity of it doubtful: the writers cotemporary with Archimedes, or nearest his time, make no mention of these mirrors. Livy, who is so fond of the marvelous, and Polybius, whose accuracy so great an invention could scarcely have escaped, are altogether silent on the subject. Plutarch, who has collected so many particulars relative to Archimedes, speaks no more of it than the former two; and Galen, who lived in the second century, is the first writer by whom

we find it mentioned. It is, however, difficult to conceive how the notion of such mirrors having ever existed could have occurred, if they never had been actually employed. The idea is greatly above the reach of those minds which are usually occupied in inventing falsehoods; and if the mirrors of Archimedes are a fiction, it must be granted that they are the fiction of a philosopher.

INSTITUTIONS FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND.

IN 1853, there were in Europe about one hundred institutions for the blind, many of them, however, on a very small scale, and supported by religious fraternities. Of these, France had thirteen, nearly all of which, except those already named, had very few pupils, and were mostly under the care of some of the religious orders. The eleven were estimated to contain about one hundred and forty-five pupils.

Germany, including Austria and Prussia, has thirty-two institutions, divided among her different states as follows: Austria, nine; Prussia, eight; Bavaria, four; Wurtemburg, three; Dresden, Frankfort, Hamburg, Hamelin, Leipsic, Ratisbon, and Regensburg, each one. None of these are large, except those at Berlin and Vienna, and the whole have not more than one thousand pupils. There is at Vienna an asylum for the aged and infirm blind. The number of blind persons in Germany is estimated at more than thirty thousand. Switzerland has five schools for the blind, at Zurich, Schaffhausen, Lausanne, Berne, and Fribourg. None of these are large; those at Zurich and Lausanne are in very high repute.

Sweden has but one, at Stockholm, which is connected with the institution for the deaf and dumb. The institution was organized in 1806, but up to 1843 had had but eight blind pupils. In 1843 it was reorganized under the present director, M. O. E. Borg, a son of the founder of the institute, and is in a very flourishing condition, having about thirty-six pupils.

Russia has only three schools for the blind, viz., at St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Gatschina, neither of them on a very large scale, and affording but very trifling relief to its fifty thousand blind.

Belgium has three, one at Bruges, under the care of the Abbé Carton, one at Brussels, and one at Liege. All are intended for deaf mutes as well as blind.

Spain has two; the one at Madrid is mainly intended to educate blind persons as teachers.

Great Britain has thirteen. Of these, that at Liverpool is the oldest, and had in 1855 seventy-nine pupils. As we have elsewhere stated, it is mainly an industrial school, reading and music being the only branches taught. The articles manufactured amounted that year to $4,400. The schools for the blind in London, three in number, are richly endowed, but give no instruction except in industrial arts, reading, and music. The Edinburgh school is in advance of the others in literary advantages, but neither there nor anywhere else in Great Britain are the blind taught (except music) anything more than reading and the mere rudiments of geography, grammar, and arithmetic.

Ireland has six institutions of all kinds, viz., Simpson Hospital, for Blind and Gouty Persons, the inmates admitted for life and no instruction given. It has thirty-eight inmates. The Richmond National Institution has seventeen inmates, who are received for from three to seven years, and taught basket-making; the Molyneux Asylum for Blind Females has twenty-five inmates, who are received for life, and taught knitting, netting, reading, and music; the Ulster Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind has thirteen inmates, admitted for three years, and taught mat-making, knitting, and needlework; the Limerick Asylum for Females has nine inmates, admitted for life, and taught knitting; the Cork Blind Asylum has twenty-nine inmates, received for from five to seven years, and taught basket and mat making, knitting, spinning, etc.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are about twenty-five thousand blind persons.

There are in Italy six blind institutions, at Naples, Palermo, Rome, Milan, Turin, and Padua. None of them are large. Portugal has one at Lisbon, and Turkey one at Constantinople.

Holland has three; the largest is at Amsterdam, and is an institution of very superior character, well endowed, and conducted with great ability, by Herr J. W. Van Dapperen. It has two departments. The Institute, which had in 1853 fifty-five pupils, thirty males and twenty-

five females, with twelve assistant teachers: and the workshop for the adult blind, with thirty inmates, fourteen men and sixteen women, under the care of a director and two assistants.

Twelve works for the blind had been published in Dutch in the raised letter, principally of an elementary character. The Psalms, the Gospel of St. Luke, and the Acts of the Apostles, were the only portions of the Scriptures published for the blind in that language. Many of the books used were in French and German. Braille's system of writing with points was in use. The apparatus of maps, globes, letter-boards, etc., in relief, was the most complete and extensive in any institution in Europe.

In the United States there are now twenty institutions for the blind, the oldest of which dates its actual organization from the year 1832. These institutions differ very greatly in size, in the number of pupils, the extent of their buildings, and appliances for instruction, and the skill and success of their management; but there is hardly one which, in the extent and success of its course of instruction, is not greatly in advance of the British schools, and the larger institutions, according to the testimony of the best European teachers, have no equals in Europe.

The first school for the blind chartered in this country was the Massachusetts Asylum, and Perkins Institution for the Blind, but its actual organization was a few months later than that of the New York Institution. The charter was obtained in 1829, through the efforts of Dr. J. D. Fisher, but it was not until 1832, when Dr. Samuel G. Howe, a young physician, educated at Paris, and whose heroism and bravery in the Greek revolution, in which he had enlisted as a volunteer, had won him a reputation, had devoted himself with all his zeal, enthusiasm, and genius, to the effort for their instruction, that a school was organized. Dr. Howe familiarized himself with the methods pursued, and the success attained in the European schools, before attempting to organize one at Boston; and on his return commenced with six pupils. The apparatus and processes in use for imparting instruction were rude, cumbrous, and ill adapted to their purpose; he immediately commenced simplifying and improving them. The raised letters in use (the French letter and Gall's) seemed to him objectionable, and he at once began a series of experiments, which resulted in the adoption of a letter which is acknowledged to be superior to any other in its adaptation to the wants of the blind.

These were great triumphs for a young man to have accomplished, and they placed Dr. Howe at once in the front rank of the educators of the blind; but without detracting at all from his merits, it was certainly a happy and fortunate circumstance for the blind, that his zeal and enthusiasm in their cause should have found so ready a response from the noble-hearted citizens of Boston. The exhibition of the proficiency of Dr. Howe's first pupils so interested Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, that he gave his spacious and elegant residence to the Institution for the Blind, on condition that $50,000 should be contributed to endow it. This sum was speedily raised, and the institution, by private liberality and appropriations from the state, placed on a permanent foundation. This desirable result accomplished, Dr. Howe devoted himself with great zeal, among his other labors in their behalf, to the work of providing a literature for the blind. His earnest appeals led to the contribution of money for this purpose, and after having completed the Bible in the raised letter, the plates of which were subsequently purchased by the American Bible Society, and providing the necessary school manuals for the instruction of his pupils, he proceeded to issue such standard and classical works as the means in his hands permitted. The publication of an Encyclopedia in the raised letter has been a favorite project with him, and eight of the twenty volumes, of which it is to be composed, have been already issued. The enormous expense of works printed for the blind, will, unless some national appropriation is made for it, prevent them from becoming very numerous; but from the statistics we have given in a former number, it will be seen that by far the most valuable additions made to their literature have been issued from the Boston press.

The New York Institution for the Blind was chartered in 1831. The enterprise originated in the philanthropic spirit of Samuel Wood, a venerable member of the Society of Friends, now gone to his rest, but who for many years went about, like his Divine Master, doing good. Mr.

Wood's attention was first called to the subject by the ravages of epidemic ophthalmia in the Farm School (of which he was a visitor) in 1828. About the same time Dr. Samuel Akerly, a name deservedly honored by the medical profession in New York, became interested in the welfare of the blind, and in 1831, with no knowledge of what had been attempted elsewhere in this country, Dr. Akerly procured from the Legislature a charter for an Institution for the Blind, to be located in the City of New York.

After the first year many of those who were at first skeptical of its success became its fast friends. Several gentlemen volunteered to raise funds for it; the ladies held a succession of fairs for its benefit, and realized several thousand dollars. Mr. James Boorman gave the use of the land, and a building on the premises now occupied by the institution, for a number of years at a nominal rent, and subsequently sold the land to the trustees at a very low price. On the first of November, 1833, the school was removed to these premises from 62 Spring-street, where it had been located since the spring previous. The number of pupils was now sixteen. During the year Dr. Russ visited several towns in the interior, and thus awakened an interest in the institution.

In May, 1834, the Legislature authorized the managers to receive four indigent blind pupils from each of the eight senatorial districts of the state, and to draw from the state treasury one hundred and thirty dollars for the support of each. At the end of this year the number of pupils had increased to thirty-six. Basket-making and rug-making had been introduced, and a graduate of the Edinburgh Blind Institution had taken charge of the manufacturing department.

In the spring of 1836 the Legislature provided for the support of *eight* pupils from each senatorial district, and also appropriated twelve thousand dollars, on condition that the managers should raise eight thousand, the whole to be appropriated for the purchase of the land on which the institution was located, and for the erection of a work-shop.

During the year improvement was made in the processes of instruction. The pupils were supplied with books in the raised letter; maps in relief and other apparatus were furnished, and music was made a prominent feature in the system of education. At the close of the year there were fifty pupils in attendance.

In 1839 the Legislature authorized the support of *sixteen* pupils from each senatorial district, and in 1848 an appropriation was made by the Legislature for erecting a building intended for work-shops, refectory, dormitories, and sales-room for the adult blind. The entire cost of this building was between sixteen thousand and seventeen thousand dollars.

In 1850 the number of pupils was one hundred and forty-four. The funds of the institution were during this year considerably increased by bequests from its friends. In 1852, the present superintendent, Mr. T. Colden Cooper, was appointed superintendent.

Among the graduates of this institution, quite a number have achieved considerable literary distinction. Misses Crosby, Bullock, and Holmes, (the first of whom is still connected with the institution as a teacher,) have a deservedly high reputation as poetesses. The published letters of Mrs. De Kroypt attracted much attention from their pleasing style.

Messrs. Arkman and Hall have published a work entitled "Beauties and Achievements of the Blind," partly selected, but exhibiting in its original portions decided talent. Rev. Adam Mac Lelland, a graduate of the institution, and also of the Union Theological Seminary, gives the promise of high abilities as a preacher.

The Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind owes its origin primarily to Mr. Roberts Vaux, a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, and a member of the Society of Friends. As early as 1824, and for several subsequent years, he conversed very frequently with his friends on the subject of providing for their training and instruction.

In 1829 one of these friends, Mr. Joshua F. Fisher, visited Europe, and while there Mr. Vaux wrote him repeatedly requesting him to obtain the necessary information in regard to institutions for the blind, and ascertain whether a teacher could be procured from thence to open a school for the blind in Philadelphia. Mr. Fisher devoted much attention to the subject, and wrote several letters to Mr. Vaux, detailing the results of his investigations. In the autumn of 1832 Mr. Fisher returned

to America, and soon after Mr. Julius R. Friedlander arrived in Philadelphia, bringing letters to Mr. Robert Walsh and Mr. Vaux.

Mr. Friedlander was a native of Upper Silesia. He was of Jewish parentage, but was educated at the University of Leipsic, and while pursuing his studies there professed Christianity. After receiving his degree he was for a time tutor in the family of the Prince of Faustenberg, and won his entire confidence.

At an early period his attention was called to the condition and privations of the blind, and he informed himself fully concerning the processes adopted in their instruction. The interest thus excited, led him finally to devote himself to the work of enlightening their darkness. Regarding the United States as an unoccupied field in this great humanitarian enterprise, he resolved to make the effort to establish here a school for the instruction of those from whom God's providence had shut out the view of the beauties of nature.

Selecting Philadelphia as the most eligible point for such an enterprise, and having carefully qualified himself for the undertaking, by attendance upon the best schools for the blind in Europe, he entered at once upon the work for which God had so fully prepared the way. He commenced with a single pupil, and so thorough was his devotion to the instruction of that pupil, so earnest his labors for his improvement, so perfectly triumphant his success, that no one who witnessed it ever doubted that this enthusiastic philanthropist had entered upon his true vocation. His able and distinguished successor, in a letter to the writer, says:

"From the opening of the school the rare excellence of the teacher was apparent in all its condition and progress. He secured in an extraordinary degree the filial confidence of his pupils. His authority was eminently that of affection, powerful and prevailing for all purposes of order and obedience. His personal integrity, his intellectual attainments, his moral and social habits, and his direct preparation for the work, were all presented in proper relief at the outset. His was happily a zeal guided by knowledge, and an ardor tempered by sound discretion."

For six years he was spared to witness the growth and increasing interest of the school he had founded. His overwrought frame was, for the last two years of his life, the prey of a hopeless malady. Neither the skill of the most eminent physicians, nor the balmy air of the most genial of climates, availed to stay the progress of the destroyer. He returned to the bosom of his adopted family to die; and, amid the sound of grateful voices, and soothed, in his paroxysms of pain, by melodies which himself had evoked, he passed away peacefully and happily to the better land. Deep was the affliction of his pupils at his early departure, and many the tears which flowed from sightless eyes, over him who had been to them a parent, a brother, a friend.

In the cemetery at Laurel Hill rises in simple grandeur a lofty shaft, inscribed with the name of FRIEDLANDER, which testifies to the grateful remembrance in which the name of this eminent practical philanthropist is held.

After his death Dr. Joshua Rhoads, now the able and efficient principal of the Illinois Institution, filled the place for a short time. He was followed by David B. Tower, since a distinguished teacher and author, and he by Rev. Dr. John A. Vaughan. Joseph K. Fry was also superintendent for a short time. In 1849 William Chapin, the present accomplished and able principal, was appointed, and under his administration the institution has been eminently successful.

The number of pupils and other blind persons connected with the institution on the first of January, 1856, was one hundred and thirty-three, of whom one hundred were supported by the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland.

On the third of April, 1837, an act was passed appointing a board of "Trustees of the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Blind," and empowering them to receive a donation of land in the vicinity of Columbus, to appoint a suitable person to superintend the erection of buildings, and to make provision for the opening of the school with a suitable teacher, in rented apartments. An appropriation of ten thousand dollars was made for the commencement of the school and the purchase of materials for the building.

In accordance with these provisions of the Legislature the necessary measures were taken, and the school publicly opened on the fourth of July, 1837, with five pupils, under the care of Mr. A. W. Penniman as teacher.

On the tenth of March, 1838, the Legislature made provision for the education of sixty indigent pupils, twelve to be admitted each year, and to remain five years. Fifteen thousand dollars were also appropriated to complete the buildings.

The "Virginia Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind," is located at Staunton. This institution originated in an act passed by the Legislature of the state on the thirty-first of March, 1838, appropriating twenty thousand dollars for a site and buildings for an asylum for deaf-mutes and blind, and ten thousand dollars annually for its support. By an act passed the twenty-seventh of March, 1839, this asylum was located at Staunton, and, by a subsequent act, a board of visitors was appointed to organize the institution, purchase a site, and superintend the erection of suitable buildings.

The asylum was organized the first of January, 1840, with six blind pupils. The corner-stone of the main building was laid the ninth of July, 1840, but, for want of funds, only the walls were erected, and the roof put on, until 1846, when, by the aid of an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars from the Legislature, granted the year previous, it was completed.

During the period from 1840 to 1846 artful demagogues had sought to prejudice the ignorant and unthinking against the institution, and had succeeded to some extent. After the completion of the building, however, the success which attended its instructions was such as to convince even its bitterest opposers of its importance.

The number of blind pupils in 1855 was forty. The buildings, of which a view was given in the November number of THE NATIONAL, are among the finest of their class in the country. The main building has a front of one hundred and eighty-two feet. There is also a fine building for chapel, recitation rooms, etc., eighty-four by fifty-four feet, recently erected, and several rear buildings for workshops, etc.

The Tennessee Institution for the Blind originated in a private school, taught by Rev. Mr. Champlin, in Nashville, in 1843. The progress made by the pupils was exhibited before the Legislature, during the winter of 1843–4, when that body appropriated three thousand dollars, and appointed three eminent clergymen as trustees of an "Institution for the Instruction of the Blind." These trustees met in February, 1844, and made arrangements for the organization of the institution, and appointed Mr. William H. Churchman, a graduate of the Pennsylvania School, and, subsequently, for four years a teacher in the Ohio Institution, as principal. Mr. C. had been a pupil of Friedlander, and had inherited much of his spirit.

The school was opened in a hired house in Nashville, furnished through the benevolence of its citizens, on the tenth of April, 1844, with a single pupil. The number had increased, on the first of September, 1845, to fourteen, and their progress had been highly encouraging.

In 1847, fifteen pupils were in attendance, and in 1853 there were twenty-six pupils, and five other blind persons, connected with the institution.

The Kentucky Institute for the Blind is located at Louisville. It was opened in 1842. Of its early history, or present condition, we have not been able to obtain any information.

The first effort for the instruction of the blind in Indiana was made in 1844, when, through the efforts of some philanthropic gentleman in Indianopolis, the superintendent of the Kentucky Asylum was invited to exhibit some of his pupils before the Legislature. The result of this exhibition was the appropriation of the revenue of a two mill tax, to be expended under the direction of three trustees, to support blind children in the institutions of Ohio and Kentucky. Finding that many of the parents were unwilling to have their children sent out of the state for an education, the Legislature of 1846 passed a law for the purchase of a suitable site, and the erection of buildings, for an institute for the blind. A lot of eight acres, adjoining the north line of the City of Indianapolis, was purchased, and rooms were rented temporarily, and the school organized, in October, 1847. A cheap building was erected on the rear of the site, which had been purchased, the next season, for the temporary accommodation of the school, and the permanent buildings were put under contract in 1848. They were not completed, however, till 1853. In beauty and convenience of arrangement they are not surpassed by any institution for the blind in this country. We have already in a previous number of THE NATIONAL given a view of them.

The cost of the building and grounds was about seventy-five thousand dollars; their present value is over ninety thousand.

Mr. Churchman, previously superintendent of the Tennessee Institution, was appointed principal, at the organization of the Indiana Institute, and remained in charge till the summer of 1853, when he resigned, and Rev. George W. Ames was chosen his successor. The number of pupils in 1854 was about fifty.

The Illinois Institution for the Blind was incorporated on the 13th of January, 1849, and organized at Jacksonville, by the trustees appointed by the Legislature, on the first Monday of April following. Mr. Samuel Bacon, a graduate of the Ohio Institution for the Blind, who had previously been engaged in the private instruction of the blind at Jacksonville, was engaged as principal.

During the same year a site, comprising twenty-two acres, having been purchased, the foundation of an edifice for the institution was laid. This edifice, of which a view was given in our April number, was completed, and the school removed to it, in January, 1854. It has enjoyed constant prosperity under the able management of Dr. Rhoads.

The Wisconsin Institution for the Blind was organized in 1850, and its edifice is now nearly completed. Its past history has not been prosperous, but the trustees have, during the past year, appointed Mr. Churchman, of whom we have already spoken, as principal, and from his high abilities we may safely predict a more successful future in store for it. The number of pupils in 1856 was only fourteen.

The Missouri Institution was established at St. Louis in 1851. We have been unable to obtain any later report than that of 1854. The buildings occupied by the institution had cost about forty-five thousand dollars. There were twenty-one pupils in attendance, and Mr. E. W. Whelan, formerly principal of the Tennessee Institution, was superintendent.

Of the Mississippi Institution, at Jackson, Mississippi, and the Asylum for the Blind at Mobile, Alabama, we have been unable to obtain any definite information. Both are very small.

The Georgia Institution, at Macon, was founded in 1852; its buildings are not yet completed. In 1856 it had eighteen pupils.

The Maryland Institution for the Blind was organized in 1853, and had in the autumn of 1856 twelve pupils. It is under the charge of Mr. D. Loughery, himself a blind man. It is exciting considerable interest in Baltimore.

The Iowa Institution for the Blind was established at Iowa City in 1853. The buildings thus far erected for it have cost about six thousand dollars. It had in 1856 twenty-three pupils.

The Louisiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, at Baton Rouge, was organized in 1852, though the blind department was not opened till 1855. The edifice is a magnificent one, and affords ample accommodation for both classes of unfortunates. The principal, Mr. J. S. Brown, was formerly at the head of the Indiana Deaf and Dumb Institute. He is a man of great ability and energy, and of a high order of practical talent.

The Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind is located at Flint, and was organized in 1854. Its edifices, now in course of completion, will be very beautiful and commodious. The blind department had eighteen pupils in 1856, and was under the charge of Mr. B. M. Fay, formerly connected with the Indiana Institution.

The North Carolina Institution, at Raleigh, and the South Carolina, at Cedar Spring, both receive blind as well as deaf-mute pupils. The former was organized in 1848, the latter in 1849. Mr. N. P. Walker is principal of the South Carolina Institution; Mr. William D. Cooke held the same position in the North Carolina Institution at the date of our latest report.

There are then in the United States twenty institutions designed in whole or in part for the instruction of the blind. Five admit the deaf and dumb also. Fifteen are devoted exclusively to the blind.

In these institutions there were in 1856 about nine hundred blind persons, probably not far from one twelfth of the whole number in the country. Some twelve hundred more, in all, have received their education from these institutions, since 1832. In comparing these results with those of the European institutions, we feel that the friends of the blind have great cause for gratulation that this noble department of charity has enlisted so thoroughly the sympathies of our people, and that the opportunities of education are so generally afforded to this afflicted class.

BRITISH INDIA—No. III.

AFTER the famous and decisive battle of Plassey, in which Colonel Clive scattered the forces of Surajah Dowlah, and created Meer Jaffier as the new and submissive Nabob of Bengal, and thus secured this great territory to the English, showers of wealth fell upon the Company and its servants. The breaking up of the vast and opulent empire of the Moguls—the play of ambition among aspiring nabobs, contending with each other for the provinces of that dismembered empire, each province of which was equal in magnitude and wealth to a kingdom, presented to the avaricious companies trading in the East, just the circumstances for the rapid but unjust acquisition of enormous wealth. In this contest of ambition and avarice striving after wealth and power, which were to be acquired by artifice and arms, no mind was better qualified, and no arms were better disciplined than those of the English, and the English prevailed. The conquest of Moorshedabad, a city on the Ganges now fallen to decay, but then the magnificent capital of Surajah Dowlah, placed in the hands of Clive a sum of 800,000 pounds sterling in coined silver, which was sent down the river in a fleet of one hundred boats, whose progress was that of a triumph, and the arrival of which at Fort William was at once an index of the wealth which lay before the adventurers, and an incentive to renewed efforts after greater acquisitions; while the facility with which it was acquired, could only lead to extravagance. Calcutta, which only a few months before had been desolated by the army of Surajah, now became more prosperous than ever; the signs of affluence soon began to appear in every English house. In gratitude for his services, the treasury of Bengal was thrown open to Clive, and "he walked between heaps of gold and silver, crowned with rubies and diamonds, and was at liberty to help himself." Meer Jaffier sat upon the throne of Bengal, imbecile and depraved, and wholly dependent on the treacherous hand that had placed him in his new position. The recent revolution had unsettled the whole country, and many native chiefs were in open insurrection against the new nabob, while he was himself only the tool of his masters, and his territories a prey to the merciless avarice of his British allies.

During this state of affairs, before the news of the battle of Plassey had reached London, the Directors sent dispatches to India, placing the English settlers in Bengal under a most cumbrous and absurd government, and at the same time excluded Colonel Clive from any participation in it. But the persons in India who formed this new government, who understood the state of things, and in whose eyes success had sanctified the treacheries of Clive, took on themselves the responsibility of disobeying the orders of the Directors, and invited the hero of Plassey and Moorshedabad to exercise the supreme authority. Clive consented, and was installed in his new dignity, and it soon appeared that the servants of the Company had only anticipated the wish of their employers, who in the meantime had received intelligence of Clive's successes, which had made them masters of Bengal. On the receipt of this news, the Directors at once appointed Colonel Clive governor of their possessions in Bengal, addressing him in the strongest terms of flattery and praise, and conferring upon him high marks of honor and gratitude; thus giving their highest sanction to the artifice and treachery which gave them an empire in the East. The power of Clive, and that of the Company, was now boundless in India, not only because no bounds were placed to their unexpectedly acquired dominions, but also because they possessed the means of unlimited extension. Meer Jaffier regarded the new governor with slavish awe; he was the mere nominal Nabob of Bengal—Colonel Clive its real sovereign, and the East India Company its true proprietor.

The cumbrous government bestowed at this time on Bengal, was not only an anomaly, but an absurdity. The whole authority was of course invested in the East India Company. The body of proprietors of East India stock elected twenty-four Directors, to whom was intrusted executive power, the proprietors being careful to reserve exclusively to themselves all legislative authority. The holder of £500 of the Company's stock was entitled to a voice in the Court of Proprietors, but to become a Director, it was necessary to hold stock to the value of £2000. Each presidency—Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta—was governed by a president, and a council of nine to twelve members, appointed by commission of the

Company. All power was lodged in the president and council jointly, every question that came before them being decided by a majority of votes. The charter of 1726 granted to the Company the power to establish a Mayor's Court at each of the presidencies, consisting of a Mayor and nine aldermen, empowered to decide in civil cases of all descriptions, subject to an appeal from their decisions to the president and council. The president and his council were also vested with the power of holding quarter sessions, for the exercise of penal authority in all cases except those of high treason, and also a court for the summary decision of pecuniary questions of inconsiderable amount. Beyond this, the powers of justices of the peace were added to the already overgrown power of the council, the president being at the same time commander-in-chief of all the military force within his presidency.

How could it be otherwise than that this irresponsible, unequal, and imperfect form of government, intended to control the affairs of vast territories, and to consult and secure the interest and welfare of millions of ignorant, degraded, and imbecile heathens, should rapidly become corrupt, and lead to ruinous embarrassments. The Company, a mere body of traders, of speculating adventurers, was invested with a great and irresponsible power, an anomaly among the governments of the earth. There was then no Board of Control. The Directors were, for the most part, merchants, "avaricious and unjust, ignorant of politics, inexperienced in government," and almost wholly unacquainted with the circumstances and wants of the mighty empire, which had so unjustly and so unexpectedly become subject to them. At the head of this government of India, intended to operate on the opposite side of the globe, was the Court of Proprietors, the theater of whose movements was in London. The opportunities of communication between this body and its servants on the other side of world, were few and uncertain, requiring nearly two years for an interchange of views and wishes, thus leaving each department of the cumbersome management to act in ignorance of the circumstances, and often in opposition to the wants and interests of the other. The meetings of the Court of Proprietors, a body now venerable in age, but venerable only for the frosts gathered on its hoary locks, and not for the memory of its good deeds, were large and stormy, often even riotous, and characterized by personal and violent debates. The whole body was struggling for the carcass of a decaying empire, and each proprietor, like a vulture, was contending with his fellow for the largest and most delicate portion. Hence "turbulent and virulent discussions disgraced the proceedings of the assembly on questions of the most solemn importance. Fictitious votes were manufactured on a giant scale; thousands of pounds being expended by wealthy nabobs for East India stock, each £500 acquiring a new vote, by conferring it on a mere nominal proprietor, the pliant tool of the ambitious director."

While this was the character of the Court of Proprietors at home, corruption and oppression prevailed universally in the administration of the Company's servants in India. No longer satisfied with slow and moderate gains, and having full power and a wide and opulent field, a feverish excitement and an ungovernable avarice characterized all, as all were nearly irresponsible, and only left their quiet firesides in England with the hope of amassing speedy fortunes, with which to return and enjoy the ease and quiet of home. The officers of the Company were recognized as their own judges in all cases, and notwithstanding the establishment of the Mayor's Court, they still held all the judicial and executive functions, both civil and military, in their own hands. India, in the eyes of Englishmen, wore the character of a vast mine of wealth—a country of gold and silver, and glittering with rubies and diamonds; a country which had been acquired by the prowess of British arms, and therefore a legitimate province for plunder, the only value of which was as an open field for the adventures of avarice and ambition. A strong tide of emigration poured into the land of gold, like that which has recently populated California, and more recently still, the gold regions of Australia. And, indeed, the early adventures and lawless scenes connected with the occupancy of these two countries, approximated, though they by no means equaled, the tragic scenes of the first years of the British occupancy of India. A fallen empire lay at their feet; millions of powerless and despairing natives were their legitimate prey; the ter-

ritories, the gold and silver, the jewels and the possessions of the greatest dominion that ever prevailed in the East, were theirs. They seized and appropriated all. They monopolized the grounds, claimed the very products of the soil, rented out the lands on terms and for purposes prescribed by themselves, seized the manufactures and placed them under the control of their own servants, monopolized the entire trade of the country, and claimed even the very services of millions of helpless wretches, whom even despair would not drive to rebellion. The officers of the Company assumed the dignity and importance of sovereigns, and might receive at any time, as the price of their corruption, ten or twenty thousand pounds, the offering of unprincipled avarice and ambition.

But we may not stop here to enlarge upon the fearful corruptions and oppressions which characterized the early years of the subjugation of India to the absolute sway of the East India Company. Let it suffice to say, that at that time the fate of unbounded wealth and of millions of powerless human beings, was in the hands of a great company of avaricious traders, and a body of daring adventurers, resident in India, and thirsting for gold and plunder. Then were laid the foundations of all those fearful evils which for three fourths of a century have crushed the millions of India, and which to this day still extort the cry of those millions to ring annually in the ears of the British Parliament and English people. Such as the foreign proprietorship of the land; the collecting of land taxes by oppression and even torture itself; the claiming of the products of the soil at prices fixed by the government; the prescribing by a set of gold-thirsting officials what appropriation shall be made of the soil, whether it should be used for grain, or cotton, or opium, not according to the wants of the millions of the natives, but according to the necessities of the Company's exchequer; the monopoly of the whole internal and external trade; the fearful oppressions connected with the compulsory cultivation of the poppy and manufacture of opium; and even of those financial embarrassments which have steadily increased year by year, making it almost an impossible problem to humane Englishmen, how to relieve India from the dreadful wrongs which still overwhelm a hundred millions of her native subjects.

At that time almost the entire control of the newly acquired empire in India was in the hands of the East India Company, an irresponsible body that aimed much less at a judicious government of the territories they had acquired and of the people they had treacherously subjugated, than at enlarging the profits and facilities of trade at any price of dishonor. In after years, however, the British government itself became implicated in the events of East Indian history, and for more than half a century has been the proper and responsible representative of British authority in the East. Yet as the government of India has all along been characterized by injustice and inefficiency, by increasing embarrassments and growing wrongs and oppressions, so that almost every year the world hears the complaints and reads the petitions of the oppressed millions of India for redress, it is a common *ruse* for British officials and apologists still to throw the blame of all these wrongs and mal-administrations on the Company, and to screen the participation and responsibility of the crown and Parliament of Great Britain under the cover of the world-wide infamy of the Company. Indeed, the British government of India is still an anomaly—a veritable nondescript—being, at least nominally, divided between the crown and the East India Company, and hence spoken of as a "double government;" and hence, too, the whole responsibility of the English government is sometimes attempted to be evaded by declaring the Anglo-Indian Empire to be a "foreign dependency," in proof of which we sometimes see adduced even two of India's great wrongs, namely, "that it does not enjoy that exemption from taxation for the benefit of the United Kingdom, enjoyed by other colonial possessions; and that it has remitted considerable sums as tribute to England." The real connection of the crown and Parliament of England with the government and wrongs of India is, then, an interesting and important question, and in order to discover its true character and extent, we must glance at the history of Parliamentary interference in the affairs of the East India Company and its transactions in the East.

In 1772, when the corruptions of the East India Company had reached the extent already referred to, the Parliament of England began to interfere decisively

with the affairs of India. From that time until the present the home government has been gradually absorbing into itself the powers and privileges, and, perhaps we may add, the emoluments of the Company; and it requires but little acuteness to predict that before the same length of time shall again elapse, all the powers and rights of the Company will be absorbed by the imperial government, and the possessions of the Company will be held and controlled by the crown of England, while the Hon. East India Company, with its vast possessions and anomalous privileges, will have become a matter of astonishing history.

This interference began with the farcical examination and dubious censure of Lord Clive, when Parliament first condemned, and then assumed the conquests he had made. In the following year the ministry introduced two bills into Parliament, in which was distinctly asserted the claim of the British crown to all the territorial acquisitions of the Company. In addition to this, the bills provided for the complete regulation of the internal affairs of the Company, such as raising the qualification to vote in the Court of Proprietors from the possession of £500 of the company's stock to that of £1,000, giving to every proprietor possessed of £3,000 worth of stock two votes; of £6,000 three votes, and of £10,000 four votes.

They also changed the annual election of the whole twenty-four directors, and limited it to the annual election of six only. They invested the government of the presidency of Bengal, including Bahar and Orissa, in a governor-general and four councilors, rendering the other presidencies subordinate to that of Bengal, and even fixing the salaries of all the government officers, which was done, indeed, on a liberal scale, giving the governor-general as his annual salary as many pounds sterling as the President of the United States receives dollars, namely, £25,000. They established at Calcutta a supreme court of judicature, consisting of a chief justice and three associate judges, each appointed by the crown.

In carrying these new regulations into effect it was proposed that the first governor-general and councilors should be nominated by Parliament, and hold their offices for five years, after which the patronage of those great offices was to revert to the directors, yet still subject to the approval of the British sovereign. It was also specifically determined that everything which related to the civil or military affairs of India, *to the government of the country, or the administration of the revenues*, should be laid before the ministers of Parliament, and that no person in the service of the king or Company should be allowed to receive presents on any pretext whatever, or engage in any kind of commercial speculation or pursuit.

These prerogatives claimed and exercised by the British Parliament, thus boldly breaking in upon the management of the East India Company, and these minute and authoritative regulations of the government of India, even as far back as 1773, show conclusively that the government of Great Britain even then claimed and exercised such an authority in India as constitutes it the proper and responsible representative of British sovereignty in India.

But even this is not the full extent of the authority and influence of the crown and Parliament of England in the affairs of the Anglo-Indian empire. The experience of less than ten years, notwithstanding the wholesome regulations already adopted, made it necessary for the home government still more decisively to interfere in the management of India, and to throw still greater limitations around the authority of the Company.

In 1784 the celebrated Pitt introduced his famous India bill, which originated the Board of Control. This body, which is still in existence, and which, if it had not itself furnished some of the greatest speculators in Indian stocks and trade, would have been the greatest safeguard against the mal-administration of the Company, consists of six members of the Privy Council, appointed by the crown, two of the principal secretaries of state being always members. The president of the board is, in fact, secretary of state for India, and is the officer responsible for the government and for the proceedings of the board. This Board of Control extends its superintendence over all the affairs, civil and military, of India. Macaulay says:

"It revises, cancels, or approves all dispatches, letters, orders, or instructions proposed to be sent out by the Board of Directors to the local government in India; it may also re-

quire the court to prepare and send out dispatches on any given subject, couched in such terms as it may deem fit; it may transmit, in certain cases, orders to India, without the inspection of the directors, and has access to all the Company's papers and records, and to all proceedings of the courts of directors and proprietors It is clear, therefore, that from 1784, when the Board of Control was established, the real sovereignty of British India was taken out of the hands of the Company and placed in those of ministers."

Warren Hastings had been appointed Governor-General of India ten years before this time, a man that was to the government of India what Clive had been to the first establishment of British power in those territories. Clive, by the most indomitable courage and most unscrupulous measures, had founded the British dominion in India; Hastings, by the same means, gave it permanence, and a wider extension, but also drew upon himself and the government of India the attention of the British Parliament and people, which resulted in the above action. Hastings was recalled. On his return to England he was impeached by the House of Commons, and tried for high crimes and misdemeanors. And then followed a judicial farce similar to that which followed the return of Clive to England.

The trial was conducted with extraordinary pomp of state and theatrical show. The celebrated Burke and Sheridan exerted all their eloquence against the criminal, and the proceedings were continued through a period of eight years. It was proved that the administration of Hastings had been arbitrary in the extreme, and that he had committed many acts of injustice, oppression, extortion, and deliberate cruelty; but it was evident, at the same time, that these acts had enriched the East India Company, and greatly extended the power of Great Britain. Hastings was, therefore, acquitted in 1795, and left in possession of the vast fortune he had amassed, while the Company still added to his treasures a handsome yearly pension.

It is not our purpose to follow the local government of British India, but to study the present relations of the British Parliament to the affairs of India, and, therefore, we turn at once to the next great aggression of the home government on the power and authority of the Company. This took place in 1833, when, the charter of the Company having expired, it was again renewed, but with very great modifications. The exclusive commercial privileges which the Company had so long enjoyed, giving them the monopoly of the entire trade with India and China, were revoked, and thus an ample field was opened up for the enterprise of British subjects in India. The Company was also restricted from carrying on trade as a mercantile association.

The political government and patronage of Hindoostan were still continued to the company for a period of twenty years; but all the other rights and possessions of the Company were ceded to the British government for an annuity of six hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling. One prolific source of evil to India was still left open by these modifications; in addition to the above annuity, the Company was still left to derive other revenues from taxation and other incidental sources. They have largely used this remaining prerogative, and secure an entire revenue of about a hundred millions of dollars annually, a very large proportion of which is derived from the tax or rent upon land. From time immemorial the soil has constituted the chief source of revenue, from the fact that the soil has always been looked upon as the property of the government. This oppressive principle was brought over into the British management of India, and constitutes to this day the source of the most grievous oppressions to millions of India.

In some districts the lands are rented directly to the ryots or cultivators; in others, large territories are held by certain lords, called zimindars, who pay to the government a fixed sum annually, which they collect or extort from the people; in some districts the lands are farmed out to the highest bidder, who remunerates himself by the extortions made from the people. As a result of this system this land-tax sometimes amounts to as much as one half the entire produce of the land occupied, and through the costly and oppressive mode of collection, the cultivator is often obliged to pay about three fourths of the produce of his soil! It is in the making of these collections that we discover the various systems of torture which were recently described before the British Parliament.

The next great source of revenue still left open for the avarice and oppression of

the Company is the monopoly of opium. In all the territories subject to the English the cultivation of the poppy and manufacture of opium are still monopolies of the government, and as the cultivation is extremely profitable to the Company, though impoverishing and sometimes ruinous to the cultivators, it is in many districts forced upon the people by a system of oppressive compulsion. The public treasury is still further replenished by other monopolies, as that of cotton, salt, etc., by duties on exports and imports, by licenses for the sale of opium, arrack, and toddy, by court fees, stamps, etc.

The supreme authority in India is now vested in the governor-general, who is also governor of the presidency of Bengal. He is nominated by the Court of Directors, subject to the approbation of the crown, and is assisted by a council of five members, three of whom are appointed by the Court of Directors from among persons who are, or have been, servants of the Company; the fourth is also chosen in a similar manner from among persons unconnected with the Company; and the fifth is the commander-in-chief, who takes rank and precedence immediately after the governor-general. The governor-general in council is competent to make laws for the whole of British India, and these laws are binding on all the courts of justice, unless annulled by higher authority. That higher authority is found in England, and is made up of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, who are under the authority of a Board of Commissioners, comprising several of the chief ministers of the crown, and bearing the name of the Board of Control, that board itself being subject to the British Parliament. By the act of 1833, the British Parliament has reserved to itself the right to supersede or suspend all proceedings of the governor-general, and also the right to legislate for India, and all the laws and regulations enacted in India are directed to be laid on the table of the House of Parliament. By the same act, the Board of Control is entitled to the most intimate acquaintance with, and control over, all the acts, regulations, and proceedings of the Court of Directors, as well as of the local government of India.

What, then, is the real government of British India? It is evident that it is, what British writers sometimes call it, "a double government," but not in such a sense that it is "a foreign dependency," under the protectorate of Great Britain. It is obvious, that while it is a government apparently in the hands of the East India Company, it is in reality a government under the entire control of the Parliament of England, and which, though of a different form, is as essentially under the management of British sovereignty, as any colonial possession of the British Empire. Through the Board of Control, consisting of six members of the Privy Council appointed by the crown, the president of which is the secretary of state for India, the British government becomes involved in all the affairs of India, and responsible for the administration of a government controlling the interests of more than a hundred millions of people. It is very clear that the British government has been greatly embarrassed and trammeled in its administration of the affairs of these vast territories and these millions of helpless subjects, by the East India Company. But from the protracted and animated discussions which have recently taken place in the Parliament, and the loud and earnest calls which are dayly coming up from the people for "Indian reform," we may infer that the modifications of the Indian government are not yet completed, and may conclude, that ere long the home government will make another great stride toward assuming for itself the last feeble semblances of power in the hands of the Company. We cannot but believe that it will be a happy day for India, when this shadow of a government shall be dissolved, and when the crown and Parliament of Great Britain shall openly acknowledge and independently exercise over India, the authority which they now possess, but which they allow to be trammeled and obscured by the figment of a local government in India.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Like a rivulet flowing by,
Like a summer zephyr's sigh,
Like a flower, all frail and fair,
Like a snow-flake in the air,
Such is life.

Like the flashing meteor's light,
Like the eagle's rapid flight,
Like the cataract's fearful sweep,
Like a wave upon the deep,
Even such is life.

MICROSCOPIC MARVELS.

IT is commonly supposed that when things cease to be visible to the naked eye, there is an end to measurement; all further speculations touching their magnitude—granting things invisible to have magnitude—are superfluous and a complete waste of time. When a village dame clearly sees nothing on a given patch of talc or glass, even with her spectacles astride her nose, she would consider it madness were you to tell her that the proportions of large and less still continue to exist within that boundary, beyond her ken; while the superlative least has never yet been found. But look at this brackish drop of water, which is part of an iron ladleful I scooped up the other day out of a ruined, sanded-up seaport, long deserted by human inhabitants. It is a pearly globule, the bigness of a good fat dew-drop, and clear, except that by looking sharp you can perceive a few specks, which are merely bits of dirt and rubbish. I let my spherical little fish-pond fall gently on a thin strip of glass, and submit it to the microscope. In the small quantity of saline fluid which will hang to the tip of a common goose-quill, I have captured a multitude of wild creatures here confined, whose bulk and stature vary as much as those of the birds and beasts in a menagerie.

The largest live lion which I see as yet, has the semblance of a great garden-slug, but is flatter and broader. He glides gracefully along, searching with his mouth to the right and left for—he best knows what. Now he turns himself, and swims sidewise, so as to give me a capital profile view of his person. He is marvelously lean, not a bit of fat about him, and so transparent that I can behold, through him, every object over which he passes. He is not at all disgusting in his looks, and is free from every symptom of sliminess. His surface glances with pearly hues, not from any defective achromatism of my objectives; in plain English, from any fault of my glasses, but from the extreme thinness of his outer coat, as is the case in soap-bubbles and films on water. He glides on his way in pleased content, and is soon out of our field of view. We might follow him by hitching the slide on which the drop of salt water rests, but let him gang his gait; for, enter a band of waltzers, not keeping time, nor adhering very strictly to any set figure. They make me giddy to look at them as they whirl and spin. To avoid being utterly bewildered, I will fix my attention on the movements of a single individual. The present ballet-girl, a coryphée who dances in the front rank, has a body like a short-horn carrot, only pellucid as crystal; at her root end she has a pointed radicle, tip, or movable peg. Where the carrot leaves would sprout there is a diadem of long rays, which vibrate rapidly, but not too rapidly to be visible. By these evidently the dancer rises and sinks, revolves and rolls; they are probably the moustache which surrounds her mouth, and also the knife and fork with which she eats her dinner, as well as the fingers she catches it with. She is out of sight, and—whisk! who was that who ran across the room? swift as a swallow, but large and seemingly spherical? There! It stops for one instant, and I am in the presence, I suppose, of one of the rotifers, or wheel-animalcules, but can hardly tell from such a passing glance. I think I saw the wheels twisting about its head, and am sure I saw a yellowish meal safely stored in its portly paunch. Perhaps it is Notens quadricornis; what do I know? as the French say when a knotty point puzzles their brains. Another smaller wheeler—it does not follow that he is more juvenile—throws himself into the ring, like Mr. Merriment, with a sudden summerset. He pirouettes a moment, in which feat he is aided by his bell-shaped proportions, and then darts off to another station with a flea-like skip, pirouettes again, leaps aside, and disappears. He favors us with a very short performance, and is continuing his part behind the scenes. I shift the glass slide a little bit, and fall upon a shower of shooting stars. They flash across the field in all directions. They are white, clear, and roundish; that is all I can see, for they are excessively quick and extremely small. But if extreme rapidity perplexes, deliberate movements are sometimes ludicrous. There's a droll creature, who gives you time to look at him. He walks into the circus thus: he makes a bow till he touches the floor with his head. He then stands on his head and makes another bow in the same direction, till he touches the floor with his foot or feet; for his figure is altogether that of a worthy

peasant ready dressed to run a race in a sack. His march is that of a recruit cautiously practicing to the sober measure of the Dead March in Saul. But is he only hoaxing us, after all? masking his real character? This certainly must be his brother, who creeps in hurriedly on his belly, never leaving hold of the ground with his tail during the whole of his course. What versatility? I begin to suspect he is only the great slug in another disguise; and yet, no, it cannot be possible? But let us not be in too great a hurry about what is possible. How hungry he is. He has seized some unfortunate victim, and shakes it as a terrier does a rat. Now he is tugging away at some microscopic oyster, which will not be torn from its rock. A globular creature rolls before him; he opens wide his mouth, or the top of his sack; the bolus is somewhat of the biggest, but down it goes. He gives a gulp or two, shrugs his shoulders to make all right, and you can see the new morsel descend to his digestive apparatus. Now he hunts the ground for more, like a stanch hound upon a doubtful scent; and now he pecks about, tossing his head, like a turkey gobbling mast in a beech and oak-tree wood. Perhaps, when he has at last got his fill, he too will take to bowing, in evidence of his amiable disposition. Who and what is he? Blank Rotifer, Esquire, I guess. But do you think I know, even by sight, every creature I have circumvented in my drop? Of the rotifers alone there are heaven only knows how many species.

Besides the stars of the company, there are plenty of second and third-rate performers, who glide in and out modestly enough, keeping up the by-play of the scene; while others, standing stock-still, make up parts of the fixed tableau. Among the former are those little things, of various size, with a general resemblance to a weaver's shuttle, some with a single hole in the middle, others with two holes, one at each end; and others with three perforations visible, which slide slowly backward and forward without any evident object, sometimes knocking against each other, as if they were playing at blind-man's buff with every one of the party blinded. They are diatomaceæ, naviculæ, what-nots; some say they are animals, while the dons will have it they are only plants. I should like to plead for the animality of that neat little canoe-like fellow, who feels his way before him with a long, sharp, flexible bristle as he sails along. All this is in the water; but, by a touch at the fine adjustment, so as to shift the focus a shade, we catch the surface of the drop, and on it behold a floating emerald with a circlet of bristling rays surrounding it. You have just time to look at it steadily, and lo! it skips from side to side. Its radiating fringe is a set of agile feet and legs, with which it cuts capers on its briny spring-board.

But the quantity of saline liquid in our little reservoir is sensibly diminished by evaporation; it is low-water here, independent of the moon's age. I could easily create a bumping spring-tide by a supply introduced on the tip of a quill tooth-pick; but we will leave things to take their course. The plot thickens; all our characters crowd the stage together in alarm at the scantiness of their native element. Excitement gains ground; it is a water-riot; it is the last scene of Gustavus the Third; it is the market chorus of Masaniello, minus the music, as far as we can hear. By the way, there really exists music unheard by the ears, as there are sights unseen by the eyes, of humanity. Who will take up the science of micracoustics practically, so as to furnish us with a manifying ear-trumpet, which shall render the conversation of lady-birds audible? But the catastrophe of our drama approaches fast; our grand pantomime attains the acme of its interest. The indefatigable clowns, demons, pantaloons, and columbines, are stranded on shoals, which gradually grow shallower and shallower, till dry land appears; they flourish their celia, wave their bristles, contract and dilate their bug-like bodies for a moment; and then all is dry and still in death. Fancy a multitudinous caravan of men, horses, camels, and negro-slaves, all scorched up and withered in the Great Desert by the burning breath of an arid simoon. The tragedy is no more than what we have just witnessed. The monads, the wheelers, the volvoxes, and the creepy-crawlies lie flattened husks; some of them burst and emptied by the final struggle, like fire-balloons torn through a thicket of thorns. The drought also makes manifest to sight what was before unperceived; minute crystals of salt, in pyramids, crosses, lozenges, rhombs; and

other sharp-pointed angular shapes, rapidly appear on the field of battle, sometimes thrusting their spear-heads into the bodies of the slain, or entombing them beneath a translucent mausoleum. The graveyard of the departed animalcules is profusely strewn with glittering gems. Here lies our gallant Noteus, the dashing cavalry officer, with a sparkling rosette of brilliants for his head-stone; there, reposes poor little Ensign Whirligig, with a shining cross at his foot, and a polished stiletto of salt by his side; further on, the remains of General Slug are fairly crushed by a great Egyptian pyramid built of hundreds of layers of thousands of glassy bricks.

And these are among the common things so much sought after now-a-days, as if they were distant or hard to find. The clew to them lies in your own quicksightedness and activity of mind; therefore it is that ninety-nine out of every hundred men and women quit the world without having once beheld them. Do you wonder, now, that I have spent more than half an hour in watching the contents of this single drop of water with which a bit of window-glass has been smeared? The crystals alone, without the animals, are a remarkable spectacle; they are the rapid marshaling, in perfect discipline, of hitherto straggling and mutinous atoms. A hundred years ago, when minute crystalline forms were a recent discovery, the learned believed that the piquant flavor of salt, and of vinegar especially, was owing to the multitude of floating, oblong, quadrangular salts, each of which, tapering from its middle, has two exquisitely sharp ends. The theory then held was, that saline particles, striking upon the nerves of animals, excite the sensations of taste and smell; and as their forms and degrees of impulse are almost infinitely diversified, the sensibility of pain or pleasure arising therefrom must be varied almost infinitely, according to the greater or less delicacy of the organs they strike on. Are you, judicious reader, able to confirm or refute the hypothesis? Or do you hold that the savoriness of salt is the result of a delicate galvanic action on the surface of the tongue? Unfortunately, the question is a poser for my own poor noddle.

Minute portions of what we call the larger creatures are not less interesting than minute creatures themselves in their integrity. Thus: not to risk a more precise definition, the popular notion of a hair, or of hairs, is a something long, cylindrical, and wire-like as to proportion, and single, simple, or undivided as to shape; unquestionably smooth in respect to surface. But hairs are subject to all sorts of freaks and caprices; they start off into complexities of which you never dreamed them capable. I fancy I discover an agreement of whim in the hairs from creatures of the same natural family and with similar instincts. Certain tribes seem to have made it their study to supply us with wool whose serrated or scaly edges shall furnish us with blankets, hosen, and hats from the close felting properties which they induce. Mouse's hair is jointed, and seemingly made up of back-bone-like divisions, which are shown by alternate bands of black and transparent material. For easier inspection, take the lock of hairs you mean to treasure in your casket from the belly or armpits of the animal, as finer in texture and more translucent. The tips in which they terminate are pointed and polished in most workmanlike style.

Other small rodents—the loir, or larger dormouse, for instance—exhibit an analogous furry structure. The hair of bats is still more surprising. Generally, it is as if you were to place a lot of long-spouted funnels one within the other, so as to leave a considerable distance from funnel to funnel. An Indian bat is generally selected to furnish show-hair; but our native bats deserve attention, though their fur is rather spiral than cup-shaped in its pattern. The mole, a worm and insect-eater, furnishes hair which has a slight vespertilineous touch superadded to the rodent type. A series of protuberances are visible along the hair, like the wooden knobs by which a flag-staff is mounted. But on the same beast, nay, on man himself, the constitution of bristles varies according to the spot on which they grow. We may liken hair to a genus of plants, of which one species is a native of the eyebrows, another of the beard; a third thrives in the lowlands of the legs, while Alpine hairs betake themselves to the summit of the head. As a rule, the hairs of insects are more complicated than those of quadrupeds. Among insects, the hairs of larvæ and caterpillars are more elaborate than those of the creature in its perfect (or, rather, its final, because all is perfect) form. Neverthe-

less, the orange hairs from the red-tailed bee, and the black, white, and yellow ones from the great queen humble-bee, are beautifully transparent wands, something like the stem of the white lily without the flowers, but with the leaves.

The next time you meet a hairy caterpillar, stop him, and rob him of two or three tufts of hair. You need not maltreat him, or do him personal injury. Simply twitch out with a pair of pincers the souvenir you want to put into your locket; but spare his life, and let him go home to his anxious friends, tossing his head disdainfully. Or, instead of allowing him to get off so easily, suppose you put him into prison, Bomba-wise, because his beard and whiskers are too long to your liking, and keep him there, without benefit of habeas corpus. By feeding your captive, you may keep him alive till his natural term of caterpillar existence is expired. He will undergo metamorphosis; and you can compare the scales which he wears as a butterfly or a moth with the bristles which beset him while a creeping thing, and which may have rendered good service in his juvenile days. One young larva whom I partially plucked, had spiny prickly fur of two or three kinds; besides those, some of his longest and handsomest hairs were in shape, not in color, like a peacock's tail-feathers. These thorny, branching, sharp-pointed hairs, are a more formidable-looking defensive armor than the quills of the prickliest porcupine in Africa. All these tiny hairs are to be examined whole and at once, so far as the field of the microscope will admit them. But lovers of minims chop up larger hairs into the thinnest possible slices, exactly as you would your cucumber, and serve them cold with Canada balsam, instead of with pepper, oil, and vinegar. How else could we examine the elementary structure of the whiskers, smellers, manes, and tufts of sundry wild beasts; the spines of hedgehogs, the quills of porcupines, and the horns of rhinoceroses? all of which are eccentric hairs in disguise, who escape running mad by a narrow shave.

Let us not quite forget the hairs of vegetables. In some, as in those of the Tradescantia or spider-wort, a circulation is visible. The fresh-gathered leaf of a French bean is adhesive to the touch, without being clammy or glutinous. You will find the phenomenon to result from little hooked hairs which lay hold of whatever they are brought into contact with. On aged, worn leaves, the hooklets are broken. But for hooks in earnest, look at those which surround the fruit of the common burdock; slightly magnified, you might do crochet-work with them; under a power a trifle higher, you might hang up on them haunches of venison or legs of beef. Down may be spoken of in the same paragraph as hairs; the down of the seeds from many composite flowers is extremely pleasing to eyes that can see what it is. Transparent, thorny filaments, of spun-glass brightness, are the winged distributers of the wide-spread germs of thistle, groundsel, dandelion, sow-thistle, and a host of their congeners. One of the prettiest is the down of the garden lettuce-seed. Botanists tell us that many of the parts of plants are merely hairs under a modified form. According to this view, a nettle-sting is only a perverted hair, whose disposition is soured into misanthropy and a propensity to mischief. Bring a nettle-sting into the microscopic court, and he will confess that in his basement story he has a concealed stock of poison, which, mounting through a central tube, like the venom from a viper's fang, enters your skin when pierced. By pressing the witness, a drop of the deleterious fluid will appear in evidence against him, hanging in a globule at his dagger's point.

Many objects that are simply dead white to the naked eye, under a magnifier are beautifully transparent. Instances, the mildew on a rose-leaf; the pollen of many flowers—of the common borage, to take one; the down and bristles of many leaves; and minute crystals, especially those of snow. Tiny particles of snow, neatly caught without injury as they drop from the sky, are among the most beautiful of winter objects; with the drawback that you cannot comfortably observe them before a blazing fire. But, well wrapped up in a bearskin coat, in the cool retreat of a garret with a north aspect, you may pick and choose among the grand crosses of all the orders and legions of honor that have ever been invented. Sometimes the fine snow-powder that drifts in between the rickety tiles of your attic will answer the purpose exceedingly well; but the microscope discriminates beautifully between formless and formful materials. Thus, white arsenic in powder is shapeless under

the microscope; there are no distinctive characters to be seized, unless the absence of regular crystalline forms; the same of colophane, a powdered resin, which is kept in the pharmacy as a styptic. Lycopod dust, which much resembles the latter to the naked eye, both being seen as a fine yellowish powder, presents roughly rounded grains, of very equal diameter, which might be mistaken, at first sight, for irregular-shaped pollen-grains. Dextrine, with its clear, white, semi-transparent, ovoid or ovalish grains, has a likeness to other pollen. Camphor, crushed as near to powder as you can get it, presents the appearance of clear lumps of ice, as produced at table in summer-time.

Still, living creatures are the most attractive minims. The first wheel-animalcule I ever saw strongly impressed me with his courage and intelligence. I had put a cyclops, or water-flea, upon the slide, in as large a drop of water as a pin's head will carry. While contemplating the heart-beats and the intestinal motions of my black-eyed monster, I observed that he was tormented by some rapid little creature, which darted about him as a gad-fly worries an ox. Its flight through the water resembled that of the humming-bird sphinx through the air, poising itself likewise at intervals, which allowed me to view it at its stationary moments. It was like a bell-shaped, cut-glass chandelier endowed with life; the handle of the bell was a highly-flexible prehensile, crystalline tail, cleft into a finger and thumb at the tip; and around the rim of the bell were what seemed like rapidly-circling little wheels, whose motion the eye could only follow as a mist. Why the rotifer should thus dodge the monoculus; whether to pick his teeth, as the trochilus of old did for the crocodile; whether to sting him, as a wasp does a terrier dog who unearths his nest; whether to prey on parasites that infest him, as gulls are said to feed on the balani of the whale; whether to lay eggs on or in him, as the bat-fly does on the horse's coat and the ichneumon-fly in the caterpillar's skin? I know not, and I don't know who does. Certain it is, that these unexplained relations have existed between water-fleas and wheelers for these hundred years past. On looking at my cyclops, I saw in his stomach an undigested wheeler which he had not long devoured: for it was still alive. The one uncaught continued his persecutions fearlessly, until the water began to fail. As the drop evaporated into thirsty air, little rotifer tucked himself under cyclop's body, as the dampest spot he could select, leaving the tip of his tail outside to ascertain the prospect of moister weather, exactly as you stretch your hand out of doors to feel whether it is beginning to rain or not. Could you have done better than the animalcule under the same circumstances? Does it not read like a man crouching under a dying camel in a Saharan wilderness, and sustaining life to the last moment on the juices of the more massive animal?

As to the size of our minims, living or dead, Leuwenhoek measured them by grains of sand selected of such an equal size that a hundred of them placed in a row should extend an inch in length. Observing an animalcule swimming or running past his standard grain, he estimated by comparison the magnitude of the former. Natural objects whose size is known and which do not vary, have since been employed as micrometric measures; the sporules of the puff-ball fungus have a diameter the eight thousand five hundredth of an inch, while those of the lycopodium are the nine hundred and fortieth of an inch across. Fixed artificial standards are now generally substituted for natural ones. Dr. Wollaston has obtained a platinum wire only the thirty thousandth of an inch in thickness; but minute scales, engraved on glass, with a diamond point, are now most commonly employed. Suppose, for example, a line, the twentieth of an inch in length, traced across the center of a glass disc. Let this line be divided into a hundred equal parts, every fifth division being distinguished by a longer line, and every tenth by a still longer one. Each of these divisions will be the two thousandth, the intervals between the fifth divisions will be the four hundredth, and those between the tenth divisions the two hundredth part of an inch.

This microscopic scale will be seen magnified with the microscope; and any microscopic object laid upon it will be equally magnified, so that its dimensions can be ascertained by merely counting the divisions of the scale included between those which mark its limits when placed in different positions on the scale. But, in truth, inches and their fractions ought to be utterly discarded from measurements

which are independent of popular prejudice. Here, at least, we may employ a decimal scale founded on the meter, fearless of resistance from the vested interests of ells, pence, pottles, pennyweights, and other influential members of the Weights-and-Measures Corporation. In the scales delivered with French instruments, a millimèter (about the twenty-fifth of an inch) is divided into one hundred parts. The microscopist can apply to his science a reform which as yet is refused to our every-day affairs, and will measure his minims by the decimal fraction of the earth's meridian from equator to pole.

A CHAPTER ON WOLVES.

"GIVE a dog an ill name," we know the proverb. Well, you can't call him anything worse than a wolf; a name which is, indeed, his own, in Latin, the *genus Canis* comprising a tolerably wide range of the carnivorous mammalia, from the little King Charles in your wife's work-basket, to the prowling hyæna in the Libyan waste. The wolf and the dog belong to the same family. The close resemblance between their general anatomy, their mutual proneness to go mad, and the ridiculous blindness which affects them on entering the world, and which terminates simultaneously in each, establish a popular as well as a scientific identity.

Morally, however, the two animals are as distinct as possible. The dog is the Tom Jones of the canine world; the wolf its Blifil, with ferocity superadded. Buffon, who sometimes allows his antipathies to get the better of his philosophy, calls the wolf a felon animal; a brute capable of committing the most cowardly crimes, such as frightening children to death and eating them afterward; or following a tired horse till he drops, and then remorselessly dining on the unresisting carcass. I, too, may be prejudiced, without being a philosopher, but I confess that I agree with Buffon. who observes in another place:

"There is nothing good in the wolf; he has a base, low look, a savage aspect, a terrible voice, an insupportable smell, a nature brutal and ferocious, and a body so foul and unclean that no animal or reptile will touch his flesh. It is only a wolf that can eat a wolf."

This opinion is endorsed by Cuvier, who gives the wolf his *coup de grace:* "No animal," he declares, "so richly merits destruction as a wolf." He is, in fact, the Ishmael of the carnivora.

A recent French writer, a sportsman in the district of Le Morvan, in the middle of France, says:

"The aspect of the wolf has in it something sinister and terrible, which his sanguinary and brutal disposition does not belie. His head is large, his eyes sparkle with a diabolical and cannibal look, and in the night seem to burn like two yellow golden flames."

This lurid light, in all probability, suggested the belief in a strange beast which William Finch, merchant, who, in 1607, set down his Observations on Sierra Leone, says is found in the neighborhood of that settlement. He says:

"The negroes told us of a strange beast [which the interpreter called a Carbuncle] oft seene, yet only by night; having a stone in his forehead incredibly shining, and giving him light to feed, attentive to the least noyse, which he no sooner heareth but he presently covereth up the same with a filme or skinne, given him as a naturall covering, that his splendor betray him not."

To continue the description of the wolf proper. It is omnivorous; but so, indeed, are they all. The above sportsman says:

"He attacks not only cows, oxen, horses, sheep, goats, and pigs, but also fowls and turkeys, and especially geese, for which he has a great fancy, [trenching here on the rights of the fox,] game, fawns, roe-bucks, and even wild boars."

D'Aubenton affirms that the wolf eats frogs. We know, from Shaw and others, that he stays his stomach with mud; and it would not surprise me to hear that he dined occasionally on whelks and winkles, if he only knew how to get at them. Not that he is devoid of ingenuity, if we are to believe what is told of one of the family, as it is narrated in a Report of the African Kingdom of Congo, gathered by Phillippo Pigafetta, out of the Discourses of Master Edward Lopez, a Portugall, translated out of Italian into English, by Master Abraham Hartwell, and here abbreviated. Senhor Lopez vouches for the following:

"There are wolves also which love the oyle of palmes [a love not unknown to some men, as Mr. Coppock, perhaps, can testify] beyond all measure. They will smell this oyle afarre off, and steale it in the night-time out of their [the negroes'] houses of straw, and sometimes from those that carrie it by the way, whiles the poore soules doe rest themselves and sleepe. The oyle is made of the palm-tree; it is thicke and hard like butter. And it is a marvell to see [I

should think so] how these wolves doe take a bottle that is full of this liquor between their teeth, and so cast it on their shoulders, and runne away withall, as our wolves here doe with a sheepe."

It would have been an agreeable pendant to this story, had Senhor Lopez described the way in which the wolf lubricated his lank chaps when at home with his bottle. Another ingenious expedient of this same Congo wolf is told by Father Jerome Merolla of Sorrento, a Capuchin missionary, who made a voyage to that part of Southern Africa in the year 1682. He tells us:

"The wolves that infest those parts are so very subtil, that they will scratch through the walls of the houses, built here with palme leaves, on purpose to come at the people, whom having found, they incontinently devour, or tear to pieces. A certain woman," he goes on to say, "once happening to go a little further from her house than ordinary, left her child within asleep: while she was gone, a wolf broke in and lay down close by the child that was asleep. The mother coming soon after, went in to feed her child, and spy'd the wolf, who, seeing himself discovered, immediately fled."

With all submission to Father Merolla, this wolf was an ass.

Authors differ very much about the properties of these African wolves; but my opinion of the wolf, based on the authority of observers in all parts of the globe, is, that a wolf is a wolf all the world over, whether he be white, as in the Arctic regions; "gray-headed [the hypocrite] and speckled with black spots like the tyger," as in Ethiopia; black, as in the North American prairies, or striped with gray and black, as at the Cape of Good Hope. Look for the wolf in the very Antartic regions, and you will find no improvement in his character, though he occupies an intermediate position, with respect to his general habits, between the Canis lupus and the Canis vulpes. Mr. Waterhouse, in his Zoology of the Voyage of the Beagle, under Captain Fitzroy, says he was assured by several of the Spanish countrymen at the Falkland Islands, that they used repeatedly to kill wolves by means of a knife held in one hand, and a piece of meat to tempt them to approach them in the other. The Falkland Islands wolves subsist almost exclusively on the upland geese; which, from fear of them, like the eider-ducks of Iceland, build only on the small outlying islets. Mr. Waterhouse observes:

"These wolves do not go in packs; they wander about by day, but more commonly in the evening; they burrow in holes; are generally very silent, excepting during the breeding season, when they utter cries which were described to me as resembling those of the Canis Azaræ."

Commodore Byron (in 1765) describes the fierceness of the Antarctic wolves in the following terms:

"The master having been sent out one day to sound the coast upon the south shore, reported at his return that four creatures of great fierceness, resembling wolves, ran up to their bellies in the water to attack the people in his boat, and that, as they happened to have no fire-arms with them, they had immediately to put the boat off in deep water.... When any of these creatures got sight of our people, though at ever so great a distance, they ran directly at them; and no less than five of them were killed this day. They were always called wolves by the ship's company, but, except in their size and the shape of the tail, I think they bore a greater resemblance to a fox. They are as big as a middle-sized mastiff, and their fangs are remarkably long and sharp. There are great numbers of them upon the coast, though it is not perhaps easy to guess how they first came hither, for these islands are at least one hundred leagues distant from the main. They burrow in the ground like a fox, and we have frequently seen pieces of seals which they have mangled, and the skins of penguins lie scattered about the mouths of their holes. To get rid of these creatures, our people set fire to the grass, so that the country was in a blaze as far as the eye could reach, for several days, and we could see them running in great numbers to seek other quarters."

The early adventurers in New England had also their experience of wolves. One of the party of Captain Miles Standish, who, in the year 1620, founded the settlement of Plymouth, thus describes a pleasant interview with two of these worthies:

"This day, in the evening, John Goodman went abroad to use his lame feet, that were pittifully ill with the cold hee had got, having a little spannel with him; a little way from the plantation two great wolves ran after the dog, the dog ran to him, and betwixt his legs for succour; he had nothing in his hands, but tooke up a sticke, and hit him, and they presently ran both away, but came againe; he got a paile boord in his hand, and they sate both on their tailes, grinning at him a good while, and went their way and left him."

One of the wolves described by Captain Sherrard Osborne, in his recent account of Sir R. M'Clure's successful voyage of discovery, did something more than grin on a similar occasion; for a deer being killed, there was a regular tussle between

a wolf and a sergeant of marines which should have the animal, each holding on by opposite legs till the wolf was scared away.

Amicable relations may, however, be established with wolves as well as with other animals usually untamable. Captain Richard Whitburne, in his description of Newfoundland, in the year 1615, gives us an instance:

"It was well knowne to eight and fortie persons of my companie, and divers other men, [plenty of witnesses,] that three generall times, the wolves of the countrie came downe neere them to the sea-side, where they were laboring about their fish, howling and making a noise: so that each time my mastiffe dogge went unto them, [as the like in that countrie hath not been seene,] the one began to fawne and play with the other, and so went together into the woods, and continued with them, everie of these times, nine or ten daies, and did return unto us without any hurt."

But to do the wolf "a shrewd turn," as old English writers have it, is undoubtedly the general rule: "There seems," says Audubon, "to be a universal feeling of hostility of men against the wolf." It rarely happens that wolves begin the fray with man, and only one instance of their doing so occurred within his knowledge, which he thus describes:

"Two young negroes, who resided on the banks of the Ohio, in the lower part of the State of Kentucky, about twenty-three years ago, [he is writing in 1835,] had sweethearts living on a plantation ten miles distant. After the labors of the day were over, they frequently visited the fair ladies of their choice, the nearest way to whose dwelling lay directly across a great cane brake. As to the lover every moment is precious, they usually took this route to save time. Winter had commenced, cold, dark, and forbidding, and after sunset scarcely a glimpse of light or glow of warmth, one might imagine, could be found in that dreary swamp, excepting in the eyes and bosom of the ardent youths, or the hungry wolves that prowled about. The snow covered the earth, and rendered them more easy to be scented by the famished beasts. Prudent in a certain degree, the young lovers carried their axes on their shoulders, and walked as briskly as the narrow path would allow. Some transient glimpses of light now and then met their eyes, but so faint were they that they believed them to be caused by their faces coming in contact with the slender reeds covered with snow. Suddenly, however, a long and frightful howl burst upon them, and they instantly knew that it proceeded from a troop of hungry, perhaps desperate, wolves. They stopped; and, putting themselves in an attitude of defense, awaited the result. All around was dark, save a few feet of snow, and the silence of night was dismal. Nothing could be done to better their situation; and, after standing a few minutes in expectation of an attack, they judged it best to resume their march. But no sooner had they replaced their axes on their shoulders and begun to move, than the foremost found himself assailed by several foes. His legs were held fast as if pressed by a powerful screw, and the torture inflicted by the fangs of the ravenous animals was for a moment excruciating. Several wolves in the meantime sprung upon the breast of the other negro, and dragged him to the ground. Both struggled manfully against their foes; but in a short time one of them ceased to move, and the other, reduced in strength, and perhaps despairing of maintaining his ground, sprang to the branch of a tree, and speedily gained a place of safety near the top. The next morning, the mangled remains of his comrade lay scattered around on the snow, which was stained with blood. Three dead wolves lay around, but the rest of the pack had disappeared, and Scipio, sliding to the ground, took up the axes, and made the best of his way home, to relate the sad adventure."

It is by means of pitting that the farmers get the better of these marauders. Audubon tells us how, while between Henderson and Vincennes, he chanced to stop for the night at a farmer's house by the side of the road:

"After putting up my horse and refreshing myself, I entered into conversation with mine host, who asked if I should like to pay a visit to the wolf-pits, which were about half a mile distant. Glad of the opportunity, I accompanied him across the fields to the neighborhood of a deep wood, and soon saw the engines of destruction. He had three pits, within a few hundred yards of each other. They were about eight feet deep, and broader at bottom, so as to render it impossible for the most active animal to escape from them. The aperture was covered with a revolving platform of twigs, attached to a central axis. On either surface of the platform was fastened a large piece of putrid venison, with other matters by no means pleasant to my olfactory nerves, although no doubt attractive to the wolves. My companion wished to visit them that evening, merely, as he was in the habit of doing so dayly, for the purpose of seeing that all was right. He said the wolves were very abundant that autumn, and had killed nearly the whole of his sheep and one of his colts, but that he was now paying them off in full; and added, that if I would tarry with him a few hours next morning, he would beyond a doubt show me some sport rarely seen in those parts. We retired to rest in due time, and were up with the dawn. 'I think,' said my host, 'that all's right, for I see the dogs are anxious to get away to the pits, and although they are nothing but curs, their noses are none the worse for that.' As he took up his gun, an ax, and a large knife, the dogs began to howl and bark, and whisked around us, as if full of joy. When we reached the first pit we found the bait all gone and the platform much injured, but the animal that had been entrapped had scraped a subterranean passage for himself, and

so escaped. On peeping at the next, he assured me that three famous fellows were safe enough in it. I also peeped in and saw the wolves, two black and the other brindled, all of goodly size, sure enough. They lay flat on the earth; their ears lay close over their head, their eyes indicating fear more than anger.

"'But how are we to get them out?'

"'How, sir?' said the farmer. 'Why, by going down, to be sure, and ham-stringing them.'

'Being a novice in these matters, I begged to be merely a looker-on.

"'With all my heart,' quoth the farmer: 'stand here and look at me through the brush.'

"Whereupon he glided down, taking with him his ax and knife, and leaving his rifle to my care. I was not a little surprised to see the cowardice of the wolves. He pulled out successively their hind legs, and with a side stroke of the knife cut the principal tendon above the joint, exhibiting as little fear as if he had been marking lambs.

"'Lo!' exclaimed the farmer, when he had got out, 'we have forgotten the rope; I'll go after it.'

"Off he went, accordingly, with as much alacrity as any youngster could show. In a short time he returned, out of breath, and wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, 'Now for it.' I was desired to raise and hold the platform on its central balance, while he, with all the dexterity of an Indian, threw a noose over the neck of one of the wolves.

"We hauled it up motionless with fright, as if dead, its disabled legs swinging to and fro, its jaws wide open, and the gurgle in its throat alone indicating that it was alive. Letting him drop on the ground, the farmer loosened the rope by means of a stick, and left him to the dogs, all of which set upon him with great fury, and soon worried him to death. The second was dealt with in the same manner; but the third, which was probably the oldest, as it was the blackest, showed some spirit the moment it was let loose to the mercy of the curs.

"This wolf, which we afterward found to be a female, scuffled along on its forelegs at a surprising rate, giving a snap every now and then at the nearest dog, which went off howling dismally, with a mouthful of skin torn from its side. And so well did this ferocious beast defend itself that, apprehending its escape, the farmer leveled his rifle at it, and shot it through the heart, on which the curs rushed upon it, and satiated their vengeance on the destroyer of their master's flock."

To imitate a wolf, or, rather, to personate one, is sometimes found advantageous. The Black Foot Indians, on the Upper Missouri, do this, Mr. Catlin tells us:

"There are several varieties of the wolf species in this country, the most formidable and most numerous of which are white, often sneaking about in gangs or families of fifty and sixty in number, appearing in the distance on the green prairies like nothing but a flock of sheep. Many of these animals grow to a very great size, being, I should think, quite a match for the largest Newfoundland dog. At present, while the buffaloes are so abundant, and these ferocious animals are glutted with the buffaloes' flesh, they are harmless, and everywhere sneak away from man's presence. . . . . They always are seen following about in the vicinity of herds of buffaloes, and stand ready to pick the bones of those the hunters leave on the ground, or to overtake and devour those that are wounded, which fall an easy prey to them.

"While the herd of buffaloes are together they seem to have little dread of the wolf, and allow them to come in close company with them. The Indian then has taken advantage of this fact, and often places himself under the skin of this animal, and crawls for half a mile or more on his hands and knees, until he approaches within a few rods of the unsuspecting group, and easily shoots down the fattest of the throng."

But the white wolf occasionally attacks the buffalo in *propria persona*; always, however, with great odds in his favor, for he is a wary gamester. Mr. Catlin says:

"A short time since, as one of my hunting companions and myself were returning to our encampment with our horses loaded with meat, we discovered, at a distance, a large bull encircled with a gang of white wolves. We rode up as near as we could without driving them away, and, being within pistol-shot, we had a remarkably good view, where I sat for a few moments and made a sketch in my note-book; after which we rode up and gave the signal for them to disperse, which they instantly did, withdrawing themselves to the distance of fifty or sixty rods, when we found, to our great surprise, that the animal had made desperate resistance, until his eyes were entirely eaten out of his head, the grizzle (gristle) of his nose mostly gone, his tongue was half eaten off, and the skin and flesh of his legs torn literally into strings.

"In this tattered and torn condition the poor old veteran stood bracing up in the midst of his devourers, who had ceased hostilities for a few minutes, to enjoy a sort of parley, recovering strength, and preparing to resume the attack in a few moments again. In this group some were reclining to gain breath, while others were sneaking about and licking their chaps in anxiety for a renewal of the attack; and others, less lucky, had been crushed to death by the feet or horns of the bull. I rode nearer to the pitiable object as he stood bleeding and trembling before me, and said to him, 'Now is your time, old fellow, and you had better be off.' Though blind and nearly destroyed, there seemed evidently to be a recognition of a friend in me, as he straightened up, and, trembling with excitement, dashed off at full speed upon the prairie, in a straight line. We turned our horses and resumed our march, and when we had advanced a mile or more we looked back, and on our left, when we saw again the ill-fated animal surrounded by his tormentors, to whose insatiable voracity he unquestionably soon fell a victim."

We need no later instances than these to satisfy us of the cruel nature of the wolf, even if the terrible legend of little Red Riding Hood had not been fixed in every one's mind from infancy. Pliny, however, who is always finding out something unknown to every one else, discovers certain valuable qualities in the wolf, though, to be sure, their effect is somewhat neutralized by their being only applicable after his death. He writes:

"It is a common saying that the muffle or snout of a wolfe, kept long dried, is a countercharme against all witchcraft and sorcerie, which is the reason they usually set it upon the gates of country farmes. The same force the very skin is thought to have which is flaied whole of itselfe, without any flesh, from the nape of the necke. And, in truth, over and above the properties which I have reported already of this beast, of such power and virtue is it that if horses chaunce to tread in the tracks of a wolfe their feet will be immediately benumbed and astonied. [To astonish a horse's foot must be something.] Also their lard is a remedie for those who are empoysoned by drinking quicksilver. [According to Buffon, the remedy would be worse than the disease.] As touching the fat or grease of a wolf, Massarius writeth that in old time it was much esteemed before any other, and had the price above all. And hee saith that new wedded wives are wont upon their marriage day to anoint the side parts of their husband's houses therewith at their first entrance, to the end that no charmes, witchcrafts, and sorceries might have power to enter in."

Pliny even discovers something better than a remedy against witchcraft:

"It is commonly thought and verily believed that in the taile of this beast there is a little stringe or hair that is effectuall to procure love, and that when he is taken at any time, [this is considerate of him,] he casteth it away from him, for that it is of no force and vertue unlesse it be taken from him whiles he is alive."

The cure of bodily ailments likewise comes within the scope of a dead wolf's capacity:

"A wolfe's liver taken in a draught of wine, warme, cureth the cough! For a griefe of the liver, caused by obstructions, the liver of a wolfe, dried and taken in honeyed wine, is a proper recit."

Among the occult properties possessed by wolves is one about the Evil-eye. Pliny says:

"It is commonly thought in Italie that the eye-sight of wolves is hurtfull; inasmuch as if they see a man before he espie him they cause him to lose his voice for a time."

I have cited Audubon to show one way in which wolves, when troublesome, (as they always are,) may be got rid of. Here are three other methods. The first is that of the Swedes, (whose acquaintance with wolves is comparatively recent, they being a rarity in Sweden in the year 1720,) who destroy them by stuffing the carcass of a sheep with a species of lichen, or tree-moss, which is considered a certain poison; but it must be observed that the lichen is mixed with powdered glass, which would kill anything, even an old uncle from whom one had expectations. The second method is described by Shaw as follows:

"In the northern parts of the world the wolves, during the spring, get on the ice of the sea in order to prey on the young seals, which they catch asleep; but this repast sometimes proves fatal to them, for the ice, detached from the shore, carries them to a great distance from land before they are sensible of it. It is said that, in some years, a large district is, by this means, delivered from these pernicious beasts, which are heard howling in the most dreadful manner far in the sea."

The knowledge of this incident may have suggested the following lines of Campbell:

"And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore!"

The third and last method is taken from Pliny, who says:

"Wolves will not come into my lordship or territory, if one of them bee taken, and when the legs are broken, bee let blood with a knife by little and little, so as the same may be shed about the limits or bounds of the said field, as he is drawne along, and then the bodie buried in the very place where they began first to drag him."

Having fairly buried the wolf, I leave him. If he be resuscitated in these columns it will be as the Were-wolf, respecting whom there is much to be said.

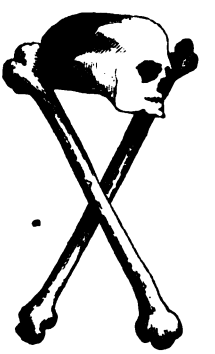
NEVER do anything that can denote an angry mind; for, although everybody is born with a certain degree of passion, and, from untoward circumstances, will sometimes feel its operation, and be what they call "out of humor," yet a sensible man or woman will not allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it; never make any determination until you find it has entirely subsided; and always avoid saying anything that you may wish unsaid.—*Lord Collingwood.*

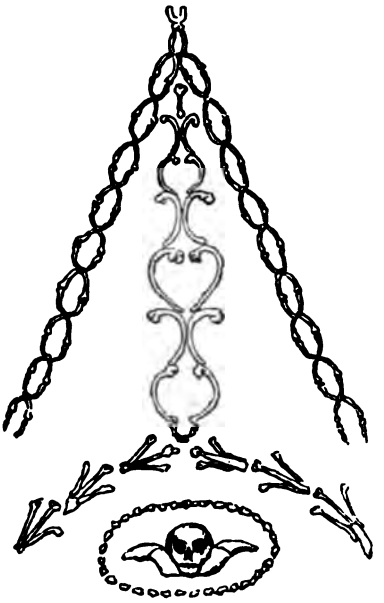
SCENE IN THE SEPULCHRAL CHAPEL.

THE CHURCH OF THE CAPUCHINS, AND ITS GHASTLY CEMETERY.

IN the Piazza Barberini, at Rome, is the Church of the Capuchins, an edifice not only interesting for its works of art, but also for its unique cemetery, which occupies the crypt of the building. In this church is found the great picture by Guido, of the Archangel Michael and Satan. This is certainly one of the most remarkable and dignified works of this artist. The well-known critic, Forsyth, calls it "The Catholic Apollo." He says: "Like the Belvedere god, the archangel breathes that dignified vengeance which animates without distorting; while the very devil derives importance from his august adversary, and escapes the laugh which his figure usually provokes."

It was not uncommon for the great artists of former times to revenge themselves upon persons who had excited their enmity by introducing the likenesses of such individuals appended to some ignominious form. Now we see the head of a man upon the body of a dragon; or again with ass's ears, as in the great picture by Michael Angelo, of the Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel. The pope's master of ceremonies, Biagio, when called upon to express his opinion of this great work, objected to the nudity of the figures, and declared the picture "better fitted for a brothel than a church." This criticism induced the pope to make objections to it on this account. Michael Angelo, on hearing this, replied: "Tell his holiness, that this is but a small affair, and easily to be remedied; let him reform the world, and the picture will reform itself." Meantime the pope employed Daniele da Volterra to paint drapery upon the most prominent figures. Hence he received the

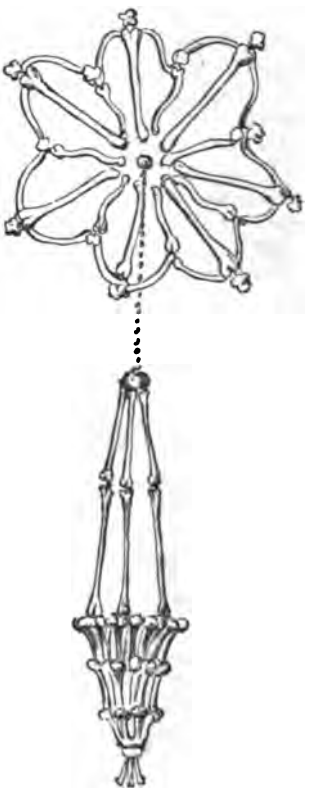




epithet of Brachettone, (breeches-maker.) But the great artist had his revenge upon Biagio, whom he introduced in the right angle of the picture, as Midas with ass's ears, standing in hell, with his body surrounded by a serpent. The master of ceremonies complained to the pope, who requested Michael Angelo to alter it; but he declared that "it was quite impossible, for though his holiness was able to effect his release from purgatory, he had no power over hell."

But to return to the church of the Capuchins. The Lucifer, in the picture by Guido, is said to be a likeness of Cardinal Pamfili, afterward Innocent X., who had displeased the artist by his criticisms. This is one of those paintings which will never cease to haunt the imagination. Unequal though it may be to other great works in Rome, still it becomes, like the face of his Beatrice Cenci and his St. Sebastian in the museum of the Capitol, so indelibly impressed upon the mind, that one feels certain he will bear its impress to the world whither we are all hastening.

The basement of this edifice is occupied as the cemetery of the monks. Here are four low-vaulted chambers, of one of which I present an engraving. It will be perceived that nearly the whole is formed of human bones. The first impression on



entering this unique repository of the dead, is startling and horrible. The remains of mortality are all about, skull-bones, thigh-bones, rib-bones, shoulder-blades, etc., strike the eye. The adaptation of all these to principles of taste is most remarkable. Here are gracefully formed chandeliers imitation of stucco ornaments, a figure of time with his scythe and scales, architectural ornaments of the *cinque cento* style, grinning cherubs with wings, and all these formed entirely from human bones, even

to the chains by which the chandeliers are suspended.

In the midst of niches formed of skulls, bones, etc., stand or recline skeletons of the Capuchins, in the same costumes which they wore while living. The first impression is one of horror; but it gives place to a feeling of mere curiosity, the whole scene becoming almost ludicrous. The skeleton monks seem to be staring at the visitor with every variety of expresson of countenance. The skin and hair are not entirely removed from the bones; the former has become dry, and is drawn over the features of the face, looking like tanned sheep-skin. This monk, on the right, has a waggish expression of countenance. The one in the middle niche has a demure look, like those seen haranguing the people from the altars of the Coliseum. The one next to him, upon the left, has quite a different expression of countenance, impossible to explain. While, upon the extreme left, the reclining figure expresses all that can be imagined of horror and suffering. In the engraving will be observed several crosses; these mark the spot where the Capuchins are interred, the earth having been brought from Jerusalem. Whenever a monk dies, he is buried in the oldest grave, from which the bones of the last incumbent are removed to make room for the new comer. If the person, whose bones have been exhumed, has led a life remarkable for devotion and deeds of charity, his remains are preserved entire, and the skeleton placed in one of the niches, dressed in the costume he wore in life. Otherwise the bones are disjointed, and used to form the various ornaments.

A young and cheerful-looking monk accompanied us to the cemetery; and for a few extra pauls, gave me permission to make the sketches which I present. I inquired of him if the prospect of having his bones eventually placed in this strange receptacle was not horrible. He replied, that the anticipation of the event, was in its effect upon his mind, quite contrary, and that the most ardent desire he had in life was, that he might be able to live so worthily, that when his spirit passed to the next world, his bones might be so treasured here, as to be placed in one of the niches. The monk, it seems, was not without a certain degree of modest and harmless ambition. He evidently hoped not to have his bones mingle with the common mass, to be transformed into chandeliers, or other ornaments, but to preserve his individuality, like the skeletons which hold the place of honor in the niches.

SPRING FLOWERS.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill;
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Fell droopingly in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved and finely tapering stems
Had not yet lost their starry diadems,
Caught from the early sobbings of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering from the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending:
Or by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed a while, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had play'd upon my heels: I was light-hearted
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft, and rosy.

A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them;
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep them
Moist, cool, and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.
A filbert-edge with wild-brier overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones; there too should be
The frequent checker of a youngling tree,
That with a score of bright-green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots:
Round which is heard a spring head of clear waters,
Prattling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
The spreading blue-bells; it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scatter'd thoughtlessly
By infant hands left on the path to die.
Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses:
So haply when I rove in some far vale.
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.
Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
What next? A turf of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers.

THE NEW METAL, ALUMINUM.

A NEW metal! yes, a new metal; and yet as old as the world we inhabit! We mean, therefore, by this adjective, only that it is new to human discovery, as was the "New World" when its existence was first made known to our race by the great adventurer Christopher Columbus.

Indeed, the metal, aluminum, can scarcely be said to be new to science, as it was really discovered, and some of its properties determined, thirty years ago; and it is half a century since Davy, by his great discovery of the compound nature of the alkalies and alkaline earths, by analogy of reasoning almost demonstrated its existence in the earth, in combination with oxygen.

But to the *arts* it may be said, in the strictest sense, to be *new!* Indeed, this language may be liable to objection from another quarter, as conveying the impression that the metal is *already known* in the arts, which can hardly be said to be the fact. But there seems now good reason to expect, that, at no very distant day, it will come into general use, for all purposes to which it may be found adapted: and this magazine, being interested in everything, moral or physical, pertaining to the advancement and elevation of our race, it is proposed in this paper to give a brief sketch of its history, and the mode of reducing it from its ores, with some account of its characteristic properties and probable uses. In doing this, special pains will be taken to avoid the use, as much as possible, of technical terms; and if some of our more scientific readers should think that we might have presumed a little more upon their acquirements, we beg them to remember that we desire to be understood by those not of their class, and even by the children, many of whom, we happen to know, are accustomed to resort to these pages for instruction and amusement.

ORES OF ALUMINUM.

THE preparation of a metal begins with the finding of the ore; that of aluminum is abundant, and easily accessible. It is found in all the varieties of clay, potter's clay, fire clay, and common blue clay, and even in old bricks and broken crockery! In combination with oxygen, this metal forms the earth alumina, which has been known more than a century, as constituting an essential ingredient of all clays. The other constituents of clay are silica, (powdered flint,) lime, and oxyd of iron, the latter giving to bricks their fine red color. Alumina is also found in *alum*, a substance which has been long known and used for important purposes, and which has the honor of giving name to the metal and its compounds.

DISCOVERY OF METALLIC ALUMINUM.

THE discovery of this metal is so intimately connected with that of others, that it is quite impossible to describe them separately. At the beginning of the present century, the alkalies, potash and soda, and the earths, lime, baryta, magnesia, alumina, etc., were considered as simple substances, that is, as composed of one kind of matter

only, although the illustrious Frenchman, Lavoisier, with the almost miraculous foresight of true genius, had, twenty years before, intimated his opinion that they were really metallic oxyds.

In the year 1807, Davy, then a young man, by means of the galvanic current effected the decomposition of potash, proving it to be, not a simple substance, but a compound of a metal until then unknown, and the gaseous substance, oxygen. To the new metal he gave the appropriate name, *potassium*, which it still retains. Thus was effected, in the science of chemistry, one of those advancing steps, so simple, and apparently trifling in itself, and yet, to the scientific mind, so wonderfully significant! From that moment, to the mind of Davy, sodium, barium, calcium, magnesium, aluminum, etc.—the radical metals, severally, of soda, baryta, lime, magnesia, and alumina—had as real an existence as potassium, on which alone, of all the class, human eye had ever rested!

Reasoning from analogy, logicians tell us, is not usually considered of the most convincing kind; and it may be so in ordinary cases; but here the argument, it must be admitted, was entirely from analogy, and yet it carried with it the force of absolute conviction.

The way being now prepared, the separation—the discovery, we call it—of sodium, barium, calcium, and the metals of several other earths, followed, as a matter of course, in a few days, or months, by methods, in some cases, a little varied from that adopted for potassium. But it was not for Davy, great as was his genius, to obtain metallic aluminum, in any appreciable quantity; applied to its compound, alumina, all his methods failed except merely to produce a gray mass, which might perhaps contain some of the metal, mixed with other substances. The wonderful fertility of his genius, and his almost unrivaled skill in unlocking the long concealed apartments of Nature's mighty storehouse, needed not this further proof of their power.

A period of twenty years now passed away, and Wöhler, a name scarcely less illustrious than that of Davy, by a process of his own, succeeded, in 1827, in procuring the veritable metal, aluminum; but only as a gray powder, or in small scales. He also decomposed several others of the earths, and, for the first time, obtained thin metallic bases. Others, repeating Wöhler's processes, obtained aluminum in small grains, but, like him, they all failed in their attempts to fuse the gray powder to a mass; consequently, while many of its properties were satisfactorily determined, others, from necessity, remained unknown.

The difficulty of fusing the powdered metal into a mass is a necessary consequence of its high melting point—nearly the same as that of copper or silver—and its strong tendency to oxydize, by contact of the atmosphere, at high temperatures. The difficulty is now overcome by fusing it with some substance, as the double chloride of aluminum and sodium, which envelops it, and thus excludes the air.

Another quarter of a century now elapses; our scanty stock of knowledge concerning this metal and its compounds becomes fully established by very many repetitions of previous experiments, but no additions are made. At length M. Saint Clair Deville, professor of chemistry in the Ecole Normale, in Paris, a few years ago, instituted a new series of experiments, which resulted in his obtaining the metal in compact masses, and demonstrating that it possesses properties likely to render it useful in the arts. Another point equally important was established by him, viz., that it could be prepared at a comparatively *moderate cost*; and if happily the present expectation in regard to it shall hereafter be realized, the arts will owe to him a debt of gratitude that cannot well be overestimated.

METHODS OF REDUCING ALUMINUM FROM ITS ORES.

As we have already seen, all the varieties of clay are *ores* of this metal; and some or all of these are found everywhere. Moreover, as clay-beds are always at or near the surface, the cost of mining it may be said to be nothing; and the price of the metal in the market will therefore depend entirely upon the cost of separating it from its ores. This point will now engage our attention.

No general directions can be given for reducing metals from their ores; each particular ore of each particular metal must be treated according to the circumstances of the case. Davy, as we have seen, first effected the separation of potassium from its oxyd (potash, a compound

of potassium and oxygen) by means of the galvanic current; but the mode is tedious and expensive. Soon afterward, Gay-Lussac and Therard, in France, decomposed potash and obtained its radical metal by heating intensely a mixture of potash (or its carbonate) and iron filings; and at a still later period, the same was done by another individual, by heating carbonate of potash with charcoal, or a mixture of iron filings and charcoal.

The rationale of the process is easily understood, whether iron and charcoal together are used, or only one of them. Both carbon (charcoal) and iron, at high temperatures, have a very strong affinity for oxygen; and, therefore, when they are heated in contact with potash (oxyd of potassium) the oxygen of the potash is absorbed by them, and, of course, separated from the potassium, which, now taking the gaseous state, distills over into a receiver provided for it. Because of its strong affinity for oxygen, it must not be allowed to come in contact with the air, by which it would be instantly oxydized, that is, reconverted into potash. Nor can it be received in water, as it is by this instantly ignited, and the same compound formed. The method is to receive it in a vessel of *naptha*, a bituminous liquid composed entirely of carbon and hydrogen, and therefore inert toward this metal, and capable of preserving it without change, and free from contact with the air.

Sodium is separated in the same manner from its oxyd, (soda,) but, on account of certain peculiarities, its preparation is less difficult and less expensive than that of potassium.

Now, as alumina is an oxyd of aluminum, why may we not apply the same process for aluminum, and by heating intensely a mixture of clay, charcoal, and iron filings, obtain the desired metal? Perhaps we may not be able to give the reasons fully, but we know the experiment was early made and failed; this metal, so long hid from us, though ever present before our eyes in one of its compounds, is not to be obtained by any such *direct* process. But if we may not give the full reason, it is easy now to see that this process for potassium and sodium requires for its success that the metal separated by it should be *volatile*, so as to be *distilled* over into the receiver, and is therefore unsuited to aluminum, which lacks this property.

Davy, recognizing the strong affinity of potassium and sodium for oxygen, attempted the separation of aluminum by pouring potassium, in vapor, over heated alumina, but without any satisfactory result. He, however, obtained indications which confirmed him in his opinion of the real nature of alumina.

All efforts to procure from alumina its radical metal having failed, it is plain that some other of its compounds must be found, before complete success can be attained; and this was at length supplied by Oersted, of Copenhagen, in the discovery of the chloride of aluminum, which he prepared by pouring dry chlorine over a mixture of alumina and charcoal when heated. Wöhler, taking this aluminous compound, obtained from it its radical metal, simply by heating it with potassium. He first put at the bottom of a porcelain crucible some fragments of potassium, and covered them with chloride of aluminum; he then applied the heat of a spirit lamp, and in a few minutes the decomposition was complete. The chlorine was of course transferred from the aluminum to the potassium, forming chloride of potassium, and leaving the aluminum in its metallic state. The chloride of potassium, being soluble in water, is readily washed out from the metal, which is thus obtained as a gray powder.

The methods used for separating aluminum at the present time are essentially the same as the above; but, instead of pure chloride of aluminum, the double chloride of aluminum and scolium is used. It is prepared by passing dry chlorine gas over a mixture of clay, charcoal, and common salt heated to redness. The double chloride, being very fusible, separates from the materials in the liquid form, but becomes solid when cold. Instead of potassium, sodium is now used altogether, for the reason that its preparation is less expensive than that of potassium, and a less quantity of it is required for reducing the aluminous chloride.

To recapitulate in few words, then, the preparation of metallic aluminum requires the following operation, namely:

1st. The preparation of the double chloride of aluminum and sodium.

2d. The preparation of metallic sodium.

3d. The decomposition of the chloride of aluminum by means of the sodium.

It is true that the metal has been obtained by heating together powdered cryolite. (a double fluoride of aluminum and sodium, found in Greenland,) by which the first operation above mentioned is avoided; but probably the mode would not be found more economical than the other, especially when practiced on a large scale.

PROBABLE COST OF ALUMINUM.

This is a point of vital importance; for, however excellent the metal may be, its adoption in the arts will depend very much upon the price at which it can be procured; and this, we have seen, will depend almost entirely upon the cost of reducing it from the ore.

The price of sodium, a necessary article in the process, as sold by the small quantity, in New York, has been for many years one or two dollars per drachm; and when M. Deville commenced his labors in Paris it was then worth one hundred dollars a pound! And, in his first experiments, he found that no less than *ten pounds of sodium* would be required to produce a *single pound of aluminum!* This, certainly, promised poorly for the use of aluminum in the arts! But how wonderful, often, the results of science skillfully applied! M. Deville, by operating on a large scale, and without any essential change in the mode, has been able to reduce the cost of sodium to about ninety cents per pound! But low as this seems, it is likely to be still more reduced in this country; and Mr. Alfred Monnier,* of Camden, New Jersey, we are informed, has been able to prepare it at a cost of only twenty-five cents per pound!

At present the solution of a pound of aluminum requires, at Mr. Monnier's works, sixteen pounds of the double chloride, and nearly three pounds of sodium, so that the cost of the aluminum is about four dollars a pound; but it is thought that it may eventually be prepared at one fourth of this sum. When we take into considering that, bulk for bulk, its weight is less than one third of that of brass, the price is about equal to that of the latter metal; for with equal volume its strength appears to be about the same as that of brass.

* See Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, January, 1857.

PROPERTIES OF ALUMINUM.

Aluminum has the genuine metallic luster, and a color nearly as white as silver. It is as hard as brass or German silver, and probably will be found to have nearly the same strength or tenacity as these, regard being had to volume, not to weight. Compared with other metals it is very light, its weight being only one fourth of that of an equal volume of silver. It may be rolled or hammered, or drawn into wire with facility, so that it may readily be worked into any desirable forms. Its melting point is a little below that of copper or silver.

With several other metals it forms alloys, which appear to possess interesting properties. Some of these, having a low melting point, will serve well for solders; and some of its alloys with silver and copper are noted for their brilliant white, or golden yellow color.

Aluminum preserves its bright color and luster without change by the atmosphere or by moisture; nor is it readily corroded by any of the acids, except the hydrochloric. Unlike copper, lead, and some others of the metals, its compounds are not poisonous.

It is not easy now to determine all the uses to which this metal may be applied; but the properties enumerated above plainly indicate that it will not be useless. For articles for the table, as spoons and forks, for kitchen utensils, for keys, for watch and clock movements, and perhaps even watch-cases, for buckles of all kinds, and for philosophical instruments, as well as many other purposes, it would seem well adapted.

By the aid of science man is gradually extending his dominion over material nature, and subjecting the elements more and more to his service; and within the last few years some of his proudest achievements have been accomplished, as in the art of *photography* and the *electric telegraph*. And just now, in this new metal, so long concealed in every hill-side, and even in the very dust of our streets, science seems about to make over to the arts one of her occasional bestowments, by which both the knowledge and power of our race are, at an instant, so widely increased. But, if our highest anticipations in regard to it may not be fully realized, enough is already known to assure us that its introduction in the arts will constitute no unimportant epoch.

UNCLE GEORGE; OR, THE FAMILY MYSTERY.

MY Uncle George was the unlucky member of our family: the rest were all clever; he was slow in capacity. The rest were all remarkably handsome; he was the sort of man that no woman ever looks twice at. The rest succeeded in life; he failed. His profession was the same as my father's. He had, like my father, the best medical education; and he profited by it, by dint of dogged industry, so as to be quoted among his medical brethren as one of the promising surgeons of his time. But he never got on when he started in practice for himself; for he never succeeded in forcing the conviction of his knowledge and experience on the wealthier class of patients. His coarse, ugly face, his hesitating, awkward manners, his habit of stammering when he spoke, and his incurable slovenliness in dress, repelled people. The sick poor, who could not choose, employed him, and liked him. The sick rich, who could—especially the ladies—declined to call him in when they could get anybody else. In experience he gained greatly by his profession; in money and reputation he gained nothing.

There are very few of us, however dull and unattractive we may be to outward appearance, who have not some strong passion, some germ of what is called romance, hidden more or less deeply in our natures. All the passion and romance in the nature of my Uncle George lay in his love and admiration for my father. He sincerely worshiped his eldest brother as one of the noblest of human beings. When my father was engaged to be married, and when the rest of my family did not hesitate to express their unfavorable opinion of the disposition of his chosen wife, Uncle George, who had never ventured on differing with any one before, to the amazement of everybody, undertook the defense of his future sister-in-law in the most vehement and positive manner. In his estimation, his brother's choice was something sacred and indisputable. The lady might, and did, treat him with unconcealed contempt, laugh at his awkwardness, grow impatient at his stammering—all that made no difference to Uncle George. She was to be his brother's wife; and, in virtue of that one great fact, she became, in the estimation of the poor surgeon, a very queen, who, by the laws of the domestic constitution, could do no wrong.

When my father had been married a little while, he took his youngest brother to live with him as his assistant. If Uncle George had been made president of the College of Surgeons, he could not have been prouder and happier than he was in his new position. I am afraid my father never understood the depth of his brother's affection for him. All the hard work fell to George's share: the long journeys at night, the physicking of wearisome, poor people, the drunken cases, the revolting cases—all the drudging, dirty business of the surgery, in short, was turned over to him; and day after day, month after month, he struggled through it without a murmur. When his brother and sister-in-law went out to dine, it never entered his head to feel disappointed at being left unnoticed at home. When the return dinners were given, and he was asked to come in at tea-time, and left to sit unregarded in a corner, it never occurred to him to imagine that he was treated with any want of consideration or respect. He was part of the furniture of the house, and it was the business as well as the pleasure of his life to turn himself to any use to which his brother or sister-in-law might please to put him.

So much for what I have heard from others on the subject of my Uncle George. My own personal experience of him is limited to what I remember as a mere child. Let me say something, however, first about my parents, my sister, and myself.

My sister was the eldest born and the best loved. I did not come into the world till four years after her birth; and no other child followed me. Caroline, from earliest days, was the perfection of beauty and health. I was small, weakly, and, if the truth must be told, almost as plain-featured as Uncle George himself. It would be ungracious and undutiful in me to presume to decide whether there was any foundation or not for the dislike that my father's family always felt for my mother. All I can venture to say is, that her children never had any cause to complain of her. Her passionate affection for my sister, her pride in the child's beauty, I remember well, as also her uniform kindness and indulgence toward me. My personal defects must have been a sore trial to her in secret,

but neither she nor my father ever showed me that they perceived any difference between Caroline and myself. When presents were made to my sister, presents were made to me. When my father and mother caught my sister up in their arms and kissed her, they scrupulously gave me my turn afterward. My childish instinct told me that there was a difference in their smiles when they looked at me and when they looked at her, that the kisses given to Caroline were warmer than the kisses given to me, that the hands which dried her tears in our childish griefs touched her more gently than the hands which dried mine. But these and other small signs of preference like them, were such as no parents could be expected to control. I noticed them at the time rather with wonder than with repining. I recall them now without a harsh thought either toward my father or my mother. Both loved me, and both did their duty by me. If I seem to speak constrainedly of them here, it is not on my own account. I can honestly say that with all my heart and soul.

Even Uncle George, fond as he was of me, was fonder of my beautiful child-sister. When I used mischievously to pull at his lank, scanty hair, he would gently and laughingly take it out of my hands; but he would let Caroline tug at it till his dim, wandering, gray eyes winked and watered again with pain. He used to plunge perilously about the garden, in awkward imitation of the cantering of a horse, while I sat on his shoulders; but he would never proceed at any pace beyond a slow and safe walk when Caroline had a ride in her turn. When we interrupted him over his dirty work in the surgery, he used to tell me to go and play until he was ready for me; but he would put down his bottles, and clean his clumsy fingers on his coarse apron, and lead Caroline out again, as if she had been the greatest lady in the land. Ah, how he loved her! and, let me be honest and grateful, and add, how he loved me too!

When I was eight years old and Caroline was twelve, I was separated from home for some time. I had been ailing for many months previously; had got benefit from being taken to the sea-side; and had shown symptoms of relapsing on being brought home again. After much consultation it was at last resolved that I should be sent to live, until my constitution got stronger, with a maiden sister of my mother's, who had a house at a watering-place on the coast.

I left home, I remember, loaded with presents, rejoicing over the prospect of looking at the sea again, as careless of the future and as happy in the present as any boy could be. Uncle George petitioned for a holiday to take me to the sea-side, but he could not be spared from the surgery. He consoled himself and me by promising to make me a magnificent model of a ship. I have that model before my eyes now, while I write. It is dusty with age; the paint on it is cracked, the ropes are tangled, the sails are moth-eaten and yellow. The hull is all out of proportion, and the rig has been smiled at by every nautical friend of mine who has ever looked at it. Yet, worn out and faulty as it is, inferior to the cheapest miniature vessel now-a-days in any toy-shop window, I hardly know a possession of mine in this world that I would not sooner part with than Uncle George's ship.

My life at the sea-side was a very happy one. I remained with my aunt more than a year. My mother often came to see how I was going on, and, at first, always brought my sister with her. But, during the last eight months of my stay, Caroline never once appeared. I noticed also at the same period a change in my mother's manner. She looked paler and more anxious at each succeeding visit, and always had long conferences in private with my aunt. At last she ceased to come and see us altogether, and only wrote to know how my health was getting on. My father, too, who had at the earlier periods of my absence from home traveled to the sea-side to watch the progress of my recovery as often as his professional engagements would permit, now kept away like my mother. Even Uncle George, who had never been allowed a holiday to come and see me, but who had hitherto often written and begged me to write to him, broke off our correspondence. I was naturally perplexed and amazed by these changes, and persecuted my aunt to tell me the reason of them. At first she tried to put me off with excuses; then she admitted that there was trouble in our house; and finally she confessed that the trouble was caused by the illness of my sister. When I inquired what that illness was, my aunt said it was

useless to attempt to explain it to me. I next applied to the servants. One of them was less cautious than my aunt, and answered my question, but in terms that I could not comprehend. After much explanation, I was made to understand that "something was growing on my sister's neck that would spoil her beauty forever, and perhaps kill her, if it could not be got rid off." How well I remember the shudder of horror that ran through me at the vague idea of this deadly "something!" A fearful, awe-struck curiosity to see what Caroline's illness was, with my own eyes, troubled my inmost heart; and I begged to be allowed to go home and help to nurse her. The request was, it is almost needless to say, refused.

Weeks passed away, and still I heard nothing except that my sister continued to be ill. One day I privately wrote a letter to Uncle George, asking him in my childish way to come and tell me about Caroline's illness. I knew where the post-office was, and slipped out in the morning unobserved, and dropped my letter into the box. I stole home again by the garden, and climbed in at the open window of a back parlor on the ground floor. The room above was my aunt's bed-chamber, and the moment I was inside the house I heard moans and loud convulsive sobs proceeding from it. My aunt was a singularly quiet, composed woman; I could not imagine that the loud sobbing and moaning came from her; and I ran down into the kitchen to ask the servants who was crying so violently in my aunt's room.

I found the housemaid and the cook talking together in whispers, with serious faces. They started when they saw me, as if I had been a grown-up master who had caught them neglecting their work. "He's too young to feel it much," I heard one say to the other. "So far as he's concerned, it seems like a mercy that it has happened no later."

In a few minutes they had told me the worst. It was indeed my aunt whom I heard crying in the bedroom. Caroline was dead.

I felt the blow more severely than the servants or any one else about me supposed. Still, I was a child in years, and I had the blessed elasticity of a child's nature. If I had been older, I might have been too much absorbed in grief to observe my aunt so closely as I did, when she was composed enough to see me, later in the day. I was not surprised by the swollen state of her eyes, the paleness of her cheeks, or the fresh burst of tears that came from her when she took me in her arms at meeting. But I was both amazed and perplexed by the look of terror that I detected in her face. It was natural enough that she should grieve and weep over my sister's death; but why should she have that frightened look also, as if some other catastrophe had happened? I asked if there was any more dreadful news from home besides the news of Caroline's death. My aunt said, No, in a strange, stifled voice, and suddenly turned her face from me. Was my father dead? No. My mother? No. Uncle George? My aunt trembled all over as she said No to that also, and bade me cease asking any more questions. She was not fit to bear them yet, she said; and signed to the servants to lead me out of the room.

The next day I was told that I was to go home after the funeral, and was taken out toward evening by the housemaid, partly for a walk, partly to be measured for my mourning clothes. After we had left the tailor's I persuaded the girl to extend our walk for some distance along the sea-beach, telling her, as we went, every little anecdote connected with my lost sister that came tenderly back to my memory in those first days of sorrow. She was so interested in hearing, and I in speaking, that we let the sun go down before we thought of turning back.

The evening was cloudy, and it got on from dusk to dark by the time we approached the town again. The housemaid was rather nervous at finding herself alone with me on the beach, and once or twice looked behind her distrustfully as we went on. Suddenly she squeezed my hand hard, and said, "Let's get up on the cliff as fast as we can." The words were hardly out of her mouth before I heard footsteps behind me: a man came round quickly to my side, snatched me away from the girl, and catching me up in his arms without a word, covered my face with kisses. I knew that he was crying, because my cheeks were instantly wetted with his tears; but it was too dark for me to see who he was, or even how he was dressed. He did not, I should think, hold me half a minute in his arms. The housemaid screamed for help; I was put

down gently on the sand, and the strange man instantly disappeared in the darkness.

When this extraordinary adventure was related to my aunt she seemed at first merely bewildered at hearing of it; but in a moment more there came a change over her face, as if she had suddenly recollected or thought of something. She turned deadly pale, and said in a hurried way very unusual with her, "Never mind; don't talk about it any more. It was only a mischievous trick to frighten you, I dare say. Forget all about it, my dear; forget all about it."

It was easier to give me this advice than to make me follow it. For many nights after I thought of nothing but the strange man who had kissed me and cried over me. Who could he be? Somebody who loved me very much, and who was very sorry. My childish logic carried me to that length. But when I tried to think over all the grown-up gentlemen who loved me very much, I could never get on, to my own satisfaction, beyond my father and my Uncle George.

I was taken home on the appointed day to suffer the trial, a hard one, even at my tender years, of witnessing my mother's passionate grief, and my father's mute despair. I remember that the scene of our first meeting after Caroline's death was wisely and considerately shortened by my aunt, who took me out of the room. She seemed to have a confused desire to keep me from leaving her after the door had closed behind us; but I broke away, and ran down stairs to the surgery, to go and cry for my lost playmate with the sharer of all our games, Uncle George.

I opened the surgery door, and could see nobody. I dried my tears, and looked all round the room; it was empty. I ran up stairs again to Uncle George's garret bed-room; he was not there; his cheap hair-brush and old cast-off razor-case that had belonged to my grandfather, were not on the dressing-table. Had he got some other bed-room? I went out on the landing, and called softly, with an unaccountable terror and sinking at my heart, "Uncle George!"

Nobody answered; but my aunt came hastily up the garret stairs.

"Hush!" she said. "You must never call that name out here again! Never." She stopped suddenly, and looked as if her own words had frightened her.

"Is Uncle George dead?" I asked.

My aunt turned red and pale, and stammered. I did not wait to hear what she said; I brushed past her, down the stairs; my heart was bursting; my flesh felt cold. I ran breathlessly and recklessly into the room where my father and mother had received me. They were both sitting there still. I ran up to them, wringing my hands, and crying out in a passion of tears, "Is Uncle George dead?"

My mother gave a scream that terrified me into instant silence and stillness. My father looked at her for a moment, rang the bell that summoned her maid, then seized me roughly by the arm, and dragged me out of the room.

He took me down into his study, seated himself in his accustomed chair, and put me before him, between his knees. His lips were awfully white, and I felt his two hands, as they grasped my shoulders, shaking violently.

"You are never to mention the name of Uncle George again," he said in a quick, angry, trembling whisper. "Never to me, never to your mother, never to your aunt, never to the servants, never to anybody in this world! Never, never, never!"

The repetition of the word terrified me even more than the suppressed vehemence with which he spoke. He saw that I was frightened, and softened his manner a little before he went on.

"You will never see Uncle George again," he said. "Your mother and I love you dearly; but if you forget what I have told you, you will be sent away from home. Never speak that name again; mind, never! Now kiss me, and go away."

How his lips trembled; and, O, how cold they felt on mine! I shrunk out of the room the moment he had kissed me, and went and hid myself in the garden. "Uncle George is gone; I am never to see him any more; I am never to speak of him again." Those were the words I repeated to myself, with indescribable terror and confusion, the moment I was alone. There was something unspeakably horrible to my young mind in this mystery which I was commanded always to respect, and which, so far as I then knew, I could never hope to see revealed. My father, my mother, my aunt, all appeared to be separated from me now by some impass-

able barrier. Home seemed home no longer, with Caroline dead, Uncle George gone, and a forbidden subject of talk perpetually and mysteriously interposing between my parents and me.

Though I never infringed the command my father had given me in his study, (his words and looks, and that dreadful scream of my mother's which seemed to be always ringing in my ears, were more than enough to insure my obedience,) I also never lost the secret desire to penetrate the darkness which clouded over the fate of Uncle George. For two years I remained at home, and discovered nothing. If I asked the servants about my uncle, they could only tell me that one morning he disappeared from the house. Of the members of my father's family, I could make no inquiries. They lived far away, and never came to see us; and the idea of writing to them, at my age and in my position, was out of the question.

My aunt was as unapproachably silent as my father and mother; but I never forgot how her face had altered, when she had reflected for a moment, after hearing of my extraordinary adventure while going home with the servant over the sands at night. The more I thought of that change of countenance in connection with what had occurred on my return to my father's house, the more certain I felt that the stranger who had kissed me and wept over me must have been no other than Uncle George.

At the end of my two years at home, I was sent to sea by own earnest desire. I had always determined to be a sailor from the time when I first went to live with my aunt at the sea-side; and I persisted long enough in my resolution to make my parents recognize the necessity of acceding to my wishes. My new life delighted me; and I remained away on foreign stations more than four years. When I at length returned home, it was to find a new affliction darkening our fireside. My father had died on the very day when I sailed for my return voyage.

Absence and change of scene had in no respect weakened my desire to penetrate the mystery of Uncle George's disappearance. My mother's health was so delicate that I hesitated for some time to approach the forbidden subject in her presence. When I at last ventured to refer to it, suggesting to her that any prudent reserve which might have been necessary while I was a child need no longer be persisted in, now that I was growing to be a young man, she fell into a violent fit of trembling, and commanded me to say no more.

It had been my father's will, she said, that the reserve to which I referred should be always adopted toward me; he had not authorized her, before he died, to speak more openly; and, now that he was gone, she would not so much as think of acting on her own unaided judgment. My aunt said the same thing, in effect, when I appealed to her. Determined not to be discouraged even yet, I undertook a journey, ostensibly to pay my respects to my father's family, but with the secret intention of trying what I could learn in that quarter on the subject of Uncle George.

My investigations led to some results, though they were by no means satisfactory. George had always been looked on with something like contempt by his handsome sisters and his prosperous brothers.

I found that my uncle's surviving relatives now spoke of him slightingly and carelessly. They assured me that they had never heard from him, and that they knew nothing about him, except that he had gone away to settle, as they supposed, in some foreign place, after having behaved very basely and badly to my father. Beyond this nothing was known about him. In what the alleged baseness of his behavior consisted, none of his brothers and sisters could tell me. My father had refused to pain them by going into particulars, not only at the time of his brother's disappearance, but afterward whenever the subject was mentioned.

George had always been the black sheep of the flock, and he must have been conscious of his own baseness, or he would certainly have written to explain and to justify himself. Such were the particulars which I gleaned during my visit to my father's family. To my mind they tended rather to deepen than to reveal the mystery.

That such a gentle, docile, affectionate creature as Uncle George should have injured the brother he loved by word or deed, at any period of their intercourse, seemed incredible; but that he should have been guilty of an act of baseness at

the very time when my sister was dying, was simply and plainly impossible. And yet there was the incomprehensible fact staring me in the face, that the death of Caroline and the disappearance of Uncle George had taken place in the same week! Never did I feel more daunted and bewildered by the family mystery than after I had heard all the particulars in connection with it that my father's relatives had to tell me.

I may pass over the events of the next few years of my life briefly enough. My nautical pursuits filled up all my time, and took me far away from my country and my friends. But, whatever I did, or wherever I went, the memory of Uncle George, and the desire to penetrate the mystery of his disappearance, haunted me like familiar spirits. Often, in the lonely watches of the night at sea, did I recall the dark evening on the beach, the strange man's hurried embrace, the startling sensation of feeling his tears on my cheeks, the disappearance of him before I had breath or self-possession enough to say a word.

Often did I think over the inexplicable events that followed, when I had returned, after my sister's funeral, to my father's house; and oftener still did I puzzle my brains vainly in the attempt to form some plan for inducing my mother or my aunt to disclose the secret which they had hitherto kept from me so perseveringly. My only chance of knowing what had really happened to Uncle George, my only hope of seeing him again, rested with those two near and dear relatives. I despaired of ever getting my mother to speak on the forbidden subject after what had passed between us; but I felt more sanguine about my prospects of ultimately inducing my aunt to relax in her discretion. My anticipations, however, in this direction were not destined to be fulfilled.

On my next visit I found my aunt prostrated by a paralytic attack, which deprived her of the power of speech. She died soon afterward in my arms, leaving me her sole heir. I searched anxiously among her papers for some reference to the family mystery, but found no clew to guide me. All my mother's letters to her sister at the time of Caroline's illness and death had been destroyed.

More years passed; my mother followed my aunt to the grave; and still I was as far as ever from making any discoveries in relation to Uncle George. Shortly after the period of this last affliction my health gave way, and I departed, by my doctor's advice, to try some baths in the south of France. I traveled slowly to my destination, turning aside from the direct road, and stopping wherever I pleased. One evening, when I was not more than two or three days' journey from the baths to which I was bound, I was struck by the picturesque situation of a little town placed on the brow of a hill at some distance from the main road, and resolved to have a nearer look at the place, with a view to stopping there for the night, if it pleased me. I found the principal inn clean and quiet—ordered my bed there—and after dinner strolled out to look at the church. No thought of Uncle George was in my mind when I entered the building; and yet, at that very moment, chance was leading me to the discovery, which, for so many years past, I had vainly endeavored to make: the discovery which I had given up as hopeless since the day of my mother's death.

I found nothing worth notice in the church, and was about to leave it again, when I caught a glimpse of a pretty view through a side door, and stopped to admire it. The churchyard formed the foreground, and below it the hill-side sloped away gently into the plain, over which the sun was setting in full glory. The *curé* of the church was reading his breviary, walking up and down a gravel-path that parted the rows of graves. In the course of my wanderings I had learned to speak French fluently; and when the priest came near me I said a few words in praise of the view, and complimented him on the neatness and prettiness of the churchyard. He answered with great politeness, and we got into conversation together immediately.

As we strolled along the gravel-walk, my attention was attracted by one of the graves standing apart from the rest. The cross at the head of it differed remarkably, in some points of appearance, from the crosses on the other graves. While all the rest had garlands hung on them, this one cross was quite bare; and, more extraordinary still, no name was inscribed on it. The priest, observing that I stopped to look at the grave, shook his head and sighed.

"A countryman of yours is buried there," he said. "I was present at his death; he had borne the burden of a great sorrow among us, in this town, for many weary years, and his conduct had taught us to respect and pity him with all our hearts."

"How is it that his name is not inscribed over his grave?" I inquired.

"It was suppressed by his own desire," answered the priest, with some little hesitation. "He confessed to me in his last moments that he had lived here under an assumed name. I asked his real name, and he told it to me, with the particulars of his sad story. He had reasons for desiring to be forgotten after his death. Almost the last words he spoke were, 'Let my name die with me.' Almost the last request he made was, that I would keep that name a secret from all the world excepting only one person."

"Some relative, I suppose," said I.

"Yes—a nephew," said the priest.

The moment the last word was out of his mouth, my heart gave a strange answering bound. I suppose I must have changed color also, for the *curé* looked at me with sudden attention and interest.

"A nephew," the priest went on, "whom he had loved like his own child. He told me that if this nephew ever traced him to his burial-place, and asked about him, I was free in that case to disclose all I knew. 'I should like my little Charley to know the truth,' he said. 'In spite of the difference in our ages, Charley and I were playmates years ago.'"

My heart beat faster, and I felt a choking sensation at the throat, the moment I heard the priest unconsciously mention my Christian name in reporting the dying man's last words. As soon as I could steady my voice and feel certain of my self-possession, I communicated my family name to the *curé*, and asked him if that was not part of the secret that he had been requested to preserve.

He started back several steps, and clasped his hands amazedly.

"Can it be!" he said in low tones, gazing at me earnestly, with something like dread in his face. I gave him my passport, and looked away toward the grave. The tears came into my eyes, as the recollections of past days crowded back on me. Hardly knowing what I did, I knelt down by the grave, and smoothed the grass over it with my hand. "O, Uncle George, why not have told your secret to your old playmate! Why leave him to find you *here!*"

The priest raised me gently, and begged me to go with him into his own house. On our way there, I mentioned persons and places that I thought my uncle might have spoken of, in order to satisfy my companion that I was really the person I represented myself to be. By the time we had entered his little parlor, and had sat down alone in it, we were almost like old friends together.

I thought it best that I should begin by telling all that I have related here on the subject of Uncle George, and his disappearance from home. My host listened with a very sad face, and said, when I had done:

"I can understand your anxiety to know all that I am authorized to tell you; but pardon me if I say first that there are circumstances in your uncle's story which it may pain you to hear;" he stopped suddenly.

"Which it may pain me to hear as a nephew?" I asked.

"No," said the priest, looking away from me; "as a son."

I gratefully expressed my sense of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted my companion's warning, but I begged him at the same time to keep me no longer in suspense, and to tell me the stern truth, no matter how painfully it might affect me as a listener.

"In telling me all you knew about what you term the Family Mystery," said the priest, "you have mentioned as a strange coincidence that your sister's death and your uncle's disappearance took place at the same time. Did you ever suspect what cause it was that occasioned your sister's death?"

"I only know what my father told me, and what all our friends believed—that she died of a tumor in the neck, or, as I sometimes heard it stated, from the effect on her constitution of a tumor in the neck."

"She died under an operation for the removal of that tumor," said the priest in low tones. "And the operator was your Uncle George."

In these few words all the truth burst upon me.

"Console yourself with the thought that

the long martyrdom of his life is over," the priest went on, after allowing me a few moments to control the violent agitation which his disclosure had caused in me. "He rests: he is at peace. He and his little darling understand each other, and are happy now. That thought bore him up to the last, on his death-bed. He always spoke of your sister as his 'little darling.' He firmly believed that she was waiting to forgive and console him in the other world; and who shall say he was deceived in that belief?"

Not I! Not any one who has ever loved and suffered, surely!

"It was out of the depths of his self-sacrificing love for the child that he drew the fatal courage to undertake the operation," continued the priest. "Your father naturally shrank from attempting it. His medical brethren, whom he consulted, all doubted the propriety of taking any measures for the removal of the tumor, in the particular condition and situation of it, when they were called in. Your uncle alone differed from them. He was too modest a man to say so, but your mother found it out. The deformity of her beautiful child horrified her; she was desperate enough to catch at the faintest hope of remedying it that any one might hold out to her, and she persuaded your uncle to put his opinion to the proof. Her horror at the deformity of the child, and her despair at the prospect of its lasting for life, seem to have utterly blinded her to all natural sense of the danger of the operation. It is hard to know how to say it to you, her son, but it must be told, nevertheless, that, one day, when your father was out, she untruly informed your uncle that his brother had consented to the performance of the operation, and that he had gone purposely out of the house because he had not nerve enough to stay and witness it. After that, your uncle no longer hesitated. He had no fear of results, provided he could be certain of his own courage. All he dreaded was the effect on him of his love for the child, when he first found himself face to face with the dreadful necessity of touching her skin with the knife. It is useless to shock you by going into particulars. Let it be enough if I say, that your uncle's fortitude failed to support him when he wanted it most. His love for the child shook the firm hand which had never trembled before. In a word, the operation failed. Your father returned and found his child dying. The phrensy of his despair when the truth was told him, carried him to excesses which it shocks me to mention—excesses which began in his degrading his brother by a blow, which ended in his binding himself by an oath to make that brother suffer public punishment for his fatal rashness in a court of law. Your uncle was too heart-broken by what had happened to feel those outrages as some men might have felt them. He looked for one moment at his sister-in-law, (I do not like to say your mother, considering what I have now to tell you,) to see if she would acknowledge that she had encouraged him to attempt the operation, and that she had deceived him in saying that he had his brother's permission to try it. She was silent; and when she spoke, it was to join her husband in denouncing him as the murderer of their child. Whether fear of your father's anger or revengeful indignation against your uncle most actuated her, I cannot presume to inquire, especially in your presence. I can only state facts. Meanwhile, your uncle turned to your father, and spoke the last words he was ever to address to his eldest brother in this world. He said: 'I have deserved the worst your anger can inflict on me, but I will spare you the scandal of bringing me to justice in open court. God is my witness that I honestly believed I could save the child from deformity and suffering. I have risked all, and lost all. My heart and spirit are broken. I am fit for nothing but to go and hide myself and my shame and misery from all eyes that have ever looked on me. I shall never come back, never expect your pity or forgiveness. If you think less harshly of me when I am gone, keep secret what has happened; let no other lips say of me what yours and your wife's have said. I shall think that forbearance atonement enough—atonement greater than I have deserved. Forget me in this world. May we meet in another, where the secrets of all hearts are opened, and where the child who is gone before may make peace between us!' He said those words, and went out. Your father never saw him or heard from him again."

I knew the reason now why my father had never confided the truth to any one, his own family included. My mother had

evidently told the worst to her sister, under the seal of secrecy. And there the dreadful disclosure had been arrested.

"Your uncle told me," the priest continued, "that he took leave of you by stealth, in a place you were staying at by the sea-side. He had not the heart to quit his country and his friends forever, without kissing you for the last time. He followed you in the dark, and caught you up in his arms, and left you again before you had a chance of discovering him. He revealed the story of his past life to no living soul here but me; and to me he only spoke when his last hour was approaching. What he had suffered during his long exile no man can presume to say. I, who saw more of him than any one, never heard a word of complaint fall from his lips. He had the courage of the martyrs while he lived, and the resignation of the saints when he died. Just at the last, his mind wandered. He said he saw his little darling waiting by the bedside to lead him away; and he died with a smile on his face, the first I had ever seen there." The priest ceased, and we went out together in the mournful twilight, and stood for a little while on the brow of the hill where Uncle George used to sit. How my heart ached for him, as I thought of what he must have suffered in the silence and solitude of his long exile! Was it well for me that I had discovered the Family Mystery at last? I have sometimes thought not. I have sometimes wished that the darkness had never been cleared away which once hid from me the fate of Uncle George.

YORICK'S CHAMBER.

AN UNEXPECTED INTERVIEW.

IT is, of course, to an Englishman that we are indebted for the following interesting narrative. He had just arrived at Calais. To the question, "Where now?" he replied, "To the Hôtel Dessin." But we must let him give an account of himself and tell his own story.

I deny that I am romantic; I deny, unequivocally, that I am influenced by fictitious sympathies. I never was an idealist in my life; I never mean to be one; and yet I told the coachman to drive me to the Hôtel Dessin.

The fact was, that I had been reading the *Sentimental Journey* all the way from St. Omer; and when I reached Calais, and jumped into a *fiacre*, the name rose to my lips almost before I was aware of it. So away we rattled through a tangle of gloomy little streets, and into the courtyard of "mine inn."

An aristocratic-looking elderly waiter, with a ring and a massive gold watch-chain, sauntered out from a side-office, surveyed me patronizingly, and said in the blandest tone:

"What is it that monsieur desires?"

"A private room to begin with. At what hour is your table d'hôte?"

"We have no table d'hôte at the Hôtel Dessin," replied the waiter languidly; "our visitors are served in their apartments."

"Then let me have a dinner as speedily as possible, and a good one, remember."

He looked at me again, as if implying that my tone was not sufficiently deferential, yawned, rang a feeble little bell, and sank, exhausted, upon a bench beside the door. A pretty chamber-maid attended the summons.

"Marie, conduct monsieur to one of the vacant rooms on the corridor by the garden. And, Marie, on thy return, my child, bring me a glass of absinthe and water."

Leaving this gentleman extended on the bench in an ostentatious state of ennui, I followed my conductress up stairs and along a passage full of doors. One of these bore an inscription which at once arrested my attention and my footsteps: STERNE'S ROOM.

"Stay, mademoiselle!" I exclaimed; "can I have this one?"

Marie smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Certainly," she said, unlocking the door. "The chamber is at monsieur's service. The English adore it. And why? Because somebody or other slept in it many years ago. How droll they are, these English! Comment! is monsieur English? Ciel! what a mistake I have committed. Monsieur will never forgive me."

It needed, however, no great amount of protestation on my part to convince Mademoiselle Marie that I was not in the least affronted; so she drew up the blinds, dusted the table in a pretty ineffectual sort of way with the corner of her apron,

hoped that monsieur would ring if he required anything, and tripped gayly out of the room.

As for me, I threw myself into a chair and surveyed my new quarters. A portrait of Sterne hung over the fireplace. It was painted on panel, oval-shaped, dark with age and varnish, and looked as though it had been taken during his visit to Calais, if one might judge by the cracks and stains of it. The cheek rested on the hand; the eyes were turned full upon me with that expression of keen penetration which characterizes every one of his portraits. I sat for a long time looking at it, till the waiter came and prepared the table.

"And now, garçon," said I, after a considerable interval, during which I had been very satisfactorily employed, "and now, garçon, do you really mean to tell me that this is Sterne's room?"

"Upon my honor, monsieur," replied the waiter, laying his hand upon his heart.

"But how can you be certain after three quarters of a century, or perhaps more. have gone by?"

"The event, monsieur," said the waiter, "has been preserved in the archives of the house. We pledge ourselves to the veracity of the statement."

I surveyed the man with admiration. He was the grandest waiter I had ever seen in my life, and I had had some little experience, too.

To my right lay a delicious garden, radiant with beds of verbena and scarlet geranium, and flooded with the evening sunlight. The great trees nodded and whispered, and the windows at the opposite side of the quadrangle shone like burnished gold. I threw open the *jalousies*, wheeled my table up, plucked one of the white roses that clustered outside, and fancied I could smell the sea-air.

"And so," said I, complacently peeling my peaches, "this is actually Sterne's room! He once sat beside this casement where I am now seated; looked out into this garden, where—but who knows? Perhaps the opening scenes of the *Sentimental Journey* were even written in this chamber, and here am I with the book in my pocket."

I took the volume out, and turning the leaves idly, came to the chapters that treat of the *désobligeante*. I was decidedly in a soliloquizing mood.

"Now, if I were beginning, instead of ending my journey," said I, "there's nothing I should have preferred to the *désobligeante*. No doubt there is one to be had somewhere. What if the identical vehicle be still in the stables! That's nonsense, of course; and yet I should just like to make the inquiry."

There was a tap at my door.

"A thousand pardons," observed the waiter, looking in. "Monsieur is alone?"

"Go to the mischief," said I, savagely. Fortunately it was in English, so he did not understand me.

"There are two gentlemen here, monsieur; two milords, your countrymen, who desire particularly to be permitted to see this apartment for a moment."

"An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen," I muttered to myself, quoting page nineteen of the *Sentimental Journey*.

"Am I honored with monsieur's permission to show them up?"

I was forced to say yes, not very graciously, I fear; and he ushered them in accordingly.

The first was a spare, eager-looking man, with keen, quivering nostrils, and a brow furrowed with thought and expressive of immense determination of character. The appearance of the second was still more remarkable. I could not remove my eyes from his face, and yet I could scarcely have told you what it was that so attracted me. His forehead was broad and high; his mouth open and eloquent; his hair black, glossy, and falling in smooth pendulous masses almost to his shoulders. His eyebrows were prominent and bushy, and the eyes beneath them animated by a living radiance, alternately dreamy, tender, wild, and energetic. I have since heard them compared to "the rolling of a sea with darkened luster," and I can think of no words which better express their changefulness and their depth.

He entered last, but stepped before his friend, and stood looking up at the portrait. The other bowed and apologized to me in a few brief, hesitating words for their intrusion.

Presently the second comer turned round, and without any previous recognition of my presence, said:

"I see that you two have been dining together. Has the worthy prebend been an agreeable companion?"

The oddity of the address pleased me.

"I cannot say that I have wanted for amusement," I replied smiling, "since the *Sentimental Journey* has been lying beside my plate all the time. Will you be seated?"

He needed no second invitation, but dropped indolently into an easy chair, and lay back with his eyes still fixed on the picture; while his companion walked over to the window, and stood there, looking out, with a fidgety, uneasy countenance, as if he had seen quite enough of the room, and was more anxious to go than stay.

"I do not admire the *Sentimental Journey*," said he in the easy-chair. "It is poor, sickly stuff; and the oftener you read Sterne the more clearly will you perceive its inferiority to *Tristram Shandy*. There is truth and reality in the one, and little beyond a clever affectation in the other. But Sterne's morals were bad. His heart was bad; his life was bad. He dallied with vice, and called it sentiment, or combined it with wit, drollery, and fancy, and served it up for the amusement of the fashionable world, whose idol he was. His mind oscillated ever on the confines of evil, and from this dangerous element he drew his 'effects,' his claptrap, and his false, whimpering sensibility. There is not a page of Sterne's writings undefiled by some hint of impurity; and yet he approaches the subject with a mixture of courage and cowardice, as a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time; or, better still, like that trembling daring with which a child touches a hot tea-urn, only because it has been forbidden. He is a hypocrite, because he affects to be the ally of virtue, and entertains all the while a secret sympathy with the enemy. At the same time I don't think his hypocrisy can do much harm, or his morals either, unless to those who are already vicious."

The gentleman at the window faced round, and shook his head.

"You are seldom just to authors for whom you have no liking," he said in harsh, quick tones; "and it seems to me that in this instance you jump too hastily at conclusions. It does not follow that a man is a hypocrite because his actions give the lie to his words. If he at one time seems to be a saint, and at another a sinner, he possibly is both in reality, as well as in appearance. A person may be fond of vice and of virtue too, and practice one or the other according to the temptation of the moment; a priest may be pious, and at the same time a sot or a bigot; a woman may be modest, and a rake at heart; a poet may admire the beauties of nature, and be envious of those of other writers; a moralist may act contrary to his own precepts, and yet be sincere in recommending them to others. These are, indeed, contradictions, but they arise out of the contradictory qualities of our nature. A man is a hypocrite only when he affects to take delight in what he does not feel, and not because he takes a perverse delight in opposite things."

"An admirable piece of metaphysical defense," said the other, whom, for the sake of distinction, I shall call the philosopher: "but one that, after all, does not go far to prove your case. Remember Sterne's neglect of his loving wife, and the heartlessness of his flirtations, and then judge how sincere may have been those tears, which he sniveled so plenteously over a dead donkey at Nampont. Pshaw! 'tis the very mockery of virtue!"

"Yes, and a compliment to it at the same time," retorted the metaphysician. Come, you are rather severe to-day, and misjudge him from an excess of manner here and there. The profoundest wisdom is sometimes combined in his pages with an outward appearance of levity; and many passages which have to bear the charge of coarseness contain, nevertheless, a sterling view of love and charity. Think of Uncle Toby!"

"Who pitied even the devil!" said the philosopher.

"Who is one of the finest tributes ever paid to human nature!" exclaimed his friend. Why, this I will say, that Shakspeare himself never conceived a character so genial, so delicious, so unoffending! Then, again, turn to the story of La Fevre; it is, perhaps, the finest in the English language. I cannot conceive how Goldsmith could call Sterne 'a dull fellow.' The author of the *Vicar* should have known better."

"Perhaps," said I, venturing for the first time to mingle with their conversation, "the tone of Goldsmith's mind was too thoroughly English to appreciate the glancing transitions, the poignant, though

artificial wit, and the extraordinary variableness of Sterne. It appears to me that, although his style was so racy, so rapid, so idiomatically English, his genius and disposition inclined more toward the characteristics of the French writers."

"You mean Rabelais," said the philosopher; "and Rabelais he was, only born in a happier age, and gifted with sentiment."

"I was not alluding particularly to Rabelais," I rejoined. "I believe I was thinking more of the modern French school, of the Balzacs, Karrs, and Paul de Kocks, who can scarcely be supposed to have imitated a half-forgotten English writer of the last century."

Both of my visitors looked interested, and I went on:

"It is in his abrupt variations of feeling that this resemblance forces itself upon me. I find in the writers I have named, and in fifty others who are their pupils and cotemporaries, the same antithetical propensity which delights in giving a comic turn to a serious passage, the same implied satire and half-expressed *double entendres*, the same unfinished sentences, and the same hysterical mingling of smiles and tears. A Hindoo would swear that the soul of Laurence Sterne had taken up its present abode in the body of Paul de Kock. Again; let us consider his power of turning trifles to account, and evolving from the least promising incidents the most exquisite combinations of feeling and fancy.

"Apropos of a pin, he fills a page with wisdom on humanities; and from his barber's recommendation of a wig-buckle deduces a good analysis of the French character. Is not this one of the leading traits of modern French authorship? Place in the way of one of these witty and imaginative *feuilletonists* the most barren and uninteresting of objects, and he will enrich it with all the embroideries of art, clothe it in the rainbow hues of his own fancy, and, though it were but an old pair of ruffles or a market-barrow, end by making you laugh or cry according to his pleasure.

"In this manner an ingenious French writer has elaborated a charming volume on no more extensive a subject than a journey round his room; and from so simple an incident as a flower springing up accidentally within the confines of a prison, another has contributed to modern European literature the most touching, the most humanizing, the most philosophical of moral stories. Thus, in his gayety and his gravity alike, in his treatment of minutiæ and his natural temperament, I find myself irresistibly reminded of the French style whenever I open a volume of Sterne. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly," replied the philosopher; "and I admit the justice of your remarks. He has all the volatility, as well as all the seriousness of the French character—that seriousness which he was the first as well as the last traveler to discern. 'If the French have a fault, Monsieur le Comte,' he says, in the chapters on the passport, 'it is that they are too serious.'"

The metaphysician smiled. "Not the last traveler," he said; "for in those notes that I made on my late journey through France and Italy, I particularly observed this exception to their generally fluttering and thoughtless disposition. These last are the qualities that strike us most by contrast to ourselves, and that come most into play in the intercourse of common life; and therefore we are generally disposed to set them down as an altogether frivolous and superficial people. It is a mistake which we shall do well to correct on further acquaintance with them; or, if we persist in it, we must call to our aid an extraordinary degree of our native blindness and obstinacy. Why, the expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself as it is lively in conversation. The instant he ceases to talk, he becomes 'quite chopfallen.'"

"It is strange," observed the philosopher, "how little this contradiction in their character has been noticed. They have never had the credit of it, though it stares one in the face everywhere. You can't go into one of their theaters without being struck by the silence and decorum that reign throughout the audience, from the scholar in the stalls to the workman in the galleries."

"This results in part, perhaps, from their studious inclinations," said the other. "The French are fond of reading as well as of talking. You may constantly see girls tending an apple-stall in the coldest day in winter, and reading Voltaire or Racine. Such a thing was never known

in London as a barrow-woman reading Shakspeare. Yet we talk of our wide-spread civilization and ample provisions for the education of the poor!"

"To be read thus by the lowliest as well as the loftiest, should be the highest ambition of the poet," exclaimed the philosopher enthusiastically. "Do you not remember, William, during that pedestrian excursion which you, Wordsworth, John Chester, and I once made from Nether Stowey to Linton, we stayed at an old-fashioned inn near the Valley of Rocks, breakfasted deliciously on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, and found a little worn-out copy of the 'Seasons' lying in the window-seat? I took it up, and with a feeling that I cannot describe to you, exclaimed aloud: '*That* is true fame!'"

"Yes," replied the metaphysician, with a sigh; "I remember it perfectly. I was but a lad at the time, and I listened as if in a dream to every syllable that fell from the lips of either Wordsworth or yourself. Fame, thought I, with a sinking heart—alas! to me it is but a word: I shall never possess it; yet will I never cease to worship and pursue it. At that time, I thought to be a painter; and while I lost myself in admiration of a fairy Claude, or hung enraptured over a Titian dark with beauty, I despaired of the perfection I worshiped. And I was right: I should never have made a painter."

His friend smiled, and shook his head. "And yet," said he, "you are content, I should think, with the share of renown that has fallen to your lot. Do you still hold that fame is but a word?"

"I hold it to be a glorious reality," replied the metaphysician; "but one which, least of all others, should be defaced by the petty considerations of our worldly vanities and selfish personalities. Fame is the inheritance, not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity—who drink of that flood of glory as of a river, and refresh our wings in it for future flight. Fame, to my thinking, means Shakspeare, Homer, Bacon, Raphael. Fame can attach itself only to the past. Reputation is the property of the present."

"A subtle distinction," said the philosopher; "but one which—"

The door of the chamber opened.

"Your carriage, gentlemen, is ready," said the waiter.

We all rose simultaneously.

"I am sure," said the philosopher, with an air of high-bred courtesy, "I am sure we must have fatigued and interrupted you, sir, in a most unpardonable manner. I am ashamed to have intruded so long upon your patience and your hospitality; but if you should ever chance to wander in the neighborhood of Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, I will endeavor to atone for my present thoughtlessness, by making you acquainted with our green and hilly country, and our wild sea-shore. Do not suppose that I say this through a forced politeness. I invite few visitors, and those whom I do ask, I welcome heartily."

He took a card from his waistcoat pocket, and advancing with an undulating step, laid it down beside me on the table.

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge!" I exclaimed involuntarily, as my eyes fell on the superscription.

The philosopher extended his hand to me.

"You will not forget to come and see me," he said, "if you visit my county; and I trust you will forgive me for introducing myself. It is a bad habit that one acquires abroad—above all, when one meets a fellow-countryman."

"I consider," said I, "that I am indebted to Yorick for this piece of good fortune;" and I pointed to the portrait over the mantle-piece.

Coleridge plucked his companion by the sleeve. "Come, Hazlitt," he said; "we have no time to lose."

"How!" I exclaimed; "is it possible that—that your friend is—"

"William Hazlitt," replied the poet, making the metaphysician known to me with a serio-comic jesture; "William Hazlitt, the dreaded critic—the redoubtable reviewer—the terrible essayist!"

I endeavored to stammer out something appropriate as they took leave of me; but at that time I was little used to society, and I believe I had never seen a real live author in my life before, so I fear I was not very successful.

Coleridge hurried his friend from the room, and went out last. Just as he reached the door he turned back.

"Have you read my translation of 'The Visit of the Gods?'"

I replied eagerly in the affirmative.

"Then you will remember the opening lines," he said gayly:

"'Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone!'"

The door closed directly, and he was gone. Then I heard his genial laugh upon the stairs, and presently the rattling of the wheels that bore them away. I never visited Nether Stowey, and I never saw either of my guests again. Both have since passed away, and left only their fame and their undying thoughts behind them; but I shall never forget that brief acquaintanceship which began and ended one autumnal afternoon in Sterne's Room, at the Hôtel Dessin.

THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE great national festival, celebrated at Washington on the 4th of March, deserves a brief record in THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The country is divided into parties, but all parties have an interest in this great transaction. It presents a scene, upon which all Americans must look with a proud and profound interest. It may not possess the gorgeousness of a regal coronation, but in all the elements of a true and impressive grandeur, it is unsurpassed. The sublimity of the scene arises out of the simplicity of its conception, and the vast power indicated by the brief and comprehensive ceremony. It is the ratification of the voice of a great people, whose dominion extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. No insignia of royalty are visible; no splendid throne; no crowns glittering with jewels; no kingly robes; no mitered priests; no consecrated oil; no mailed "champion," as in England, to "challenge the world on the king's behalf;" no armed guards to repress popular disturbances; no coronated peers or jeweled peeresses; not even a banded police are seen, but a free, joyous, confiding people. The festival is not designed to captivate the imagination, but to reflect the decision of the intelligent will of the masses, who bestow power, and expect it will be exercised for their good.

Two men were the leading objects of attention; the retiring and the incoming presidents. The former, without parade, without compulsion, without controversy, and without regret, lays down the government of twenty-five millions of enlightened people. The latter, with dignity, modesty, and profound respect and gratitude for their choice, takes up the same trust, and upon the Holy Bible swears with deep solemnity and reverence to be faithful to that trust. There is no jealousy between them. Both love their country, the one with almost youthful ardor, the other with serene and well-attempered emotions of venerable age. The elder has not received this great power from the younger, nor can he communicate it to his successor. The witnessing multitude has conferred it, and at the moment of its being transferred, their shouts rend the air and ratify the deed.

But let us not anticipate that note of preparation, which awakens so much attention. Not only on the day itself, but on the two days preceding, the tide of living humanity was setting toward the metropolis. Horses, carriages, steamers, trains of cars, everything that could carry human beings were moving toward the city. Governors of states, legislators, politicians, judges, seekers of office and despisers of office, military companies and musical bands, clubs and fire companies, men, women, and children, the grave and the gay, the lively and severe, all classes and conditions, home-born and foreign-born, educated and uneducated, white and black, all were seen converging to the one great central point.

That vast pile of marble, elevated on a commanding hill, is conspicuous for miles around, and to that object—the Capitol—all eyes were directed. Within its walls the representatives of the people were still deliberating, or rather hurrying on the neglected business of a session up to almost the hour of noon of the 4th. The star-spangled banner was floating from every eminence, for the gay breezes of that sunny, beautiful day seemed to kiss its folds with a fresh and frequent gladness, while they imparted life everywhere. Old March had exchanged his rough breath and frowning glances for gentle whisperings and brilliant smiles. The military division, consisting of twenty-four companies, formed in front of the City Hall, and marched through various squares to a point opposite Willard's Hotel, at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue, the great thoroughfare of Washington.

From that point the procession commenced its march. At the appointed hour

the President elect issued from the hotel, and entered a barouche with General Pierce, and two senators, members of the committee of arrangements. Civic marshals surrounded the carriage, and cleared the way of all obstacles. The vast width and perfect macadamization of this avenue render it a beautiful field for parading or maneuvering, while spectators from the windows of houses on each side have a commanding view of the cortege, and at the same time thousands of pedestrians find on the side walk abundant room for locomotion. The whole surface of the avenue for a mile in length appeared to be occupied by living beings on foot, for carriages were excluded.

All the states and territories from Maine to California had their representatives. Young men from Massachusetts, Maryland, Virginia, New York, and Pennsylvania donned their military dress, and repaired to Washington to participate in the festivities, one of these companies escorting President Buchanan from his home. It was the "Lancaster Fencibles." With these companies came bands of music.

It was delightful to see these young men from the North, South, East, and West all united under a common banner, and marching to the Capitol under the animating inspiration of a national anthem. This was "keeping step to the music of the Union." And what torn and tattered flag is that which excites so much interest? It is a relic of the Revolution, the very flag which was carried by Morgan's brave riflemen into many a hard-fought field. The men over whom it waved are all dead.

Ah! no soldier of '76 could be seen in this great procession, as in other days; but here was the symbol-standard under which they fought and conquered, perhaps bled and died. The moral effect was indescribable. Not the most beautiful of all the gorgeous banners, whose folds held the sunlight of that day, so enchained the gaze of the people.

A splendid, full-rigged ship of war, manned by sailors, was carried along on wheels, and attracted great attention. Such music as poured itself forth in varied strains from the accomplished bands that came up to the festival, was never before heard on such an occasion. Three hundred United States marines, headed by their immense band, were followed by a company of flying artillery, and butchers of the battle-field, trained to the highest point of discipline. But all was calm and peaceful now. No discordant war-notes disturbed the scene. This brilliant and formidable array of armed soldiers was not for action, or menace, or prevention, but simply for ornament and show. It was the representative of an immensity of power, but kept in repose by the wisdom and policy of statesmen, constantly overruled by the majestic providence of God in answer to the prayers of the righteous. The civic portion of the procession was less brilliant, but more important. It embraced many of the conservators of the country. The clubs and fire companies followed, and other citizens at large, the host of employes of the government, all the offices of which were closed in honor of the day. As the head of the column, a mile in length, was entering the great northern gate of the Capitol park, the Senate and Supreme Court had assembled (the foreign embassadors also being present, and a host of ladies, to whom one entire gallery was appropriated) to administer the oath of office to the Vice-President elect, John C. Breckenridge, hereafter to be the presiding officer of the Senate. This official assemblage was met by the President-elect, and then the great officers of the government accompanied him to the vast platform erected at the east front of the Capitol. Here the scene was animating and sublime. As the President advanced to the foreground of the platform, the tens of thousands in the vast area below sent forth their shouts of welcome, to which he bowed acknowledgingly, his large form and white head rendering him physically a conspicuous object. Mr. Buchanan then proceeded to read his inaugural address, which occupied about half an hour. The scene was grand, the impression was sublime. The flower of the land was there. Beauty, gallantry, genius, eloquence, power, fame; and that which is superior to all, piety; all had their representatives there. The Constitution was triumphant; the law appeared in its majesty. All bowed to the decision of the majority. The whole country had been heaving with political agitation, like the ocean in a storm, and there succeeded a great calm, the majestic beauty of which was reflected in the "sea of upturned faces," all radiant with content-

ment and happiness, on which the President looked down from his inaugural elevation, while his heart glowed with the assurance that not one of that vast crowd, not a citizen of this broad land would dispute with him the possession of the prize this day publicly conferred; and so we may venture to say it would have been, had the voice of the majority called the opponent of the successful candidate to that high office. It is a happy omen for the perpetuity of our republican institutions, that the victors and the vanquished so pleasantly coalesce, and personal preferences are sacrificed on the altar of a common patriotism. *E Pluribus Unum* is the motto on our shield. May no sacrilegious hand ever dare to erase it! At the conclusion of the oration, which was delivered with a clear and distinct enunciation, the oath of office was administered to the President by the Chief Justice of the United States, on the Bible, the Protestant Bible, which Mr. Buchanan reverently kissed, as he has publicly acknowledged it to be the charter of his own and the nation's hopes; and thus was the President inaugurated. The shouts of the assembled thousands rose on the air, and distant cannon reverberated from the hills, echoing the voice of the people, and saluting the chief of our millions, now fully installed in his great office.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day. —Deut. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth,
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;

So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Look'd on the wond'rous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallow'd spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place
With costly marble dress'd.
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, most wond'rous thought!
Before the Judgment Day;
And stand with glory wrapp'd around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

PULP AND ESSENCE.

FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THERE is truth as well as poetry—a practical lesson beautifully expressed—in a passage which we find in a late number of *Household Words*, and which may be entitled,

THE SHIFTING HUES OF LIFE.

Life has, for an observer, such a quick succession of interesting and amusing adventure, that it is almost inconceivable he should ever feel dull or weary of it. No one day resembles another. Every hour, every minute, opens new stores to our experience, and new excitements to our curiosity. We are always on the eve and on the morrow of some surprising event. Like the moth, we are forever flying toward a star, but with this difference, that we attain it; and, if sometimes we find that the halo which we fancied a glory is but some deceiving mist, at least we have learned a lesson. If we look upon life merely as humble students, we shall not feel any great bitterness at such disappointments. It is only when we hug our ignorance to our hearts, that we are, and deserve to be, miserable; when we embrace the cloud, that we lose the goddess. But, if we open the eyes of the mind, and determine to be neither wantonly stupid nor inattentive, an enchanted world begins to rise from chaos. The respect even of the room in which we sit grows lively with a thousand unsuspected curiosities. We discern that the most ordinary person is invested with some noticeable characteristic. If we deign to look for five minutes at any commonplace thing, we become aware of its peculiar beauty; and there is not a bird that wings through the air, nor a flower that blossoms in the garden, nor an insect that crawls in the depths of the earth, nor a fish that swims in the water, but has its own singular and delightful story.

DECEIVING AND BEING DECEIVED.

Two lessons, very simple in themselves and easily learned, but nevertheless seldom carried out in dayly life, are well taught in a lecture recently published by Dr. Chapin of this city. The lessons are, first, Be what you seem to be; and, secondly, Seem to be what you are:

Lies of action are blood relations to lies of speech, and oral lies constitute a small share of the falsehood in the world. There are lies of custom and lies of fashion; lies of padding and lies of whalebone; lies of the first water in diamonds of paste, and unblushing blushes of lies to which a shower would give quite a different complexion; the politician's lies, who, like a circus rider, strides two horses at once; the coquette's lies, who, like a professor of legerdemain, keeps six plates dancing at a time; lies in livery sandwiched between bargains; lies in livery behind republican coaches, in all the pomp of gold band and buttons; lies from the cannon's mouth; lies in the name of the glorious principles that might make dead heroes clatter in their graves; Malakoffs of lies, standing upon sacred dust, and lifting their audacious pinnacles in the light of the eternal Heaven!

Need we say what an uneasy, slavish vanity is that which won't let a man appear as he really is, but makes him afraid of the world and himself, and so keeps him perpetually at work with subterfuge and shame? He is dissatisfied with nature's charter, and so issues false stock. O, how much better for himself and the world for man to be true to what God and unavoidable circumstances have made him—to come out and dare say, I am poor, of humble birth, of humble occupation, or don't know much! What a cure this ingenuousness would be for social rottenness and financial earthquakes. How much sweeter and purer these actual rills of capacity and possession than this great brackish river of pretension, blown with bubbles, and evaporating with gas—how much better than this splendid misery, these racks and thumb-screws that belong to the inquisition of fashion, and thousands of shabby things, the shabbiest of all being those too proud to seem just what they are.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM WEALTH.

THERE is true philosophy in the following extract of a letter from the Rev. Dr. Humphrey to the Evangelist. The doctor wrote from Chicago, where he was visiting:

How marvelous has been the rise of property in Chicago? Happening to be there in the summer of 1839, when the Dearborn reservation was brought into market, I bought two small lots, and sold them about seven or eight years ago for two thousand five hundred dollars, which was thought to be a fair price. Now the new Richmond Hotel, one of the finest in Chicago, stands on the same ground, which I am assured would, if I had kept it to this time, have brought me eighty thousand dollars! So you see how narrowly I have escaped being a rich man, and rearing my boys, had they been young, to rely upon my fortune, and not upon their own industry, economy, and good behavior. I slept upon the premises last night at a fair hotel charge, and without being kept awake one moment in thinking of what I had lost. I had excellent accommodations, and what could I ask for more? If the children of the proprietor who bought the land of me (if he has any) escape with the great fortune, as safely as mine have done without it, it will be an exception to the general experience of wealthy families.

A DEAD MINISTRY.

WE suppose the pulpit has a perfect right to satirize itself, but we have observed that satire seldom produces any good effect upon the clergy. They are, for the most part, a very generous class of men, and from the habit of perpetually giving advice, are apt to give to others what really belongs to themselves. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to find the man who will put on the coat here cut out by the Rev. Dr. Huntington, or who will acknowledge that it fits *him*:

There is a kind of preaching, and it is not confined to any one school of theology, which, if it spoke itself out, would say on Sunday morning to the congregation after this fashion: "Well, dearly beloved brethren, I have come into your pulpit to-day because I have agreed to come. It is in the terms of an old contract between us; a contract that was formed, to be sure,

when I was disposed to take a somewhat more fanatical view of the matter than I am at present. But I respect the bargain; worship is a social decency, and a graceful adjunct to civilization. Established usage looks in this direction, and religious institutions are a political kind of constabulary. I am here in my place as the bell rings, and I take occasion to remark to you, as I think I have done before, that it is proper you should be saved.

The Bible is pronounced authentic by competent antiquarians, and has uncommon literary merits; the laws of good breeding have settled it that virtue is a desirable accomplishment, besides being a safe protection against unpleasant penalties invented by magistrates; and Christian faith I will recommend as a prudent specific against disagreeable consequences, generally reported to follow wicked courses. Amen."

We believe it was Herder who said of the little robin, singing blithely upon the hedge and in the corn-field: How happy he is, as he sings there, and *lets God think for him.* But, asks a writer in one of our exchange papers,

WHO THINKS FOR THE PLANTS?

If the things in nature be not simple, they certainly are not stupid. Bonnet used to say that at the end of all his study he could not see the difference between a cat and a rose-bush.

Let us see what wits a rose-bush has. Look at its leaves with their smooth, glittering surface turned to the sky; but their under surfaces soft and full of pores, open to catch the moisture rising from the soil, half open when they need only a little, closed when they want none. The rain that falls upon the waxy roof made by the upper surface of the foliage, runs off, and is dropped into the ground, just over the sucking ends of all the rootlets.

Turn some of those rose leaves upside down. Lay a cat on her back, and she will not consent to remain in that unnatural position. The rose leaf, too, objects to be inverted. A man may bend a branch so that its leaves shall all hang with the wrong side upward; but let him watch it. He will observe how all the little leaves slowly and carefully begin to turn upon their stems; at the end of a few hours every leaf will have brought round its polished surface to the light, and be holding its open mouths again over the ground for drink. God thinks for them too.

NOT DEAD, BUT GONE BEFORE.

How infinite is our obligation to that Gospel by which life and immortality are brought to light? How full of consolation the assured affirmative answer to the question, If a man die shall he live again? Dr. Dewey says:

But it is not till a friend is dead that we entirely feel his value and appreciate his worth. The vision is loveliest as it is vanishing away; and we perceive it not, perhaps, till we see the parting wing, that an angel has been with us.

I feel that the dead have confirmed a blessing upon me, in helping me to think of the world rightly; in giving a hue of sadness to the scenes of this world, while, at the same time, they have clothed it with every glorious and powerful charm of association. This mingled portion of energy and humility, of triumph and tenderness, of glorying and sorrowing, is the very spirit of Christianity. It was the spirit of Jesus, the conqueror and the sufferer. Death was before him; and yet his thoughts were of triumph. Victory was in his views, and yet, what a victory! No laurel crown was upon his head; no flush of pride was upon his brow; but meekness was enthroned there; no exultation flashed from his eye; but tears flowed from it: "Jesus wept."

Come, then, to us, that spirit, at once of courage and meekness; of fortitude and gentleness; of a life hopeful and happy, but thoughtful of death; of a world bright and beautiful, but passing away! So let us live, and act, and think, and feel; and let us thank the good providence, the good ordination of Heaven, that has made the dead our teachers.

I have seen one die; she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfill. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action; invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness to all around her; but she died! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness stretched out their hands to save her; but they could not save her; and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in? Forbid it reason, religion! bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought!

We do not know to whose heart and pen we are indebted for these thoughts upon that most sacred of all earthly things,

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Think of thy childhood! Hast thou ever tested pleasures sweet as those? Were ever garlands so fair as those entwined by a mother's hands among thy clustering ringlets? When rebellious passion roused the demon in thy nature, naught quelled the tempest like her whispered chiding. When, agonized by burning fever, the fragile form tossed to and fro, in convulsive effort for relief, no hand but a mother's could soothe the throbbing brow or prepare the cooling draught which seemed real nectar to the parching lips. Pause, then, young man, in thy career, if the path thou art treading evoke one lingering blush upon thy cheek —one emotion of shame! Bethink thee it is plowing deep furrows in thy mother's heart. But if, after firm investigation, conscience upbraid thee not, walk proudly on in thy manly independence—heaping untold wealth of joy upon that dear one's head, who watches o'er thy pathway all the livelong day. If worldly wealth be thine, how happy wilt thou be to surround her with the luxuries all-powerful gold will command; if poor, redouble thy earnest attentions, and this will give greater joy than the wealth of the Indies could purchase. If disease has fastened its deadly grasp upon her, be thine the task to cheer the weary sufferer; let thy voice whisper comfort and support. Thy love shall win her to partial forgetfulness, or nerve her to endurance. Maiden, in thy careless glee, forget not her who loves thee best. The world offers many gay pictures, whose vivid colors will entice thy lively fancy; take heed, then, lest they so absorb thy judgment that selfishness ensue, and, a devotee to pleasure, thou hast scarce time or disposition to return a share of the same gentle offices that made thy earlier years so like a dream. Be warned in time of these seem-

ingly trifling temptations which lure the brightest and best from a mother's side. When she suffers, be thou, in turn, the nurse; pillow the aching head upon thy bosom; and, while busy memory recalls the time when her arms held thy tender form in close embrace, renew thy resolutions of a better future, and keep them while there yet is time; before the ear is closed to the repentant sobs that burst from the full heart—before the eyelids droop forever o'er the eyes that have met thine so oft in loving pride—prove thou art human. Give back some love for the wealth she has poured on thee.

THE ENDURING IS OF SLOW GROWTH.

Archbishop Whately, in his Annotations upon Bacon's Essays, truthfully says:

We hear of volcanic islands thrown up in a few days to a formidable size, and in a few weeks or months, sinking down again or washed away; while other islands, which are the summits of banks covered with weed and drift-sand, continue slowly increasing year after year, century after century. The man that is in a hurry to see the full effect of his own tillage, should cultivate annuals, not forest-trees. The clear-headed lover of truth is content to wait for the result of his. If he is wrong in the doctrines he maintains, or the measures he proposes, at least it is not for the sake of immediate popularity. If he is right, it will be found out in time, though, perhaps, not in his time. The preparers of the mummies were (Herodotus says) driven out of the house by the family who had engaged their services, with execrations and stones; but their work remains sound after three thousand years.

The same writer observes, with regard to

PRECOCIOUS TALENT.

A lad who has, to a degree that excites wonder and admiration, the character and demeanor of an intelligent man of mature years, will probably be that, and nothing more, all his life, and will cease accordingly to be anything remarkable, because it was the precocity alone that ever made him so. It is remarked by greyhound fanciers that a well-formed, compact-shaped puppy, never makes a fleet dog. They see more promise in the loose-jointed, awkward, clumsy ones. And even so, there is a kind of crudity and unsettledness in the minds of those young persons who turn out ultimately the most eminent.

IMMORTALITY.

How touchingly beautiful is the following gem from the pen of Prentice, and how happy the heart that can see these beauties as he portrays them:

Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a land where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that passes before us like a meteor will stay in our presence forever.

GENIUS.

A cotemporary, in dilating on genius, thus sagely remarks:

The talents granted to a single individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world; every one shares them, for every one suffers or benefits by his actions. Genius is a light-house, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock upon which the light-house is built.

A LOCK OF HAIR FROM THE DEAD BABE.

It is not often that we pick up a brighter gem than these three lines of Gerald Massey's, from a poem entitled "The Mother's Idol Broken." They will open many a secret spring of tears, and turn dimmed eyes heavenward:

"This is a curl of our poor 'Splendid's' hair!
A sunny burst of rare and ripe young gold—
A ring of sinless gold that weds two worlds!"

AURORA LEIGH

Is the title of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's last poem. It is in blank verse, the rhythm free and varied; and the story well told, and full of interest. From many marked passages we make room for one only, a terribly-painted picture of a beauteous girl, whom her own mother would have sold to shame and infamy:

The child turned round,
And looked up piteous in the mother's face,
(Be sure that mother's deathbed will not want
Another devil to damn, than such a look.)
"O, mother!" then, with desperate glance to heaven,
"God free me from my mother!" she shrieked out.
"These mothers are too dreadful." And, with force
As passionate as fear, she tore her hands
Like lilies from the rocks, from hers and his,
And sprang down, bounded headlong down the steep,
Away from both—away, if possible,
As far as God—Away! They yelled at her,
As famished hounds at a hare. She heard them yell.
She felt her name hiss after her from the hills,
Like shot from guns. On, on. And now she had cast
The voices off with the uplands. On. Mad fear
Was running in her feet and killing the ground;
The white roads curled as if she burned them up;
The green fields melted, wayside trees fell back
To make room for her. Then, her head grew vexed—
Trees, fields, turned on her, and ran after her;
She heard the quick pants of the hills behind,
Their keen air pricked her neck. She had lost her feet,
Could run no more, yet, somehow, went as fast—
The horizon, red 'twixt steeples in the east,
So sucked her forward, forward, while her heart
Kept swelling, swelling, till it swelled so big
It seemed to fill her body; then it burst,
And overflowed the world, and swamped the light.

The National Magazine.

MAY, 1857.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

CHEERFULNESS.—We have received a letter, taking us severely to task for the page or two of small type which we devote to trifles of wit and humor. The writer is, we doubt not, very conscientious, and has a perfect right, now that the law obliges everybody to pay his own postage, to give us his advice. We submit, however, whether it will not answer his purpose to confine his attention, hereafter, to the other portions of THE NATIONAL. He will find no number without a due proportion of solid reading, and he may leave such trifles to those who differ from him in opinion.

On the other hand, we print portions of a letter, in which the writer, a dignitary of the Church, whose name we may not mention, takes a very different view of the subject:

"Some sour-visaged dyspeptics, who have had the corners of their mouths drawn down by innumerable loads of imaginary cares, have thought that cheerfulness is contrary to true dignity and Christianity. When you get into the presence of these persons, you feel as if you were about to take the measles. They look as though they had been born among crab-apples, and lived upon sour-crout. Now I contend, that it is no more a sin, nor a breach of dignity, to indulge in real cheerfulness, or even in a hearty laugh occasionally, than it is to take wholesome food when hungry. In all conceivable circumstances it is good policy, physically, morally, and religiously, to be cheerful, and even merry in the sense in which Solomon uses the word, when he says, 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.' Sour-visaged austerity gains nothing for soul or body, but loses much. It is the devil's pioneer, to break down the fence of virtue, sap the walls of truth, root out the fruits and flowers of religion, and prepare a thoroughfare through the soul for himself and all his angels."

On this topic, too, our uneasy correspondent will pardon us for quoting from a discourse by a clergyman of another denomination. We do it, not to justify our own course, but to show him that there are two sides to the question. In fact, strange as it may seem, THE NATIONAL has been thought, by some, to be too serious and too stately. Our aim is, and will be, to preserve a just medium; ignoring pharisaism and sectarianism, to inculcate religion without austerity; to blend the lively and the gay with the solid and the serious; and, inasmuch as we do not expect to please everybody, to try, at least, to reach our own ideal of a magazine for family reading, devoted, as our title-page has it, to literature, art, religion. The extract referred to is from the Rev. Dr. Bellowes, of this city:

"For my part, I say it in all solemnity, I have become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs; that is always sedate; that has no apparent outlets for natural springs of sportiveness and gayety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins, or horrid crimes springing up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space. Anything is better than dark, dead, unhappy social life; a prey to *ennui* and morbid excitement, which results from unmitigated puritanism, whose second crop is usually unbridled license and infamous folly."

ELISHA KENT KANE will forever rank among the great names, not of his own country merely, but of the world. He died at Havana on the 16th of February, and his funeral took place in Philadelphia on the 12th of March. The obsequies were solemn and imposing. Sketches of his life, tributes to his memory, eulogies fill a large space in the columns of the periodical press throughout the land. We copy a brief extract from a sermon delivered upon the occasion by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth:

"Dr. Kane's career was a matter of national pride, and his death is a matter of national lamentation. His was a character singularly grand in its separate elements, and matchlessly beautiful in the harmony of their combinations. The powers of a naturally keen and comprehensive mind had been strengthened by earnest culture, and developed in the widest range of practical and scientific attainments; and these in all their fullness consecrated to the loftiest aims of beneficent usefulness.

"His intellect was at once strong and beautiful: keenly analytical with the severest philosophy; and exquisitely imaginative with the loftiest poetry. The combinations of his moral character were still more remarkable and wonderful. To the truest and tenderest sensibility were added the most iron will and the most indomitable decision; and with a dauntless bravery that equaled the glorious chivalry of the old ideal and fabulous heroism, was blended a calm, practical judgment; a marvelous and majestic patience; a beautiful simplicity and modesty; all rarely equaled in human biography. Meanwhile suffusing all that character as with a heavenly light, and blending all its rare qualities as with a Divine solvent into one exquisite amalgam—there was a living and controlling purity which made the whole man a living sacrifice to his fellows, and laid down all the spoils and trophies of his triumphs at his Master's feet. Qualities seldom combined, and, indeed, seemingly antagonistical, were found in his heart and life, each in fullest power, and all in loveliest harmony. He thought like a philosopher; he wrote like a poet; he acted like a hero; he felt like a child; he lived like a man; he prayed like a Christian.

"He was at once the giant oak that battles with the storm, and the gentle vine that beautifies its gnarled trunk with its green leaves and purple clusters, and makes alike zephyr and storm with its exquisite aroma.

"And as such he has died in the early prime and promise of his manhood—in the morning twilight of his brightening fame—just as his powers were reposing for loftier toils, and his benevolence kindling for broader enterprises—just as we were beginning fondly to appreciate the wonders of his past, and exultingly to prophecy the splendors of his future—just then he died: and we mourn for him—we weep for him—and why should we not weep? Science weeps! Humanity weeps! The world weeps! And it were unnatural—it were ungrateful—it were to prove ourselves cold, stolid, insentient, dead to all generous impulses, false to our loftier and holier instincts, if we went not forth to his burial in tearful sorrow."

DR. ROBINSON'S BIBLICAL RESEARCHES.—In a former number we adverted, briefly, to some statements in the last edition of this standard work, wherein, as we thought, the learned author did injustice to the late Dr. Olin. It fell not within our design to notice Dr. Robinson's treatment of other travelers, who have published the results of their researches in the Holy Land. In the (London) *New Quarterly Review* for January, however, we find a passage or two bearing upon this subject, which we quote:

"The chapters relating to Jerusalem are two. First, we have the diary of each day's explorations; and, secondly, the author's conclusions therefrom upon the 'topography and antiquities' of the city. The locality of which they treat would, of itself, insure these chapters being the most interesting part of the work; but we regret to say, that we have been struck throughout them by such a want of candor and courtesy in Dr. Robinson's treatment of the views and arguments

of those who differ from him, as to form a serious drawback to the pleasure to be anticipated from this section.

"We have no wish unnecessarily to press this unpleasant topic; but the fact must be evident to even a careless reader, and therefore could not be passed by. Of the long list of works published since the first edition of the *Biblical Researches*—'an amount of literature,' says Dr. R., 'probably greater than has appeared upon this topic during any other whole century since the Christian era' scarcely any are noticed at all; or, if noticed, it is in the tone of contempt or of opposition. At the same time, whether sneered at or passed over in silence, it is very evident that they have been all read—in many cases made use of—by Dr. Robinson."

The reviewer then specifies several facts in confirmation of his statement, and notices that Dr. Robinson intends to publish a more systematic work on the geography of the Holy Land, about which the critic ventures the following "hope," wherein we most cordially agree with him:

"In that work he will have an opportunity of setting himself right, by recognizing in a proper manner the labors of those who are engaged in the same researches as himself. It is at least to be hoped, that he will not make use of their discoveries, and then reward them with the agreeable alternative of sneers or silence."

—

Oddities of Great Men.—The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman, of whom we know something, felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round in that way, he was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson used always, in going up Bolt Court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain that the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose without his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off.

—

The Innocent convicted—A painful Story.—Mr. Brady, M.P., writes in the *London Times* an account of a gentleman who, though innocent, was convicted. Mr. T., a young man of high character, with respectable family connections, was employed for twelve years in one of the largest firms in the "Manchester line" in the city, the last three of which as buyer for the establishment. In that capacity he laid out on an average from forty to fifty thousand pounds a year. In the early part of the year 1853, he left town for Manchester by the night mail; on arriving at —— station he changed his mind, and determined not to proceed to Manchester that night. On leaving the station for the hotel he was stopped by a police officer, who accused him of stealing the carpet-bag which he had in his hand; on examination it was found to be the property of another gentleman. He endeavored to explain that he took it by mistake; but to no purpose. He was searched; his ticket for Manchester was found on him. This fact was considered conclusive evidence that his leaving the train at this intermediate station was done for felonious purposes. Another policeman coming up at the moment, at once recognized in the person of Mr. T. a notorious swell-mobsman from London, and, jocosely taking the gold watch and chain from my friend's neck, said, "I suppose this is part of the proceeds of your calling." Expostulation on the part of the accused was vain. He declared his innocence, and asked for his own bag, but the idea of his possessing such an article was utterly ridiculed, and his request was looked upon as part of the sharper's dodge. After a little further ceremony he was consigned to a cell for the night, to wait his examination. He implored permission to write to his wife, but so great a favor could not be granted. The accusation, even at this early stage, had done its work. Excitement set in, and in the agony of his distress he conceived the futile design of attempting to escape from the horrors of the place he was in, and the foulness of the charge. Unfortunately, the attempt was made, and from that moment his fate was sealed. Without being permitted to communicate with his friends, he was examined before the magistrates, and committed to the county jail. A gentleman of high character in the city, with my unhappy friend's employer, intended to be present at the trial, to speak to his character. But the fatality which in the first instance befell him, pursued him with unrelenting perseverance. The names of the witnesses for character were called; but, as the trial unfortunately took place twenty-four hours earlier than in the ordinary course was expected, they were not present. The jury, without leaving the box, found him guilty; the judge approved the verdict, and the poor man was sentenced to some years' imprisonment. The result of this unfortunate "legal accident" was, that the wife of the unfortunate man nearly perished in childbirth. Three weeks later her two eldest children were carried off by scarlet fever; ten days more her infant died. Within three months from that time she received information from the governor of the jail that her husband was dying, and that she must proceed immediately to him if she wished to see him alive. She entered his wretched cell. There, before her, lay her husband—a helpless, paralyzed old man—an idiot. His hair, which three months before had not a gray hair in it, was now perfectly white. His age thirty-five years. Fortunately for him, he knew her not. Her passionate and heart-rending grief, which rung the hearts of those around, fell dead on his ear; all human sympathies were gone. Reason was rudely jostled from her seat. He cared not for judge, jury, or policeman, and he gazed unconsciously on the wife of his early and affectionate love, and the mother of his helpless children. I need not dwell upon this scene. After some formalities at the Home Office, he was removed to a private asylum, near London. He was once more a free man, but to what purpose? In a short time he sank and died. Would that I could here close this tale of misery. The husband's relations, for reasons which it is for them to account for, and, if they can, justify, thought proper to shun the widow and children of their degraded relative! Two years passed,

and the little all she had—rings, jewelry, and part of her furniture—were consumed in the support of her helpless children. She sought employment at one of the houses of business in the city as a blond runner, and she is now to be found, with a shattered constitution and skeleton form, stitching from daylight till twelve o'clock at night, to obtain a most miserable and scanty support for her three helpless surviving children. The work, when done, must be taken to the warehouse; there this gentle, suffering creature, delicately nurtured, not long since the mistress of a happy and comfortable home, has to stand for hours to wait her turn, that her work may be examined and a fresh supply given to her.

—

What makes a Bushel.—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to our readers:

Wheat, sixty pounds; corn, shelled, fifty-six pounds; corn, on the cob, seventy pounds; rye, fifty-six pounds; oats, thirty-six pounds; barley, forty-six pounds; buckwheat, fifty-two pounds; Irish potatoes, sixty pounds; sweet potatoes, fifty pounds; onions, fifty-seven pounds; beans, sixty pounds; bran, twenty pounds; clover seed, sixty pounds; timothy seed, forty-five pounds; hemp-seed, forty-five pounds; blue grass seed, fourteen pounds; dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

—

Oregon Fruit.—This territory is said to be one of the best fruit-growing regions in the world. It is estimated (says an exchange) that no less than seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of apples will be shipped to California this season, and thirty-three thousand dollars' worth were sold last year. The size of the apples is almost incredible, a bushel having been exhibited whose average was eighteen ounces each. It is no uncommon thing to see specimen apples weighing from one and a half to two pounds. We have seen specimens of apples and pears from Oregon, and can vouch for their extraordinary size.

—

Simplicity of English Dress.—In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress, more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling, than there is in many of the houses of our citizens, who are barely able to supply the dayly wants of their families by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours, who sojourned not long since several months in the vicinity of some of the wealthy landed aristocracy of England, whose ample rent-rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manners practiced. Servants were much more numerous than with us, but the ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought here of a dozen. They were generally clothed in good substantial stuffs, and a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for great occasions. The furniture of the mansions, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for new and more fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the families for several generations had possessed, substantial and in excellent preservation, but plain and without any pretensions to elegance. Even the carpets on many suites of parlors had been on the floors for fifty years, and were expected to do service for another half century. With us how differently is the state of things! We are wasting an amount of wealth in this country on show and fashion, which, rightly applied, would renovate the condition of the whole population of the world, and Christianize, civilize, and educate all mankind.

—

Fatalities and Unlucky Days.—The "Miscellanies of John Aubrey," who lived some two hundred years ago, have recently been given to the public by Mr. J. Russell Smith, of London. The "Miscellanies" will always find readers, but especially among two classes of people, the superstitious and the credulous, and those who perceive in such works glimpses of an age which has passed away forever.

A belief in lucky and unlucky days and omens, was an article of faith with Aubrey. A whole chapter is devoted to Day Fatality, another to the Fatalities of Families and Places, and here we find a curious recital of facts, although modern philosophy may derive different inferences from them. Here are some notes which may interest many of our readers who are acquainted with modern London:

"'Tis certain that there are some houses unlucky to their inhabitants, which the reverend and pious Dr. Napier could acknowledge. See 'Tobit,' chap. 3, v. 8, 'That she had been married to seven husbands, whom Asmodæus, the evil spirit, had killed, before they had lain with her.'

"The Fleece Tavern, in Covent Garden, (in York-street,) was very unfortunate for homicides; there has been several killed, three in my time. It is now (1692) a private house.

"A handsome brick house on the south side of Clerkenwell churchyard had been so unlucky for at least forty years, that it was seldom tenanted; and at last nobody would adventure to take it. Also a handsome house in Holborn, that looked toward the fields; the tenants of it did not prosper, several, about six.

"At the sign of —— over against Northumberland House, near Charing Cross, died the Lady Baynton, (eldest daughter of Sir John Danvers of Dantsey.) Some years after, in the same house, died my Lady Hobby (her sister) of the smallpox, and about twenty years after, died their nephew Henry Danvers, Esq., of the smallpox, aged twenty-one, wanting two weeks. He was nephew and heir to the Right Honorable Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby."

The angry paterfamilias may take warning by the following:

"Disinheriting the eldest son is forbid in the Holy Scripture, and estates disinherited are observed to be unfortunate: of which one might make a large catalogue. See Dr. Saunderson's Sermon, where he discourses of this subject."

Portents are briefly discussed, and backed by the opinion of N. Machiavelli. On Omens he is didactic. Some of these supposed presages are curious enough:

"The silver cross that was wont to be carried before Cardinal Wolsey, fell out of its socket, and was like to have knocked out the brains of one of the bishop's servants. A very little while after, came in a messenger, and arrested the cardinal, before he could get out of the house. See Stow's 'Chronicle.'

"'Tis commonly reported, that before an heir of the Cliftons, of Clifton, in Nottinghamshire, dies, that a sturgeon is taken in the River Trent, by that place.

"Thomas Find, Esq., in Kent, told me that it is an old observation, which was pressed earnestly to King James I., that he should not remove the Queen of Scots' body from Northamptonshire, where she was beheaded

and interred; for that it always bodes ill to the family, when bodies are removed from their graves. For some of the family will die shortly after, as did Prince Henry, and I think Queen Ann."

The following will provoke a smile:

"A little before the death of Oliver, the Protector, a whale came into the River Thames, and was taken at Greenwich, — feet long. 'Tis said Oliver was troubled at it."

Verily the royalists should have preserved the skeleton of the monster that had caused the stout heart of the protector to quail!

Some curious anecdotes of Charles I. are related, among which the following are selected:

"When I was a freshman at Oxford, 1642, I was wont to go to Christ Church, to see King Charles I. at supper; where I once heard him say, 'That as he was hawking in Scotland, he rode into the quarry, and found the covey of partridges falling upon the hawk; and I do remember this expression further, viz., and I will swear upon the book 'tis true.' When I came to my chamber, I told this story to my tutor; said he, that covey was London.

"The bust of King Charles I., carved by Bernini, as it was brought in a boat upon the Thames, a strange bird (the like whereof the bargemen had never seen) dropped a drop of blood, or blood-like upon it; which left a stain not to be wiped off. This bust was carved from a picture of Sir Anthony Van Dyke's drawing: the sculptor found great fault with the forehead as most unfortunate. There was a seam in the middle of his forehead, (downward,) which is a very ill sign in metoposcopie.

"Colonel Sharington Talbot was at Nottingham when King Charles I. did set up his standard upon the top of the tower there. He told me that the first night, the wind blew it so, that it hung down almost horizontal; which some did take to be an ill omen.

"The day that the Long Parliament began, 1641, the scepter fell out of the figure of King Charles in wood, in Sir Thomas Trenchard's hall, at Wullich, in Dorset, as they were at dinner in the parlor: Justice Hunt then dined there."

—

The Public Men of the United States.—The *Edinburgh Review*, speaking of the public men of the United States, indulges in the following remarks:

"Few things have more surprised the world than the deterioration of the political men of the United States. When the States were a mere aggregate of scantily-peopled colonies—when their principal citizens were planters, shopkeepers, and traders, trained up in the narrowness, and prejudices, and petty employments of provincial life, they produced statesmen, negotiators, embassadors, and legislators, whose names will be forever illustrious in history. Now that they form a great empire; that they possess a large class of men, born in opulence, to whom all schools and universities of each hemisphere are open—who have leisure to pursue the studies, and to acquire the habits, of political life, few of their public men would pass in Europe for second-rates."

—

A Very Bad Style.—Such we take to be that of expressing common ideas in a labored and roundabout way, like Dr. Chalmers. Great ideas like his may *endure* such a style, but small ones perish under it, while the notion of those who affect it, seems to be, that they make up by this what they lack in matter.

Take an example. One of these exquisites is delivering a lecture before some literary society, in which, of course, he is not expected to look at anything as common people do. He spies a deep philosophy in everything around him, man and beast, and the phrase must correspond with such refined and philosophic "thought." Suppose he wishes in reality to say that a horse kicked, the idea is stubborn—at first, perhaps impracticable—but he recovers himself and proceeds: "this horse displayed certain abnormal activities." How can such a man be in earnest? If he had been hit by the horse himself instead of the idea, he would have been cured of such speech, which no man writing from experience would have thought of. But to carry such vanity into the pulpit is worst of all.

We hear many such sermons in some parts of the country. It provokes us to see a common man attempt thus to get up from the ground where he is respectable, upon wings and stilts where he is ridiculous; and it grieves us to see one who has no need of such props resort to them. Why should a man who can sound a trumpet, get up with a tinkling cymbal? Why should a man who is capable of logic, and capable of power in the Scriptures, stand up before a congregation of sinners, and use words which, like the arrow shot into the clouds by Alcestes, leaves nothing but a brilliant streak?

How such a style is acquired, it is hard to say, whether from imitating some great but bad example, or from the vanity of philosophizing; but some prescription or other should be made as soon as possible for those who are thus affected. No better occurs at the moment than six pages of John Wesley taken every morning until the symptoms begin to abate.

—

How Uniform Time is Given.—The process by which correct time is furnished to the city bell-ringers in New York, preparatory to their striking the hour of nine in the evening, is very efficient. Shortly before nine o'clock, Professor Bull sets his watch accurately by the standard time at the Observatory on the corner of Eleventh-street and Second Avenue. He then hastens to the City Hall and takes his place in the look out, where there is an apparatus connecting with the fire telegraph, by which intelligence may be conveyed to all the bell-towers in the city. At exactly thirty seconds before the appointed hour, Professor Bull signals all the ringers by nine strokes on a little bell attached to the wires in every tower. This is to notify the ringers of their approaching duty. At precisely nine o'clock, Professor Bull strikes all the little telegraph bells simultaneously nine times in succession, and the ringers are instructed to follow each of them with an instant tap of the big bells. By this simple contrivance an announcement of the hour is effected all over the city sufficiently accurate for practical purposes.

—

Pocket Printing Press.—The Boston *Traveler* says that a young man from Hartland, Vt., (Mr. Livermore,) has invented a machine for printing, which, without a figure and literally, may be called a pocket printing press, since it may be carried in one's pocket, and operated there. The polished steel case which contains the apparatus is five inches long, two and a half inches broad, and one and a half inches thick. This contains the type, the ink, the paper, and the machinery. At one end of the case are six keys, on which the fingers of the operator play, as on a piano. The types are composed of the sections of a parallelogram,

crossed by two diagonals. This parallelogram is cut so ingeniously as to form all the letters of the alphabet, and in a shape so as to be easily read, in the impression, by any person on presentation. The size is *double English*, and the fashion *Antique*. The impression is like the page of a book, lines horizontal from left to right. The slip of paper, some yards in length, is on a cylinder, and as fast as printed is received on another cylinder. The ink is contained in a piece of cloth saturated with it, to which the types are applied as often as is necessary. The rapidity of the printing is about equal to that of writing with the pen, as most persons write. One would not believe all this possible, beforehand, but when he is presented with a sentence legibly printed; for example,

"If there's a hole in all your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's among ye takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent it,"

and undeniably printed then and there, he is no longer skeptical.

—

Executed.—M. M. Cheny, convicted of negro stealing, was lately hung at Lancasterville. He persisted to the last in asserting his innocence. Moses Gousett, convicted of the same offense, (negro stealing,) expiated his crime on the same day, at Unionville, South Carolina.

Nobody need suppose, from this, that these men were hung for putting the value of the negroes in their pockets. South Carolina is far too civilized to hang men for theft in that sense. The capital crime consists in transferring the ownership of the negro to the negro himself—stealing him into liberty. For larceny you may be imprisoned, but you are hung only for humanity.

SMALL CHANGE.

Too Much of a Good Thing. — A gentleman from one of the rural districts, on a visit to this great city, resolved to have a feast on Sunday, by hearing the most popular pulpit orators. In the morning he visited the church in —— street. A stranger was in the pulpit, but our friend was edified and delighted. It was one of the most eloquent sermons he ever listened to. In the afternoon he went to a church in a different part of the city, thinking to hear the popular Mr. ——. To his surprise, however, the same reverend gentleman whom he heard in the morning was in the pulpit, and he repeated the same sermon. In the evening our friend crossed the river, hoping to hear a reverend divine whose praise is in all the churches. But the fates were against him. To his surprise, after the introductory services, which were conducted by the pastor, the same gentleman whom he had already heard twice, rose and repeated the same discourse. In our friend's ears the sermon had gained nothing by its repetition in the afternoon, but at night it seemed decidedly flat.

Somewhat akin to this story is a bit of personal experience chronicled by a writer in the *London Athenæum*. He tells us that, having been annoyed on a late Thanksgiving Sunday morning in his own parish church by a nonsensical sermon, he sought in the evening for improved spiritual food in a church of the adjoining parish. But there, in due time, to his horror and amazement, he reheard the same text given out, and was condemned to sit through the same identical sermon delivered over again, word for word, by another clergyman. He was at first inclined to believe that this was mere evidence of the good understanding between the rector of one parish and the curate of another, a proof of a kind of commonage between these reverend worthies, by which one set of sermons was made to do duty for two parishes. But, chancing the following morning to take up one of the clerical newspapers, his attention was attracted to the following advertisement:

"To the Clergy of Liverpool: Sermons ready for Sunday next, being the day appointed for offering up prayer and thanksgiving for the capture of Sebastopol."

Curiosity prompted the gentleman to expend half a crown in the purchase of one of these ready-made ecclesiastical articles. On looking at it he found that it was merely Monsieur Tonson come again, the very same identical prosy thing, without religion or patriotism, that he had twice been entrapped into listening to on the day before.

—

Sermon Analyzing.—A theological chemist thus analyzes modern sermons: "One part Bible, five parts logic badly kneaded, twenty parts city milk, fourteen parts otto roses, and sixty parts yeast."

—

An Apology for Bad Horsemanship.—The Persians hold good horsemanship in such estimation that they would have thought little of an embassador who is not at home in the saddle. A curious illustration of this occurred when Malcolm was at Bushire. The purser of one of the ships, Mr. W., went on shore to see Mr. Smith, and was put on the back of a capering Arab, only to be thrown about very uncomfortably in the saddle. The bad horsemanship of the sailor provoked some merriment on shore; but on the following day a Persian trader, who knew a little English, happening to go on board the ship, said to Mr. W., when the subject was referred to, 'You need not be under any uneasiness. I told the people that you ride very well, but that you were very drunk."

—

Bad Company Better than None.—A lawyer, riding through a town, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep straight on for some time, then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few minutes she would show him the way. "Well," said he, "bad company is better than none. Make haste." After jogging on five or six miles the gentleman asked if he had not come to the road he must take. "O, yes," said she, "we have passed it two or three miles back; but I thought that bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me."

PULLING A TOOTH FOR UNCLE JERRY. — "What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr. ——, as old Jeremiah K. was passing by growling most ferociously.

"Matter!" said the old man; "I've been luggin' water all the mornin' for Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?"

"About ninepence."

"Ninepence! She told me that the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time!"

—

NEW VERSION OF A PSALM. — The following is said to have taken place at the Bradford (England) parish Church, during the visit of the bishop of the diocese. The clerk, immediately before the sermon, gave out the psalm in broad Wiltshire dialect, namely, "Let us zing to the praaze an' glawry o' Good dree vusses o' the hundred an' vourteenth zaam, a varsion 'specially 'dapted to the 'cazsion by myself:

"Why hop ye zo, ye little hills,
An' what var de'e skip?
Is it a 'cas you'm proud to see
His grace, the Lard Bish*op*?

"Why skip ye zo, ye little hills,
An' what var de'e hop?
Is it a 'cas to preach to we,
Is comed the Lard Bish*op*?

"Eese; he is comed to preach to we,
Then let us sal strick up,
An' zing a glawrious zong of praise,
An' bless the Lard Bish*op*."

—

COLERIDGE, while a student a Gottingen, excited much attention as a "noticeable Englander." Requested by a German student in the same class to write in his *Stammbuch*, or album, on his departure, Coleridge complied as follows:

"We both attended the same college,
Where sheets of paper we did blur many;
And now we're going to sport our knowledge—
In England I, and you in Germany."

Imagine the German student puzzling over these lines, and very likely supposing that Coleridge had written something exceedingly tender and poetical!

—

THE NEGRO'S PRAYER.—A certain eloquent divine, just before commencing to preach to a congregation of sable ones with whom he was decidedly popular, called on one of his favorites to make an opening prayer, whereupon the pious African, when he came to the preacher's case, prayed after the following style: "O Lord, do thou grant to bless our lubbin elder, and grant that dem are words what comes out of his much *polluted* lips may do us good as de word of de Lord does de upright in heart."

—

ANOTHER, SOMEWHAT SIMILAR.—The Rev. Mr. —— had occasion to preach one Sunday to two congregations, white and colored. Our worthy divine having preached a sermon to the white congregation, which gave universal satisfaction, went in the afternoon to discourse to the colored people. Arrived at the African church, and finding the devout assembly all ready for the word of life, he preached what he considered a very fair sermon, especially for colored people; and, by way of closing, called upon a sable deacon to pray, and thus ran a part of his prayer: "Thou very well knowest, O Lord, that one of the weakest of all thy servants has this day preached de word unto us; but do thou grant that de word what has been preached in great weakness, may be raised in power."

—

HOW TO DETECT THEFT.—Some time ago, a gentleman called upon a wealthy but inordinately mean man, and found him at the breakfast table quite alone, and doing his utmost to catch a fly which was buzzing around the room. "What the deuse are you about?" demanded the astonished visitor, to whom the spectacle of an old man amusing himself by catching flies, seemed very singular, to say the least. "Hush!" exclaimed the other, "I'll tell you presently." After many efforts the old fellow succeeded at last in trapping the fly. Taking the insect carefully between his thumb and forefinger, he put it into the sugar bowl, and quickly dropped the lid over the prisoner. His visitor, more annoyed than ever, knowing, as he did, the avaricious character of the man before, repeated the question. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke, "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."

—

AWFUL THOUGHTS.—Fanny Fern has a decided talent for saying hard things about the other sex. She takes her text and comments upon it thus:

"'This had from the very beginning of their acquaintance induced in her that awe which is the most delicious feeling a wife can have toward a husband.' 'Awe!' said I, on hearing the above remark—'awe of a man whose whiskers you have trimmed, whose hair you have cut, whose cravat you have tied, whose shirts you have "put into the wash," whose boots and shoes you have kicked into the closet, whose dressing gown you have worn while combing your hair; who has been down into the kitchen with you at eleven o'clock at night, to hunt for a chicken bone; who has hooked your dresses, unlaced your boots, fastened your bracelets, and tied on your bonnet; who has stood before your looking-glass with thumb and finger on his proboscis, scratching his chin; whom you have buttered, and toasted, and tea-ed; whom you have seen asleep with his mouth wide open! Ridiculous!"

—

THE DISAPPOINTED OFFICE-SEEKER is thus portrayed in the *Boston Post*. There is, perhaps, as much truth as poetry in the lines.

I saw him—he had come
From his far-distant home
In the West;
A jingling purse he show'd,
And in the latest mode
He was dress'd.

His face was all a smile,
And he talk'd all the while,
How he took
Such an interest in the late
Election in his state
For old Buck.

He'd always felt the ties
Of party—let it rise,
Let it fall;
'Twas not for the reward
That he had work'd so hard,
Not at all.

But office he could bear,
As the bravest soldier'd wear
Epaulets,
Which fix his rank, you know;
(And the public show—
What he gets.)

I saw him after that;
He had a kinky hat
On his head,
His shoes were worn away,
And his pockets seem'd to say
Nary Red.

And loudly he declared
That for party men he cared
Not a jot;
He scorn'd their dirty tricks;
And as for politics,
'Twas a plot.

Folks saw the sudden change,
And thought it wondrous strange,
At the best:
Our friend did not explain,
But took an early train
For the West.

By the way, the gentleman thus immortalized was not he of whom it is said that he declined being a candidate for office in one of the new states, because he is not a legal citizen; has never paid a tax or any other debt; owns no property; can't read nor write; is blind; has but one leg; has lost four fingers from his left hand; has ten children, and can't leave home for fear they will abuse their mother.

—

READING AND WRITING.—They tell a good story about Rufus Choate, whose attempts at penmanship are like those of a certain dignitary of the Church, hardly readable when they became cold. "I have a great mind," said a wag at an election, "to challenge Choate's right to put in his ballot, on the ground that he can't write."

"Better not," replied his friend; "he will hand in a specimen of his penmanship, and then challenge your vote, on the ground that you cannot read."

Our neighbor of the New York *Tribune*, it is said, writes a very villainous scrawl; and the editor of a country paper, having received a copy of a lecture delivered by him, says, "that with the aid of a magnifying glass, three dictionaries, several agricultural periodicals, a history of eminent agriculturists, a standard work on chemistry, another on hydraulics, a large street committee, several Know Nothings, and our compositor on unintelligible copy, we mastered the first three lines in the first half day. It is now in the hands of a competent committee to decide in what language it is written, and if it is ascertained that it is neither Hebrew nor Greek, we must infer that it was intended for English, and shall proceed to decipher it."

—

KEEN REBUKE.—The *Express*, one of the political papers of this city, alluding to the recent lawsuit between two belligerent Churchmen, thus moralizes:

"It is to be hoped, now that this quarrel is settled, that both parties will shake hands and forgive, like good Christians, and go to work, helping us of the secular press to fight the devil and all his works. Churchmen have been so busy fighting one another of late, that we fear Satan is getting rather the best of us."

—

Midal, in ancient fable, was so great a man, that everything he touched turned to gold. The case is altered now; touch a man with gold, and he will change into anything.

Recent Publications.

The New England History, from the Discovery of the Continent by the Northmen, A. D. 986, to the Period when the Colonies declared their Independence, A. D. 1776. By CHARLES W. ELLIOTT. (*Two volumes, 8vo: Charles Scribner.*) There are many local histories of parts of New England, but they are, for the most part, inaccessible to the general reader. Mr. Elliott has undertaken to bring them together, and, having gleaned from a great variety of sources, he has succeeded in weaving his most abundant materials into a work of permanent value. His style is clear, his statements of events justified by ample references, and his own observations, for the most part, pertinent and just. His volumes will take a permanent place in the higher ranks of American literature. We had marked a number of passages, curious as historical facts, and interesting as illustrative of early customs, but must confine ourselves to a few brief quotations. Of the origin of that "peculiar institution" of New England, Thanksgiving Day, we are told that

"In 1623, two centuries and a half ago, Winslow, writing to England, mentions that, after the gathering of the harvest, the governor (Bradford) sent out a company for game, that they might furnish themselves more dainty and abundant materials for a feast, and rejoice together after they had gathered the fruits of their 'labors.' So they got their game, and they cooked it, and they ate of it, and they feasted Massasoit and ninety of his Indians, and they thanked God with all their hearts for the good world and the good things in it. So they kept their first thanksgiving. Governor Bradford said, 'Nor has there been any general want of food among us since to this day' (from 1623 to 1646.)"

In 1632 a curious law was enacted, to wit:

"That whoever should refuse the office of governor, being chosen thereto, should pay twenty pounds; and that of magistrate, ten pounds. Very curious, certainly; and we may suppose that that race is run out in Massachusetts, as well as in other states."

Of that unswerving champion of the rights of conscience, Roger Williams, Mr. Elliott gives an extended notice. The good man's letter to his wife, prefixed to a volume published by him in 1652, entitled, "Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health," is touchingly beautiful. In it he says:

"I send thee, though in winter, a handful of flowers, made up in a little posy for thyself and our dear children, to look and smell on when I, as the grass of the field, shall be gone and withered."

Our author thus sums up the character of Williams:

"The rapidity of his blood, and his highly organized nervous system, are the key to Williams's character; for his quickness of insight, and his fervid imagination,

though they led him to see and maintain the noblest truths, they also led him to advocate opinions which may be called fantastic; such as the 'gift of tongues and 'power of prophecy,' in the true ministry. He was at times hasty, rash, changeable, and pertinacious, but he was also generous, brave, prompt, and disinterested; a man to respect and love. He was a free-thinker, a free-speaker, and a free-actor, both in religious and civil things; in the largest sense, a free-man; and the world has come to his principles. Few men are inspired by God with so large a perception of truth, and so strong a faith in it, and the memory of Roger Williams, fidelity to his principles, and respect for the state he founded, so loyal to liberty, should be cherished by every man who has faith in truth, freedom, and the future."

The conduct of the Puritans toward the Indians has left a dark blot upon their history. The death of Miantonomo is thus related:

"Advancing in front of his men, Uncas challenged Miantonomo to single battle, which he declined, feeling his superiority in numbers; then Uncas fell flat on his face, and his men poured in a volley of arrows, and charged the Narragansetts with their tomahawks and the war-hoop; they were astounded, and broke in dismay. Miantonomo found it impossible to rally them, and he himself was seized and given up by two of his own men, who hoped thus to save their lives. That hope was vain, for Uncas brained them on the spot. Then the haughty chief stood silent before his captor, and Uncas taunted him, and said: 'Ha, ha! why do you not beg for life?' Miantonomo answered, 'Kill me; I have no fear.' But Uncas feared to kill him, for he was the greatest king of all, superior by far to Uncas; so he carried him prisoner to Hartford, and asked leave of the magistrates to kill him. They knew not what to answer, and he was kept prisoner until the meeting of the Commissioners of the United Colonies at Boston, (September 16, 1643.) Now Miantonomo had been the friend of the whites, and had sold them lands, and fed them, (though they were heretics, such as Roger Williams and Samuel Gorton, but he knew it not,) and he might justly look, as he thought, for fairness and justice from the English. The Commissioners were in great doubt, for they declared 'it would not be safe to set him at liberty, neither had we sufficient ground for us to put him to death.' In this difficulty they called in five of the fifty assembled ministers, who soon decided the matter, and quoted Agag, and sundry other cruel doings of the Jews, toward unarmed enemies, and pronounced his doom, death. Then word was sent to Hartford that he should be delivered to Uncas for death, but not for torture.

"In the mellow autumn weather, when the brilliant leafage clothed the departing year, Miantonomo was led out to die. He was marched, bound with cords, along the east bank of the river, between files of Uncas's Indians, with a few white musketeers, sent to sanction the bloody act. He walked with a dignified step, not knowing his fate; and as his face turned toward his own land and his own people, it was lighted once more with the hope of life and freedom. A few hours carried him beyond the bounds of the Connecticut Colony and into the territories of Uncas; then the brother of Uncas, marching behind him, sunk a hatchet into his brain, and the soul of the great sachem was free; his blood and his body lay along the sandy plain of the Connecticut.

"It seems a wicked, wonton, cruel deed, and deserves no apology. It was advised by five clergymen, and consented to by some of the wisest and best of men, such as Winthrop, Winslow, Fenwick, and Easton; they, too, were the victims of a dark suspicion and an unworthy fear. Governor Stephen Hopkins says: 'This was the end of Miantonomo, the most potent Indian prince the people of New England ever had any concern with; and this was the reward he received for assisting them, seven years before, in their war with the Pequots. Surely a Rhode Island man may be permitted to mourn his unhappy fate, and to drop a tear on the ashes of Miantonomo, who with his uncle Canonicus, were the best friends and greatest benefactors the colony ever had. They kindly received and protected the first settlers of it, when they were in distress, and were strangers and exiles, and all mankind else were their enemies; and by this kindness to them drew upon themselves the resentment of the neighboring colonies, and hastened the untimely end of the young king.' Miantonomo was dead, but his blood was like dragon's teeth, which sprang up armed men, who, thirty years later, under King Philip, worked a fearful revenge."

These ministers were doubtless perfectly conscientious in the advice they gave. At this late day, indeed, we can hardly reconcile their professions with many of their acts. Yet that they were truly God-fearing men is beyond question, and some of them were characterized by a Christian simplicity that makes one smile. Of John Cotton, the most learned man of his day, and most obstinate, withal, in his nonconformity, we are told that

"One day some wild, graceless young fellows saw him coming down the street, and one of them said,

"'There comes old Cotton; I'll go and put a trick upon him.' So he went, and said in his ear:

"'Cotton, thou art an old fool!'

"The minister was greatly astounded, for it was probably the first time that such a thing had been intimated to him. He was silent for a moment, and then replied:

"'I confess I am so; the Lord make both me and thee wiser than we are, even wise unto salvation.' He then waited quietly until the young scapegrace hastily retreated."

And, with a sigh for the fate of the red men of the forest, and a blush for the conduct of our ancestors, it is gratifying to remember that such a man as ELIOT lived and labored among them:

"His translation of the Bible is a wonderful monument of patience, industry, and faith. He labored against every difficulty, and overcame all. The first edition consisted of the New Testament of 1661, and the Old Testament of 1663. The second edition was the New Testament of 1680, and the Old Testament of 1685. Of the first edition between one and two thousand copies were printed, and of the second, two thousand copies, at a cost of £1,000. The language and the race are extinct, but Eliot and his Bible remain."

The narrative of this apostle's departure is sublimely simple and affecting:

"He sat waiting for death; and when Minister Walton came to see him he said, 'Brother, you are welcome, but retire to your study, and pray that I may be gone.' He spent his last hours in teaching some negroes and a little blind boy; for nothing in his character was more beautiful than his ready sympathy for children. He had done his work, and was ready to go. He said in those days, 'My memory, my utterance fail me; but, I thank God, my charity holds out still.'

"His faithfulness, perseverance, tenderness, and courage had earned him the title of 'THE APOSTLE.' He was called so in his own day, and is called so still. But to this good man the end here was come. As he sat in his chair on the 20th of May, 1690, full of peace and hope, death came and led him away, as a little child going to his father; and his last words were:

"'WELCOME JOY.'"

The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; its Nature and Proof; Eight Discourses Preached before the University of Dublin. By WILLIAM LEE, A. M. (*Carter & Brothers.*) The subject of the inspiration of the Scriptures cannot be otherwise than interesting. Such it has been in every age of the Church's history, and the changes wrought in the lapse of time seem to increase rather than diminish it. At the present juncture there are indications that the subject is likely to be re-examined with a new and special earnestness. A variety of causes, among which might be specified the great advancement that has recently been made in elementary Biblical science, and the boldness of skeptical critics in their attempts to sap the public faith in the Scriptures as an inspired

production, seem to call for a large share of attention to this subject, and a closer elucidation of some of its points than has formerly been given. This volume by Mr. Lee is at once a recognition of this felt want and an attempt to supply its demand.

It is an octavo of four hundred and seventy-eight pages, containing eight lectures, entitled severally, "The Question Stated," "The Old memorial Doctrine of the Church," "The Old Testament and the New, the Logos the Revealer," "Revelation and Inspiration," "Revelation and Inspiration," (continued,) "Scriptural Proof," "The Commission to Write," "Recapitulation," and added to these are nearly a hundred and fifty pages of appendixes, besides numerous and extensive foot notes, made up for the greater part of citations from both ancient and modern authorities on the subject.

The work bears strong marks of being the production of a man of very considerable erudition, who never changes his opinions without having a reason for doing so, and then only so far as he feels compelled to do so. He sets out by treating contemptuously what he styles the "Mechanical," meaning thereby the plenary theory of inspiration, and utterly ignores Gaussen and others who have written upon that side of the question. And yet we find that theory set forth in most treatises on the subject which have been accounted orthodox since the Reformation. It is now, it seems, to be controverted and assailed by orthodox critics themselves. Instead of it our author proposes what he styles the "Dynamic" theory, of which, after poring over his pages with great care, we confess our inability to give the reader anything like a tolerable outline. It is, indeed, quite evident that the theory is only in embryo in the mind of the author. Hereafter, perhaps, he will more fully digest his thoughts and adjust the parts and members of his system. The author's style is heavy, his method somewhat confused, and, as a whole, his book lacks both clearness and vivacity; and, unless the reader brings to its perusal a very lively interest in the subject, or an unusually large share of patience, he will hardly reach the last page without "skipping."

—

An Analytical Concordance to the Holy Scriptures; or, the Bible presented under Distinct and Classified Heads or Topics. Edited by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D. (*Boston: Gould & Lincoln.*) The title of this large octavo gives a good idea of its design and object. It is, in fact, a Bible and a Concordance combined. It is based upon the great work of Matthew Talbott, published in London some fifty years ago, a work of almost incredible labor and patience; and, so far as we have examined it, we think Dr. Eadie, in the arrangement, and especially in the condensation of texts and topics, has made many improvements upon the work of his predecessor. Of course, faultless perfection was hardly to be expected in a work of this kind, nor are we prepared to admit the claim of the author that "by the employment of synopsis and index every subject of Scripture may be easily turned up and full information speedily obtained." This may be true with regard to a great many articles, but not with all. We turned to its pages to see what the Bible says about the love of money. The word money is not found in the index, although we find, what seems to us hardly more important, mockery, monomania, moth. Under the letter L we find the abstract love, but, on referring to the passages quoted, find nothing that helps us. *Avarice* then occurs to us as possibly the word under which we may find what we are searching for. We find, avarice of kings, as if avarice were merely a regal vice; and, in the body of the book, at the page referred to, we have four passages from the prophets bearing not at all upon the topic of which we are in quest. Seek we then the word covetousness. Running our eye hastily through the C.'s, we find that word also has been omitted, and are about to give up the search, when we stumble upon *courteousness, described and forbidden.* Ah! and where is that gentlemanly grace forbidden? We turn to the page indicated, and lo! we have what we have been looking for. Courteousness is a misprint for covetousness. A sad blunder, to be sure, and we know not that there is another like it in the entire volume. It is very probable, too, that on any other subject we should have had less trouble in finding what we looked for. We have given truthfully our first practical experience in the use of Dr. Eadie's work, as showing that he speaks rather hyperbolically when he says that *every* subject may be *easily* turned up. We repeat, however, that the Analytical Concordance is a work as nearly deserving its title as we have a right to expect, and one that will be of real value in the library of all ministers and other students of the Bible.

—

The publication of those intensely interesting volumes which contain the narrative of Dr. Kane's Arctic adventures has created a strong desire to know more about that icy realm and the hazardous voyages of preceding navigators. To meet this desire EPES SARGENT has prepared a volume entitled, *Arctic Adventure, by Sea and Land, from the Earliest Date to the last Expeditions in Search of Sir John Franklin.* Beginning with an account of the Northmen, and tracing the voyagings of the Cabots, of Hudson, Baffin, Cook, Mackenzie, and others, our author gives graphic and admirably-condensed narratives of the perils encountered and the discoveries made by Sir John Ross, Franklin, Parry, Scoresby, Kennedy, Belcher, M'Clure, and others, and concludes with an abstract of the expedition of the lamented Kane. For those who have not access to the sources from which Mr. Sargent has drawn his materials, or lack leisure for their perusal, this will prove a most desirable volume. It is beautifully printed, and embellished with maps and illustrations, and published by *Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*, of Boston.

—

The graceful pen of MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY has been employed in the production of a work entitled, *Examples from the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.* (*C. Scribner.*) The first series embraces a wide range of eminent men and women, of whom brief biographical sketches are given, interspersed with practical reflections and an occasional poetic tribute. The first place is given to John Wesley. Then follow, among

others, Franklin, the Countess of Huntington, Hannah More, Bishop White, Robert Hall, Mrs. Hemans, etc. This anecdote of the founder of Methodism will be new to some of our readers:

"'Mr. Wesley,' said a lady, 'supposing you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?'

"'Just as I expect to spend it now, madam. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and in the morning at five do the same. According to appointment, I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach there in the afternoon, and meet the religious societies in the evening. I should repair to the friend's house who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with his family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to sleep, and wake up in glory.'"

The sketch of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the well-known "patroon" of Albany, is very interesting. It closes with an account of his peaceful death and the following stanzas:

"A blast swept through the forest,
And an ancient tree was bow'd,
Whose root was by the crystal stream,
Its foliage 'mid the cloud;
Yet the humblest violet at its feet
Look'd upward undismay'd,
And the callow young of the nested bird;
Rejoiced in its guardian shade.

"Then a wail went by, and a mournful sigh
For the fall of the sheltering tree,
But a voice replied, at the eventide,
Like an angel-melody,
'The blessings that flow o'er the sons of woe,
Though no honor from men they claim,
Are better at last than the trumpet-blast
Of the proud world-hero's fame.'"

—

The Lenten Season is the title of a volume of Sermons upon the subjects of Sorrow for Sin, Repentance, Self-denial, the Design of Affliction, and other themes deemed specially appropriate for perusal during what is termed the Lenten Season, that is, the forty days between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday. The selection has been made with care, and contains sermons from Secker, Atterbury, Tillotson, John Wesley, Barrow, South, Isaac Watts, and others. The volume is neatly printed from the last London edition, by *Thomas N. Stanford, New York.*

—

Carter & Brothers have published, in two neat 18mo volumes, that well-known work, *The Lives, Acts, and Martyrdoms of the Apostles of our Saviour.* By WILLIAM CAVE, D.D. The author was a man of learning and of great diligence. He was chaplain in ordinary to King Charles the Second, and his chief work, "A Literary History of Ecclesiastical Writers," secured him a place among the best scholars of his age. The work before us has furnished the materials for several subsequent writers, and is characterized by careful research and painstaking fidelity.

—

The Children of the Kingdom is the title of a little volume from the pen of the REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG, of Philadelphia. It is made up of lectures originally delivered to the writer's own congregation, and is intended as a contribution to the important but sadly neglected work of family religion. The lectures are here thrown into the form of chapters, entitled, successively, A Christian Wife; A Christian Husband; Parents; Training of Children, etc. The writer is well known as an able and fearless minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and time for the preparation of this book was afforded him by a brief respite from ministerial duties, consequent upon offense taken by some of his hearers at the freedom with which he felt it his duty to discuss from his pulpit, subjects pertaining to the nation's welfare. *Carter & Brothers.*

—

The Itinerant Side; or, Pictures of Life in the Itinerancy, belongs to a class of books which has become quite numerous. We have had "Shady Side," and "Sunny Side," and many others, setting forth the trials and the discouragements, the consolations and the joys of ministers of the Gospel. Itinerant Side, despite its rather uncouth title, may fairly take rank among the best of its class. The pictures of life in the itinerancy are mostly taken from actual incidents which have fallen under the observation of the writer, and some of them will appeal for their truthfulness to the consciousness of many a reader. (*Carlton & Porter.*)

—

Scamparias from Gibel Turek to Stamboul is the title of a rambling, rollicking narrative, by Lieutenant WISE, of the United States navy. The author has acquired some celebrity as a chronicler of voyages and travels, under the *nom de plume* of Harry Gringo, and the papers of the present volume were originally published, in part at least, in "Putnam's Monthly." They are issued in very good style, with telling illustrations, from the press of *Scribner & Co.* A part of Harry's introductory chapter will give the reader an idea of the vein in which the whole is written:

"I was sitting, one dull, dreary morning, with my heels staring, with great outward satisfaction, at the fire, when the bell rang, and the postman brought me a letter. It was a portentous-looking document, wrapped in a huge yellow envelope, sealed with a great splash of red wax, and franked over the address, with the ominous words, 'Navy Department. Official business.'

"I have not the least doubt that many a poor trembling mariner has endured the same heart-sick feelings as came over my spirits, on beholding a similar terrible engine—so calculated to scatter dismay in peaceful families—when about to be pried out of a happy berth on shore, and sent away out upon the salt seas, to the Lord only knows where.

"The long, slim icicles, which hung stiff and sharp from the branches of the trees in front of the windows, rattling in the rough blasts of a bleak March wind, were not colder or more dismal than I was, as I slowly tore off the cover of the document. I knew, by instinct, what would be the contents, and I was not a whit wide of the mark. It was very brief—these epistles usually are—and it was couched in the ordinary cast—a peremptory, and by no means affectionate, style.

"This was its purport: 'Sir,—You are hereby appointed Flag-lieutenant of the Mediterranean squadron, and will proceed forthwith to report for duty on board the frigate Cumberland.'

"While perusing this explicit and expressive missive, I recollect there was a spark flew in both my eyes from the fire; and when the baby was brought to me, as was customary in the morning, to fondle and tumble about the carpet, I could hardly see the little witch, though her downy cheeks were buried in my whiskers, and the soft, fat arms were twined around my throat.

"'Another cruise, my dear,' said I to my wife, pointing to the paper, which had fallen open upon the floor.

"'But you won't go, will you?' exclaimed my helpmate, with a shudder, as we nearly let the baby drop, between us.

"'Why, you know I must,' I replied, mechanically, 'unless I toss up my commission and resign; and one

don't care to take a step of that nature, here in the middle of the month, for it's so apt to derange the purser's accounts, and—so I fear there's no help for me.'

"The servant announced breakfast.

"'What will you have?' inquired my help-mate, as she took a place at the table.

"'Tea of the blackest and strongest decoction,' I said, sadly, for the document had taken the edge off my appetite for solids; and be assured, brother sailor, that tea is your friend on these occasions, for it gives you a stout and indifferent heart.

"It is needless to relate how, for a time, there were individuals about the premises, busily employed making up all sorts of linen, and other invisible gear; while the tailors fitted me out in blue broadcloth and bullion; until finally my kit was pronounced perfect, and away I went.

"Very sad it made me to go, and I was not chary of epithets upon the world at large, and the Navy Department in particular; but one may as well rail at the northwest wind, while the breakers are dashing on a lee shore, as to look for sympathy in that quarter; and so I might have saved my breath.

"I joined the frigate, I remember, in a blinding snow-storm. She lay chained to the piers of the dock-yard, with her lofty masts, black yards, spar deck, and battery, sheeted in snow, while the boats coming from the receiving hulk, in the stream, were crowded with a living freight, which were to compose the crew. There were about five hundred of these last, consisting of the usual reckless, careless spirits, who roam over the ocean from all climes, and of all nations, including a goodly portion of newly imported wild Irishmen, and a few hardy Yankee salts.

"The ship was commissioned, and for about a fortnight after, in addition to the never-ceasing confusion which reigns on board a vessel newly put in service, there appeared to be a perfect tornado of dock-yard artisans—carpenters, riggers, tinkers, and the like—who rushed distractedly about, tearing everything to pieces that had been effected before, and never seeming to please anybody.

"It is worthy of remark as a general rule, that there is always a wide difference of opinion between the dock-yard people and the mariners, with regard to the comparative utility of the various improvements or fittings of a sea-going ship, and, in the end, both parties are not disinclined to part with each other as soon as practicable.

"Our trials, in this respect, were not of long duration, and one bright, pleasant morning, early in the month of May, Anno Domini 1852, the sailing orders came."

How to Write is the title of a carefully prepared and neatly printed pocket manual, from the press of *Fowler & Wells*, of this city. It includes practical rules for letter-writing, literary composition, and the correction of proofs for the printer; with approved forms for notes, cards, and letters on business and other subjects. A perusal of its pages will do no harm to anybody; and THE NATIONAL has occasionally a correspondent who would do well to study it thoroughly.

REV. ANDREW CARROLL, A. M., has sent us the first volume of *Moral and Religious Sketches and Collections, with Incidents of Ten Years' Itinerancy in the West*, prepared by himself, and published for him by *Swormstedt & Poe*, of Cincinnati. He is evidently an unpracticed writer, and his book would have been better if it had been carefully revised and *raised* by a competent hand.

Brief Recollections of the late Rev. George W. Walker. By REV. M. P. GADDIS. How incessantly, and on every hand, are we admonished of the uncertainty of life! Among the delegates who composed the last General Conference, at Indianapolis, there were very few who appeared to have a fairer prospect for a long life than George Washington Walker, of the Cincinnati Conference. His tall and commanding figure was conspicuous, and his appearance indicated robust health. So far as man could see, there were in store for him many years of toil and trial in the Master's vineyard. But in less than two months after the adjournment of that body he was called home. Death found him ready, and his departure was triumphant. These "brief recollections" of a good man will be read with interest, and this tribute to his memory is worthy alike of the subject and the author. It is embellished with a striking portrait, engraved by Jones, and is neatly printed for the author by *Swormstedt & Poe*, of Cincinnati.

Of JUVENILE BOOKS upon our table we may notice:

(1.) *About Right and Wrong*, a profusely illustrated volume for very little children. It is made up of short stories and lessons, entertaining and instructive, from the well-known pen of JACOB ABBOTT. (*Harper & Brothers.*)

(2.) *Faithful Nicolette; or, The French Nurse*, is an original story, founded upon facts, and showing the wonderful providence of God, and his paternal care for those who put their trust in him. It is gracefully written, and we trust the author (MRS. SARAH A. MYERS, of Carlisle, Pa.) will be encouraged to write frequently, and to devote her talents rather to American than to foreign subjects. (*Carlton & Porter.*)

(3.) *A Swarm of B's* is the fanciful title to six stories for little children. They are, severally, Be Obedient; Be Thankful; Be Forgiving; Be Truthful; Be Contented; Be Good-tempered.

(4.) *Ellen and Sarah; or, the Samplers*, including, also, Deceitful Rachel, and Dermot, the Fisher Boy.

(5.) *Margaret Craven; or, The Beauty of the Heart*, a narrative of touching interest. This, and the two preceding, are reprints from English publications, selected and adapted to American juvenile readers, by DR. WISE, and published by *Carlton & Porter*.

(6.) From the same publishers we have a volume entitled *Sunday-School Facts*, by the REV. J. T. BARR, which, although found in the juvenile department, will equally interest teachers and superintendents.

(7.) *The Prompter; or, The Sunday Scholar's True Friend*, is a serial, edited by the Secretary of the Sunday-School Union, of which the second volume is now published. It is a well-selected miscellany of original and selected articles, illustrated with cuts.

(8.) Of the same size and general appearance as the former volume of ABBOTT'S Histories, we have now, *King Richard the First of England*. The author's name is a guarantee for the vivacity of the narrative, and the romantic features in the career of the lion-hearted king were never painted with more fidelity to historic truth. (*Harpers.*)

(9.) *Minnie Ray: a Story of Faith and Good Works*, is far above the average of recent publications for juvenile libraries, and we are pleased to see that the very efficient Sunday-school editor is adding to his catalogue books of real value, and of American authorship. Minnie Ray is from the pen of MRS. C. M. EDWARDS, author of "The Herbert Family," and is worthy of all commendation. (*Carlton & Porter.*)

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

The Chinese Yam has made a good deal of noise among farmers and gardeners; and not a few are even yet disposed to regard it as not altogether a humbug. Our friend of *The Rural New Yorker* is not of the number, but satirizes the thing and those who puff it on this wise:

"If any of our readers happen to have a five dollar bill in their pockets that is troublesome, they can get rid of it easily, by buying a dozen *Dioscorea batatas*, and we pledge our word, that they will never be troubled with a lack of room to store the product thereof. This is a recommendation that cannot be said of all vegetables. If a man plants an acre of carrots, sugar beets, mangel-wurzel, etc., he is often sorely tried in spirit, to find room in his cellar or out-houses for the crops, when harvested; but fortunately for the world, the Chinese Yam (*Dioscorea batatas*) never subjects him to such affliction. A peck basket, a nail keg, or soap box will generally hold the entire product of a half acre or so, and a vast expense is saved in picking up and carting the crop to the cellar, which accrues in harvesting most other root crops. The only drawback to the business is, the person who digs, and he who picks up the yams, have to carry a magnifying glass, in order to discover them. One of our neighbors last fall attempted to gather his crop, simply with the aid of a pair of spectacles, but did not succeed. The demand for magnifiers is so great, that it is doubtful if a supply can be had for the gathering of the next crop, and what the growers of yams will do is beyond our comprehension."

A writer in the *Rural Intelligencer* of Maine says:

"We started it early in our hot-bed, which, of course, is rich as manure could make it, and there we let it remain and grow all summer, sole occupant of the premises, after the young plants for which the bed was chiefly made were removed. It grew to its heart's content. The other day we concluded to dig for our peck of huge yams, when, after following the main root down one whole foot, we came across one *Dioscorea batatas*—one, just one—and that was about as large as a little potato, too small for the pot. We cooked it, however, and found it not a disagreeable esculent. So much for our first experiment."

A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* says of several hills that he planted:

"They came up in due time after planting, grew, looked, and ran up a stake like our wild morning glory: first frost killed the vines. They were harvested a few days ago, and the entire crop is seven potatoes. They ran down perpendicularly and have to be dug with a spade. The whole crop would not make half of one meal for any well man."

Guano for Melons.—An exchange paper says: "We had a very fine melon patch which was well-nigh destroyed by the striped bug. The vines had just commenced running, and in two or three days the bugs had stripped nearly every leaf. As a desperate remedy, we applied a handful of guano on the top of the hill as far as the vines had run, taking care that it did not fall on the leaf. In twenty-four hours not a bug was to be seen; the vines had assumed a healthy and vigorous appearance, and are now loaded with fruit. This experiment was not on one vine only, but hundreds. The remedy, however, is a dangerous one, more frequently killing the vines than the bugs." It will certainly destroy the plants wherever it touches them, and should therefore be applied with great care, if at all. Any strong, pungent odor will drive insects away; but to keep them away—"that's the question."

Sowing Clover with Spring Crops.—Many farmers prefer seeding to clover with oats, barley, or spring wheat, in preference to sowing upon winter grain, but we are not aware, says *The American Farmer*, that success is much more certain. It is true, the seed has a fresh bed in the former case, but the washing by rains and the cracking and crumbling of the soil where winter wheat is grown, makes a good bed and a sufficient covering for such light seeds. It is a common custom when seeding with spring grain, to sow the grass seed before the last harrowing. By this practice the seed, or a large portion of it, get covered too deep, and never vegetates. A better mode is to finish the harrowing, then sow the grass seed, and either roll or bush it. Our plan is to roll the ground on winter wheat. This presses the seed into the earth and the earth firmly about the seed, so that the tender germ at once attains a firm hold and finds nourishment at hand for the growing plant.

Sowing Flower Seeds.—When the seeds of annuals are sown, it is recommended that the ground be first enriched with well-decayed manure, dug deep and broken with the spade, and lightly raked. Sow in drills or circles; the first may be made with a blunt stick; the last by the rim of a flower-pot. The depth must vary according to the size of the seed; very small seed requiring only a very slight covering. Tender annuals may be started in the house in pots or shallow pans, or in a hot-bed. When they come up, if they are too thick, thin them out, and transplant them. Some kinds may be grown in clumps, while others require considerable room for their development; some will also require to be supported by stakes or strings. Keep all free from weeds.

Planting out Verbenas.—Verbenas may be planted out in beds or masses, or distributed singly in the borders. The former method is now in general use, and the most gorgeous and beautiful effects are produced. The beds are usually cut out of the sod, of figures to suit the fancy, and each bed filled with plants of one color, which, as they grow, are pegged close to the ground, and not permitted to bloom, but nipped back frequently until the bed is completely covered. A watering with weak liquid manure, or soap suds, will greatly assist in producing an abundant bloom; great care is necessary to keep up a uniform and symmetrical growth of the plants, which is indispensable to a proper effect.

Old and New Varieties of Flowers.—A writer in the London *Gardener's Chronicle* inquires, very pertinently, whether the arts of the cultivator should be limited, as they now are, to the domestication of a few fashionable races, to the entire neglect of the ancient inhabitants of the flower-garden. A hollyhock, he thinks, is as showy as a dahlia, much easier to cultivate, as prone to run into varieties, and hardy instead of tender. In England, and here also to some extent, the hollyhock for some years

was nearly superseded by the dahlia; but they are now both assuming their proper place. There are some who affect to decry the dahlia; but the truth is, it is a noble flower, and cannot be spared from the list of fall-blooming plants. The amaranth, also, so magnificently referred to by Milton as the flower inwoven with the crown of angels, is another old plant peculiarly suited for rich autumnal decoration, quick growing, and long enduring, and no doubt susceptible of further change. The amaranth has become quite popular in the United States, and deserves a place in every garden. It is a beautiful bedding plant.

Geraniums.—The old horse-shoe or scarlet geranium has within a few years been wonderfully improved and its varieties greatly multiplied, and it not only gives us an abundant bloom during the winter under glass, but constitutes one of our favorite bedding plants for summer. There are a large number of very pretty dwarf varieties, such as Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb's Master, Tom Thumb's Bride, Cerise Unique, Lilliput, Commander in Chief, and many others. There are a few rose-colored varieties, of which Lucia Rosea and Princess Alice are the best; and also two or three white varieties, of which Snow Ball and Buchanan's White are the best we have seen. All of these may be propagated from cuttings of the young wood, and will grow well in compost of loam, sand, and old, well-rotted manure, with a little leaf-mold. To make fine specimen plants plenty of pot room must be given, and systematic pruning and pinching in are indispensable.

To Destroy Weeds. — With regard to weed-grown gravel-paths, they may be cleared with a scuffle or pushing hoe; but this is only a temporary clearance. The following preparation is said to be used at the Mint in Paris, with such good effect that the weeds do not re-appear for several years: twenty-five pounds of water, five pounds of quick-lime, and half a pound of flour of sulphur, are boiled in an open vessel, and the liquid having been allowed to settle, the clear part is drawn off and used more or less diluted for watering the pavement and alleys. Great care, however, must be taken in watering paths with it, to prevent its touching the root of box or other edgings, which it would inevitably destroy.

A preparation like the above, but greatly diluted when used, we have found an excellent remedy for the destruction of insects, more especially that abomination, the *red spider*. Its application to gravel walks is new to us; but used as directed, we have no doubt it will kill anything.

Transplanting Roses.—Be careful, if the roots are in the least broken or bruised, to trim them smooth with a sharp knife just above the bruise, also making all the jagged ends smooth. This is important to insure health. Any root inclined to grow directly downward should be shortened, and those growing horizontally carefully handled. The ground must be well trenched and highly manured, and the roots of the plant exposed as little as possible to the sun while being transplanted. At the same time the plant must be well pruned.

Flower vases, when the plants are chosen with taste, discriminately arranged, and carefully attended to, are very beautiful. To succeed well in vases in a climate like this, where the sun strikes on any isolated object, as a vase, with extraordinary power, considerable attention is required in the watering, so that the flowers never become parched. A mulching is of great benefit to arrest evaporation.

The scarlet geranium will do well for a center plant. About this may be arranged some of the following, as fancy may dictate: Cuphea platycentra; Heliotropes, Verbenas, Petunias, Alyssum maritimum, Phlox Drummondii, etc.

Hot Water for Plants. — It is not generally known that if parlor plants are watered occasionally with warm water, a little above blood heat, they will be brought forward with great rapidity. The health of room plants is greatly promoted by also syringing them frequently with warm water. It is some ten years since we had occasion to press this matter upon our amateur friends, after due experience of its gratifying results.

The Moss Rose.—This flower affords one of the most singular and striking examples of that divine creative power that brings proud man to the knowledge that, with all his artful skill, he may not "paint the lily or add fragrance to the rose." We first hear of moss roses in England in 1727, though they are supposed to have been introduced from Holland in the sixteenth century. The mossy appearance is now admitted to be a mere *lusus naturæ*, as is fully proved by their sometimes "sporting" back to the original Provence Rose.

Sanvitalia Procumbens.—This showy bedding annual deserves a place in every spot of ground devoted to the culture of flowers. It is very easily managed: have the bed well "trenched" that is designed for its growth, and if the soil is of a strong, retentive character, add sharp sand sufficient to keep it porous, and let it be thoroughly incorporated. Sow the seeds the end of April, if the weather is dry and settled; take a five inch flower-pot inverted, press it into the soil the depth of half an inch, at regular distances of about fifteen inches apart, and sow the seed in the indentation thus made, and cover lightly; thin out the plants to about four of the best; keep the soil free from weeds and often stirred up, and the result will be satisfactory. Should any beds be occupied with hyacinths or tulips, it may be sown in five inch pots, and transplanted in showery weather in their place, when their bloom is over, and the sooner it occupies its position the better. It seeds freely, and enough can be saved in the fall for operations another season. Manure has a tendency to make it produce too much vine, and diminish its blooming propensity.

Sweet Peas.—This is one of the earliest of out-door plants, and may often be planted as early as the close of the month of April. Make a circle round a pole, or some object to which they may cling, and put the peas an inch deep into the ground. Each month you may add another circle of peas, and thus keep up a continual bloom until late in the autumn.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1857.

HUGH MILLER.

THERE is, perhaps, scarcely one individual among the numerous readers of THE NATIONAL who is not already aware of the tragical fate that has recently befallen the eminent man whose name stands at the head of this sketch. One of the sturdiest intellects, apparently, of our times, overtaxed by its toils, has been overthrown and wrecked. Science has lost one of her foremost and favorite sons, literature an honorable votary, and religion a distinguished champion. A career,

marked by valiant strivings, splendid achievements, and growing usefulness, has ended in a catastrophe so terrible, that thousands of hearts have been pierced with anguish at the tidings. It is sad indeed that a life so consecrated to the noblest purposes and pursuits, should have had so mysterious and unmeet a termination. Yet even this death, harrowing as are the circumstances by which it has been invested, was incurred in the service of God and the vindication of revealed truth. The ink with which he had completed his last scientific legacy to the world was scarcely dry, before the long overwrought mind gave way, and passed within the encircling folds of that awful cloud of darkness and agony in which it finally disappeared from among the lights of earth, to emerge, as we believe, through that divine grace to which it was no stranger, among the brighter, serener, and more enduring lights of heaven! While such a departure from this terrestrial scene brings a message of more than usual impressiveness to all thoughtful men, the story of Mr. Miller's life, and particularly of his early struggles, will be found full of suggestion and instruction to every class of our readers. The details and incidents of a career, begun as a lonely boy on the bleak coast of the far north of Scotland, pursued for many years as a working stone-mason, and concluded as one of the ablest newspaper editors of the age, and with a scientific reputation of the highest order, cannot be otherwise than deeply interesting and attractive. Happily, the process by which he "achieved his greatness" is most entertainingly related in a work from his own pen, entitled, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," of many of the facts embodied in which we shall avail ourselves. To all aspiring working men, this mirror of a worthy life would prove a precious literary treasure.

About forty-two years ago, a wild and determined-looking boy, of some twelve years of age, might have been seen, on summer evenings or during the afternoons set apart for school holidays, wandering among the rocks and pebble beds of the coast of Cromarty, in the north of Scotland. By any one who had the curiosity to watch his movements, he would have been seen to pause ever and anon, and drawing forth an antique-looking hammer, with a handle of strong black oak, which had descended from a buccaneering ancestor, commence vigorously smiting some fragments of rock that seemed likely to yield mineral treasures. Having secured a specimen more than ordinarily curious and interesting, he would bear it home in triumph, and exhibit it to his friends. One day, while thus employed, he found concealed in some large-grained granite a few sheets of beautiful black mica, which, when split quite thin, and pasted between slips of mica of the ordinary kind, made admirably colored eye-glasses, that converted the landscape around into richly-toned drawings in sepia, and afforded great amusement to himself and his young companions. At another time, he discovered numerous crystals of garnet embedded in mica-schist, which in his eyes were identical with the precious stones set in his mother's gold brooch—an opinion which, though not shared by the neighbors to whom they were exultingly shown, was ratified by his uncle Sandy, a man of enlightened mind and considerable information. After a heavy surf had beaten the exposed face of the neighboring hills, there would often be found large patches of comminuted garnet, resembling pieces of crimson carpeting, or sheets of crimson bead-work, of which almost every point and particle was a gem; and flinging himself down on the beach, beside these sparkling treasures, the delighted boy turned them over with his fingers, dwelling upon them in rapture.

On another occasion the young explorer made a discovery of considerable value to geologists. Venturing one day into the woods which clothed a hill at a short distance from Cromarty, he came to a black, miry ravine, of small extent, protruding from the swampy sides of which were the decaying remains of huge giants of the vegetable world that have now no living survivors in the district. Prostrate and perished oaks were there, of enormous girth, into whose coal-black substance one could dig as easily with a pick-ax as one digs into a bank of clay. Handfuls of hazel-nuts, cups of acorns, twigs and leaves, all black as jet, that had fallen centuries before, were taken from this singular morass. But the greatest curiosity recovered from this dark grave of the past was an immense fragment of an extraordinary-looking deer's horn. The trophy was taken home with no little delight, and submitted to Uncle James, the

antiquary of the family. This learned authority at once paused in his work, and after surveying it leisurely for some time, said: "This is the horn, boy, of no deer that now lives in this country. We have the red deer, and the fallow deer, and the roe; and none of them have horns at all like this. I never saw an elk; but I am pretty sure this broad, plank-like horn can be none other than the horn of an elk." Other marvels, disinterred from the same spot, were subsequently added to the huge antler.

The remarkable boy thus introduced to our notice, whose early recreations were so rational, and whose very sports partook of a scientific tendency, we need scarcely say, was Hugh Miller. At this period his father had been dead several years. He had been one of the best sailors among that proverbially hardy and adventurous race, whose lives are spent amid the buffetings and perils of the northern seas and friths. He went down one awfully tempestuous night at the entrance of the Cromarty harbor. His sloop had been seen on the previous evening tacking about in the open sea, and the remark was hazarded by one who had anxiously watched the skillful maneuvering of the distressed vessel, "Miller's seamanship has saved him once more;" but when the sullen morning broke the hapless sloop floated no longer. It had foundered within sight of the home of its master.

A dreary season followed this calamity, which clouded the earlier years of the eldest born, and made him long familiar with hardship and privation. The loss of his father was, to a considerable extent, supplied by the kindness and watchful care of his two uncles. His elder uncle, James, a harness-maker by trade, was a keen local antiquary, and was brimful of traditional lore. Some of these wild stories, as caught from his lips, were committed to writing, and published by his nephew at the outset of his literary career. During the long winter evenings, a circle of relatives and neighbors were wont to gather round the industrious tradesman, when one of the number would read aloud from some interesting volume for the general benefit, out of which a pleasant and profitable conversation would frequently issue. At these gatherings young Hugh was often present, and he speaks in his autobiography of the happy influence which such opportunities of improvement exercised over his boyhood and youth. His other uncle, Alexander, or Sandy, as he was familiarly called, was of a different cast from his brother. While James was somewhat of a humorist, Alexander was grave and serious, and was never but once known to perpetrate a joke. A cartwright by trade, he had been infected by the martial enthusiasm which was kindled by the outburst of the first French revolution, and entered the navy; and during the eventful period which intervened between the commencement of the war and the peace of 1802, there was little either suffered or achieved by his countrymen in which he had not a share. He had served and fought under Nelson, and Duncan, and Keith, and was one of the men who had been drafted out of the fleet to supply the lack of artillerymen in the Egyptian army under Abercrombie. Yet, although he had been distinguished for his personal bravery and brilliant performances, such was his innate modesty of character, as well as his disgust of war and bloodshed, that he could seldom be prevailed on to narrate his exploits. He would tell what he had *seen*—not what he had *done*.

From his graphic descriptions of foreign scenery, customs, plants, and animals, the thirsting mind of his youthful auditor gained a large accession of valuable ideas. Nor was the instruction imparted by the uncles limited to secular topics; for it is recorded to their honor that, on Sabbath evenings, they were accustomed to assemble Hugh, in company with his sisters and two cousins, to be catechised and examined on religious subjects. On these occasions they attempted, with gentle earnestness, to sow that seed of divine truth which might spring up and yield a holy increase in future years—a labor of love that has not been without its reward.

A consciousness of his nationality, and the first glow of patriotic enthusiasm, were aroused in the bosom of the subject of our sketch in the tenth year of his age. This effect was wrought by a perusal of the lives of Wallace and of Bruce—the great hero-guardian and the hero-king of Scottish history. His susceptible imagination was intoxicated especially with the fiery narratives of the blind minstrel who had celebrated the exploits of the former, and the impression made at this early period was never lost.

From the dame's school he was transferred to the grammar school of the parish, then consisting of about one hundred and twenty boys, besides a class of about thirty girls. The school was situated near the sea-shore, and is pictured to us as a low, long, straw-thatched cottage, open from gable to gable, with a mud floor below, and an unlathed roof above; while stretching along the naked rafters, which, when the master happened to be absent for a few minutes, gave noble exercise in climbing, there used frequently to lie a helm, or oar, or boat-hook, or even a foresail—the spoil of some hapless peat-boat from the opposite side of the frith. To account for the exhibition of these marine trophies in a building devoted to education, it is necessary to explain to the reader, that it had been a custom, dating very far back, for all Ross-shire boats employed in the peat trade to contribute twenty peats out of every cargo to the grammar school. Not unfrequently an attempt was made to evade the payment. When such refusal took place, a party of boys was commissioned by the master to exact the perquisite; or, in lieu thereof, to secure in behalf of the institution some spar, or sail, or piece of rigging, which, until redeemed by special treaty and the surrender of the peats, was stowed away over the rafters. These peat expeditions, Mr. Miller tells us, were intensely popular—an assertion which we can readily believe. He says:

"It was always a great matter to see, just as the school met, some observant boy appear, cap in hand, before the master, and intimate the fact of an arrival at the shore by the simple words, 'Peat-boat, sir.' The master would then proceed to name a party, more or less numerous, according to the exigence; but it seemed to be a matter of pretty exact calculation that, in the cases in which the peat claim was disputed, it required about twenty boys to bring home the twenty peats, or, lacking these, the compensatory sail or spar. There were certain ill-conditioned boatmen who almost always resisted. In dealing with these recusants, we used ordinarily to divide our forces into two bodies; the larger portion of the party filling their pockets with stones, and ranging themselves on some point of vantage, such as the pier-head; and the smaller stealing down as near to the boat as possible, and mixing with the purchasers of the peats. We then, after due warning given, opened fire upon the boatmen; and when the pebbles were flying about them like hailstones, the boys below commonly succeeded in securing, under cover of the fire, the desired boat-hook or oar. Such were the ordinary circumstances and details of this piece of Spartan education."

We have narrated this singular usage, the morality of which is not of the highest standard, as affording us a glimpse of the rough style in which the young were trained forty years ago in the north of Scotland. How any studies could be advantageously pursued under such circumstances of excitement, we cannot conceive. The preservation of an efficient discipline would seem to be impossible in a school perpetually agitated by the anticipation, the execution, or the discussion of the incidents attending such forays.

Master Hugh, by his own confession, was not free from the usual deceptions so commonly practiced by school-boys upon their master. The tutorial surveillance not being very strict, he ventured to import some of his books of amusement into the school, which, amid the Babel-like confusion that prevailed, he managed to read undetected to groups of rapt listeners. From reading, he proceeded to the relation of what he had perused and heard at home; and his story-telling vocation once ascertained, the faculty was kept in pretty lively exercise. His popularity among his fellows was established. Having at length exhausted all his father's adventures, the wonderful incidents in the life of Uncle Sandy, as well as the romantic passages he had read in books—and the demands of his class-mates continuing as insatiable as ever—he was compelled to extemporize biographies, and improvise thrilling tales, which were received with immense *éclât*. The master, all this time, had a tolerably correct notion of what was going on in the "heavy class," as it was termed; but, being an easy, good-natured man, he spared the rod. Somehow, this youthful rival to his legitimate influence and authority contrived to secure his respect and favor.

Though thus recognized as a kind of leader in all light intellectual pursuits and manful exercises, we are glad to know that he resolutely set his face against every practice involving cruelty and barbarity; and such relics of a semi-savage state of society were far from rare in his early days. The Cromarty school, for instance, had its annual cock-fight, preceded by holidays, which were spent in training the poor birds destined to suffer in the encounters of the sanguinary pit. Every pupil was compelled to subscribe toward the fund, although he was excused from bringing any birds. Hugh availed himself of

VIEW OF CROMARTY, THE BIRTHPLACE OF HUGH MILLER.

this exemption, and kept aloof from these brutal and degrading exhibitions.

A brave and fearless boy, too, was our young naturalist. In the face of the Cromarty cliffs there is a marvelous marble-producing cavern, known as the "Dropping Cave." It moreover bore the reputation of being haunted. A distinguished gentleman visiting the locality, desired to see some specimens of the singular stones formed within by the dropping water. The superstition of the people rendering them afraid to undertake the task of procuring them, the commission was undertaken by Hugh and his uncles, who, provided with torches and hammers, explored the strange and grotesque grotto, and returned laden with mineral treasures. Other caves also, in close neighborhood with this one, were examined on the same occasion; and on the following day the whole school was thrown into a state of feverish excitement by the account of the expedition and the marvels that had been witnessed. The spirit of adventure thus fired, Hugh infected one of his companions with a strong desire to see these mysterious palaces of nature. Accordingly, early one spring morning, off they started, without acquainting their friends with their destination. The tide had invaded the entrance, but, by feats of climbing and agility, they contrived to enter. Hour after hour passed away in heedless enjoyment; treasures of petrified moss and crystal stalactites in abundance were collected, and they began to think of returning; but, to their consternation, it was found that the water was flooding the entrance. Egress was impossible, and the tide was still rising. Desperate efforts at escape were made, but all in vain. Evening came on, and deepened into night, and still the waves rolled in and the wind howled ominously. At length, as morning approached, voices were heard, to which they replied by shouts for help. These grateful sounds proceeded from two boats, which had been sent out to search the rocks, and by which the terrified prisoners were

mercifully rescued. On reaching Cromarty, a crowd was assembled on the beach to welcome them back. To celebrate the exploit, Hugh composed some verses, which became quite popular: they were read over tea-tables, recited with great applause at boarding-schools, and won for the hero-author numerous patrons.

Being nearly seventeen years of age at this time, and his mother, after a long widowhood, having contracted a second marriage, he felt the necessity of at once choosing a vocation. His uncles, who had penetration enough to perceive the tokens of capacity manifested by their nephew, prompted his ambition, and encouraged him to aim at one of the learned professions. The youth, however, though by no means deficient in high aspirations, possessed, in his own opinion, neither taste nor aptitude for law or medicine; while for the sacred work of the ministry he felt himself to be spiritually unfit, and, therefore, resolved on being a stone mason.

In forming this resolution we obtain a glimpse of the tendencies of his mind. Although this employment involved the most exhausting labors and bitter hardships during the summer months, yet they were most agreeably compensated by the leisure which the winter afforded for intellectual culture. He still had an idea that, after all, literature or natural science might prove to be his true vocation; and he hoped by the rugged road of toil and self-discipline to reach his destined goal. He apprenticed himself to the husband of one of his maternal aunts for the term of three years, and took his first lesson in this new school, early one spring morning, at a sandstone quarry in the neighborhood of Cromarty. Had he not become a quarrier, it is probable he would never have risen to the eminence he attained as a geologist. His employment necessarily brought him into familiar acquaintance with the formation and structure of the "everlasting hills," while his shrewdness and studious habits enabled him to turn the results of his observations to valuable account.

Shortly after this sensible decision had been come to, the young mason, in the course of his explorations, lighted upon a most remarkable bed of ancient fossils. They were discovered on the northern shore of the Moray Frith, in some of the lower strata of the old red sandstone, a formation with which his name is indissolubly identified; many of his friends, indeed, having in the later portion of his life playfully denominated him "Old Red." In this rich deposit he found at once an admirable antidote to weariness, and a pleasant stimulus and recompense to study. The passage in which he describes these ancient records and medallions of creation is so graphic, so beautifully clear, and withal so instructive, that we venture to introduce it to our readers:

"The deposit which the hill of Eathie disturbed is exclusively a liasic one. The upturned base of the formation rests immediately against the hill; and we may trace the edges of the various overlaying beds for several hundred feet onward, until we lose them in the sea. The various beds are curiously divided from each other by bands of fossiliferous limestone of but from one to two feet thick. These liasic beds, with their separating bands, are a sort of boarded books; for, as a series of volumes reclining against a granite pedestal in the geologic library of nature, I used to find pleasure in regarding them. The limestone bands, elaborately marbled with lignite, ichthyolite, and shell, form the stiff boarding; the pasteboard-like laminæ between—tens and hundreds of thousands in number were in the slimmer volumes — compose the closely-written leaves; I say closely-written, for never yet did signs or characters lie closer on page or scroll than do the organisms of the lias on the surface of these leaf-like laminæ. The general tone of the coloring of these written leaves, though dimmed by the action of untold centuries, is still very striking. The ground is invariably of a deep neutral gray, verging on black; while the flattened organisms, which present about the same degree of relief as one sees in the figures of an embossed card, contrast with it in tints that vary from opaque to silvery white, and from a pale yellow to an umbry or chestnut brown. Groups of ammonites appear as if drawn in white chalk, clusters of a minute undescribed bivalve are still plated with their films of silvery nacre; while gryphites and oysters are always of a dark gray.

"On some of the leaves, curious pieces of incident seem recorded. We see fleets of minute terebratulæ, that appear to have been covered up by some sudden deposit from above, when riding at their anchors; and whole argosies of ammonites, that seem to have been wrecked at once by some untoward accident, and sent crushed and dead to the bottom. Assemblages of bright black plates, that shine like pieces of japan-work, with numerous scales bristling like nail points, indicate where some armed fish of the old ganoid order lay down and died; and groups of belemnites, that lie like heaps of boarding-pikes thrown carelessly on a vessel's deck on the surrender of the crew, tell where *sculls* of cuttle-fishes of the ancient type had ceased to trouble the waters. These spear-like belemnites formed the 'thunderbolts' which

were formerly much sought after in the north for the cure of bewitched cattle.

"Lying athwart some of the pages thus strangely inscribed, we occasionally find, like the dark hawthorn leaf in Bewick's well-known vignette, slim-shaped leaves colored in deep umber; and branches of extinct pines, and fragments of strangely fashioned ferns form their more ordinary garnishing. Page after page, for tens and hundreds of feet together, repeat the same wonderful story. The great Alexandrian library, with its tomes of ancient literature, the accumulation of long ages, was but a meager collection—not less puny in bulk than recent in date—compared with this marvelous library of the Scotch lias."

Who, as Mr. Miller asks, after once spending even a few hours in such a school, could avoid being a geologist? He had previously found much pleasure among rocks and in caves; but it was the wonders of the Eathic lias that first gave direction to his curiosity and an aim to his desultory studies. From being a mere child, who had sought a rational amusement in looking over the *pictures* of the stony volume of nature, he henceforth became a sober student, desirous of reading it intelligently.

After undergoing untold hardships, our young mason, in the spring of 1824, moved southward in quest of more remunerative employment, and secured an engagement almost immediately on his arrival at the Scottish capital. He formed one of a large party of skillful stone-cutters who were employed at Niddry, in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. He made his *début* among his brethren of the south, who were exceedingly jealous of northern invaders, with great trepidation and solicitude; but he was encouraged to find his services appreciated by the foreman, and rewarded at the same rate as those of others. Hugh soon found that he was an object of inveterate hostility and dislike, while frequent attempts were made to disparage his work, and chase him out of their companionship. The foreman, however, an upright and pious man, stood bravely by him, and cheered his spirit. The chief cause of this prejudice against Hugh probably consisted in his quiet but steady refusal to mingle in their dissipations, or to identify himself with their trade organizations. His sojourn in Edinburgh on this occasion was not of very long duration, nor were his recollections of the visit of the pleasantest description. His lungs having become affected by the dust inhaled while engaged in hewing stone, he returned home to recruit his health. He remained for several months in a delicate and precarious condition, and on becoming convalescent, instead of hiring out his services again, he undertook such little commissions as were intrusted to him by friends and patrons in the neighborhood. Among these were an ornate dial-stone for his uncles, sculptured tablets, and tombstones for church-yards, in connection with which he introduced a higher style of art than had previously been in vogue. Sometimes the demands of employers took him to some hospitable farm-house, to the dwelling of a laird, or to a sequestered village among the hills, whereby he picked up a great deal of knowledge of Highland society, at the same time that he earned by his industry a comfortable subsistence.

Work failing him in the middle of the year 1828, he visited Inverness, and thinking that his style of cutting inscriptions could not fail, if known, to secure him many little jobs in that line, he inserted an advertisement in one of the journals, soliciting employment. He laid special emphasis in his announcement on the *correctness* of his execution, well knowing the not unfrequent absence of that quality among stone masons.

But Hugh did not trust to his advertisement alone. He thought that his appeal would be greatly strengthened if he could get a specimen or two of his poetry inserted in the "Poet's Corner" of the *Inverness* newspapers. Having a letter of introduction to the minister in the town, from whom he expected to receive some amount of literary sympathy and the furtherance of his view, he resolved to wait upon him. He accordingly attended the great man's morning *levée*, armed with an ode, which he had just composed, in praise of the river that flows through the town; and after waiting till his turn came, he was ushered in. The tale was quickly told; the poem was read; and then commenced a fusillade of criticism on the part of the minister, and of bold defense of the several positions attacked, with the citation of high authorities on the part of the poet-mason. The application was a decided failure; but other friends turned up to aid the striving aspirant, though not in the way he had projected. His literary schemes for a time signally miscarried. Work, however, came at length;

a solitary job, succeeded by no other; and, turning his back upon Inverness, in, we fear, no very grateful mood, he directed his steps once more toward Cromarty.

But his literary ambition was by no means extinguished by the repulses he had met. Piqued, probably, by the scant appreciation of his talents, he rashly resolved to rush into print and brave public criticism. Accordingly, collecting a number of the choicer effusions of his muse, he dispatched them to the printer of the *Inverness Courier*, with instructions to produce a small volume of poems. While the volume was passing through the press, the editor of the *Courier*, by the insertion of stanzas in his columns, did his best to excite interest and expectation regarding the coming production. On its appearance there was much diversity of critical opinion expressed, both in private local circles, and in the public organs. Some hailed the new poet as a second Burns, while one reviewer felt it his duty to admonish him that "he would make more in a week by his trowel than in half a century by his pen." An itinerant lecturer on elocution, who generally failed to secure an audience, came to Cromarty, and, as a draw, announced his intention of delivering an elaborate criticism on the recently-published "Poems of a Journeyman Mason." The topic took, as might have been anticipated; but the remarks on the verses of their worthy townsman were ignorant and ill-natured, and so kindled the indignation of the hearers that the lecturer was compelled to beat a precipitate retreat, in order to escape condign chastisement.

Meanwhile, although this maiden effort won him the favor of many distinguished friends, he felt conscious that poetry was not his true vocation, and accordingly set himself to produce something more likely to be acceptable to the public. He decided upon writing in the Inverness paper a series of popular letters on the herring fishery. The impression produced by these articles, so full of accurate information, graphic sketchiness, and sometimes of wild and stormy interest, was immense, both north and south; and the experiment was valuable, as showing the direction in which his literary power really lay.

About this time Mr. Miller wrote an autobiographic sketch, at the request of the late Principal Baird, which probably formed the germ of the admirable work afterward published under the title of "My Schools and Schoolmasters."

Thus, in the diligent discharge of the duties of his calling, diversified by civic usefulness and by literary indulgence, several years of Mr. Miller's life glided peacefully away. At length Providence interposed on his behalf, and advanced him to a sphere which at once lightened the severity of his labors and improved his social status. A branch bank being about to be opened in Cromarty, in connection with the Commercial Bank of Scotland, the accountantship was offered to him, without the usual guarantees, so high stood his character in the estimation of those who knew him intimately. He was sent to Linlithgow, to be initiated into the mysteries of banking. The first impression which he here produced seems to have been unfavorable; for his temporary superior, having gone to Edinburgh a few days after his arrival, gave expression at the head bank to the conviction that it would be in vain attempting to make "yon man" an accountant. He was too precipitate in his judgment, however; for ere long Mr. Miller had found the clew to the system, which led at once to the mastery of all its details. A fortnight only had elapsed when the agent again visited the capital, and he was asked how, in the absence of the accountant, (who had been called into England,) he could get away from his charge. He had left Mr. Miller in the office, he said. "What! the incompetent?" "O! that," he replied, "is all a mistake; the incompetent has already mastered our system."

After this new apprenticeship of about two months he returned to Cromarty, and entered at once on his new occupation. The sudden change from an active, out-of-door life to a sedentary and indoor one, told for a season unfavorably upon his health and spirits; but both mind and body gradually recovered their wonted elasticity, while the augmented leisure at his disposal was most sedulously devoted to intellectual culture. He became about this time a contributor to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* and other serials; but the publication which brought his powerful talents most widely into notice, and which led to another great change in his

position, was a pamphlet on the all-absorbing Church question of the day, which he dedicated to Lord Brougham. The leaders of the non-intrusionist party were just about to start a newspaper, as the organ and champion of their views. Their great difficulty consisted in finding a suitable editor, nearly all the ready-made editors being adverse; but this desideratum, it was felt, could be supplied if Mr. Miller would consent to undertake the charge. This, with considerable reluctance, he agreed to do, and thus singularly commenced his connection with the *Witness*, a connection which terminated only with his death. The influence of this journal upon Scottish society has for years been second to no other. In its columns the editor did not confine himself to ordinary local or current topics; for most of his geological observations and researches originally appeared in the form of articles in the paper.

It constitutes no part of our object in this biographic sketch to describe and characterize all the valuable works which Mr. Miller has given to the world: the "Old Red Sandstone," a book which placed him at once in the most illustrious company as a man of science and a popular writer, "First Impressions of England and its People," being the reminiscences of a tour, and containing some of the finest descriptive passages in the language, the "Foot-prints of the Creator," an eloquent and triumphant antidote to that pernicious volume, "The Vestiges of Creation," and "The Testimony of the Rocks," a work, O how precious! since in its birth it has cost the life of its gifted author.

In the act of writing Mr. Miller was slow, every word having been wrung from his brain with dire difficulty, thus painfully realizing in himself what Foster has denominated "the agonies of composition." Yet how beautiful and captivating the result! His style has all the charm of Goldsmith's sweetness, with the infusion of a rich vigor that stamps it with an air of originality. He is one of the few writers who have successfully conjoined the graces of literature with the formal details of science; and, greater praise than all, his works were invariably, of late years, consecrated to the cause of revealed truth and the best interests of humanity. He "lived as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." In all things, except the intemperance of study, he is deserving of our imitation; and to the sons of toil especially, his example should speak powerfully.

Hugh Miller overtasked his brain; and, while his life is so full of noble lessons, his end also may teach all co-workers in his school of usefulness the necessity of carefully husbanding their mental powers, if they would preserve them long for the benefit of their fellow-creatures.

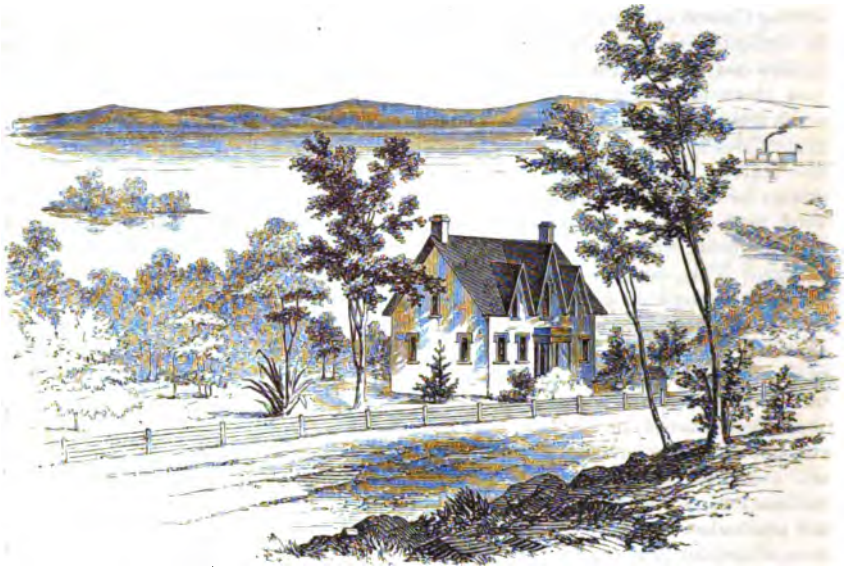
THE LAKES AND LEGENDS OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

THE deep glassy waters of the lakes I have described in Central and Western New York are dotted with but two or three small islands, one of which, reposing sweetly on the bosom of the Cayuga, may be seen in the engraving on the following page. It was formerly used as a burial-place by the Indians, and from its prominence on one of Sir William Johnson's charts, must have served as a landmark to the early explorers of the lake country.

Though exceedingly small, Park Island has been beautifully apostrophized in Mr. Street's poem of "Frontenac:"

"Sweet sylvan lake! One single gem
Is in thy liquid diadem.
No sister has this little isle
To give its beauty smile for smile;
With it to hear the blue-bird sing:
'Wake, leaves and flowers! here comes the spring!
With it to weave for summer's tread
Mosses below and flowers o'er head;
With it to flash to gorgeous skies
The opal pomp of autumn dyes,
And when stern winter's tempests blow,
To shrink beneath his robes of snow.'"

Opposite Park Island and the bay of Union Springs is the point of Canoga, with a little hamlet of the same name. This spot will hereafter be celebrated as the birth-place of Red Jacket, the greatest sachem the Senecas ever produced. His parents were of that nation, and lived at Can-e-de-sa-ga, a large Indian village on the present site of Geneva. Game being scarce along the Seneca, they, with a number of others, were hunting on the west shore of the Cayuga, where *Sa-go-ye-wat-ha*, the Indian name of the great chieftain, was born under the great tree which formerly stood near the spring of



GLEN COVE, CAYUGA LAKE.

Canoga. The locality has been purchased by Judge Sackett, of Seneca Falls, who derived the statement I have made from Red Jacket himself. When interrogated about his birth-place the sachem would answer, counting on his fingers as he spoke,

"One, two, three, four above John Harris," meaning four miles above where Harris kept his ferry across the Cayuga before the erection of the bridge alluded to in my last article. His birth is supposed to have taken place about the year 1750, and the orator whose eloquence became the glory of his people, owed nothing to the advantages of "illustrious descent."

But little is known of his history until the campaign of Sullivan, when Red Jacket must have been about twenty-nine years of age. Tradition says that he was remarkably swift in the chase, and that on account of his fleetness he was often employed as a messenger by his people in his youth, and afterward in a like capacity by the British officers during the Revolution.

According to Mr. Stone, an eloquent Indian biographist, the Seneca chief, Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, (He-keeps-them-awake,) obtained the name of Red Jacket from the following circumstance: During the war of the Revolution his activity and intelligence attracted the attention of several officers in the service of the British crown, and acquired for him their friendship. One of them, either as a compliment or for services rendered, gave him a richly embroidered scarlet jacket, which he took great pride in wearing. When this was worn out he was presented with another; and he continued to wear this peculiar dress until it become a mark of distinction, and gave him the name by which he was afterward best known.

As an orator the name of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha stands first in the annals of the Senecas, if not, indeed, of all the Iroquois. Yet Dr. Breckenridge justly remarks of him: "It would appear that, like his celebrated predecessors in rhetorical fame, he better understood how to rouse his countrymen to war than to lead them to victory." Brandt ever regarded him with mingled feelings of hatred and contempt, and was wont to accuse the Seneca of the basest cowardice. He appears, however, to have redeemed, in part, his reputation at the battle of Fort Niagara.

I can give but a single specimen of Red Jacket's oratory. It was spoken at an Indian council in reply to a speech of a Christian missionary, and illustrates both the keen logical powers of the sachem's mind and his enmity to the Christian religion:

"Brother: Our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

"Brother: Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as for you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

"Brother: You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can read the book?

"Brother: We do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in that way."

An instance of the orator's remarkable power over his people occurred at the great Council at Canandaigua, when the Senecas ceded some of their lands to Mr. Phelps. Two days had passed away in negotiation with the Indians. The contract was supposed to be nearly completed when Red Jacket arose. With the grace and dignity of a Roman senator he drew his blanket around him, and, with a piercing eye, surveyed the multitude. All was hushed. Nothing interposed to break the silence save the rustling of the tree-tops under whose shade they were gathered. After a long and solemn, but not unmeaning pause, he began his speech in a low voice and sententious style. Rising gradually with his subject, he depicted the primitive simplicity and happiness of his nation, and the wrongs they had sustained from the usurpations of the white man with such a bold, but faithful pencil, that the Indian auditors were soon roused to vengeance or melted into tears.

The effect was inexpressible. But ere the emotions of admiration and sympathy had subsided the white men became alarmed. They were in the heart of an Indian country, surrounded by more than ten times their number, who were inflamed by the remembrance of their injuries and excited to indignation by the eloquence of a favorite chief. Appalled and terrified, the white men cast a cheerless gaze upon

CANANDAIGUA LAKE—EAST SHORE.

CANANDAIGUA LAKE—WEST SHORE.

the hordes around them. A nod from the chiefs might be the onset of destruction.

At that portentous moment Farmer's brother interposed. He did not attempt to answer his brother chief, but, with sagacity truly aboriginal, caused a cessation of the council, introduced good cheer, commended the eloquence of Red Jacket, and, before the meeting had reassembled, with the aid of other prudent chiefs, he had moderated the fury of his nation to a more salutary review of the question before them.

In my last article I gave a legend of the Senecas relative to the origin of their tribe on the shore of Canandaigua Lake. There, in fact, is the sacred mount of the Senecas. Connected with this hill and a wild precipice in its vicinity, which hangs beetling over the lake, called the "Lover's Leap," is an interesting story of Indian love. The legend, though of a later date than that of the serpent, descends from remote traditions. It was originally related to Mr. Hosmer, of Avon, by a Seneca chief of some note, whose name was "Checkered Cap."

During the wars of the Senecas and the Algonquins of the North, a chief of the latter was captured and carried to the hill of Ge-nun-de-wan, whereon a fortification, consisting of a square without bastions, and surrounded by palisades, was situated. The captive, though young in years, was famed for his prowess in the forest conflict, and nature had been bountiful to his person in those gifts of strength and symmetry which waken savage admiration.

After a short debate he was condemned to die on the following day by the slow torture of impalement. While he was lying in the "cabin of death," a lodge devoted to the reception of condemned prisoners, the daughter of the sachem brought him food, and, struck with his manly form and heroic bearing, resolved to save him or share his fate. Her bold enterprise was favored by the uncertain light of the gray dawn, while the sentinel, weary with his night watch, and forgetful of his duty, was slumbering. Stealing with noiseless tread to the side of the young captive, she unloosed the cords wherewith his limbs were bound, and in breathing accents besought him to follow her.

The fugitives descended to the hill by a wooded path conducting to the lake, but ere they reached the water an alarm whoop, wild and shrill, was heard issuing from the lips of the waking guard. They

tarried not, though thorny vines and fallen timber obstructed the way. At length they reached the smooth beach, and leaping into a canoe previously provided by the brave and considerate damsel, they plied the paddle vigorously, steering for the opposite shore. Vain were their efforts. On the wind came cries of rage, and the quick tramp of savage warriors bounding over rock and glen in fierce pursuit. The Algonquin, with the reckless daring of a young brave, sent back a yell of defiance; and soon after the splash of oars was heard, and a dozen war canoes were cutting the billows in their rear.

On landing the unfortunate lovers took a trail leading in a western direction over the hills. The Algonquin, weakened by unhealed wounds, followed his active guide up the acclivity with panting heart and flagging pace, while his enemies, with their grim old sachem at their head, drew nearer and nearer. At length, finding that further attempts at flight were useless, she diverged from the trail, and conducted her lover to a table-crested rock that projected over a ravine one hundred and fifty feet in depth, the bottom of which was strewn with huge misshapen rocks, scattered about in rude profusion.

CANANDAIGUA HOTEL.

With hearts nerved to a high resolve, the hapless pair awaited the arrival of their yelling pursuers. Conspicuous by his eagle plume, towering form, and scowling brow, the daughter soon descried her inexorable sire leaping from crag to crag below her. He paused abruptly when his fiery eye rested on the objects of his pursuit. Notching an arrow on the string of his tried and unerring bow, he raised his sinewy arms; but, ere the missive was sent, Wun-nut-hay, the beautiful, had interposed her form between her father and his victim. In wild, appealing tones she entreated her sire to spare the young chieftain, assuring him that they would leap together from the precipice rather than be separated. The stern old man, deaf to her supplication, and disregarding her menace, ordered his followers to seize the fugitive. Warrior after warrior darted up the rock; but, on reaching the platform, at the moment when they were grasping to clutch the young brave, the lovers, locked in fond embrace, flung themselves

"From the steep rock and perished."

The mangled bodies were buried in the bottom of the glen beneath the shade of everlasting rocks; and two small hollows, resembling sunken graves, are to this day

GENESEE COLLEGE, LIMA.

pointed out to the curious traveler as the burial-place of "the lovers." It is a sweet, wild haunt; the sunbeams fall there with a softened radiance, and a brook near by gives out a complaining murmur, as if mourning for the dead.

On the top of Ge-nun-de-wah are to be seen the remains of an Indian orchard, a few moss-grown and wind bowed apple-trees still linger, sad, but fitting emblems of the wasted race by whom they were planted.

In bold and striking scenery the shores of Canandaigua Lake are not surpassed by those of any of her fair sisters. The reader will call to mind our beautiful engraving of the head of the lake in the last number of THE NATIONAL. At the foot of the lake is Canandaigua, the wealthiest, if not the most beautiful village in our country. There live the descendants of the pioneers who first settled Western New York. Canandaigua is also celebrated for the excellence of its schools. The hotel, of which we give an engraving, is the most splendid edifice of the kind west of the city of New York, and of which our metropolis herself would justly be proud.

A few miles west from Canandaigua, on the road to Avon Springs, is Lima, the seat of a well-known institution of learning. Every reader of THE NATIONAL must be acquainted with the name of Genesee College, of which we give our readers an excellent illustration in the present article.

Such as have traveled on the line of the Central Railway (and all the world travels in that direction) are familiar with the general scenery of Western New York. Of its appearance half a century ago Dr. Dwight, of New Haven, has left us a beautiful description in his travels. He writes:

"At every little distance, especially on the higher grounds, the view is widely though indefinitely extended along the surface; and a little above where he looks through the stems of the trees, is bounded only by the horizon. On every side a multitude of chasms conduct his eye beyond the labyrinth by which he is surrounded, and presents an imaginary passage back into the world from which he is withdrawn; bewildering him with expectation continually awakened to be continually disappointed. Thus in a kind of a wild romantic rapture, he wanders over these plains with emotions similar to those with which, when a child, he roamed the wilderness created in Arabian tales, or the imaginary regions spread before him in a dream. He is not only separated from all human beings, but is every moment conscious of this separation. Wherever he ascends one of the superior elevations, he seems to stand above the rest of the globe. On every side he looks downward, and beholds a prospect with many vistas opening indeed around him, but conducting his eye to no definite object, and losing it in confusion and obscurity. His view is confined by neither forests nor mountains; while yet trees in a thin dispersion partly interrupt it, but at the same time discover through their various openings that it has no other limitation than the skirts of the heavens."

THE UPAS-TREE OF FACT AND FICTION.

SOME time about the year 1775, a certain Dutch surgeon called Foersch, who had traveled much in Java, came back and wrote a book, in which he described some curious things he had seen. Unscrupulous travelers, in the time when Surgeon Foersch lived, could take greater license of description than now. Then, there were no railroads in Egypt or Hindoostan. Bottles of soda-water were not then retailed to travelers in the desert. Fishes had never been frightened into fits by the paddles of dashing steamboats; and even the steam-engine itself was a clumsy sort of thing. Turks did not wear frock-coats, mermaids were reported plentiful, and the kraken lifted his huge bulk out of the maelström.

To return to Mynheer Foersch, however. This gentleman, after traveling in Java, came back and published an account of the Upas poison valley of Java; so grave and circumstantial that, extraordinary as the testimony was, people did not hesitate to accept it. So many little details were given, that every statement made had the quality of *local coloring*, as an artist would say; and one could hardly refuse to believe it.

Foersch, after prefacing his tale respecting the upas with the remark, that although he had long heard of the extraordinary tree, still he could not believe in its existence, goes on to say that he had satisfied himself on that point, and that the reports of the natives respecting it were by no means overdrawn. He then proceeds to tell us all about it, the summary of which is as follows: Somewhere in the far recesses of Java there is, according to Foersch, a dreadful tree, the poisonous secretions of which are so virulent, that they not only kill by contact, but poison the air for several miles around, so that the greater number of those who approach the vegetable monster are killed. Nothing whatever, he tells us, can grow within several miles of the upas-tree, except some little trees of the same species. For a distance of about fifteen miles round about the spot, the ground is covered with the skeletons of birds, beasts, and human beings. Among other evidence which Foersch brings to bear collaterally upon the subject of the upas-tree, as described by him, is the following: He mentions, that many hundred Javanese who once rebelled against the emperor, and were conquered by the imperial armies, rather than submit as prisoners of war, took refuge in the districts outlying the upas-tree, which latter, however, they did not approach nearer than fifteen miles; never-

THE UPAS-TREE.

theless, so poisoned was the air, that the greater number of the rebels in question died, and the remainder, having humbly implored the emperor that they might be allowed to seek a healthier resting-place, had their prayer granted. Nevertheless, the fatal emanations of the upas-tree had already done the work—very few of the pardoned rebels recovered.

According to Foersch, the poisonous juice of the upas-tree was much employed, not only to envenom arrows, and as a means of criminal execution, but for the still more objectionable purpose of secret poisoning. The Dutch, according to Foersch, suffered during their wars with the Javanese to such an extent, by drinking water which had been tainted by upas poison, that they at last were in the habit of carrying live fish about with them in their campaigns, as tests of its presence. If the fish lived after immersion in the suspected water, all was well: if they died, of course the water was poisoned.

Foersch gives us a circumstantial account of an execution witnessed by him, of thirteen of the emperor's wives at one time, by means of a lancet smeared with the upas poison. These unhappy ladies having offended their lord and master, and being sentenced to die, fell victims to the deadly plant a few seconds after each had been punctured with the poisoned lancet.

The reader will now, perhaps, be desirous to know how, according to Mynheer Foersch, the upas poison was obtained, seeing that the tree was so exclusive in its site, that no person might approach it nearer than some fifteen miles without the most imminent danger. It was obtained, he said, by criminals condemned to die. After sentence had been pronounced, they were asked to choose between immediate execution and the chance of saving their lives by procuring upas poison. They usually preferred the latter; for, though exceedingly dangerous, nevertheless the errand was not inevitably fatal. If, related Foersch, the wind happened to blow toward the tree during the journey, the criminal, if of strong constitution, usually saved his life; but not otherwise. According to our traveler, an old priest resided on the confines of the upas valley, whose sole office was to prepare the upas hunters for their duties, and administer religious consolation to them before they set out on their course. With this functionary, Foersch said he had a long conversation, during which many particulars about the wonderful tree were fully explained. The old priest is reported to have said that, during a residence of thirty years in the upas neighborhood, he had dispatched no less than seven hundred upas gatherers, scarcely ten per cent. of whom returned. On arriving at his house, each criminal was provided with a mask, or leather hood, and a small box, in which to contain the poison when collected. The criminals usually waited at the priest's dwelling until a favorable wind set in, under the protection of which they sped away on their fatal course, the old man accompanying them to a certain rivulet, the stream of which they were directed to follow until arriving at the tree. Foersch goes on to explain how desirous he was to obtain some portion of this marvelous tree as a relic; but after long waiting, and many entreaties, he could only procure two withered leaves.

Well, Mynheer Foersch, there would not be the slightest difficulty in procuring leaves of the upas-tree now. They are figured in many books as leaves of the *Antiaris toxicaria*. The juice of the tree is so remarkably poisonous, that all which Foersch has related concerning the effects of punctures with lancets poisoned by contact with it, is strictly consistent with what we know concerning the power of this class of poisons. Had the Dutch surgeon not told his readers that he was satisfied from personal experience concerning the existence of the upas-tree, and that the accounts which he had heard respecting it were not overrated, there would be not much to be said against his statements; for Java contains upas-trees, and their juice is remarkably poisonous. Java also contains a poison valley, the air of which is so impure, that any living being which finds its way there speedily falls a victim. The poison valley in question, however, is not poisonous because of the upas-tree; its circumference is nearer half a mile than otherwise, and the extent of its influence over adjacent parts of Java may be readily inferred from the particulars I shall presently give.

Most people have heard of the celebrated Grotto del Cane, in the vicinity of Naples; a grotto so called because dogs are the animals usually selected to show by their suffering and death how dangerous

it is. The Grotto del Cane may be entered by a grown-up human individual with impunity, because the poisonous gas, on which its energy depends, is so heavy that it does not rise sufficiently high to be breathed, though a dog's nose and mouth being below the level of the poisonous emanation, the animal soon dies. The poison valley of Java is something like the Grotto del Cane on a gigantic scale. There is a difference, however, between the two as regards the kind of poisonous gas contained in each. That of the Grotto del Cane is carbonic acid gas—the same gas which is evolved from burning charcoal, from ginger-beer and soda-water, champagne, cider, and brewers' vats; but the poisonous air of the Java valley must contain, from the description we now have of it, other gases than the carbonic acid. Most probably the gas to which its energy is due is hydrosulphuric acid, or sulphureted hydrogen; but the chemical reader shall judge for himself from the description of Mr. Alexander Loudon, who visited the pestilential spot in July, 1830. This gentleman was fortunate in being able to find natives ready to take him to the poisoned valley, which they hold in great dread. A previous traveler had heard a very faithful account of it by the natives, but could not find any person who would show him its locality. Mr. Loudon heard for the first time of the poison valley, called by the natives "Gueva Upas," July 3, 1830, during a walk one morning with a native chief, who told him there was a valley only three miles from Batum, which no person could enter without forfeiting his life; and that the bottom of the place was covered with the skeletons of birds, and beasts, and human beings. Mr. Loudon having communicated this intelligence to some of the Dutch authorities, it was agreed that a party of exploration should be made up, and the poison valley should be visited. "I had heard," says Mr. Loudon, "that a lake existed on the summit of one of the mountains, and that it was dangerous to approach very near the banks of this lake; but of the poison valley I had never heard before; the accounts of it now were so very extraordinary that I did not believe them."

Early on the 4th of July, 1830, Mr. Loudon and his fellow-excursionists set out on their exploration. The valley, as correctly stated by the natives, was only three miles from Batum. So far was there from being an absence of vegetation in its vicinity, as had been anticipated, that a Mr. Daendels, a gentleman in the Dutch service, ordered a path to be made through the dense brushwood, to facilitate the progress of the explorers. Mr. Loudon took with him two dogs and some fowls, as subjects of experiment. Arriving at the foot of the mountain, they left their horses, and scrambled up the mountain side, holding on for security by the branches of trees. The explorers were very much fatigued before they got up, the path being very steep and slippery. When within a few yards of the edge of the valley, a sickening, nauseous, suffocating smell was experienced; but no sooner did Mr. Loudon and his companions come close to the place, than the smell ceased. Mr. Loudon shall now speak a few words for himself: "We were lost in astonishment," he relates, "at the awful scene below us. The valley was an oval excavation, about half a mile in circumference; its depth from thirty to thirty-five feet. The bottom quite flat; no vegetation, not even a blade of grass, but abundance of stones, like river-stones in appearance, and covered thickly with skeleton's of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and a great variety of other birds and animals." Mr. Loudon, as soon as his first impressions had abated, began to look about for the cause of the desolation there apparent. He examined for clefts or crevices, through which the escape of gas might take place, but he could not find any. The bottom of the valley appeared unbroken, and to be composed of a white sandy material. The sides of the valley from top to bottom were found covered with vegetation, both trees and shrubs. One adventurous person proposed to enter the valley—a proposal, however, which Mr. Loudon considerately declined, and which the proposer himself did not carry into practice. All managed, however, by exercising great care, to descend within eighteen feet of the bottom. Still no difficulty of breathing was experienced; only a sickly, nauseous smell. The deadly character of the emanations of the valley may be judged of from the result of certain painful experiments made A dog was fastened to the end of a bamboo, eighteen feet long, and sent in. Some members of the party had stop-watches, by which the exact duration of life in the

valley was determined. In ten seconds the animal fell on his back, overcome by the poisonous gas; he neither barked nor moved his limbs, but continued breathing for about eighteen minutes. The second dog broke loose from the bamboo, and walked in of his own accord to the spot where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still for ten seconds, when he fell on his back, and only continued to breathe for seven minutes.

The first of the fowls was now thrown in; it died in a minute and a half. A second fowl was dead before touching the ground. On the side of the valley, opposite to where Mr. Loudon stood, he saw the skeleton of a human being bleached quite white, and lying on a large stone. The skeleton was lying on its back, with the right hand under the head. Mr. Loudon wished to procure this skeleton, but he was unable to do so. This, and other human skeletons existing in the poison valley, are supposed to have been those of rebels, who, pursued from the main road, had taken refuge here, ignorant of the fatal nature of the place.

It is a pity that Mr. Loudon, when he was about it, did not procure a bottleful of the gas which pervades this poisonous locality. Had he done so, analysis might have settled the nature of it. The chemical reader, however, will be convinced, from various points of the description, that sulphureted hydrogen, if not the sole gaseous poison there, must be a constituent of it to a very large degree. And a very terrible poison it is, too. Some years ago a curious experiment was made with it at the Veterinary College at Lyons. The object proposed was to determine whether a horse could be killed with it by mere absorption through the skin. For this purpose the poor animal was inclosed, all but the head, in an india-rubber bag, containing air mixed with twelve per cent. of sulphureted hydrogen gas. The conditions of the experiment of course permitted the horse to breathe atmospheric air; nevertheless, he died. *This is the gas which accumulates in graveyards, cesspools, and other places where animal matter is collected.* Accidents originating with it have been particularly frequent at Paris, where the conditions are such that large amounts of animal matter accumulate, and are allowed to remain for considerable periods in domestic establishments. Surely all who are interested in the sanitary welfare of the community ought to be stirred up by the reflection, that through our want of caution we are often allowing the very gases that constitute the destructive properties of the upas valley, to do their deadly work upon the population in the midst of us.

Were it desirable for any reason to purify the poison valley of Java, there is reason to believe, from the description of the locality furnished to us by Mr. Loudon, that it could be effected by the exercise of moderate engineering skill. Sulphureted hydrogen gas, like carbonic acid gas, is very heavy; it remains at the bottom of a vessel just as a liquid would do. If, therefore, the poison valley were tapped, like a barrel, at its lowest part, all the foul air would run away, and, mixing with the external air, would soon be diluted to such an extent, that no practical harm would ensue. When sulphureted hydrogen is mixed with air in very small proportions, it may be breathed with impunity. In point of fact, we breathe it every day of our lives, especially such of us as live in cities; nay, it is continually evolved from our hair. A curious point may here be mentioned in reference to this evolution: sulphureted hydrogen has the property of turning black certain metallic compounds which are brought in contact with it. Among the metallic compounds in question, those of lead and bismuth are conspicuous. If, therefore, hair be smeared with a paste into which litharge (oxyd of lead) enters, and cutaneous exhalation retarded by a cap of oil-skin, the hair is dyed black, although the dye itself be light red. Of this kind is the ordinary hair-dye. That oxyd of bismuth is changed to black, has been discovered by ladies more than once, to their cost. Some mineral waters, among which that of Harrowgate is a familiar example, contain this offensive gas dissolved; and oxyd of bismuth, owing to its pearly whiteness, has sometimes been used as a skin pigment. Certain incautious fair ones have before now emerged from a bath of the Harrowgate waters in a most alarming state of blackness, the cause of which the chemical reader will be at no loss to understand. The blackness, however, is not permanent; and if the accident causes a lady to reflect on the folly of using skin cosmetics, it will not have occurred in vain.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

At summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heav'nly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play:
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aönian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared its arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,
From Carmel's height, to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropp'd on the world—a sacred gift to man.

* * * * * * * * *

Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling pow'r,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, Child of Heaven! (thy wingèd words proclaim,)
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!
Lo! Newton, Priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.

"The Swedish sage admires in yonder bow'rs,
His wingèd insects, and his rosy flow'rs;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain:
So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'rers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;
Calm as the fields of Heav'n, his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?'

"Turn, Child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh:
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;
Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow,
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Beloved of Heav'n! the smiling muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Inquire of guilty wand'rers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;

While Beauty's deeply pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.
Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of Grief?

"Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And pow'r on earth to plead the cause of Heav'n;
The proud, the cold, untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth;
Feels thy dread pow'r another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man!

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heav'n's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star:
So, heav'nly Genius, in thy course divine,
Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine."

Propitious Pow'r! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
O there, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more;
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his later age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distill,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy:
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:
No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul; but ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past;
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away."

* * * * * * * * *

Where is the troubled heart, consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unbless'd by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smile at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wint'ry shore
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze:
Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain;
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue;

Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by;
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Ev'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
O! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine;
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's many plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

THE WYANDOT CAVE.

CHIEF among the subterranean regions of Southern Indiana, a district remarkable for the number and variety of its caves, is the Wyandot Cave. The counties of Harrison, Crawford, Orange, Lawrence, and Washington, have underlying them great neighborhoods of caverns, varying in character, and extending from a few rods to several miles.

The Sabbath silence of some of these sanctuaries has been broken into, but many, no one knows how many, remain sacred to the darkness and mystery to which nature seems to have ordained them.

The Wyandot Cave is exceedingly spacious and beautiful, having, indeed, no superior in these respects except the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

It is highly probable that the tribe of Indians, in whose honor and memory our cavern has its name, never penetrated its dark, meandering ways; were never, perhaps, aware even of its existence; their home, if Indians may be said to have a home, lying considerably further north. But whether or not the Wyandots ever saw the cave, it is certain that some tribe of Indians at some period, near or remote, not only saw it, but actually made it a place of habitation; but for what purpose, whether to evade the severities of winter, or as a retreat from enemies, there are no means of knowing positively, though ingenious speculations are not wanting in support of favorite theories.

Deep in the interior of the cave smoked walls are to be found, burned embers, ashes, and other unmistakable traces of fires long gone out. Scattered about, here and there, are piles of poles cut from the white oak and the pawpaw, which grow in the level lands far over head; and in the yielding clay of the floors, footprints are pointed out which, from their shape and peculiar succession, are supposed to have been made by the red man. In addition to the indications above mentioned, implements of Indian warfare have been discovered here, such as arrows, arrow-heads, spear-heads, and the like.

The situation of Wyandot Cave is in Crawford County, five miles northeast from Leavenworth, a small town on the Ohio River. It is half a mile distant from the Great Blue River, formerly called the Wyandot River, and about one hundred and twenty feet above its level. A winding path over a high and steep hill conducts to its entrance, and the surrounding scenery is extremely beautiful, resembling, in some of its aspects, the most picturesque scenery of New England. The geological formation in which the Wyandot Cave occurs, is the mountain limestone, famous everywhere for its cavernous structure. All the remarkable caverns in the world occur in similar formation; the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, Weyer's Cave of Virginia, the Grotto of Adelsberg, in Syria, and the Grotto of Antiparos, in Greece.

The visitor is met at the mouth of the cave by a current of wind, more or less strong, according to the degree of heat. In the warmest days of summer it blows almost a gale, decreasing as the autumn approaches, until, at midwinter, it is entirely reversed, blowing in, instead of out.

Of course, the requisitions of a visit are similar to those already described, both as to dress, luncheon, lights, and perseverance.

The visitor will do well to adopt for the occasion a warmer dress than he is accustomed to, as the contrast between the upper air and the subterranean atmosphere of the cave is very strong, and apt to affect one disagreeably at first. The change is not dangerous, however, and, with suitable provisions of dress, the system will gradually and naturally accommodate itself to it. The uniform temperature of the cave is greatly colder than that of the Mammoth Cave, but its atmosphere is wonderfully pure and exhilarating. Everywhere there appears to be an entire absence of noxious gases, and candles and other lights are observed to burn with remarkable clearness and steadiness. The exceeding clearness and purity of the atmosphere here, as in other caves, is accounted for by the extensive beds of niter with which it abounds. The nitrogen, it is said, which is consumed in the formation of nitrate of lime, must have its proportion of free oxygen disengaged, and thus the air is supplied with a large amount of the exhilarating principle. Decay does not occur here, a peculiarity in which the Wyandot and Mammoth Cave closely resemble one another.

"I was shown," says one who some years ago made an exploration of this cave, "the remains of an opossum, which had been here ever since the cave was

discovered, and perhaps for a hundred years before." A portion of its domain, now known as the "old cave," was discovered in 1820, and remained the only part known until 1852, when what is now called the new cave was discovered, and is proved to be much the most considerable and interesting portion.

The limestone in which the cave is situated, especially that part of it embracing the old cave, is highly magnesian, and vast deposits of the sulphate of magnesia, with which the cave abounds, are thus accounted for. Lumps of the sulphate of magnesia are found here, varying from one pound to ten pounds in weight; and Dr. Adams, who was formerly the owner of the cave, engaged largely in the manufacture of saltpeter, and found the trade a thriving one. The earth yields from four to twenty pounds to the bushel, and the salt is of the best quality.

There are in the old cave many halls, chambers, and passages, of remarkable interest and beauty; but the chief wonder and glory of this part of the cavern is "the Pillar of the Constitution," a splendid column of stalactite, fifteen feet in diameter and twenty-five feet in height. It is regularly and elegantly fluted from top to bottom, and appears not unlike a fountain suddenly petrified. This stately column is situated in the middle of a beautiful chamber, called "the Circle of the Union," and is apparently the support of its immense vaulted roof.

The general direction of the old cave is northerly, and its extent somewhere about three miles; but latterly, owing to the more various attractions of the new cave, it has been little visited. Secondary marvels will not long detain the attention of this fast generation, especially when they are only divided by a door from curiosities of the first water.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," to be sure; but time and circumstances make some small beauties wonderfully conspicuous, while other greater ones must needs wait a long time to be acknowledged. Were the old cave, for instance, not so nearly and so grandly neighbored, it might make very respectable pretensions, and set up as a curiosity on its own account.

The new cave has two entrances: the one from the old cave, and nearly a mile from the first outward entrance; the other is still further interior, and through a descent known as Rothrock's Straits. The name, Rothrock, is taken from the proprietor of the farm in which the main entrance of the cave is situated. Passing through the second door, a low, dingy, smoke-stained apartment is entered, which is called Bats' Lodge, because of the vast numbers of bats which make their winter quarters here, clinging to the ceiling and hanging upon the wall in a semi-torpid state till the spring thaws set them free with the icicles. Adjacent to this gloomy quarter, and reached through an aperture called the Rugged Mount, is situated what is now known as the Coon's Council Chamber; a name possessing little merit, it seems to me, except that of having been originated by the person bestowing it.

Upon divers occasions since Shakspeare's day, have straitened men had reason to exclaim, "O for a commodity of good names!"

A little beyond the celebrated Council Chamber the cavern divides, and thence runs, the one branch southward for about three miles, where it terminates in what is called Hovey's Point; the other northward nearly four miles, and ending in what is known as Butler's Point.

So far as the cave has undergone actual measurement, its dimensions may be set down thus: the entire length from point to point is precisely seven miles; but the various avennes included, the discovered portion amounts to twenty miles; a pretty wide territory for the bats and the ghosts of silence and thick shade. One naturally treads lightly and peers carefully about him, who ventures to disturb their ancient, melancholy reign. Nature, as well as art, has her consecrated temples, entering upon which we are impelled to take off our shoes. And surely his condition is not to be envied who feels no awe among the graves of his fathers—no hush in the solemn habitations of silence and old night. The fine edge of nature has been terribly blunted and dulled, if we rush headlong from the mystery of life to that of death, without sometimes pausing to read the writing on the wall. If we do not sometimes stop and make a silence through all the noises of life and inquire, and think, and pray, what better are we than the beasts that perish?

The most interesting of all the apartments, and the one that impresses the beholder most with its sublimities, is known

as "The Grand Dome and Monument Mountain." It is not of very easy access, and obliges us to pay for the sight of its beauty by a long journey, including a passage over what is termed the "Hill of Difficulty." A recent visitor says:

"Standing on the summit of the mountain, which is one hundred and seventy-five feet high, we looked upward; but the top was veiled in thick darkness; we cast our glance around, but the same unillumined night lay beyond the dim light of our lamps. It was only after we had ignited our fire-works that we could see far above us, the bending arch of this majestic temple, rising two hundred and fifty-five feet from the base of the mountain, while around us extended a circular wall of one thousand feet in circumference. Within this rotunda the ancient Pantheon might be placed, or St. Paul's of London find ample room. The dome is closed at the top by a smooth elliptical slab, beautifully fringed by broad, leaf-like, curling stalactites, bearing a close resemblance to the ornamental foliage of the acanthus. The summit of the mountain is a gigantic stalagmite one hundred and twenty feet in circumference, rising in three points, respectively six, five, and three feet high. These points, when viewed from the mountain's base, have the appearance of three persons clad in pure white; hence the name 'Monument Mountain.' Immediately within the shadow of the Grand Dome there is a spring of the most pure and delicious water, and here it is customary for visitors to open their baskets and eat their meal, which is generally partaken of with sharpened appetite, notwithstanding the ghostly company of shadows, and the spirits of the red men that imagination readily calls back to their ancient haunts.

"'We call them savage—O be just!
Their outraged feelings scan:
A voice comes forth, 'tis from the dust—
The savage was a man!

"'Think ye he loved not? who stood by,
And in his toils took part?
Woman was there to bless his eye!
The savage had a heart!

"'Think ye he prayed not? when on high
He heard the thunder roll,
What bade him look beyond the sky?
The savage had a soul!

"'I venerate the pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man plead—
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws—
Nature gave him his creed.'"

The sublime and the ridiculous are often close neighbors in the outer world, and to humor her delight in contrasts nature has placed very near the sublime dome a narrow, cylindrical passage but a few inches in diameter, denominated the Auger-Hole. Many a visitor has been compelled to turn back at this point, not without casting longing, lingering looks behind at the unrelenting dimensions of the formidable passage.

It strikes one that there has generally been a happy appropriateness in naming the different curiosities and apartments of the Wyandot Cave. What could be more beautiful and characteristic, for instance, than the "White Cloud Room," a delightful hall into which the Auger-Hole conducts. The ceiling of this apartment is exquisitely wrought into a resemblance of massive snow-white clouds. The beauty of effect under an illumination is quite inconceivable. Leaving the white clouds, the visitor is ushered into an atmosphere no less spiritual. The Bishop's Rostrum, which lies close at hand, represents a pulpit, and is formed of one solid stalagmite of the purest and whitest quality. It is a pity it could not have place in some cathedral more frequented by worshipers, but those who find sermons in stones will be preached to very eloquently from the Bishop's Rostrum.

Another exceedingly interesting and beautiful portion of the cave is called the "Cerulean Vault." The ceiling is high and arched with nature's most wonderful masonry, and the walls are delicately tinged with blue. A variety of halls and avenues succeed, any one of which would separately be a great marvel, and claim the admiration of visitors that pass them now with scarcely more than a glance.

A clear and beautiful fountain is known by the unpoetical name of Crawfish Spring; like the rivers of Mammoth Cave, it is inhabited by a small white eyeless fish. It is customary for visitors to catch and carry away some of these poor creatures as a sacrifice to science.

Immediately above this spring is situated the entrance to Wabash Avenue, which extends considerably further north than any other division. Few persons are ambitious to explore this division to the end, but now and then some individuals more courageous than the rest, have done so. The journey is one of exceeding difficulty, requiring a good deal of climbing, and obliging the explorer for more than a mile to make his way in a posture half double. About a quarter of a mile from the termination of the avenue the roof rises and the journey is comparatively easy and comfortable till the abrupt terminus in a wide and spacious room called Butler's Point.

"I probably stood," says one who has penetrated to this point, "where no mortal

had stood before. I was a discoverer!" His sensation then and there was worth more than he gave for it, no matter at what toil and trouble it was purchased. It is very delightful to be the discoverer of anything; a bird's nest in a currant bush, or a bumble-bee in a holyhock.

The floor of this point is wonderfully smooth, being composed of fine and solid clay. Very beautiful crystals are obtained here, also sulphate of magnesia, fine and soft as hair, together with a species of brilliant rosette formed of curved crystals of gypsum, and denominated in unscientific phrase, "curled leaf-stone."

The exploration may be varied and lengthened, by excursions into modest side caves and winding passages, to almost any extent required by the disposition of the visitor, but the most eager curiosity is apt to be gratified by the most obvious and easily-accessible splendors.

There are stony islands, surrounded by caves instead of water, rugged hills, rocky passes, dry beds of vanished streams, and level plains thickly covered with nitrous earth, to diversify and beautify the journey; but care must be taken of the lights, and one auspicious eye should keep the guide in view, for there is a good deal of danger, especially in the winding and less frequented ways, of getting lost, an experience which seems to have operated upon wise men and simpletons in pretty nearly the same fashion.

A curious and interesting anecdote is related of a gentleman who once had the misfortune of getting lost in this cave. His bewilderment continued for just twenty hours. In process of time his light expired, and as some sort of solace and company, the thought occurred to him to wind up his watch once in twenty-four hours. This he did agreeably to his best judgment, which was no less than five times during his dark wanderings, thus lengthening out his twenty hours into five days. If time drags the darkness and silence thus heavily, from ever being lost good Lord deliver us!

To be seated on some marble slab, four hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth, with the knowledge that it is likely to be one's tombstone without so much as name or date spelled by the unlettered muse engraven upon it, is not very well calculated to put sweet quills into the flagging wings of the hours. A moonlit summer night, or a bright winter fireside, is, after all, the best place for philosophizing.

The southern branch of the cave is less interesting than the northern, but is, nevertheless, sufficiently rich in curiosities to compensate for the trouble of an exploration. The first demand upon the attention made upon entering is by the Dining-Room, and adjoining this fine hall, and closely resembling it, is the Drawing-Room. Both those rooms are large and regular in shape, and overhung with ceilings as flat and smoothly finished as a plasterer could have made. Directly beyond these apartments the cave divides again, and the two branches pursue separate courses for about a mile, when they unite, and thus encircle what is called the continent. In this neighborhood is situated what is called the Wyandot's Grand Council-Room, an apartment sufficiently ample to accommodate the whole tribe, as it seems, while the vast dimensions stretch themselves away and away through deep and deeper twilights, and finally into everlasting night. The ceiling is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and adorned with many beautiful stalactical formations. To enable this council chamber to do anything like justice to itself a grand illumination is required.

Rising immediately beyond this is a rough and toilsome ascent, called the Hill of Science, and this conducts to a splendid amphitheater known as the "Hall of Representatives." This is scarcely less than the Grand Dome, and were it not for that, would challenge our highest admiration. A wilderness of wild and curious scenery lies about the hall, peopled with various fantastic creatures. Among them are two rocky formations bearing the names of Alligator and Hippopotamus, from the likeness they bear to those animals.

The Throne is elaborated with nature's most exquisite nicety, and is formed of stalactites, which are interwoven with one another in the most graceful curves, uniting their delicate leafy points so as to form a very elegant canopy, while stalagmites rise from below in more solid masses, so as to constitute the body of the throne.

The base is encircled with an ornamental fringe of drooping leaves, while

the sides are decorated with roses and lilies sculptured in the purest white. No monarch in the world has so fine a throne. It is approached, like other thrones, by a very slippery way; but it is water, and not blood that intercepts the access. The chair of state is large enough to accommodate two persons very comfortably, and no visitor passes by without sitting down, and, in imagination, for a few minutes at least, crowning himself right royally.

Passing over a mile, in which space no very wonderful wonder presents itself, the eye becomes suddenly dazzled by the Diamond Avenue, an alley having its walls lined and its floor covered with a profusion of lustrous crystals shaming all displays of princely magnificence that were ever seen. These crystals assume the most wonderfully curious shapes, to account for which mineralogists have essayed their powers in vain.

Every kind of flower has here its gorgeous representation, and likenesses of grapes lie in rich clusters half hidden among heaps of foliage. Beyond this garden of wonderful mimicry is situated the Flint Pit, where are to be seen, lying far down, shining black masses of hornstone. Near this pit is the Sieve, through which in rainy weather the water is sifted in great abundance.

A few rods further, Hovey's Point, the southern termination of the cave, is reached. To gain this point the explorer, it is supposed, passes under the Great Blue River, and approaches very nearly to the Ohio itself. It has been suggested, and it seems not improbable, that the Wyandot Cave may continue by some unknown passage, in a southern direction, until it connects with the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The idea seems far from preposterous to those persons who have traveled miles and miles through the silent regions of the cave world. "We soon acquire the feeling," says one who has thus journeyed, "having been checked at many points, and yet having pursued our way for miles beyond, that there is no point at which we may safely say, Lo! the end."

The Fairy Grotto, Neptune's Retreat, and Hermit's Cell are all points of interest deserving more than mere mention; but the limits of our article will not allow us to do more than indicate the most special wonders.

"The Sepulcher," so suggestive of the condition to which we must all come at last, compels our serious attention. It is a huge tomb of rock, and from the great roof, forty feet in height, magnificent folds of stony drapery descend to within a few feet of the floor. The grandeur and gloom of the effect cannot be written or told.

Purgatory is situated in the vicinity of the Sepulcher, and the path that leads to it is a contradiction of the celebrated line,

"Broad is the road that leads to death,"

the roof above it being not more than three feet high, and obliging the traveler almost to crawl. But the dismal and purgatorial aspects of the place are an overpayment for all trouble to those who take pleasure in contemplating the sublime and terrible.

The Pillared Palace is a glorious contrast to its somber neighbor. It is a hall of great breadth, but the ceiling is not of corresponding height, though of indescribable beauty. The stalactites reach down from the ceiling, and twine their snowy arms about the stalagmites rising up from the floor to meet them; thus are formed the most graceful supports imaginable to the ponderous roof above.

Both stalactites and stalagmites are ornamented with exquisite formations of leaves, flowers, and grapes, the latter hanging in clusters, and being deliciously purple.

When we are reminded of these nearly unheard-of wonders, it seems almost a pity that they should have been placed "in the bowels of the harmless earth," where all their beauty and sublimity must forever remain unseen and unappreciated, except now and then by a single individual. But, perhaps, after all, one of their chief charms is their novelty, and, dragged up into the sunshine, who knows but that they would shortly become "as bald and tawdry as a singed moth."

How "use doth breed a habit in a man," is strikingly illustrated by the passing of a day in the Wyandot Cave. The air, on coming out, even after sunset, seems oppressive and hot, almost suffocating, in fact, and you can scarcely believe it has not undergone some debilitating change, after thus breathing for a few hours the exhilarating atmosphere of the subterranean world.

TURKEY—HER REFORMS AND FUTURE DESTINY.

THERE is, perhaps, no question, at the present day, of more interest to the Christian world than the present condition and future prospects of the Ottoman empire. But a few short months ago, and the nations of Europe were contending in deadly strife for the possession of this degenerated country. All Europe was rocking and heaving like a ship on a tempestuous ocean. Every gale which swept across the Atlantic brought to our ears the clarion sounds of battle. The mighty Czar had again sought battle with the swarthy Turk. He would scatter desolation on one of the fairest climes of earth, and crush beneath its ruins the last hopes of the brilliant race of Othman.

It is not our intention to trace the history and progress of the late war, but rather to review the reforms of Turkey, and to show their origin, extent, and influence on her future destiny.

The first great reform attempted was the reconstruction of the military forces on the European method of discipline by the wise and ill-fated Selim. He saw that the empire was fast decaying, and that there was need for immediate action. The then military forces, the Janizaries, had been for centuries the great strength of the empire. They were originally formed from Christians. Every third year a levy was made on the Christian children found within the nation. The noblest portion of them were forcibly taken, educated in the Mohammedan religion, and disciplined for the Turkish army. By this rigid discipline in religion and the arts of war, they lost all regard for their parents and religion, and became strongly attached to the sultan and his faith. His interests were theirs; to him they looked for honor, wealth, and preferment. They became, like the ancient Prætorian Guard of Rome, invincible. Wherever they went they carried the Turkish banners to glory and conquest; but this once powerful band had become degenerated. Jews, pagans, and criminals were now the recruits of this chosen band. That which was once the pride and prop of the crescent had become its disgrace, its curse; for while they ruled the empire, they had become utterly useless for its defense. They brought into the field no appurtenance of a soldier, but the gaudy trappings of barbaric magnificence.

The sultan who should reform them, remodel his army, and reduce it to discipline, would at once free himself from subjection to a rabble and be entitled to the gratitude of the nation. It was a dangerous undertaking! To interfere with the customary pleasures and privileges of the Janizaries had cost more than one sultan his head.

Selim saw the absolute necessity for reform; attempted it; was dethroned, and murdered. Mahmoud II., the pupil and cousin of Selim, came to the throne imbued with the spirit of reform. He had sworn to Selim, when they were in prison together, to effect the regeneration of this body, or utterly to destroy them. He soon discovered that the more perfect organization of Turkey could not be accomplished while they existed, and he determined to annihilate them. Taking wisdom from the fate of Selim, he acted more cautiously. He re-organized the Janizaries, and at the same time created many entirely new companies; but the Janizaries, opposed as they were to reform and innovation, soon became jealous and discontented.

On the thirteenth of June, 1825, they revolted, killed their chief, and proclaimed throughout Constantinople and the surrounding country that every Janizary should immediately repair to their barracks, which were situated around the square of Atmiedon, in the very heart of the city.

In the meantime, the sultan had called together his newly formed troops, among whom were several companies of artillery, and marched with them in person to the square where the Janizaries were assembled. The customary prayers in times of trouble were put up, and the sacred standard of Mohammed brought forth from the treasury, a summons to all true believers to arm in defense of the religion of the Prophet. Proclamations were issued, calling together all defenders of the faith. Thousands flocked to the assistance of the sultan. The same appeal was thrice addressed to the Janizaries; three times they rejected the sacred summons. The sultan then pronounced a curse and sentence of eternal dissolution on the Janizary body. A general attack on the Jan-

isaries began, who, cooped up in the narrow streets, were mowed down by grape shot, dispatched by the muskets of their enemies, or burned in their barracks.

About twenty-five thousand of them perished by the sword and flame. From that day they were totally annihilated, and thus perished the remnant of a band that had once been the terror of nations and the main support of the Turkish empire.

What had been deemed utterly impracticable was in part accomplished; the bulwarks to barbarism and abuse, the opponents to reform, were crushed beneath the iron heel of Mahmoud. The Prætorian band was no more; they had expiated the sins of their order. The name of Janizary was no longer a rallying word to impunity, but a sound accursed.

This was the great lever of regeneration for Turkey, and though no one can justify the sultan in this butchery, still it is difficult to say what other course was left for the preservation of the empire.

Mahmoud then organized his new troops. In a single year an army was raised, disciplined in modern European tactics, sufficient for the protection of the country. He then made laws for remedying the corruption of the courts of justice, and the vices of the other branches of the administration. Bribery was denounced; extortion and violence punished. He encouraged trade; gave more freedom of religion to the other sects, and is fairly entitled to the name of the great reformer. His was no common task to introduce among a fanatic, semi-barbarous nation customs which they utterly disliked. Among the many brilliant names which adorn the page of history, few stand forth more conspicuous than that of the illustrious Mahmoud II.

The reforms of the present sultan are of not less importance to the future welfare of the empire. Schools have been established, bigotry softened down, commerce increased, and the Christian placed on a par with the Mussulman. But the principal reform of Abdel Medjid has been the confiscation of the vast possessions of the mosques, which were spiritual corporations exercising nearly the whole control of the nation. The insecurity of property had caused the Turkish land owners to assign over to them their property, reserving only the interest to themselves and descendants. The land thus held by the mosques became perpetually inherent in them, and comprised two thirds of the soil. To dispossess them of this vast amount of land, which they had held for centuries, both by legal usage and religious veneration, to assume the direct authority of the sultan over them, to defy the power of Ulemas, was a daring measure. He saw that it was necessary for the well being of the country.

Every Christian nation has undergone the same change at some time during its history. England confiscated the property of the monasteries and assumed control over them. The present sultan has done the same thing for Turkey, and its benefit cannot be immediately appreciated. He has restored to the common uses of society the vast property of the mosques, which the rapacity and superstition of former ages had placed under their control. What vast changes for a country enveloped in the darkness of superstition and ignorance! The events of the past few years have proved conclusively that the reforms are beginning to be effective in Turkey. Her patriotism has been aroused, and we have seen Christian and Mussulman united to defend their common country and keep off the invader. But it is not alone to the military and civil reforms that we are to look for her future strength and independence, but to the religious changes which have been taking place during the last ten years, and which are now at work. American and British missionaries have met with great success; thousands have been converted from their ancient systems of superstition and fanaticism to Christianity. The light of truth is beginning to dawn upon them; the great teachings of the Bible have become diffused among them, and they are beginning to draw from its inspired pages elevating and ennobling precepts. Though as yet the converted Protestants are but few in proportion to the other denominations, still they are by far the most active element; they are fast spreading, especially among the Armenians, and that whole race who comprise the more active and intelligent portion of the Turkish people will soon have become evangelical and Protestant. What can we not then hope for Turkey? Give her a few years more under the present organization, and Turkey will have become a Christian land.

The religious element of the dominant

government is Mohammedan. It cannot remain thus; it is weak, and must give way to the Gospel. Christianity will again become the religion of the East, and her banners, which have been for thousands of years licking the dust, will again be unfurled and float triumphantly over the walls of Byzantium. How futile is the argument that these reforms have not met with the expected success! What shall we say of reforms of all kinds? Can they be consummated in an hour or a day? Turkey has made greater strides during the last few years, in social and political improvement, through religious fanaticism and foul corruption, than Russia or any other European nation. But how can it be expected, before one generation has passed away, that these reforms should have met with entire success?

Let Turkey become more enlightened, the opportunities of learning increase, a more thorough intercourse with other nations be established, the Christian religion gain a firmer foothold, and she will become one of the most powerful nations of the earth. She has all the elements and advantages of a great nation: her maritime position is unsurpassed; her possessions vast; her capital, Constantinople, the natural center of commercial Europe. The ambitious Czar perceived that the reforms were fast regenerating her; he had foreseen her destiny and quaked with fear at her future power. It was liberalized, Christianized Turkey he dreaded; not the Turkey of Janizaries and sultans. His ambitious design of making Constantinople the seat of the Greek Church, and himself its supreme head and ruler, had to be accomplished soon or never.

Religious liberty had been made the pretext for his quarrel, when the very thing for which he fought was unknown in his own dominions.

Had this ambitious Augustus been permitted to carry his arms triumphant over Turkey, all hopes for her would have been gone; her reforms would have been overthrown, and she would have relapsed into a state of barbarism worse than ever before. Religious liberty would have been crushed, and all would have bent in suppliance to the Greek Church. But the great Ruler of nations had otherwise ordained. England and France, true to themselves, true to the cause of oppressed humanity, united in her defense, and determined that the Russian flag should never wave triumphantly over the seven hills of Constantinople. And well might they dread to see the Russian autocrat trample on the Turkish sultan; for if once his power had been planted there, where would his desire for conquest have ended? The possession of Turkey would have been the key to the conquest of all Europe. But God, the supreme Lord and Sovereign, who, in his great wisdom and for his own ends, ordains the fate of kings and the duration of nations, had determined that Turkey should not fall, but by the assistance of powerful allies, and with the sympathies of the world, should come out of the struggle victorious; a harbinger of her future success and position among the nations.

THE DYING MAN AND THE DOLLAR.

THE writer of the following sketch is in his grave. He died, in utter abandonment, in the city of Philadelphia, some three years ago. Those who knew *George Lippard*, while they lament his fate and drop a tear to his memory, will read this sketch with interest; and, equally with those who knew him not, may derive from it something more, we trust, than mere amusement.

o o o o o o o

They brought him a dollar.

He took it and clutched it in his long skinny fingers, tried its sound against the bed-post, and then gazed on it long and intently with his dull leaden eyes.

That day, in the hurry of business, death had struck him, even in the street. He was hurrying to collect the last month's rent, and was on the verge of the miserable court where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels—he was there with the hand-book in his hand, when death laid his hand upon him.

He was carried home to his splendid mansion. He laid upon a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations, and the preacher were sent for. All day long he lay without speech, moving only his right hand, as though in the act of counting money.

At midnight he spoke.

He asked for a dollar, and they brought one to him, and, lean and gaunt, he sat up in his bed, and clutched it with the grip of death.

A shaded lamp stood on a table near the silken bed. Its light fell faintly around the splendid room, where chairs, and carpets, and mirrors, silken bed and lofty ceiling, all said, Gold! as plainly as human lips can say it.

His hair and eyebrows were white. His cheeks sunken, and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles that indicate the pattern of avarice. As he sat up in bed with his neck bared, and the silken coverlet wrapped about his lean frame, his white hair and eyebrows contrasted with his wasted and wrinkled face—he looked like a ghost. And there his life was centered in the dollar which he gripped in his clinched fist.

His wife, a pleasant-faced, matronly woman, was seated at the foot of the bed. His son, a young man of twenty-one, dressed in the last touch of fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat by the table, pen in hand, and gold spectacles on his nose. There was a huge parchment spread before him.

"Do you think he'll make a will?" asked the son.

"Hardly *compos mentis* yet," was the whispered reply. "Wait. He'll be *lucid* after a while."

"My dear," said the wife, "had I not better send for a preacher?"

She rose and took her dying husband by the hand, but he did not mind. His eye was upon the dollar.

He was a rich man. He owned palaces in Walnut and Chestnut streets, and hovels and courts in the outskirts. He had iron mines in this state; copper mines on the Lakes somewhere; he had gold on interest in California. His name was bright upon the records of twenty banks—he owned stock of all kinds; he had half a dozen papers in his pay. He knew but one crime—to be in debt without the power to pay. He knew but one virtue—to get money. That crime he had never forgotten—this virtue he had never forgotten, in the long way of thirty-five years.

To hunt down a debtor, to distress a tenant, to turn a few additional thousands by a sharp speculation—these were the main achievements of his life.

He was a good man—his name was upon the silver plate upon the pew door of a velvet-cushioned church.

He was a benevolent man—for every thousand dollars which he wrung from the tenants of his courts, or from the debtors who writhed beneath his heels, he gave ten dollars to some benevolent institution.

He was a just man—the gallows and the jail always found him a faithful and unswerving advocate.

And now he is a dying man—see! As he sits upon the bed of death, with the dollar in his clinched hand.

O! holy dollar, object of his life-long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him now in his pain of death?

At length the dying man revived and dictated his will. It was strange to see the mother, and son, and lawyer muttering, and sometimes wrangling, beside the bed of death. All the while the testator clutched the dollar in his right hand.

While the will was being made, the preacher came—even he who held the pastoral charge of the great church, whose pew doors bore saintly names on silver plates, and whose seats on Sabbath day groaned beneath the weight of respectability, broadcloth, and satin.

He came and said his prayers—decorously and in measured words, but never once did the dying man relax his hold of the dollar.

"Can't you see I'm going?" at length said the rich man, turning a frightened look toward the preacher.

The preacher, whose cravat was of the whitest, took a book with a golden clasp from a marble table. And he read:

"And I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

"Who said these words—who—who?" fairly shrieked the dying man, shaking the hand which clinched the dollar at the preacher's head.

The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply.

"Why did you never tell me of this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church. Why—why?"

The preacher did not reply, but turned over another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted:

"And it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God, is it? Then what's to become of me? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever spare, what debtor did I ever release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and preach-

ed to us, and never said one word about the camel."

The preacher, in search of a consoling passage, turned rapidly over the leaves, and in his confusion came to this passage, which he read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth!"

"And yet you never preached that to me!" shrieked the dying man.

The preacher, who had blundered through the passage from James, which we have quoted, knew not what to say. He was, perchance, terrified by the very dying look of his parishioner. Then the wife drew near and strove to comfort him, and the son (who had been reading the will) attempted a word or two of consolation.

And with the dollar in his hand he sank into death, talking of stock, of rent, of copper mine and camel, of tenant and of debtor, until the breath left his lips. Thus he died.

When he was cold, the preacher rose and asked the lawyer whether the deceased had left anything to such and such a charitable society, which had been ingrafted upon the preacher's church.

And the wife closed his eyes and tried to wrench the dollar from his hand, but in vain. He clutched it as though it were the only saviour to light him through the darkness of eternity.

And the son sat down with dry eyes, and thought of the hundreds of thousands which were now his own.

Next day there was a hearse followed by a train of carriages nearly a mile in length. There was a crowd around an open grave, and an elegant sermon upon the virtues of the deceased, by the preacher.

There was a fluttering of crape badges, and rolling of carriages, and—no tears. They left the dead man and returned to the palace, where sorrow died even as the crape was taken from the door knob.

And in the grave the dead hand still clinched the dollar.

BATTLE WITH A LIONESS.

THE following graphic description of the manner in which the African sometimes encounters the lion, we copy from Captain Mayne Reid's last book, "The Young Yagers." Congo is a Kaffir, a servant to the Young Yagers—a splendid specimen of the Kaffir race.

Congo had now become an object of as great interest as in the morning. Greater in fact, for the new danger he was about to undergo—a combat with an enraged lioness—was accounted still greater than that of fording the Gareep, and the interest was in proportion. With eager eyes the young yagers stood watching him as he prepared himself for the encounter.

He was but a short while in getting ready. He was seen to enter the Van Wyk wagon, and in less than three minutes come out again fully armed and equipped. The lioness would not have long to wait for her assailant.

The equipment of the Kaffir must needs be described.

It was simple enough, though odd to a stranger's eye. It was neither more nor less than the equipment of a Zooloo warrior. In his right hand he held a bunch of *assegais*; in all six of them.

What is an "assegai?"

It is a straight lance or spear, though not to be used as one. It is smaller than either of these weapons, shorter and more slender in the shaft, but like them armed with an iron head of arrow-shape. In battle it is not retained in the hand, but flung at the enemy, often from a considerable distance. It is, in short, a "javelin," or "dart," such as was used in Europe before fire-arms became known, and such as at present forms the war weapon of all the savage tribes of Southern Africa, but especially those of the Kaffir nations. And well know they how to project this dangerous missile. At the distance of a hundred yards they will send it with a force as great, and an aim as unerring as either bullet or arrow! The assegai is flung by a single arm. Of these javelins Congo carried six, spanning their slender shafts with his long, muscular fingers.

The assegais were not the oddest part of his equipment. That was a remarkable thing which he bore on his left arm. It was of oval form, full six feet in length by about three in width, concave on the inner

toward his body, and equally convex on the opposite. More than anything else did it resemble a small boat or canoe made of skins stretched over a framework of wood, and of such materials was it constructed. It was, in fact, a shield—a Zooloo shield—though of somewhat larger dimensions than those used in war. Notwithstanding its great size, it was far from clumsy, but light, tight, and firm—so much so that arrow, assegai, or bullet would have glanced off as from a plate of steel.

A pair of strong bands fastened inside along the bottom enabled the wearer to move it about at will; and placed upright, with its lower end resting upon the ground, it would have sheltered the body of the tallest man. It sheltered that of Congo.

Without another word he walked out, the huge *carapace* on his left arm, five of the assegais clutched in his left hand, while one that he had chosen for the first throw he held in his right, grasped near the middle, and carried upon the balance.

No change had taken place in the situation of affairs out upon the plain. The lioness was still roaming about, uttering her frightful screams. The hyenas were still there. The moment the Kaffir approached, the cowardly hyenas fled with a howl, and disappeared under the bosch.

Far other with the lioness. She seemed to pay no regard to the approach of the hunter. Her attention was absorbed by the mass of bodies upon the plain. She yelled her savage notes as she regarded them. She was no doubt lamenting the fate of her grim and swarthy partner, that lay dead before her eyes. At all events, she did not seem to notice the hunter until he had got within twenty paces of the spot!

At that distance the Kaffir halted, rested his huge shield upon the ground—still holding it erect—poised the assegai a moment in his right hand, and then sent it whizzing through the air.

It pierced the side of the tawny brute, and hung quivering between her ribs. Only for a moment. The fierce animal doubled round upon herself, caught the shaft in her teeth, and broke it off as if it had been a straw!

The blade of the assegai still remained in the flesh, but the lioness waited no longer. She had now perceived her enemy; and, uttering a vengeful scream, she sprang toward him. With one tremendous bound, she cleared three fourths of the space that lay between them, and a second would have carried her upon the shoulders of the Kaffir; but the latter was prepared to receive her, and, as she rose to her second leap, he disappeared suddenly from the scene! As if by magic he had vanished; and had not the boys been watching his every movement, they would have been at a loss to know what had become of him. But they knew that under that oval convex form lay Congo the Kaffir. There lay he, like a tortoise in its shell, clutching the straps with all his might, and pressing his carapace firmly against the ground!

The lioness was more astonished than the spectators. At the second leap she pitched right down upon the shield, but the drum-like noise made by her weight, and the hard, firm substance encountered by her claws, quite disconcerted her, and springing aside, she stood gazing at the odd object with looks of alarm!

She stood but for a moment, and then uttering a savage growl of disappointment, turned tail upon it, and trotted off!

This growl guided Congo. The shield was raised from the ground—only on one side, and but a very little way at first—just enough to enable the hunter to see the stern of the retreating lioness.

Then the Kaffir rose quickly to his feet, and holding the shield erect, prepared for the casting of a second assegai.

This was quickly thrown, and pierced the animal in the flank, where shaft and all remained sticking in the flesh. The lioness turned with redoubled fury, once more charged upon her assailant, and, as before, was met by the hard convex surface of the shield. This time she did not immediately retreat, but stood menacing the strange object, striking it with her hoofs, and endeavoring to turn it over.

Now was the moment of peril for Congo. Had the lioness succeeded in making a capsize, it would have been all up with him, poor fellow! But he knew the danger, and with one hand clutching the leathern straps, and the other bearing upon the edge of the frame, he was able to hold firm and close—closer even "than a barnacle to a ship's copper."

After venting her rage in several impotent attacks to break or overturn the carapace, the lioness at length went growling away toward her former position.

Her growls, as before, guided the actions

of Congo. He was soon upon his feet, another assegai whistled through the air, and pierced the neck of the lioness.

But, as before, the wound was not fatal, and the animal, now enraged to a phrensy, charged once more upon her assailant. So rapid was her advance that it was with great difficulty Congo got under cover. A moment later, and his *ruse* would have failed, for the claws of the lioness rattled upon the shield as it descended.

He succeeded, however, in planting himself firmly, and was once more safe under the thick buffalo hide. The lioness now howled with disappointed rage; and, after some fruitless endeavors to upset the shield, she once more desisted. This time, however, instead of going away, the angry brute kept pacing round and round, and at length *lay down within three feet of the spot.* Congo was besieged!

The boys saw at a glance that Congo was a captive. The look of the lioness told them this. Though she was several hundred yards off, they could see that she wore an air of determination, and was not likely to depart without having her revenge. There could be no question about it—the Kaffir was in "a scrape."

Should the lioness remain, how was he to get out of it? He could not escape by any means. To raise the shield would be to tempt the fierce brute upon him.

Notwithstanding the danger, there was something ludicrous in the situation in which the Kaffir was placed; and the young hunters, though anxious about the result, could scarce keep from laughter, as they looked forth upon the plain.

There lay the lioness within three feet of the shield, regarding it with fixed and glaring eyes, and at intervals uttering her savage growls. There lay the oval form, with Congo beneath, motionless and silent. A strange pair of adversaries, indeed!

Long time the lioness kept her close vigil, scarce moving her body from its crouching attitude. Her tail only vibrated from side to side, and the muscles of her jaws quivered with subdued rage. The boys shouted repeatedly to warn Congo. They might have spared their breath. The cunning Kaffir knew as well as they the position of his enemy. Her growls, as well as her loud breathing, kept him admonished of her whereabouts; and he well understood how to act under the circumstances.

For a full half hour this singular scene continued; and as the lioness showed no signs of deserting her post, the young yagers at length determined upon an attack, or, at all events, a feint that would draw her off.

It was close upon sunset, and, should night come down, what would become of Congo? In the darkness he might be destroyed. He might relax his watchfulness, or go to sleep, and then his relentless enemy would have the advantage.

Something must be done to release him from his narrow prison, and at once. They had saddled and mounted their horses, and were about to ride forth, when the sharp-eyed Hans noticed that the lioness was much further off from the shield than when he last looked that way. And yet she had not moved—at all events, no one had seen her stir—and she was still in the very same attitude! How then?

"Ha! look yonder! the shield is moving!"

Sure enough it was moving. Slowly and gradually it seemed to glide along the ground, like a huge tortoise, though its edges remained close to the surface. Although impelled by no visible power, all understood what this motion meant—Congo was the moving power!

The yagers held their bridles firm, and sat watching with breathless interest.

In a few minutes more the shield moved full ten paces from the crouching lioness. The latter seemed not to notice this change in the relative position of herself and her cunning adversary. If she did, she beheld it rather with feelings of curiosity or wonder than otherwise. At all events, she kept her post until the curious object had gone a wide distance from her.

She might not have suffered it to go much further; but it was now far enough for her adversary's purpose, for the shield suddenly became erect, and the Kaffir sent another assegai whirling from his hand.

It was the fatal shaft. The lioness chanced to be crouching broadside toward the hunter. His aim was true, and the barbed iron pierced through her heart. A short growl, that was soon stifled—a short struggle, that soon ended, and the mighty brute lay motionless in the dust!

A loud "Hurrah!" came from the camp, and the young yagers now galloped forth, and congratulated Congo upon the successful result of his perilous conflict.

SCRIPTURAL GEOLOGY.

THERE are three distinct theories relative to the creation of our world. One teaches that at an indefinitely remote period of time the original matter of our globe existed in a chaotic state, and was gradually brought to solidity and form by the joint action of water and heat; that it passed through many destructive revolutions, during which successive generations of animals were destroyed, and their remains fossilized in the several strata, as now discovered by their organic remains; each succeeding catastrophe preparing the earth for more perfect and fuller organized beings, until it was rendered suitable for the residence of man.

The second school of theorists contend that by the six days mentioned in the account of the creation, we are to understand six thousand years, which length of time it is supposed was sufficient for the formation of the earth's strata, and that all geological facts, with all animal and vegetable existences, can be best accounted for on this supposition, one day being, as they tell us, as a thousand years with the Lord, and a thousand years as one day.

The third theory is that the world, with all its animal and vegetable substances, and all the vast arrangement of coincident organization, was called into existence by the "word of God" in six literal days; and destroyed and reorganized at the Deluge, by God's superintending power.

In support of this theory we offer a few facts and arguments, which we think consonant to and confirmatory of the book of revelation; and in doing so, we shall state our ideas of the process of creation in conformity to the Mosaic account, and of the original arrangement of the strata, so as to account, naturally and philosophically, and in harmony, with the present appearance of geological facts, for the alterations which have occurred as the result of the Noachian Deluge.

The principal point in dispute, and the one the understanding of which seems to separate more distinctly the different schools of Christian philosophers, is the duration of time to be included in the six days. The meaning of the phrase we suppose to be clearly indicated by the wording and evident connection of the fourth commandment, in the decalogue, which all admit to be but the revival of a command coeval with the creation of man. In this command it is required that man should dedicate a seventh part of his time in each week to the service of God and the rest of his soul and body, in commemoration of the rest which God established in the cessation of his creative acts, at the moment when he had finished his work and pronounced it very good, and when "the morning stars sang for joy." The time originally instituted must have been the same subsequently confirmed and especially defined when Israel was told that "from evening to evening shall be your Sabbath," that is, a period of twenty-four hours; and if the seventh day, or day of rest, was of the length of twenty-four hours, it necessarily follows that all the previous ones were of the same duration, and this cannot be at all inconsistent either with the nature of God or of matter, or of the present appearance of the earth. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth." "He spake, and it was done. He commanded, and it stood fast." "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear;" or, as we understand it, of preëxistent matter. It is surely more in harmony with these and similar passages to believe that God called all matter into being in succession out of nothing, and arranged it according to his own will for the purposes for which it was intended, than to conceive that it required any duration of time in which it was necessary for the Almighty to "work his sovereign will," in order to manifest his wisdom and power.

Close reflection on the subject must, we think, satisfy those who weigh it candidly, that it is in no small degree derogatory to the character of the Divine Creator to suppose that he should, without sufficient and weighty reasons, proceed in the mode which the advocates for a gradual creation describe. Besides the express declaration that he "created," (a term of much more limited import than these persons are disposed to concede,) it must be apparent, that as, according to the evident economy of the Divine government, every arrangement is for the benefit or punishment of intelligent creatures, he cannot be supposed to form any creature for the mere purpose of animal life and enjoyment; for however

full and minute the instances of it may be in this world, it is surely a sufficient reason that they were necessary to develop fully to man the wisdom and power of his Maker, and to confirm him in that humble reliance upon both to which Revelation points and leads him, and therefore to imagine that successive ages of the creation of beings occurred, to which no other properties are assigned than animal life and enjoyment, must certainly appear as an exercise of creative power without apparent reason or design. They are not, however, represented as necessarily connected with the organization of the strata, but living in it while in a pulpy, semi-indurated state; a condition, by the by, which could neither be conducive to life nor enjoyment, and one which still further stamps the idea with a degree of improbability and puerility, from which no arrangement of fossiliferous remains can free it.

We conceive that God called the elements and substances of this world into existence from previous vacuum, expressed by the words, "the Spirit of God moved upon the waters," or fluids; and, at the same moment, that subtle, ethereal fluid, termed light, the properties of which are not yet fully understood, assigning it a distinctive character as the index of night and day. The next creative act appears to have been the formation of those gases which, by their elasticity and pressure, separate the waters on the surface from those above the earth, and which are necessary to the development of light and heat. By the same command the particles of earth were gathered together, and the molecules of water made to cohere and arrange themselves in their proper position.

The earth thus prepared for its garniture, was by the Divine fiat instantly clothed with appropriate verdure: trees, plants, shrubs, and fruit, in their perfect condition; and thus was completed the labor of the third day. The Almighty, we suppose, then placed those bright orbs which surround our world in their spheres and positions, not for habitation, as we conceive, but for the purpose expressed in the Mosaic account, to give, by the action of their rays on the already formed ethereal fluids, that light and heat the earth and its clothing needed, and for a constant celestial exhibition of Jehovah's wisdom and power, which should forever baffle the keenest search of man's scientific ken, and thus hide pride from him in the contemplation of God's wonderful works! Some ground for the modern geologist's theory of a gradual succession of animal being is certainly exhibited in the account of the formation of living beings, the fish of the sea and rivers, which are the lowest in the scale of creation, with the winged inhabitants of the air, being the first to occupy the now prepared waters and sky, but there is no inconsistency, either physical, logical, philosophical, or Scriptural, in supposing that their formation was but the work of twenty-four hours, instead of a succession of years or ages, for the one is as easy to the Almighty as the other. The mammalia, reptilia, and insecta, were then in like manner brought into existence and made ready for the service of man, who, as the most important inhabitant, was last created; and as he came into existence a perfect being of a superior order, we must believe that everything surrounding him was perfect, for it is positively stated that it was "very good," which could not be predicated of the state of the earth, as some geologists describe it, at the period of man's creation, for then, according to their showing, it was "very bad;" a disorganized mass of matter, the wreck of former worlds. It is more likely, however, we think, that the Almighty arranged the materials of our world so that their specific gravities should poise the earth on a true center, and cause it to revolve in equatorial equilibrium in its orbit, for there are several circumstances which lead to the belief that previous to the Noachian Deluge there were neither high mountains nor rain, and the present geographical structure seems also to sanction the probability that the sea was collected in two polar basins. The effects would be, that the equatorial rays of the sun would be more extensively refracted by the denser atmosphere, while the heat would be mitigated by cool vapors from the polar oceans, and the need of rain thus supplied by heavy, refreshing dews, with which, we are informed, God at first watered the earth. If there were any extensive elevations, one may suppose their ranges to have been under the equator, by which the general climate of the earth would be rendered more equable and vegetation flourish to an immense extent. These ranges were, doubtless, also diversified by pleasing undulations, and probably some eminences,

but the whole scene was changed by the Deluge, which we conceive the only agent employed in that disturbance of the earth's strata which gives birth to the science of geology. The object of that dreadful catastrophe appears to have been the removal of the guilty race of daring rebels from the surface of the earth; and such an alteration in its surface and climates as should impose severer toil and greater privations on the human race, and so far separate them by continents and islands, as to prevent any such future exhibitions of pride and luxury on the one hand, and bloody and devastating wars, despotisms, and crime, unchecked by circumstances interposing a barrier between him and his lusts on the other.

The alteration of the climates consequent upon the deluge curtailed also the period of human existence, and affected the population and intercourse of mankind, for, as we suppose, that previous to that event the earth was without polar declination, and consequently under the constant influence of an equatorial sun, its climate was equable and its atmosphere salubrious, promotive of human vigor and longevity; because unaffected by extreme moisture or cold, or deranged by local miasma or insalubrity.

We suppose, then, the earth to have been composed originally of matter in a pure state, arranged agreeably to the specific gravity of its elements, and forming a solid body covered with a deep, rich layer of soil, on which a luxuriant and abundant vegetation was continually developing its beauties and fruits for the sustenance of men and animals, mingled, it is true, with noxious plants equally prolific as a curse and punishment of its guilty inhabitants. Had the mere destruction of the then race of men been the sole object of the Deluge, God might doubtless have accomplished it by means which should not at all have affected the organization of the globe. He might have swept them off by the pestilential breath of a destroying angel, leaving only Noah and his family to re-people the earth; but the circumstances of the climate and fertility of the earth appear to have been too favorable to the development of that sin of man's carnal nature, which caused the Almighty to declare "that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually," for indolence, pride, and luxury, arising from the facility with which his wants were supplied, had so strengthened his evil desires and habits that he had forgotten his Maker and deified himself.

It became necessary, then, by that process upon which the Divine mind determined to re-arrange the matter of the earth so as, by materially altering its condition, through the elevating its mountains and depressing its oceanic basins, to make it difficult for man ever after to obtain the supply of his wants independent of continued labor, or to live long without the casualty of impaired health, or to obtain free and unrestricted intercourse with his neighbor without risk and difficulty. Whoever takes a glance at the geographical lines of the present earth, and connects them with the subsequent history of the human race, must feel convinced that not only was the general alteration in the earth's surface thus made subservient to the Almighty's high behests, but even its minutest outlines and strata so controlled as to be applied to important purposes in the developments of his plans of providence and grace in reference to nations and individuals. Who does not observe the control of Infinite Wisdom in the arrangement of that mysterious desert through which God's own people were to pass, and in which they were to be sustained for upward of forty years while on their journey to the land promised to their fathers, as an evident type of God's more mysterious and important control over and sustenance of his people in their journey through the wilderness of this world to the heavenly Canaan?

Who cannot perceive a reason for the northern contiguity of the Old and New Worlds, preparing the latter for the reception of the redundant population of the former, and the depression of those immense interior basins which constitute the great chain of grand lakes and rivers that characterize its surface, and which correspond to others in the Old World of different construction, but evidently for similar purposes? The river and mountain barriers of nations, on the same principle of omniscience and prescience, may be seen as a part of the Divine plan in re-arranging the earth's strata preparatory to the occupation and operations of men, and thus presenting a strong objection to that process of reasoning which would ascribe such circumstances to secondary and for-

tuitous causes, and represent the Almighty as continually organizing and destroying his works, and capriciously adapting them to man's philosophic theories. The elevation of high mountain ranges in the midst of great continents was evidently designed to form them into large refrigerators and condensers, in order to mitigate the heats of equatorial tropical climes, and to irrigate the surrounding valleys by the rains which they condense. We suppose, then, the world was originally constructed in layers of matter of different specific gravities, increasing in weight to the center, and corresponding to that general gravity which astronomers ascribe to it in measuring its attraction.

By the Deluge the race of sinful men were to be totally destroyed, with the numerous animals and birds, and the luxuriant vegetation and fruits which had conspired to gratify his lusts and feed his vices, and swept away with a flood of waters, by which also the crust and climate of the earth were to be altered so as to render the toil of labor more severe and the changes of climate greater in that stricter state of probation to which man was subsequently to be subjected. We suppose this flood to have been effected not only by the descent of continued rain during the period stated, but by the eruption and elevation of a large portion of the ocean through the gases which would be generated in the process, and which, like gas admitted into a large pneumatic trough, causing it to overflow, would increase the elevation and affect the dissolved debris into which it would mingle. These gases would be at once created by the introduction of the descending rain and the swelling rivers through chasms opened in the earth's surface to the minerals which are the basis of the alkalies and earth, the admission to which, it is well known, would create, by their rapid chemical affinity for oxygen, a heat which would be sufficiently powerful and extensive to decompose the hardest primitive substances, and so saturate the risen mass of waters as to form at once those mighty masses of crystallization which are found in the granitic peaks of the Alps, the Himalayas, and the Andes. These, in their eruption and elevation, would throw aside, by the action of the consequent ebullition and wash of water, all the destroyed animals and vegetation surrounding them to a great distance from their locality, accounting, as we apprehend, for those specimens of tropical animals and vegetation found in the north polar regions and elsewhere. A mighty laboratory would thus be created of amazing and extensive power, which would destroy, alter, or modify all the bodies with which it came in contact, and in its throes and discharges cause many of those affections which are perceived in the trap and other formations succeeding the primitive.

After mingling the elements of granite and gneiss, these chemical agents would exert their influence upon the formation of basalt, schist, and also pure sandstone, and having spent their most powerful explosions upon these descriptions of matter, would operate in the construction of the oolitic and cretan rocks, mingling in their composition those grains of matter which originate their name, and those modules of flint or oxide of silicon which occur therein. Following eruptions of the gaseous forces we suppose to have been employed, together with the influence of the sulphurous and gaseous acids which they would necessarily generate to decompose the surrounding vegetable and animal substances, and either mingle them in the masses of the debris of lime and sandstone, or keep them in distinct masses of disorganized matter. The quantities of gaseous vapor evolved would, where it entered into the debris of lime and sandstone while in its pulpy and semi-fluid state, be retained, and form hollows or chambers of corresponding size and structure, and when the whole of that awful and extensive catastrophe was completed, and the swollen and universal waters began to subside, then commenced that deposit and subsidence which has left its graphic marks upon the whole of our globe. The subsequent subsidence of the waters and the shrinking of the lower deposits would further carry the debris and loose matters into the valleys and hollows, and where the beds of the large rivers were scooped out by the force with which they rushed toward the gulfs and seas, into which they were finally discharged, and leave on their banks those fertile alluvial plains which now characterize the Mississippi, the Ganges, the Nile, the Niger, and other large rivers.

The sulphurous acid gases, in violent

operation during the catastrophe, would also destroy the animals and bury them among the debris of decomposed lithium, sandstone, etc., and leave those organized substances which, after the decomposition of their parts and pressure of the surrounding mass, are now the objects of so much speculation. Some of these would be destroyed and submerged at an earlier and some at a later period of the catastrophe, and their submersion would depend upon their contiguity to the mass in which they became imbedded, and the action of ferruginous and petrifying water would then complete their induration, and form those organic remains, at present the objects of geological research. The univalves and some of the lacertæ and reptilia would be nearest the localities in which the first eruptions took place. The smaller mammalia and marine animals would afterward be drawn to the vortex of the eddies which the projection of the secondary ranges of hills would create, and be deposited in the surrounding matter, while the rising waters would greatly add to the quantities of marine substances, which would thus be brought from the polar ocean in its rush to fill the chasm created by the subsidence of the basins of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the elevations of the Eastern and Western Continents.

As the granitic and primitive rocks were drawn up from the depths of the former strata, they would naturally bring up with them those metals which, according to their specific gravity, would lay furthest down, and we might as certainly expect to find them comparatively free from oxydation in the interstices of that formation, and this is precisely the position in which they are now found. Gold, platinum, copper, and lead, are found in eccentric veins in the laminæ of quartz, hornblende, or schist, and not among the deposits of sandstone or tertiary strata. These unoxydized metals are represented by modern geologists as depositions belonging to a period of aqueous infiltration, by which the veins and vesicles were filled after the consolidation of the trap, and as they cannot account for their appearance thus, because it also appears in true veins of the metals and in nuggets or dentritic masses, they endeavor to explain it by ascribing it not to igneous causes, but to electro-chemical agencies decomposing some soluble salt, although there is an evident want of a conducting surface. Very ingenious plans and sections have been also drawn by modern geologists of strata discovered in one region passing under the intermediate strata, which is represented as superjacent and independent; but as no proofs can be presented of such occurrences, they must be regarded as merely fanciful, and proposed only to build up an adopted hypothesis. Equally ingenious theories have been instituted also to account for the marine deposits and organic remains occurring in some valleys, as by supposing them to have been the beds of former oceans; but these are evidently unnecessary, when it is recollected that even in the earlier stages of the deluge, and during its progress, the whole surface of the world formed the bed of a vast, universal ocean, in which it was quite possible, and more than probable, marine deposits, and their organic remains, would occupy what are now considerable elevations.

As we suppose that after the rupture of the fountains of the great deep the principal and most important changes in the surface of the globe took place, we think the process is pretty clearly pointed out in the facts which are now developed. The peaks of the highest mountains are naked and bare on account of the rapidity with which the waters left them, and took away the floating debris they contained. The subsequent subsidence of the waters would cause the opening of the orifices of those caves which the gases we suppose to have been in operation, had created, and leave the indurated lithic mass in its present state, while the rush of the surface waters into their innermost recesses would carry into them the floating carcasses of animals which would happen to be near, and deposit them on the floors of the cave.

Following the waters in their descent, we should expect that the semi-indurated and deposited matter, as its watery particles evaporated, would shrink toward the lower levels and the earth's center, and this we find to be universally the case. We suppose the coal formations to be the decomposed and carbonated vegetation of the antediluvian world, which, being buried under layers or strata of the debris of surrounding matter, has been in such large masses walled in for the benefit of succeeding ages. If the experiment be tried,

it will be found that wood and vegetation may be carbonated into the very appearance and substance of coal by exposure to the fumes of sulphuric and other acids; and if this be done when the sap vessels are full, they will exhibit all the characteristics of true coal.

Another description of vegetation is found on the surface of the earth, which has given rise to many conjectures and to various theories, but which, we think, may be classed among the geological results of the Noachian deluge. It is the peat, mosses, bogs, or swamps, which occasionally occur; some of them of considerable extent. We suppose them to have been masses of the wreck of the vegetation of the antediluvian world, which have escaped carbonization and submersion, and which, after floating about, but kept together by the whirl and stream of the subsiding waters, have been deposited where they are found, most generally over roots and trunks of the trees to which they had belonged, and including nuts, acorns, and seeds, which show that their destruction occurred when in a state of complete growth and ripeness. Some portions of the subsiding waters would be destitute of alluvial matter; and hence we find on some parts of the surface of the globe, extensive desert wastes, which appear to be left for a later and more refined age to cultivate, or to convert to some useful purpose; but the large mass of lighter alluvial deposit is generally found where we might naturally expect to find it, in the valleys through which large rivers discharge their waters, and on the banks of streams which are their tributaries, or in the glens and cavities of the secondary ranges of hills, which would not have been the case if such deposit had been the result of succeeding generations of strata.

But we are told that organic remains are discovered in some of the strata of mammalia and reptilia which do not at present exist; and that they belong to creatures quite different from the present race. Very possibly; but if we reflect that many of these remains are so distorted by the immense pressure they have endured, and frequently so few and scattered as to represent almost any form the imagination may conjure up, we cannot place implicit confidence in statements based upon such feeble grounds. Then, again, it is not difficult to suppose, that though two of every species of the animal creation were preserved in the ark, yet that, owing to the scarcity of herbage and plants, which would immediately follow the entire subsidence of the waters, many of the larger kind, in wandering to their peculiar climate, would die and become extinct; and although God had, in order to show that his only controversy was with the human race, preserved them in the ark; yet, because of their unfitness to be cohabitants with man on the newly-arranged earth, he permitted them to become extinct.

It is a favorite theory with some modern geologists, that the center of the earth is one vast mass of fiery matter, which occasionally finds vent in volcanic irruptions, and is the cause of the peculiarly high temperature of the air in mines and caves; but this theory may be shown to be erroneous, from the consideration that, if once the inward fire found vent, its force and heat would so overcome the atmospheric pressure, as to cause so continued a discharge as to exhaust completely the mass of igneous matter. But the heat of volcanoes is satisfactorily accounted for by the access of water to the metals which are the bases of the alkalies and earths, as any one may satisfy himself by examining the boracic acid springs of Italy, or any other hot springs, where streams and rivulets percolating through the strata, and coming in contact with beds of sulphur or pyrites, create a heat which causes the most powerful explosions of gas and water. The Almighty does not require an alchemist's mysterious internal fire, nor a geologist's mass of flame, to redestroy the present world. He has the stores of vengeance in his hands, and by the simplest instruments can burn up this terrestrial frame with all its buildings and treasures. The warmth of mines may be the result, in the first place, of the absence of atmospheric air; and, in the second, of the pressure of the weight of the extra column of air on their floors, and of the influence of moisture on the beds of sulphur and pyrites in their strata.

We conclude with the single remark, that any system of geology which conflicts with the Bible, or which requires a fanciful and forced interpretation of its revealed truths, is at best suspicious, and that it is unwise and imprudent to place it before those who are earnestly inquiring, What is truth?

MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH.

A FEARFUL DREAM.

ONE day, a little later than his usual hour for returning, Adam Grainger came bustling in, tearing up the stairs four at a time. His wife was in the drawing-room, one of her little children on her knee.

"How are you, Margaret? All right, I see. What have you got for dinner?"

"For dinner!"

"Because I have asked Little. He'll be here in a minute or two."

"To-day! I wish I had known. There's no time now to make any addition."

"O, Little's not particular. He will take pot-luck. I told him so. Really, Margaret, the vista opening to that man is truly astonishing."

Mrs. Grainger laughed.

"Indeed—there's his knock! Pack off that child, Margaret. Stay! I'll ring the nursery bell."

George Little was a man of forty; but, in spite of his having attained that sober age, he was in no settled condition of life. The fact was, his was a nature too enthusiastic for common business. He had tried his hand at many things; schemes chiefly; and could not be said to have succeeded in any. Either he had grown tired of them, or they of him. He had always some new project on hand. He was good-hearted, good-natured, and good-tempered; a little, quick man of rapid, eager speech, with a keen, dark eye, set deep in his head, and plenty of intellect above it. Just now he was wild—*wild*—about the mining schemes he had got hold of.

"Such a thing, ma'am!" he protested to Mrs. Grainger, when he was fairly launched on his subject after dinner, and his earnest look and tone proved *his* perfect faith in what he asserted, "such a piece of luck that is not met with once in a century! You have heard of Trebeddon?"

Mrs. Grainger had heard the place mentioned by her husband.

"It is only recently the discovery has been made," continued Little. "There's a princely fortune, ma'am, for a dozen people and for families after them, down to, I don't know how many generations, for one cannot calculate it."

"The mines are copper, I believe?"

"Copper and tin, Margaret," broke in Mr. Grainger, in an equally eager tone with his guest.

"But is there no risk for those entering on these enterprises?" inquired Mrs. Grainger.

"Not the slightest, if the thing is worked properly," answered Mr. Little. "It is as safe as the bank."

"But I have heard of large fortunes being lost in mining speculations," she urged.

"Of course you have, ma'am. Set a man, or a body of men, to any business they don't understand, or have not the proper ability to conduct—say, only a shop of sweetmeats—the business will soon fall to the ground, and they with it. It is precisely the same thing with regard to the management of mines. A set of people, who know nothing about it, go hot-headed to work: they sink money here, and shafts there; the first recklessly, and the last wrongly. They can't get at the ore; or not in sufficient quantities to pay; the money keeps going out, and nothing comes in; soon they are at a stand-still for want of capital; the thing is talked about on 'Change as a mad speculation, and the public turn up their eyes, and wonder men can be so green. But the public forget that the valuable ore is there still, snug in its rich beds, and that the speculators have only gone the wrong way to get it out."

"Just so," applauded Mr. Grainger.

"They must be a profitable source of wealth when they are judiciously managed," remarked Mrs. Grainger.

"Ma'am! the profits are too vast to be estimated," said Little. "One's mind gets lost in the contemplation."

"I hear you are progressing well in these new mines of yours," she returned.

"More than well," answered he; "they will soon prove a source of incalculable wealth. They abound in minerals of unusual value. The lodes already opened, both of copper and tin, are of superior quality: there's one beautiful lode of gray copper ore, the specimens of which do one's eyes good to look at."

"And that won't be long first, eh, Little?" said Mr. Grainger.

"Very shortly now. Then, ma'am, in the south strata mine the lodes are numerous; and so promising! There's the Wheal Bang, and the Wheal Providence,

and the Wheal Round; but I need not enumerate them. The Wheal Bang, at the adit level, which is about twelve fathoms below the surface, is four feet wide, and shows a splendid gossum, soft sugar spar, iron pyrites, and rich copper ore. The gossum and quartz are of the finest description."

"I don't understand all these names," interrupted Mrs. Grainger, laughing.

Mr. Little laughed too. "Well, ma'am, I suppose you don't; they are not in a lady's way. But I can assure you they are all there, and I look upon it as the fortunate hour of my life when I was permitted to drop across them."

Mr. Grainger was beginning to look upon it as the fortunate hour of his. He had been bitten with the mania of speculation, and the disorder was taking rabid hold upon him. He had said to his wife that he felt induced to embark his spare cash in the scheme, and he forthwith hastened to do so. It was not much; and well had it been for Mr. Grainger had he embarked nothing more. But he lent his name, he lent his energies, and he lent his mind.

He held a lucrative appointment in one of our first-class insurance offices, which his father had held before him. His salary was already large, and it was a progressing one, enough to satisfy the moderate wishes of a reasonable man.

A few more weeks went by. One evening, upon coming in, Mr. Grainger said, "I saw Little to-day, Margaret, and he says they have begun to sink the whim-shaft."

"Whim-shaft?" echoed Margaret.

"About sixty-five fathoms east of the big engine shaft, in the Great Tin Lode, last discovered," ran on Mr. Grainger, too hurriedly to stop for explanation. "That tin lode is of exceeding richness, he says, and from nine to eleven feet wide, ten fathoms below high-water mark: and it is so situated with the adjoining lodes that one engine will work the whole. You don't understand, I see, Margaret."

"It must be running away with a deal of money, Adam!"

"Of course. But only think of the returns!"

The following morning, upon Mr. Grainger's entering the office of the insurance company, at his customary hour, he was requested to walk into the directors' private room. Two of them were there, the chairman and Mr. Phelps. They were growing in years now, and had been directors in his father's lifetime.

"Mr. Grainger, take a seat; we have requested you to step in here for the purpose of answering a question or two that we wish to put to you. Do you know anything of this?"

The chairman, as he spoke, opened a printed sheet of paper, and set it before him. Not a second glance at it needed Mr. Grainger. It was the flaming prospectus of the Great Trebeddon Mining Company, which had been issued forth to the public, his own name appearing in it as large as life.

The chairman laid his finger upon the spot. "'Adam Grainger, Esquire:' that must be you."

"It is, sir."

"Did you not know that it is a rule of this office that none of its clerks, superior or inferior, may connect themselves, in any way whatever, with any private or public company?"

"No, I did not," said Mr. Grainger, the color flushing into his face at being, as he looked upon it, dictated to; he, a man of five thousand a year in prospective!

"That is strange. Your father knew it well. I think it must have escaped your memory."

A dim recollection began to come over Mr. Grainger that there was some such rule in existence. He had completely forgotten it.

"My being connected with the mines cannot make less efficient my services here," he said.

"That is not the question," interposed Mr. Phelps. "The rule is the rule, and all must abide by it. If you are suffered to transgress it, why may not every one else in our employ?"

Mr. Grainger bit his lip.

"Besides, your being connected with an excitable scheme like this, does render your services here less efficient," observed the chairman. "Your thoughts are naturally given to this new business, and taken from your legitimate duties."

"It is not a *scheme*," fired Mr. Grainger; "it is a tangible, *bona fide* undertaking. The mines are second to none for richness of ore; they will yield immense returns."

"They don't yield them yet," curtly

remarked the speaker, looking at Mr. Grainger through his spectacles. "I suspect they are absorbing funds, instead of yielding them."

"Of course they are, sir, at present. Nothing can be done, in any business, without an outlay at the first onset."

"May I ask how much of it you have contributed as your share?"

"All I had," was the answer. "About fifteen thousand dollars."

"Ah. Take my advice, Mr. Grainger, let your fifteen thousand dollars go, and say nothing about the loss," said the chairman. "In after years you may count the loss a gain, if it shall have taught you prudence."

"Ay, ay," nodded Mr. Phelps; "let it go, let it go."

"Let my fifteen thousand dollars *go!*" ejaculated Adam Grainger, believing the two gray-haired gentlemen before him must be candidates for Bedlam. "What for?"

"You will never get a shilling returned upon them, and you'll only plunge deeper into the mire."

"Have you heard any ill of the mines?" Mr. Grainger scarcely dared to inquire.

"Nothing at all; but we know the nature of these things. We are unacquainted with the 'Great Trebeddon' except from this prospectus, and from the advertisements."

"I thought it could not be," he said, in a relieved tone. "It is the finest prospect, sir, that has appeared for years."

"If it is like other mining prospects, it will be 'fine,'" observed the chairman. "They generally end in the ruin of all connected with them."

"Two ignorant old savages!" was the mental compliment of Mr. Grainger.

"However, to bring the matter in question to an issue, Mr. Grainger. It resolves itself into this: either you must give up the Great Trebeddon, or you must give up your post with us."

"I have been contemplating the probability of my giving up my post here later," he replied.

"It must be one or the other *now*," cried the chairman.

Mr. Phelps rose and laid his hand on the younger man's shoulder. "I regarded your father with no common esteem," he said, "and for his sake—and, it may be, a little for your own—I take an interest in you. *Be persuaded.* Look upon this new scheme with our eyes of experience, and remain with us. You will do so, if you know when you are well off."

"I expect in a short time to be clearing my five thousand a year from these mines," said Mr. Grainger, in a low tone. "There are not many of us in it, and the returns to be divided will be enormous."

The chairman coughed, not a pleasant cough to Adam, for it sounded full of mocking unbelief. "We shall be sorry to lose your services, Mr. Grainger," he said, suppressing its sound. "Rather than do so, we will make it better worth your while to stay with us: your salary shall be raised. Reflect well before you reject it: a bird in the hand is worth half a dozen in the bush, remember."

"I thank you greatly, sir. But I would not give up the prospects opening to me on any account."

"Take till next Monday to consider," interposed Mr. Phelps. "We do not insist upon your answer to-day."

"If you prefer to receive it then," was the somewhat ungracious reply, "but it will be the same."

"Understand one thing, Mr. Grainger," said the chairman, in a sharp, decisive tone, for nothing vexed him like obstinacy; "we have gone from our usual course to give you this warning out of regard to your late father: any other than you would have received summary dismissal. If, after this, you do give up your situation in this house, you give it up forever. Under no circumstances will you be permitted to enter it again. I pass you my word for that, as chairman of the board of directors."

"Sir," returned Adam Grainger, "what could induce me to wish to re-enter it? My fortune will be made."

"Very well, sir. Our interview for to-day is over."

"Until Monday next," added Mr Phelps.

"Margaret!" cried Mr. Grainger, bounding into his wife's presence when he reached home, "it's all done."

He spoke in an unusually joyous tone, and she looked brightly up, expecting, probably, that the first year's profit from the mines had arrived in a parcel.

"Yes! What is it?"

"Those old governors at the office have saved me the trouble of resigning. They

called me in this morning, the chairman and Phelps, to tell me they were ready to discharge me."

"Is that all?" said Margaret. "I suppose they knew you were getting above the situation—in fortune, I mean—and graciously released you."

"O, did they though! They are a couple of slow old tubs, who can't get beyond the jog-trot way of their forefathers. Those sort of folks, you know, Margaret, who would rather jolt in the wagon than risk the railway. They gave me a lecture upon prudence, as keen a one as ever I had from my father, and urged me to send the mines to the right-about, and stop with them."

"Indeed!"

"They would raise my salary, they said, if I would have done with the Trebeddon. And if not—"

"What?" asked Mrs. Grainger.

"There was the alternative of leaving them at once. By Monday next I must do one or the other. They need not ransack their brains as to which it will be."

"So soon!"

"Some old rule they recalled to my recollection, which I declare I had forgotten, that no one employed in the company must put a finger into any other pie. I would not have minded stopping on a quarter of a year longer, till the warm weather has come in and the thing is more afloat. But I don't care about it. It is as well as it is. So in a few days, Margaret, I shall be my own master: a gentleman at large."

"Adam," said Mrs. Grainger, thoughtfully, "do you consider it will be prudent to throw up your situation before you receive returns from the other?"

"I cannot retain it, as I have connected myself with the mines. Did you not understand me?"

"You are *sure* of these returns from the mines?"

"The returns are as sure as if I had them at this moment in my hand. And speedy, too, Margaret."

Still Mrs. Grainger looked thoughtful.

"Well, you understand business matters better than I do. But I wish you could retain your post until the other was assured."

"I have explained why I cannot. And you would not recommend me to resign my share in the mines, I conclude," he retorted, in a sterner manner than he commonly used to his wife; "to abandon my hopes and my money, and all the glorious prospects that have dawned upon us; you would not wish that?"

"No, certainly not."

"As I thought. Then I must adopt the only alternative, and resign my post. Don't look so gloomy, Margaret."

"Did I look gloomy? I did not know it. I was only thinking—"

"What were you thinking?"

"Adam, let me speak out. I know your nature is so very sanguine that I think you see things with a brighter hue than most men. I was thinking, if the Trebeddon mines should not turn out as you expect, if they *should* fail, where should we be?"

"Upon my word and honor, Margaret, you pay me a very high compliment. How long have you thought me a fool? Do you suppose I cannot see my way before me clearer than that? It is not a bit of use talking to women about business," he continued, chafing considerably, "for they can't understand it."

"My dear husband, your interests and mine are the same," she gently said. "If I beg you to be cautious and prudent, it is for your sake as much as ours. Think of the children."

"I do think of them; and of you too. It is for their future that I am anxious to amass wealth. Were I a single man, with only myself to look to, I might go on in the old humdrum way."

Mr. Grainger no doubt spoke as he thought: that if he had nobody but himself, he would be content with his salary. He was unconscious how thoroughly he was mistaken; he was unconscious that the speculating mania was upon him, and that the power urging him on was *not* the future interest of his family, but the fever of the disorder. There is no cure for it, none, until it has had its course. A pretty sharp cure generally comes then.

The time went on to autumn; say, rather, to the beginning of winter. No particular change had yet taken place, save, perhaps, in the manner of Mr. Grainger: anxiety, disappointment, and hope deferred, were rendering his naturally sweet temper an irritable one. The Great Trebeddon Mines could not be said to have failed, and they could not be said to have prospered; they were hovering between

the two. One of the unhappy speculators who had purchased a right in them, was in the habit of likening them to the horse-leech; since they sucked in all the money that could be raised for them, and were continually asking for more. Give, give! give, give! it was their incessant cry: but they seemed determined to render nothing in return. Mr. Grainger had been down to the mines. The first time he remained a fortnight, and had come up enraptured: the second time he remained three weeks, and had come up more enraptured still; the third and last time, he had returned not quite so much so. Mr. and Mrs. Grainger were yet in their house: the period not having come to remove to a superior one, as he had anticipated; though a doubt was arising, now, whether they would stay in it much longer. Perhaps the doubt was arising whether they *could* stay in it.

"Adam," his wife said to him about this time, her face wearing a look of anxious uneasiness, "I really must have some money to go on with. Do you know that the tradespeople are beginning to refuse further trust?"

"What tradespeople?" he fiercely asked.

"None are so attentive as they formerly were; so anxious to send for orders. But the butcher is growing troublesome."

"An ungrateful dog!" exclaimed Mr. Grainger. "Seven years and more have we been good customers to him, and paid him weekly! What does the fellow mean?"

"Adam, don't be cross; that will not mend matters: we must put ourselves in their places before we blame them. It is six months—eight nearly—since they have received any money, and they know you are no longer in the insurance-office. I wonder they have given us credit so long as this. And there is something else being asked for. Though really, Adam, I cannot bear to speak of these things, you take me up so sharply."

"Not you, Margaret," he said, in a softer tone; "but these stupid people vex me with their fears. What is it that is being asked for?"

"The rent," she said in a low tone.

"The rent! What, old Barker?"

"He called when you were gone to the city yesterday. He said he was sorry to be pressing, but he feared you had got into a mess that you would not readily get out of, and of course he must look to his own interest. He spoke civilly."

"Civilly you call it?" foamed Mr. Grainger. "*What* did he say—that I was got into a mess?"

"Mess or mesh: I did not rightly hear, and did not ask him. I don't think he will wait much longer, Adam. Three quarters are owing now."

"The insolent old wretch! Afraid of three quarters of a year's rent—from *me!* The thief must have taken leave of his senses."

"Adam, I do not think you see things quite in their right light. If we were as we used to be, people would not mind waiting years for their money; wait, and never ask for it. But it is the fact of your not doing anything just now, of your not being in a way of making money, that alarms them. If—"

"I won't talk with you any longer," impatiently interrupted Mr. Grainger; "you are as senseless as they are. Not in any way of making money, when you know that the mining operations are going on, and that thousands must be on their way to us! I am astonished at you, Margaret."

He flung out of the room as he spoke, encountering one of the servants outside. "Mr. Little has called, sir," she said. "He is in the dining-room."

"Little! O, that's right; the very man I should like to see. So you have returned?" he exclaimed, shaking hands with his guest.

"Came up last night."

"And how go on things at the mines?"

"Well, slower than we should like to see them," hesitated Mr. Little. "The fact is, there has been more trouble getting these mines in working order than any of us anticipated. Things looked so promising at first."

"Do you mean to say they don't look promising now?" wrathfully demanded Mr. Grainger.

"They are as promising as ever. But the difficulty is to realize the promises. We are at a stand still for want of money."

"Not a complete stand still?"

"I am sorry to say we are."

"Childe must advance it."

"Childe won't. I have just been to him, and he flew in a regular passion, says he washes his hands of the lot, and wished the mines had been in a certain hot place

before he had ever heard of them. But I caught a whisper, down at Trebeddon, that Childe had been burning his fingers with some other speculation, and had not got the money to advance. I firmly believe it is so."

"Colonel Hartlebury?"

"He is cleaned out."

Mr. Grainger sat and drummed on the table. "How much is wanted now?" he asked.

"About ten thousand dollars, we compute—"

"Why it was ten thousand dollars three months ago, and you have had double that since!" interrupted Mr. Grainger.

"It was that influx of water that played the deuce with us. But we now believe, and with reason, that ten thousand would bring the ore into the market. Of course every step has advanced us nearer to it?"

"What is to be done?"

"Can't you give us a little more help, Mr. Grainger?"

"You may as well ask this table for help as me. Those bills you got me to sign, and raise money upon, will soon be due, and I don't possess a brass farthing toward meeting them. It is a good thing Mrs. Grainger knows nothing about them; they would worry her mind night and day."

"We are all in the same predicament," cried Little.

"No, you are not," was the quick response of Mr. Grainger. "You have none of you got bills out."

"If we don't get the ore into the market speedily, it will play Old Gooseberry with us all."

"We *must* get it in, Little."

"I know we must. But I don't see how it's to be done, unless money can be found. There's not five hundred dollars among us, for available purposes."

"Have you seen Green?"

"No. I mean to call upon him when I go back to the city. He can do nothing."

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Grainger. "We must stir heaven and earth about this. It would be desperation for it to fail now."

"And a debtor's jail and the Bankruptcy Court after it," spluttered Little.

Adam Grainger's face flushed hot, and he passed his handkerchief over it. It grew hotter and hotter.

"Better set on and hang ourselves than stand that," added Little, as they went out.

Does anybody remember two remarkable plates in the book of "Martin Chuzzlewit?" The wondrous city of Eden as it appeared in print, and the wondrous city of Eden as it proved in reality. Does he remember Martin's rapture, his uplifted hands and eyes when reverently contemplating the public buildings in the picture; his indignation at Mark Tapley's somewhat suspicious remark, "Perhaps they growed spontaneous?" Just what that flourishing city of Eden, in print, was to the enraptured mind of Martin Chuzzlewit, had the Great Trebeddon mining scheme been to Adam Grainger; and just what the city proved to be when the two expectant travelers reached it—a feverish swamp, a wild ruin—had the Great Trebeddon Mines faded to now.

"But did even this effect the cure, and serve to open the eyes of Mr. Grainger? Not it. Not yet. If he had had fifty thousand dollars at his command, he would still have thrown it into the yawning gulf. But he had not the fifty thousand; no, nor fifty dollars.

Need the reader be told the sequel? The Great Trebeddon Mines proved a failure. Whether from want of copper and tin, or from want of capital to disembowel them, is of no consequence here; they failed, and ruin overtook many who had connected themselves with them. The most perfect ruin fell upon Adam Grainger. Christmas was allowed to pass, and then all the ill came rushing on at once. The bills he had accepted became due, and he was sued upon them; the report of the failure of the mines flew about far and wide; the landlord paid him a visit in the peculiar fashion loved by landlords, and all the tradespeople came down upon him together. And so that was the ending of the Great Trebeddon Mines, and of the happiness and prosperity of Adam Grainger and his home. If some who read this would but take warning for themselves! There are a few such schemes agate now.

o o o o o o o o o

In a short time after his failure, Adam Grainger, being reduced to poverty, came to the horrible conclusion of committing suicide. He lost all confidence in the all-saving power of his Maker, and was unable, like all those who despair of hope, to bear up with his fate. His children and his wife looked to him for succor, and he, believing that he would never more be able to

give it to them, sat down to write them a farewell letter, asking forgiveness for the injury he was about doing them.

An ugly weapon of polished steel was at his elbow, which he had fetched from his bed-chamber. He was writing the last words when a knock at the house-door was heard, and then his wife entered the room, a couple of bottles in her hand. He had deemed himself secure from interruption, and he started like a detected criminal, as he threw his pocket-handkerchief over the razor.

"Adam," cried his wife, "here's a curious thing! The Claytons have sent us a present of some wine."

"Claytons!" echoed Mr. Grainger; "who are the Claytons?"

"The people who live up above, at Lime Villa. I was talking to Mrs. Clayton over her garden-gate the other day about her plants."

"Very strange! What should people send wine to us for?"

"It does seem strange, but there can be no mistake. Their servant brought it, with Mr. Clayton's compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Grainger, and begged they would use these two bottles of wine. We heard he was a wine-merchant. We will open one to-night."

"I tell you there must be a mistake, Margaret. Strangers are not likely to send wine to me."

"O, Adam, they are kind-looking people; who knows but they may have an idea that we are in want? I know it is all right."

"People are not so romantic."

Mrs. Grainger left the room, taking one of the bottles with her. He hoped she was gone for some time, and turned to his journal to write a word of farewell to her.

"The clocks have just chimed nine; in ten minutes, Margaret, your husband will have ceased to exist. My love, my wife, forgive me! and you *will*, for you alone know how wretched has been my existence. Algernon! Isabel! Caroline! Walter! obey your mother in all things; and, when you grow up, cherish and support her better than I have been able to do. I would steal up stairs, and kiss farewell to you in your unconscious slumbers, but that my heart-strings would break with the effort. Margaret, when they are of an age to hear it, pray to them for forgiveness for their father; tell them it was for them, for you, that his sufferings became unbearable. Alone in the world he could have borne and braved all. God bless you all! Margaret, my only love, farewell forever!"

At this moment Mrs. Grainger suddenly returned to the room, several things in her hands.

"Look here, Adam, I have broken in the cork. That's the fault of the fork. What a many things we shall want when we go into real housekeeping again! Had any one offered me a present of a corkscrew this morning, I should have declined it as having no use for it."

"Why, what are you going to do?" he asked. "What's that hot water for?"

"To make some wine and water. I boiled it up on some of Jemima's wood. We shall relish our supper of dry bread now, but it was terribly dry before. We must dispense with sugar, Adam."

"I don't want any wine and water," he returned, speaking irritably, for he was vexed at these interruptions. "I have some writing to do, and wish to be alone."

"Do your writing to-morrow. We will keep festival to-night. It is not often we have wine to keep it on. What a treat after our wretched day!"

Something called her again from the room. In his infatuation he determined not to lose a moment. He lifted the handkerchief, and grasped the razor. Still not in time, for her hand was heard too soon on the handle of the door. He dashed the dangerous weapon back again with a muttered word; it might have been a curse; and, taking up the bottle, shook it about and pretended to be looking through it; anything to hide his confusion, coward that he was. She happened to glance at him, as she sat down the glasses and some bread, and was startled.

"Adam! how strange you look! Quite wild. Are you ill? feverish?"

"I think I am," he groaned, relinquishing the bottle, and pressing his hands upon his temples.

"Some wine and water will do you good. Make it, please. It is all ready."

"Do you give wine for fever, Margaret?"

"Yes, for such fever as yours, which arises from want of support. Make it at once, or the water will be getting cold."

He rose mechanically, and it is proba-

ble that his shaking hand may have poured more wine than he intended into both glasses. Mrs. Grainger silently added additional water to hers, but he drank his; it seemed also mechanically. Suddenly she burst out laughing. He looked up reprovingly, her gay mood did so jar upon his nerves.

"Adam, I can't help it. I was thinking, suppose the man should come for the wine back again, how foolish we should look!"

"You are merry to-night!"

"I am so pleased at our delicious supper. I wish Jemima was not gone to bed. I would take her some; but she has had a hard day's work, and was tired. And for it to come so unexpectedly! We never know what things may turn up."

"Or one hour what the next may bring forth."

She talked on, thankful to cast aside care for one brief moment, but he only chafed at her sitting there with him. The cordial had warmed him, had soothed his broken spirit, and he leaned back in his chair, almost in enjoyment, but his fatal resolution abated not one jot in its force. Hoping to drive her from the room, he kept silence, and at last shut his eyes and feigned sleep. It succeeded, for she left the room, and now the opportunity was come.

He rose upright in his chair, determined not again to lose it. Yet he did pause for an instant or two. His thoughts were turning to chaos; all things of his life seemed to be before his sight, and yet nothing. He stood on the confines of this life, on the threshold of eternity; one minute more, and he would have entered on its mysteries forever. *Eternity? . . . forever! . . his own act?*

He made an effort to rid himself of the thoughts that were crowding on him. He untied his neckcloth, and it fell to the ground. Even in that last moment he was conscious of this, and picked it up again.

He was sick at heart. Suspense, dread, fear, overwhelmed him, shaking him with agony, as one in a convulsion. Yet, with all this, there was no repenting, no turning from his self-willed doom. "Now or never!" he muttered; "if I hesitate I am lost." *Lost!*

He threw aside the handkerchief, and took up what was under it. He raised his hand. One convulsive shudder, and Adam Grainger's spirit was in the other world.

But to what had he hastened? O, horror, horror! The pen cannot write it; words cannot utter it; living, waking beings cannot imagine it. Mercy, mercy, upon him and all such! To be dead, and yet alive; to be in the next world, yet awake to what was passing in this; surrounded by woe unutterable, and hope gone forever! O fool, fool! he had talked in life of "despair," of "hope deserting him;" the film had fallen from his eyes now. As a grain of sand to the desert, a drop of water to the ocean, was the duration of his mortal existence in comparison with eternity. And he had refused to encounter its short-lived trials; he had shrunk from the insignificant frowns of the race around him, suffering, weak, finite beings like himself, and rushed into the presence of his outraged Creator. Did he think to gain heaven by his mad exit? What *had* he gained? O, short-sighted man! O awful, awful!

Adam Grainger had passed by his own act from time to eternity, and the wide flood-gates of retribution were thrown back, and the waters of repentance came rushing on to his soul. He writhed and struggled with the torrent, but on, on it came, and surrounded him. Repentance such as we can feel; what was it to his? He strove to tear himself in his anguish, to curse himself for his rash presumption, to howl aloud in his sharp torment; *but he dared not kneel and pray to God;* he had forfeited that privilege forever. And, alas! how short-sighted had been his wisdom! for, behold, there, at a little distance, was a bright cloud, no bigger than a speck, and he saw that it had been coming toward him, charged with relief and recompense. Now it was arrested on its way, and was vanishing into air, for he himself had rendered its mission futile.

He stood in the spirit, and watched them as they crowded to view the lump of clay which he had cast aside; their comments, though whispered but in the heart, were loud enough to him. When, the first shock of pity past, dastard! wicked! were the best names they gave him. To desert his wife and children! to abandon their helplessness to a world which he had found so stern! His sons, wanting the guiding hand of a father, might grow up degraded men; his daughters

to—what in life he would not have dared to glance at. Woe, woe, unutterable woe! Woe and torture upon his soul, by day and by night, until the hour of doom!

They brought it in "Insanity," and the scanty funeral left the house for the church, bearing the remains to the place where they were to molder. *He* followed in its wake. He saw, now, the utter mockery of the pomp and pride sometimes made to attend the dead. The decorated heads of the stately horses; the velvet trappings sweeping the ground; the majestic plumes rising over the death-carriage; the train of attendants, carriages and trappings, carriages and trappings still again, a long line of them; a coffin emblazoned with enough silver to tempt the cupidity of the living, while what it contains, that for which the show is made, is more loathsome than anything above the earth or below it. But where's the spirit? Following, as his was.

The curate read the service for the dead; little fear that any higher dignitary would attend to bury such as he. "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life—"

He tore about the church in dire anguish; *we* cannot picture such; he would have screamed aloud, but that sound was denied him; he would have dashed himself with frantic violence against the gravestones; all in vain. Until the day of judgment his punishment was confined to mental torture; afterward— In his convulsive throes he swept by Algernon, and the boy shuddered and sobbed; was he conscious that some blighting influence was close to him?

O that he could undo his work! that he could undo his work! He had talked of "tasting the quiet of the grave." There was no grave; the body he had cast off had the grave, not the spirit.

The space around was of awful immensity, beyond human comprehension; its color a dull, gloomy lead. On its confines appeared a glimmering of shining light, telling of the realms he had lost, and of Him who made their brightness; and whenever his vision encountered that spot, a dreadful fear shattered him, such as we can only experience in a dream. The living God was there: the God whom he had rejected; and he knew that he must yet be brought before him for judgment, But not yet; not, as it seemed, for ages; and, until then, he was doomed to whirl unceasingly about, his horrible remorse tearing at his heart-strings. But it appeared that some power was impelling him toward that bright spot now. He struggled to resist; to bear back; no! nearer and nearer it urged him. "It is not time," he screamed; "it is not time!" And with a yell, as of madness, he—awoke.

He awoke. These horrors, which had visited Adam Grainger, were but a dream. When he had leaned his head back in his chair to feign sleep, hoping so to get rid of the presence of his wife, sleep had, indeed, mercifully overtaken him.

The large drops of agony stood upon his brow. He shook, as with an ague, from head to foot. He was still in uncertainty; was all *that* real, or had he, indeed, not lost heaven? Mrs. Grainger, who had been watching him in his sleep, came forward.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he hoarsely gasped, "which is reality? Am I here by your side, a living man?"

"I don't know what can have been the matter with you," she answered. "You fell asleep just after drinking the wine and water, and I think you must have had a troubled dream, a nightmare. You have been so much disturbed in it; and you awoke with a positive scream."

He shook and shivered still, staring in affright. Not yet could he take in the mercy which had been vouchsafed him.

"Adam, look here. I took up your handkerchief to throw over your head, and there lay your razor. What did you bring it down for?"

"Margaret, that razor—" He looked at her, and stopped for utterance. The truth flashed on her mind, and she cried out with a wild cry, as she threw herself on her knees before him.

"O, Adam! what frightful project is this? We have borne much; we can bear more; we will bear all. *I* can, while you are left to me."

He was now weeping tears of relieved agony, thankful for the dreadful vision which had saved him.

"You have destroyed my peace of

mind," she wailed. "With this fear hanging over me, I shall never know another moment's rest."

"I was about to destroy myself, Margaret; I avow it now. And God has saved me by a dream; nay, a vision. I thought I had done it, and the horrors—" He stopped and shivered again. She clasped him tightly.

"Tell it me, Adam."

"I cannot tell it you. No human words could convey an impression of its horrors. But it has saved my soul."

"You will bear all in future, as you have done, without a thought of lifting your hand against yourself? You promise me?"

"Ay, Margaret; bear all and welcome all. No matter what it may be, it will be to me a heaven, after what I have escaped from. How long did I sleep?"

"Half an hour."

"Half an hour!" he echoed. "All that dread horror in half an hour!"

"Adam," she said, in a low voice, "this must have been a fearful dream."

"Ay. Although it came from God."

o o o o o o o o

Several years passed away. By honest industry and trust in God the necessaries first, and then the comforts of life were secured. On the anniversary of the dreadful day the children were all assembled. A feast was provided.

"Children, sit down and enjoy it," said their father. "This day is the anniversary of an eventful era in my life, and I would keep it as one of thanksgiving."

"What event was it?" asked the children.

"One by which I was in great peril."

"Peril of your life, papa?" inquired the eldest boy.

"Yes, Algernon, in peril of my life."

"And who saved you?"

"One that will save all who apply to Him."

"Ah, you mean God. Tell us about it, papa."

"It is not of a nature fitted for your years. You shall hear it when you are men and women."

"Did mamma know it?"

"Mamma did."

"And is it a year ago to-day?"

"It is several years ago."

"I know," cried the dancing Cary. "Papa was run over."

"No, Caroline, I was not run over. I think you stand most chance of encountering that calamity, if you fly about so heedlessly."

"Papa, I expect it was during the time we were so poor. How very poor we were! *You* don't remember much about it," added Algernon, turning to his brother and sisters.

"I do," said Isabel.

"Ay, children, many's the morning I have got up, and did not know where to get you a bit of bread. Give me your hands, dear children, listen to me. I am about to speak to you very seriously, and I wish you never to forget my words. You have spoken Algernon, of the poverty we were in, but you cannot understand half its misery, half its embarrassment. It lasted so long that I rashly concluded I was forgotten by God; my heart, crushed with misery and wearied out, was almost broken, my spirit quite. I was tempted to abandon all, to—to"—here he placed his hands upon his temples—"to abandon you, my children; but a singular event showed me my error, and led me to better thoughts. I no longer imagined I *could not* bear any ill which might be my lot; but resolved *to do so*, and I found that this resolution took away half its hardship. I recalled one of the promises your mamma has often read to you, which I had chosen to forget; that, as our day is, so, if we will it, shall our strength be. From that time I no longer gave way to despair, but struggled on, doing my very best in reliant trust and hope. And—you see, my children, you know how we have been brought through—we have regained all we have lost, even former friends. Content, plenty, and peace are ours, and those dark days are remembered but as a dream."

CHIVALRY is to modern, what the heroic was to ancient times; all the noble recollections of the nations of Europe are attached to it. At all the great periods of history, men have embraced some sort of enthusiastic sentiment, as a universal principle of action. Chivalry consisted in the defense of the weak; in the loyalty of valor; in the contempt of deceit; in that Christian charity which endeavored to introduce humanity even in war; in short, in all those sentiments which substitute the reverence of honor for the ferocious spirit of arms.—*Madame de Staël.*

EARLY IMPRESSIONS—A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

TRULY the lot of childhood is, in many cases, a hard one and a bitter. Foolish mothers, careless domestics, and ignorant nurses, sow in many a young immortal the seeds that produce an untold amount of misery, mental as well as bodily.

From what purports to be a veritable piece of autobiography, which we find in an English periodical, exaggerated as perhaps it is, we condense a brief narrative that will be read by all with interest; and by some, we trust, with profit.

I am a haunted man, descended from haunted mothers. Physiology may say what it pleases, but the nurses are the mothers of the boys, far more truly than the boys are the fathers of the men. When I was a heavy lump of an infant, I had once a nursing mother who climbed up with me in her arms upon the scaffold of a house in course of construction. Of course, as I was a heavy lump, she set me down on the scaffold to rest herself after the fatigue I had occasioned her by my weight. Very naturally, too, as he was very interesting to her and I was not, she gave to the young stone-mason who had asked her up, her undivided attention. Inevitably, also, by the truly infantile law of gravitation toward mischief, I toppled over and fell from the level of a first-floor down upon granite stones. This innocent young damsel was, I suspect, the mother of at least half a score of broken bones in my body. Moreover, I may genealogically trace to her the peculiarities inseparable from a nervous system, some of the cases of which have been fractured and several of its cords crushed and torn. The whole affair is explained satisfactorily by the nursery aphorism, "Brats are never out of mischief."

The mother of my broken bones was the cause of my passing into the hands of the mother of my ghost-haunted mind. I passed many months of my infant life in the large garret of my father's house, which was called the nursery, with a nurse whose sleep I disturbed in the night by my performances in the character of the squalling brat. The authorities, who knew much better that I, decided that I screamed for nothing at all. Determined to secure her needful rest at all hazards, my ghostly mother frightened me into silence by conjuring up ghosts from the murkiest nooks of the night and the wildest glances of the moon. My ghostly mother kept her place a long time, because she managed me so cleverly. Trying unconsciously, perhaps, to cure like by like, long before any fuss had been made about the principle, she told me frightful stories to cure frightful sufferings, and successfully soothed or silenced fits of agony by deliriums of fear.

The ghostly inheritance abides with me, and I know I am not the only possessor of similar heritages. When naturalists enumerate the vegetable and animal existences which follow man everywhere, they omit ghosts. Yet ghosts and sparrows follow men everywhere. The older individuals and communities grow, the more do they become haunted by their ghostly parasites—the comers-back, the beings seen, the specters. The proverb says there is a skeleton in every house, and I fear there are ghosts in every mind.

Delusions, illusions, and hallucinations, are stages on the road to insanity, monomania, mania, lunacy, imbecility, and idiotcy. I may usefully indicate how far I was driven along this road by the artful energy and nightly labors of my ghostly mother. Delusions are produced by the passions which inthrall the faculties whose business it is to guide the mind to truth. My sensations and my judgment were perverted by fear. Illusions are errors of the senses which the mind corrects. When we are first seated in a railway carriage, and it begins to move on, the houses, banks, fields, cattle, trees, seem to be flying away, by an illusion of the sense of sight. An illusion is a perversion of the perceptive faculties to the extent of deceiving one of the senses. When the perversion extends to the brain, the mind, the perceptive faculty, the perversion is hallucination. When I was taught to see in the dark the forms of wild beasts, of tigers, alligators, and serpents ready to devour me, of black men and child-stealers coming to take me, and of aërial forms in white sheets with corpse-like faces inviting me to the grave; my eyes, my faculties, my brain and mind, were trained to serve me falsely and supply me with hallucination. The mother who broke my bones was succeeded by a mother who fractured my mind. Under the sway of hallucination, the sufferer may

hear voices pursuing him, calling him, and threatening him, while he is as deaf as a stone. Under the sway of hallucination, the sufferer, when he is melancholy, sees dreadful scenes, and when he is gay is enraptured with beautiful objects, and all the while is stone blind.

Hallucination is like a waking dream. "A dream," says Voltaire, "is a passing madness." Esquirol says, "The hallucinated dream awake." M. Flourens says, "The wisest man is mad in a dream."

Dreaming is not hallucination, although like it. By means of his dreams, the wise man may be helped to understand hallucination. Hallucination is dreaming awake. Hallucination is the state in which the sensations and the volitions are impotent to correct and control the pictures of the imagination. Hallucination is the permanent impotence of the attention and the will. The machinery of the panorama runs on of itself, because the guiding hand has been struck with paralysis.

My ghostly mother paralyzed my will and my sight. My eyes saw the shadows of the night, and she, by the empire of her imagination over mine, made me behold among them hideous and dangerous creatures. The sense of sight showed me the moongleams, and she made them for me the white dead, who had risen, and who beckoned me away. She hallucinated me by the power of habit. The facility of doing a thing, acquired by doing it repeatedly, establishes the empire of habit. Preparing the way during the day, by the conversation, for the apparition of the night, she dayly perverted my reason, and nightly diseased my imagination, until I was habitually and completely enthralled by terror.

You see, I was a bad child. I cried. After commencing life by obstinately breaking the first nursery commandment, in crying when told to be good, I grew into a wicked child by disliking the exemplary and amiable, the watchful and devoted creatures who scolded and frightened me. I cannot deny having slapped the cheek of my ghostly mother when sweetly told to kiss her before company. It would be tedious to tell how I was flogged and physicked, ridiculed and rebuked, to make me good. Many days of solitary imprisonment in a cellar, and long weeks of solitary confinement in a garret, did not cure the disorders of my imagination. Finally, the household debarrassed itself of me by sending me to day schools.

But I was incurable. At school I found the alphabet invested with a *chevaux-de-frise* of difficulties. The symbols were to me mystic, enchanted, unconquerable, and horrible. When I looked at them as they hung against the wall, they seemed positively terrible. They were painted in different colors upon bits of pasteboard about the size of considerable panes of glass. They were all enchanted. As sure as death, they were all full of devils. When I looked at them, they danced zigzag; their angles went off like forks of lightning, their bows grew like rainbows, and their colors shot like the northern lights. How was I to catch a letter when every one of them could gleam away like a shooting star, a celestial cricket? How was I to learn them when they whirled round in pools of fire mist, with fairies, kelpies, tigers, dragons, ghouls, and ghosts? My schoolmasters having quickly found out the great doctrine of the nursery, that I was a bad boy, treated me as an enemy to be subdued at all hazards. I was their enemy. I was an obstacle to their success, a slur upon their repute, an offense to their vanity. Leather blisters applied on the hands and on the legs, anywhere, everywhere, were ineffectual; and, doubtless to their great astonishment and benevolent disappointment, my ears were pulled and my head was knocked about, without the dispersion of my ghostly phantasmagoria. The bewitched symbols only scowled the more wildly—flashing, flitting, dazzling, grinning, threatening, like the spirit-world of my own midnight couch. With the best will I could obediently bestow, I never caught more than occasional glimpses of the O, and transient catches of the apex of the A, or of the angles of the Z.

At last a schoolmaster studied me. He was a young clergyman who had picked up a few physiological notions during his studies. When he addressed a question to my class, he fixed his eyes on me. I remember well, and hope I shall forever, how he called me up to his desk and spoke gently to me. Observing my utter confusion, he asked my schoolfellows questions about me, and elicited a general opinion that I was not right in the head. Almost dayly, whenever he observed wildness in my eyes, he sent me out to the

playground to play with my marbles and my buttons. After a time, a mild-mannered boy, a year older than I, his nephew, joined me in my amusements. When he had gained my confidence, I intrusted him with my firm and fierce conviction that the alphabet was a hideous collection of specters invented to torment little boys. My theory of human nature was a generalization of my observations of my ghostly mother. I had no hallucinations respecting my marbles and buttons: a fact which was deemed a conclusive proof of my perversity. The kindly boy once drew an A with a bit of stick upon the ground, and asked me defiantly if I could draw such a clever figure. I tried and did. He told me it was an A. I asked him, what is the use of it? He seemed puzzled to say. Drawing the letter A was an amusement which we adopted when tired of buttons and bowls. My Mentor told me one day, as the most recent discovery in his science, the use of the letter A; it was useful in spelling cat—c-a-t. Nothing daunted, I demanded the use of spelling cat when we could say it, plump and full; he triumphantly told me we could not read about cats in books without spelling the word. This gentle boy, whose name I never knew, had a mother who used to stop me in the street and speak kindly to me. She was shabbily dressed, and, ever since, I have felt a grateful gush whenever I have chanced to meet a similarly-looking and seedily-attired gentlewoman. Whether it was in compliance with advice, or because I could play without costing anything a quarter, I was taken away from school and told to play near home.

I played near home for several years. As I grew stronger, the words near home became elastic, and my range of playground gradually extended over two miles of sand shore, and as many of rocky coast. I wandered along the banks of a canal, of several streams, and two rivers. I explored woods and climbed hills. As long as I continued weakly, I found boys generally very willing to fight me. I preferred solitude to their society. I was not afraid of plants, and I became geographically acquainted with every kind of vegetable production, from the red seaweeds of low water among the rocks, to the plants which grow upon the roofs of ancient churches. I knew where to find several kinds of stones. All animals frightened me, except birds. When I first saw a frog leap, I shrieked deliriously. The truth is, I had not a particle of physical courage. Gradually, however, as my health increased, I conquered every fright, and attacked all animals, up to dogs and bulls. I learned courage from stinging insects and pinching crabs. When I approached work-folks, they usually asked me surlily why I was not at school, and I answered, "There is something wrong in my head." Much practical science was taught me by men whose business it was to work stones, plants, and animals, in ways useful to society. I plowed the fields with plowmen; I reaped the sea with fishermen; and I listened to the yarns of sailors and soldiers. I admired everybody and everything. As I gave convincing proofs of sound judgment, my friends declared, generously and unanimously, I had head enough to learn anything.

When about ten years of age, I was sent to school once more; at twelve, I was head of a class of boys of fourteen; and at twenty, I gained some of the highest honors of a university.

My college life did not, however, pass away without a memorable return of my hallucinations. On my first appearance at an examination made annually with antique solemnity, my vanity prompted me to make a needless display of Latinity. For months previously, I worked eighteen hours a day; during the preceding fortnight I studied day and night. When I was called up for public examination by three professors, and was seated in an immense old chair in presence of a large audience of my fellow-students, I felt my nerves giving way. The sway of my ghostly mother asserted itself once more. As I had the passage of Virgil on which I happened to be examined, by heart, I went on, at first mechanically and fluently, until the letters began their old capers—forking, bulging, shooting, flashing, swerving the page, diminishing the type, expanding the book—with clouding, flying, mocking, menacing things between me and it—and I made a dead stop. The examining professor gave me the word I had lost. There was a long pause. At last the professor said: "I am surprised;" and I replied: "Si-si-sir, I can neither see nor hear." No one laughed at me, if I may believe what I was often assured.

However, I have never read a page of Horace or Virgil since I left college, such was the bitterness of my youthful mortification. Prior to my public humiliation, I read Horace and Virgil for the pleasure they gave me; but since I left college I have never construed a page of a Latin classic; my readers can judge whether in this respect I am much like other folks, or am peculiarly a weak and vain fellow. Moreover, my juvenile disease of stammering came back in my trouble; a disease symptomatic of torn or over-stimulated nerves. The affectionate nursery theory of my stammering was, that I was taking time to think what fib I would tell.

Need we add, that there are haunted minds among us, shattered nerves, and bodies distorted; the unhappy owners draining the dregs of the bitter cup pressed to the lips of infancy by ignorance and want of care? And may it not be that there are even at this moment precious little ones—God-loaned cherubs, foredoomed by parental thoughtlessness to the same heritage of woe and sorrow?

FITFUL FANCIES; OR, DREAMING WITH THE EYES OPEN.

MERE matter-of-fact readers may as well pass over this article without perusal. It is not for them. But there are those who will find in Rachel's brief narrative an echo very much resembling mental sounds heard only by themselves, and who will find here portrayed a vision very like the one imprinted upon their own spiritual retina. They will read, and perchance drop a tear, and the tear will do them good:

I have heard people, in talking of their dreams, tell how there is one particular appearance that comes over and over again, under some special circumstance; and how, let them do what they will to ward it off, yet so surely as they lie down under the influence of such circumstance, so surely does the same figure arise in the same places, and enact anew the fragmentary drama, never to be finished in this world. When I say "ward off," I mean that, just by way of experiment, they sometimes try what power they have to put it aside. I do not wish to infer that they have in general any horror of it; I think, on the contrary, they would be sorry to part with it. It is something so peculiarly their own that it gives them an importance resembling that of families who are distinguished enough to have a ghost or banshee; and I am sure they like to tell about it more than anything.

Although I am myself one of these people, I am different from them in a single respect, for I have never yet spoken to any one of a dream I have had for some time now. It was only last night that, awaking from it as the winter storm swept by the house, and wondering whether any one similarly situated had ever experienced anything like it, I determined to set it faithfully down, word by word, just as it happens. It is always in one place this vision comes to me, and at one time, in my own bed-room, sitting in a low chair beside the fire, which, with flameless, palpitating glow, makes a low dream-light in the chamber. Then, when the house is quiet; when the wind goes soughing by; when the little kettle makes its low purr; when the firelight is dimly reflected at great depths in the polished dark old furniture; when I have put on a particular white dressing-gown with wide hanging sleeves and loose neck; and when my hair falls down after the fashion of my girlhood, it is then I find myself face to face with this dream-figure. So quietly it steals in, as if it were some invisible limning within my heart which the sacred home-fire drew forth to palpability upon the surface, that I am unconscious when it first comes to me. I can feel it with its little face upon my bosom long before I look at it with my happy dimmed eyes; and it seems to me as if the star arose over my dwelling as it shone from heaven, ages ago, upon the young Child and his mother, hallowing forever since then the holy cradle of a mother's arms.

I am agitated by no surprise when I first see it, and yet my heart beats fast. It seems to me as if all that had ever been pure and peaceful in my own life, all my fancies, all my hopes, all the love I ever felt or could feel, lay concentrated there before me; as if I had no longer anything to desire; as if my very soul, purified, lay calmly sleeping upon my knees. I am sure if I have any distinct feeling at all, it is that I could die for it; whatever else is in my mind, that is uppermost; I could die for it; and as this thought comes, another dream seems to rise within

my dream, full of wild, incoherent passions of defense; of struggling with armed men, as mothers did in the days of Herod the Tetrarch; of buffeting with the waves; of being torn by savage animals; of flying with bare and bleeding feet, and streaming hair, through the wild night, and holding it ever to my bosom as my exceeding great reward; for the moment the vision comes it brings me a fierce strength, such as does not belong to my nature, which is, indeed, but weak and timid.

From these nightmare fancies I am recalled by a whole series of operations, in which I treat my dream-figure with a familiarity to be accounted for only as a dream inconsistency. I hold him in no more reverence than if he were the waxen baby I used to play at love with. I splash him and puff him; I battle it out with him, with quite a ludicrous sense of my power; the self-assertion of his kicking and crying affords me the most intense amusement through all my flurry. I make no more of compelling his rebellious little fat arms in and out of all sorts of intricacies than if I were the Brobdignag nurse I read of in the story-book long ago. I will have everything about him my own way, smooth and neat, and folded over and tucked in. I am firm in my notions regarding his figure, and finish him off with three yards of bandage, like a young mummy. I never relax a string in the matter of the night-gown, but overcome him with it like a shower-bath of calico, from which he emerges red and shining, and turn him over on his face with an unsympathizing imperturbability that seems almost fiendish in its heartlessness. After this final struggle I have conquered, and have only to fix my flag of victory upon his head by inserting it into his little crimped night-cap, which, with all the letting out of running-strings, is, I am proud to say, I say so to myself, "growing too small for him." So, the cruel task over, my tender-heartedness returns, and with his little hands wandering about my neck, with the fire-light enwrapping us both in its genial glow, with the kettle singing its low lullaby, with the wind passing on its mysterious course, he sleeps his sweet sleep. "And they brought young children to Him that he might bless them." These are the words I always hear as I watch at such a time, addressed, as it were, with something of tender reproach to myself, and telling me that, guided by the little innocent hand, I, too, may come to the golden gate, and receive a share of the blessing.

If there is one thing I am more proud of than another about this dream-darling of mine, it is his feet, always excepting his hair. Indeed, these two points of excellence, belonging to different periods of the dream, for many years lie compressed within the fantastical hour; I rather dwell upon each exclusively in turn. Thus, when first he comes to me, I almost blush to recall the childish delight, the thrill of joy afforded me by the sight and touch of the little rosy warm feet that have never trodden the wicked earth. How I watch them basking in the genial fire-glow; how I kiss them, and fondle them; how it is happiness enough to hold them both within my one hand, and to feel they live!

A little later, and his hair becomes his strong point; that tiny scrap of silken hair that just emerges from his cap. Never was there such a love-lock! It is smoothed down, parted on either side, parted on one side; there is no end to the fashions this morsel assumes, until it grows beneath my hand, and clusters in thick chestnut curls upon the boy's head. After this, the feet retire into complete obscurity, never being visible out of red shoes, blue shoes, sandled shoes, and so on, but once; that is, while he is still a little child, and kneeling in his bed-gown, with flushed cheeks and bare feet, at my knees, lisping my name in his evening prayer.

Soon after this innocent prayer I cease to see myself. I perceive all that is going on equally well, but I no longer have any connection with the scene; I am oppressed with a dreadful feeling of helplessness, and long to cry out and awaken. With an agony of entreaty, I try to fold the child in my arms, but they restrain him no more than the air. I struggle frantically even to touch him, to speak to him one word, to let him know that his own mother stands beside him. But the wind that goes whispering by bears away upon its wings my dull dumb moanings; the flickering fire-light traces no shadow of my outstretched hands. At this particular passage of my dream a picture that really hangs in my husband's study al-

ways shapes itself out of the thickening shadows. It is one of myself; a pale, sad face, with heavy eyes, not pretty, with no happy smiles and bright bloom, such as win children's love; and as they say to the boy that it is his mother's picture, I could find it in my foolish heart to weep bitterly that the painter had been so faithful; that he had not traced fresh, joyous beauty, radiant eyes, and star-encircled hair, so that the boy should think of a guardian-angel whenever he thought of his mother. This is, I think, at once the most sharply-defined and the silliest part of my vision; and soberly awake, I am ashamed to know that it is always here my tears flow with an unvarying certainty.

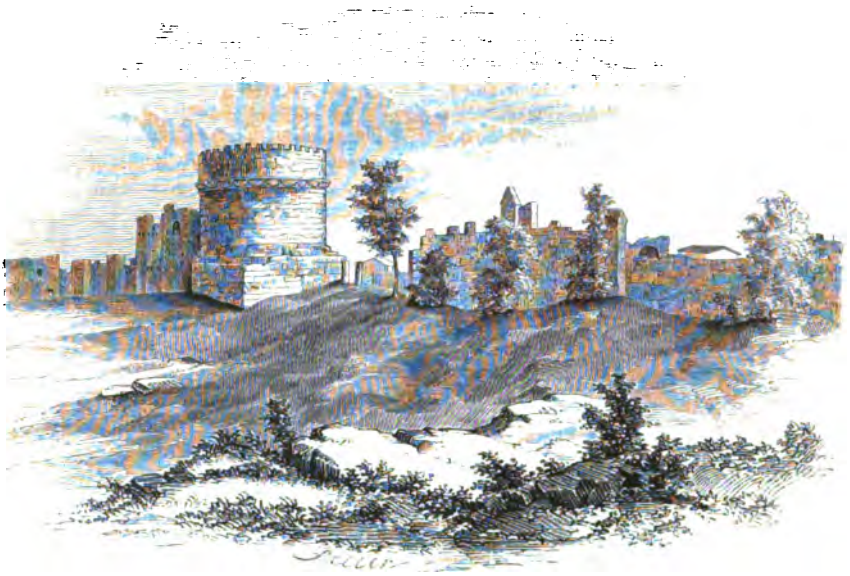
After this, it seems as if the doors that had shut us in together, opened on every side, and admitted strangers, the one who has taken my place in the house, even wearing things that I well know. She is a lady with a stately presence, and with but cold looks for the little ones I see gathering around her, an ill-restrained impatience of the lonely child in the distance. From this I generally fall into a dull torpor of unutterable distress, and see things for some time with all the hurried, flitting, meaningless gatherings and dispersings, intangible shifting, and general incoherence of dream-scenery; but in them all is the boy. He is a fine manly fellow with a grand head and proud, dark eyes; something about his mouth, too, of almost girlish sweetness, but as he grows up, settled into stern compression. For he grows up in this dream of mine, past the unloved childhood, through the dull school-days, uncheckered by the bright intervals of home, that mark the year to other children with so many distinct epochs of happiness whereby to calculate the flying months, on into his premature manhood; so tall that it does, indeed, seem a wild fancy that I could ever have borne him in my arms; so care-worn in this his early youth that none but a mother's eye could detect the lingering traces of his childhood's innocence and repose.

I do not know my son's age. In this wild confusion of time it gives me no astonishment to walk with him at one moment a little lad, with open collar and white throat, dusty, worn-out shoes, and bundle, trudging along the high-road, and turning his face from his father's house forever; and the next to stand beside him in his poor chamber, a lonely, dejected man, over whose head years of disappointment have swept. And from this time I never lose sight of him continuously. By the dying fire-light, in the flickering gleam of his student-lamp, when the wind lifts up its voice and howls like a ravening animal waiting for its prey without, through the dreary nights when, like the Galilean fishermen, he toils in great deeps vainly; then it is given me to stand beside him; to lay my shadowy hands upon his aching head to soothe him, all wayworn as he is with his world-pilgrimage, into rest, to arise in his dreams from the far-off years, and bless him with the holy mother-love.

Here, as I do in my vision, I must stop abruptly. From this point it seems to me that a mist gradually intervenes between us, making things behind at first vague, and by degrees stealing upon their very outlines, and so blending them into an even darkness. Nor does this fading out of the details of my dream-fancy occasion me pain. In proportion as I see less clearly the keen sympathy of my interest decreases, and returns from following the fortunes of the child to a mere consciousness of unspeakable love lying dormant within my bosom; and this love brings him back quite naturally, and without mental effort, to my arms, a little, tender, helpless, sleeping thing, just as I see him first.

My dream thus always commencing and terminating in the same way, has led me to speak as if it were unvaryingly throughout the same, which is not the case. Indeed, why I should have selected such gloomy circumstances to surround him with, in preference to the many bright and joyous ones I see him as often the hero of, I do not know, except that, unconsciously, I have been influenced by a kind of vanity in setting down those that seemed most romantic among my silly fancies, or from the common instinct that makes a child of sorrow dearer to a mother, as I have heard mothers say, than any of her happy ones.

So, with a start, I awake. I am still sitting in the same place, but my fire-light has died into the darkness. It is cold and cheerless. I creep to my bed, and, like Rachel, weep for my children because they are *not*.



TOMB OF CÆCILIA METELLA.

THE APPIAN WAY.

THE *Via Appia!* what visions of ruined tombs, fragments of sculpture, and of decaying human remains arise in the imagination of the traveler at the very mention of this name! This road was originally one of the most celebrated arteries of communication leading from the great capital of the Roman world. Through this the Roman legions passed to numerous conquests. It afforded communication not only with Southern Italy, but also with Greece and the more remote Eastern possessions of the empire. We read in the book of the Acts that when the apostle Paul visited Rome the brethren came out upon the Appian Way to meet him as far as the Three Taverns. Along the line of this road for the distance of many miles Roman tombs were placed; these were often compactly built, of various styles of architecture, forming a street of sepulchers. Some of these are of immense size, others moderate in their dimensions; a few have been identified by antiquaries; others present shapeless masses of brick and stone, about which are often thrown fragments of sculpture, empty sarcophagi, and blocks of marble. The Appian Way was commenced A. U. C. 442.

We are indebted to the present pontiff for recent excavations, which have laid open to the traveler and archæologist this most interesting road, which was for centuries previous so obscured by the accumulation of soil that it was only distinguishable from the waste of the Campagna by its line of tombs.

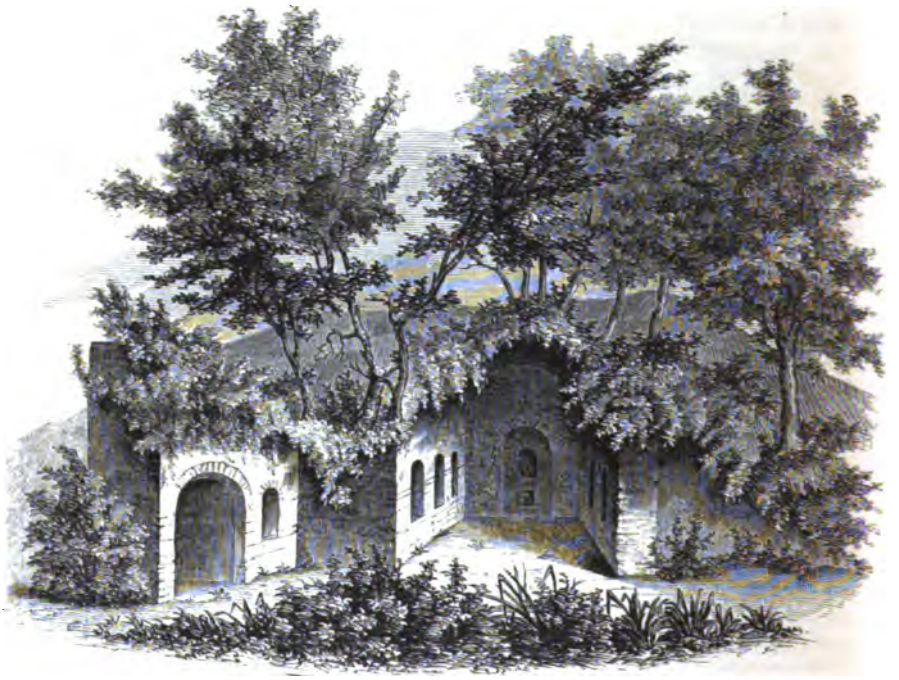
Now we are enabled to trace with accuracy portions of the ancient Roman pavement formed of blocks of volcanic lava, so compactly placed as to defy the centuries of time which have rolled over it. Whatever the Romans did seems to have been done with the firm conviction that theirs was an eternal city. In the newly uncovered pavement the ruts worn by the ancient Roman vehicles can be distinctly traced.

It was on a bright May morning that we passed out the Gate of St. Sebastian to loiter for a day amid the ruins of the Appian Way. So genial was the warmth of the sun, so brightly did it light up the ruined tombs, and so smiling were the wall flowers which peeped out from the broken clefts of the decaying structures, that the charms of nature reacted against the sentiment of gloom which pervade this solemn place.

We stopped for a time at the little church of "Domine quo Vadis." The tradition is that this edifice covers the ground upon which St. Peter in his flight from Rome met our Saviour, to whom he addressed the words "*Domine quo Vadis?*" To which he replied, "*Venio Romam. Iterum Crucifegi.*" In the center of the church is a marble slab bearing a representation of the feet of the Saviour, which are said to have marked the stone where he stood. The original in black lava is highly treasured in the Basilica of St. Sebastian.

"There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity."

The tomb of Cœcilia Metella is one of the most imposing objects of the Appian Way. Standing upon a height, from its circular form and massive construction it arrests the attention at once. The battlements by which it is surmounted show the profanation to which it has been subjected in other ages.



THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

"What was this tower of strength? Within its cave
What treasure lay so locked, so hid? A woman's grave."

Sir Walter Scott has said of the author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," that "the voice of Marius could not sound more deep and solemn among the ruined arches of Carthage than the strains of the pilgrim amid the broken shrines and fallen statues of her subduer."

The traveler cannot visit the Eternal City without being struck with the wonderful power of Byron's descriptions. His residence at Rome, although for such a brief period, (some ten days only, it is said,) seems to have so inspired him that we may look in vain for descriptions to equal his. Who has ever looked upon Mount Soracte without being overpowered by the magical truthfulness of the exquisite image which it suggests to his mind? He says that Soracte

"From out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing."

The once splendid mausoleum known as the tomb of Cæcilia Metella was erected B. C. 66. The circular tower is seventy

THE CASAL ROTUNDO.

feet in diameter, resting upon a massive quadrangular substructure. The basement is composed of small stones and fragments of brick united by mortar of Pozzuolana, the whole strengthened by large keystones of travertine. The circular portion is formed of square blocks of travertine, fitted without cement. The frieze and cornice are elaborate, over which a conical roof is said to have sprung. The battlements which appear in the drawing have usurped its place, and were built in the thirteenth century.

A short walk from the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, across the Campagna, passing the ancient Circus of Romulus, brought us to the Fountain of Egeria. Perhaps the greatest interest with which this place is clothed is derived from the tradition that "it represents the grove and sacred fount-

THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES.

ain where Numa held his nightly consultations with his nymph, and which he dedicated to the Muses, in order that they might there hold counsel with Egeria." Livy is the authority for this tradition. Juvenal also mentions his visit to this valley, and complains that "its original simplicity had been destroyed by artificial ornaments."

The ruin is now clothed with a rich garment of ivy, of moss, and trees, which droop over its opening, producing a singularly picturesque effect. It was the custom of the Romans, until within a few years, to repair to this spot on the first Sunday in May to drink the water, which they believed to possess peculiar virtues. The researches of modern antiquaries have had the effect to detract much from the interest of this picturesque ruin.

But the quiet seclusion and picturesque beauty of the place render the traveler unwilling to be convinced of the uncertainty of the tradition. Mr. Hilliard says:

"The legend of Numa is one of the most genuine flowers of poetry that ever started from the hard rock of the Roman mind. It is the symbol of a truth which psychology teaches and history confirms, that periods of solitary self-communion are necessary preparations for the claims and duties of active life; and that he who would influence men permanently and for good must draw alike from the depths of his own spirit, and from the inspiration of a power higher than himself his elements of encouragement and support."

As I left the solitary vale and glanced back upon its picturesque beauty, the words came to my mind, to which I heartily responded:

"Whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth."

The Casal Rotundo is situated at a distance of about six miles from Rome. This immense circular sepulcher is by far the most colossal tomb outside the walls of the city. It was erected by Aurelius Cotta Messalinus to the memory of his father, M. Valerius Messala Corvinus, the orator and friend of Augustus and Horace, who died in the eleventh year of the present era. This was one of the most wealthy and influential of the great senatorian families of Rome. In the sketch, it will be observed, there is not only a house and barn upon it, but an olive grove of some extent. The tomb is three hundred and thirty-six feet in diameter. The whole was originally covered with a pyramidal roof of travertine slabs.

The ruined Temple of Hercules, upon the Appian Way, is situated about eight miles distant from Rome. It is supposed to be that dedicated by Domitian to Hercules, and to which Martial alludes in his epigrams.

FLOWERS.

They spring unnoticed and unknown,
Mid rocky wilds they bloom,
They flourish mid the desert lone,
They deck the silent tomb.
They cheer the peasant's lowly cot,
Adorn the monarch's hall,
They fill each quiet, shady spot—
O, who can tell them all!

Some o'er the murm'ring streamlet fling
Their blossoms bright and fair,
And there, in vernal beauty, spring,
Fann'd by the fragrant air.
Some 'neath the ocean's rolling waves
In silent grandeur grow,
Nor heed the storm which o'er them raves,
But still in beauty blow.

Some where the eagle builds her nest,
Where man has never trod,
Where even the chamois dare not rest
Upon the crumbling sod—
Yes, there, even there, wild flow'rets grow
In richest dress array'd,
And o'er the clamorous eaglets, throw
Their light and graceful shade.

Mid mountains of perpetual snow,
By icy girdles bound,
Some render'd doubly beauteous, glow,
And deck the frozen ground.
And mid cold winter's angry storm
The snow-drop rears its head,
And shows its pure, unspotted form
When other flowers have fled.

Some on the breezes of the night
Their grateful odors send;
While others, children of the light,
To day their perfume lend.
Some bloom beneath the torrid zone,
'Neath India's sultry skies;
Mid Iceland's mountains chill and lone,
The forms of others rise.

The stately fern, the golden broom,
The lily, tall and fair—
All these in rich succession bloom,
And scent the summer air.
In secret dell, by murm'ring rill—
In gardens bright and gay—
Within the valley—on the hill—
Flowers cheer our toilsome way!

Flowers image forth the boundless love
God bears his children all,
Which ever droppeth from above
Upon the great and small;
Each blossom that adorns our path,
So joyful and so fair,
Is but a drop of love divine,
That fell and flourish'd there.

PERFUMES.

HAVE any of the uninitiated ever had an idea how perfumes were obtained from flowers? It is to many a mystery, an occult art, a pretty kind of alchemy, a mild witchcraft. There is a rough notion of machines, like miniature wine-presses, where the flowers were squeezed, and bruised, and mangled, and made to give up their perfumes in a rude, masterful manner; though it is puzzling to think how mignonette, or sweet pea, or any other flower which lost its odor when crushed or dead, could be treated thus to any advantage. The mystery, however, is now cleared up. Mr. Septimus Piesse, analytical chemist, has written a book treating of perfumes, their modes of preparation and their manner of combination; and whoever reads it may emerge from ignorance respecting perfumery. It is an old subject. Apollonius, of Herophila, wrote a treatise on perfume. He says:

"The iris is best at Elis, and at Cyzicus; perfume from roses is most excellent at Phasalis, Naples, and Capua; that made from crocuses is in highest perfection at Soli, in Cilicia, and at Rhodes; the essence of spikenard is best at Tanius; the extract of vine leaves at Cyprus, and at Adramyttium; the best perfume from marjoram and from apples comes from Cos; Egypt bears the palm for its essence of Cypirus, and the next best is the Cyprian and Phœnician, and after them comes the Sidonian; the perfume called Panathenaicum is made at Athens; and those called Metopian and Mendesian are prepared with the greatest skill in Egypt. Still the superior excellence of each perfume is owing to the purveyors, and the materials, and the artists, and not to the place itself."

The ancients indulged in perfumes much more luxuriously than we do. Mr. Sidney Whiting, in his imaginative and scholarly production, Heliondé, or Adventures in the Sun, fancifully describes the inhabitants of that orb as sustaining life solely upon sweet scents. The more prosaic Mr. Piesse tells us the manufacturing and trade secrets of perfumes.

There are, it appears, four modes of obtaining the perfumes of plants and flowers. The first is by expression—a mode only adopted when the plant is very prolific in its volatile or essential oil; that is, in its odor. The outer rind or pellicle of the lemon, orange, citron, and a few others of the same class, is chiefly subjected to this process. The parts to be expressed are put in a cloth bag, and placed under a screw press; sometimes laid, without any bag at all, on the perforated plate through which the oil is to run. When all the oil is expressed, it is left standing in a quiet place for some time, to allow it to separate itself from the water which came with it. It is then poured off and strained.

The second method is by distillation—a method used for lavender, cloves, seeds, herbs, but not for the rarer flowers, the odors of which are lost by heat; only to be gained, indeed, by loving contact and careful influence. The only notable fact in this process of distillation is that, in France, they apply fire directly to the still; in England, they distill by steam. Excepting for this difference, this mode of chemical manipulation is too well known to need description here. The fire applied directly to the still sometimes gives a burned odor to the distillate, which is not entirely disagreeable in some combinations.

Maceration is the third process. Purified beef or deer suet is placed with purified lard in a clean metal or porcelain pan, a bain Marie, or steam pan. When melted, the flowers required to be used are thrown in and left to remain from twelve to forty-eight hours.; the liquid fat is then strained, and fresh flowers are added. This is repeated as often as is necessary; and the pomatum obtained therefrom is known as six, twelve, eighteen, or twenty-four, according to the strength of the odor. For perfumed oil the same process is gone through; fine olive oil only being substituted for lard and suet. The oils made thus are called Huile à la rose, à la fleur d'orange, etc. Orange, rose, and cassie are prepared thus; violet and réséda are begun thus, and finished by infleurage.

This is the daintiest method of all. Enfleurage, or absorption, is very little practiced in England, though uniformly used in France for all the finest odors. Square frames with glass bottoms, called châsses, are spread with a layer of fat about a quarter of an inch thick; then sprinkled abundantly with flowers. They are suffered to remain forty-eight hours, when a fresh supply of the spent and exhausted blossoms is given; which process is repeated over and over again until the pomatum is sufficiently powerfully scented. For perfumed oil, coarse cotton cloths are saturated with fine olive oil, and laid on

frames of wire gauze. These are treated in the same manner as the châsses; and, when thoroughly perfumed, are placed under a screw press and the oil wrung from them—rich, sweet, flowery oil, such as Juno or Venus might have used, and been proud of, too.

The south of Europe is the perfumer's Dorado. Cannes and Nice are the principal flower-growing places; for there the flower farmer may have any climate he will within a short distance one of the other, and so produce on the mild seacoast the cassie, which one night's frost further inland would destroy for a whole season; while, at the foot of the mountains, his violets are sweeter than if they were grown in the sheltered valleys, where his orange blossoms and mignonette are brought to perfection.

Odors are extracted from various parts of plants and flowers; different in different kinds. Some, indeed, are more varied in their odoriferous elements. For instance, the orange-tree gives three distinct scents, and most flowers give two, according to their manner of preparation. From the leaves of the orange-tree comes petit grain; from the flowers, neroli; from the rind, the essential oil known as Portugal. Again, the orange-flower or neroli, macerated in pomade, is known as orange-flower pomatum. This, chopped up fine and put into rectified spirit, makes extrait de fleur d'orange, which Mr. Piesse says cannot, with closed eyes, be distinguished from the original, and which is one of the most valuable bases to the perfumer—passing, with slight modifications, for sweet-pea, magnolia, and scents of that class. Orange-flowers distilled with water give the otto known as oil of neroli; when procured from the flowers of the Citrus aurantium, called neroli petale; when from the flowers of the Citrus bigaradia, or Seville orange, called neroli bigarade, and ranked of second quality. The petit grain, a quite different odor, is extracted from the leaves and the young, unripe fruit of various species of citrons, and is used for scenting soaps. The neroli petale and bigarade help to form Hungary water and eau de Cologne. The water which was used in distilling the oil of neroli, when freed from oil, is imported as eau de fleur d'orange, a cheap and fragrant cosmetic of three qualities. The first is made from the distilled flowers; the second, of the water used in distilling the oil of neroli; and the third from the leaves, stems, and young, unripe fruit of every kind of orange-tree. They are easily tested; the first turning rose-color under a few drops of sulphuric acid; the second turning rose-color too, when quite fresh; but, after a short time, this chemical result and the aroma both disappear; the third does not change its color at all under sulphuric acid, and smells more of lemon than of orange. The orange flowers are grown at Cannes for pomade, and at Nice for distillation.

Cassie is another valuable agent in the perfumer's répertoire, though not so extensively used as it might be, since it grows exclusively at Cannes, belonging neither to Nice nor to Grasse. Cassie and cassia are often confounded together; but they are totally different. Cassia is made from the outer bark of the Laurus cassia, is not unlike cinnamon in odor, being aromatic and spicy rather than flowery, and is principally used in military soap. Cassie is procured by maceration from the Acacia farnesiana. It is to be found in most of the best handkerchief bouquets, but alone is sickly sweet, and of an intense violet odor. Allspice, called also pimento, is got by distilling the dried, unripe fruit of Eugenia pimenta and Myrtus pimenta; it also is chiefly used for scenting soap, on account of its supposed medicinal qualities. Who does not know the magic virtues attributed to almond paste? But the largest amount of the almond perfume of commerce comes from distilled laurel leaves and the kernels of stone-fruit; also from the skin of bitter almonds. The essential oil of almonds is got from the nut itself; first pressed into a cake, then moistened with salt and water; from the fermentation of this is produced the amygdalin and emulsine contained in the almonds. Laurel leaves and other analogous substances give the same results under the like treatment. Fourteen pounds of this almond cake yield one ounce of essential oil, which then must be diluted with spirit to become pleasant: the concentrated essence being too powerful to be tolerable. It is much used in soap, cold cream, etc., being esteemed as a good cosmetic. Miribane is imitated oil of almonds, made from benzole, (a product of tar oil,) and patented by Mr. Mansfield of Weybridge. This miribane was used for perfuming soap; but it did not succeed; and, after a short

time, the license was withdrawn: since when mirbane, or, chemically speaking, nitro-benzole, has not been applied to any of the general uses of perfumery.

Bergamot, again, is one of the indispensable agents in a perfumatory. Obtained by expression from the rind of Citrus bergamia, it forms the basis of most bouquets. In the celebrated Ess bouquet it is a leading element, though well covered by orris and other ingredients. It is best preserved in closely stoppered bottles, kept cool and dark; which remark applies to all perfumes, excepting rose. The honey soap, which made so many believe in the advent of a cosmetic specific, is but fine yellow soap mixed with citronella; and citronella comes from the distilled leaves of the Andropogon schœnonthus, a weed ranking wild in Ceylon. Dill water, sacred to nurseries, when mixed with rose-water, makes likewise a good cosmetic; the oil of dill also perfumes soap. Cloves perfume soap, as well as aid in forming bouquets. Rondeletia (the Guards' Bouquet) owe their peculiar odor, in chief part, to the oil of cloves they contain. Indeed, many of our most valuable culinary spices are also valuable perfumatory ingredients; mace, (for soaps and sachets;) nutmeg, (otto of nutmeg is one of the principal ingredients in all the frangipanni series;) cinnamon; carraway seeds for soaps and sachets; dried fennel herbs; vanilla; lemon; marjoram—forming origeat oil, used for Tablet Monstre Soap, and by French soap-makers generally; rue, rosemary, mint, and sage; all these serve double duty, one in the kitchen, and one in the still-room of the olden times—in the perfumatory of the modern; besides other herbs which we have not space to enumerate.

Some of our sweetest flowers are not available. Eglantine and sweet-brier can only be imitated, the perfume being destroyed under any process possible. Spirituous extract of rose pomade, of cassie, and of fleur d'orange, esprit de rose, verbina, and neroli oils, are the ingredients which very fairly imitate the eglantine of the summer hedges. Lily of the valley is another unextracted, but imitated odor—extract of tuberose, jasmine, fleur d'orange, vanilla, cassie, and rose, with otto of almonds, making up the masque of this sweetest perfume. Lilies are found to be too powerful, and are not used, though Mr. Piesse says, they might well be brought into combination with other odors; as, indeed, seems patent, even to the ignorant. Wall-flower is not used, but it is imitated; that most delicious fragrance of the clove pink also is only imitated; sweet pea, again, is made out of tuberose, fleur d'orange, rose pomade, vanilla, but of real sweet pea there is none; myrtle is rarely genuine, and magnolia is too expensive to be genuine; but both are imitated, not unaptly; heliotrope and honeysuckle come under the same category, but Mr. Piesse gives instructions for pomade and extract of heliotrope which we trust will be carried into practice. No perfume would have a greater success than genuine heliotrope, judging by the universal love accorded to the flower. Mignonette alone does not give a useful essence. It wants violet, or extract of tolu, to bring it up to market odor. M. March, of Nice, has a spécialité for essence of mignonette; but it does not answer, on the whole, as a trade perfume. Essence of pine-apple is butyrate of ethyl-oxide diluted with alcohol; apple oil is valerianate of amyloxide; and an alcoholic collection of acetate of amyloxide gives the fragrance of pears, which few people could distinguish from the real odor. But these are confectioners' secrets, rather than perfumers'.

Scents are not only imitated; they are adulterated. Thus, the leaves of the Geranium odoratissimum—the sweet, rose-smelling geranium—are used to adulterate the otto of roses sent out from France. And this geranium, in its turn, is adulterated with ginger-grass oil—andropogon—which makes a profitable kind of cheatery; seeing that real geranium fetches about twelve shillings the ounce, while ginger-grass oil is worth the same amount the pound. Syringa makes orange pomatum; and pure violet essence is scarcely to be had. It is to be had, but only at special places, and at an exorbitant price. Cassie, esprit de rose, tincture of orris, tuberose, and otto of almonds, make up three fourths of the essence of violet bought by the unwary. It reads strangely, this adultération of flower scents! It is a sad adoption into the perfumatory of the tricks of the trade current in less beautiful manufactures.

Of all extracts, jasmine is one of the most delicious. A fine sample of six ounces, in the Tunisian department of the

Crystal Palace, was worth nine pounds the ounce. The odor is obtained by enfleurage; as, indeed, how should any other process be employed for a flower so sweet, so fair, so pure? Tuberose, the sweetest flower for scent that blows, is another of the luscious extracts obtained by enfleurage, but needing to be fixed by a less volatile essence. Tuberose alone flies at once; but fixed by vanilla, or some other strong and enduring scent, it is one of the most valuable of the whole list, entering largely into the composition of almost all the most fragrant and popular bouquets. As to these fixing scents, storax, benzoin and tolu, musk, vanilla, ambergris, orris, and vitivert (kus-kus) are the principal ones used; orris especially in the Jockey Club bouquet; in all fashionable dentifrices —in the famous odonto above all—and the rest in their degree in very nearly every composition known. Less pure in scent, but more potent and more enduring than jasmine or tuberose, the leaves and stem of that Eastern herb, patchouli, are also of invaluable service to the perfumer. We all remember the rage there was for this scent a short time ago; and how the whole world was delighted with patchouli in essence and patchouli in powder, patchouli sachets and patchouli bouquets, till one grew almost to loathe the very name of the sweet scent; which, when well disguised and well accompanied, gives such delicious results. The peculiar scent of Chinese and Indian ink is owing to patchouli and camphor; and the test of the real Indian shawl used to be this strange odor, which had not then found its way into the Western world. The shawl could be imitated, but not the perfume; so that all knowing purchasers of true Cashmeres judged by the sense of smell as well as by those of touch and sight. And they could not be deceived in this. Now, with patchouli in the market, and with such splendid fabrics in our looms, who is to know the true Cashmere of the Indies from the spurious Cashmere of Paisley or Glasgow? Vitivert, or kus-kus, the rhizome of an Indian grass, is another importation, which leaves us in doubt as to how the perfuming world existed without it. The famous Mousseline des Indes, which made Delcroix's fortune, was chiefly extract of vitivert; and the Maréchal Bouquet and the Bouquet du Roi owe their characteristic scents to this plant also.

We have spoken of otto of roses, which comes principally from the East. But there is a very sweet, if somewhat peculiar, otto of roses, made of the Provence rose, grown at Cannes and Grasse; the peculiarity of the odor arising, it is said, from bees carrying the pollen of the orange flowers to the rose-beds. The perfume is obtained by maceration and enfleurage. When the powder, chopped fine, is dropped into rectified spirit, it is called esprit de rose. Rose-water is made at Mitcham, in Surrey, but not of any great excellence; lavender and peppermint—the last-named herb, by the by, is the basis of the celebrated Eau botot—holding supremacy there. Peppermint is dearer and more prized, because less cultivated, abroad, than in England. It is the mouth-wash of the continent generally. Speaking of herbs, rosemary is largely used in eau de Cologne and in Hungary water; and sassafras, in a weak solution, is the renowned eau Athénienne, which is supposed to cure all hair defects whatsoever.

Snuff is perfumed by tonquin bean; the odor heightened by ammonia. Smelling salts are made of ammonia, ambergris, musk, civet; and other ingenious sachets have in them orris, vitivert, rhodium, santal-wood, patchouli in powder, ottos of rose, neroli, santal; musk-pods, ground, and civet too; tonquin beans, cloves, rose leaves. All the perfumes, in fact, which can be reduced to powder, moistened with a few drops of otto. For pastil, benzoin and olibanum; the last used chiefly in the Greek church; believed also to be good for ophthalmia, and a specific for consumption. But far more ingredients are used than these. Santal-wood, gum benzoin and tolu, otto of santal, cassia, and of cloves; nitrate of potass, and mucilage of tragacantha are the ingredients of the Indian or yellow pastils. Cascarilla, myrrh, chanval, otto of cloves and of nutmegs, vanilla, neroli; carraway, rose, thyme, lavender ottos, are among the recipes given for the rest. But it is to be remembered that the burning material is charcoal, and that, after all, a pastil is simply scented charcoal. Mr. Piesse says:

"There is an octave of odors like an octave in music; certain odors coincide like the keys of an instrument. Such as almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and orange-blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again, we have citron, lemon, orange, rue, and verbena, forming a

higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The metaphor is completed by what we are pleased to call semi-odors, such as rose and rose geranium for the half-note; petit grain neroli, a black key, followed by fleur d'orange. Then we have patchouli, santal wood, and vitivert, and many others running into each other. From the odors already known we may produce, by uniting them in proper proportion, the smell of almost any flower except jasmine."

Is jasmine, then, the mystical Meru—the center, the Delphi, the Omphalos of the floral world? Is it the point of departure—the one unapproachable and indivisible unit of fragrance? Is jasmine the Isis of flowers, with vailed face and covered feet, to be loved of all, yet discovered by none? Beautiful jasmine! If it be so, the rose ought to be dethroned, and the Inimitable enthroned queen in her stead. Revolutions and abdications are exciting sports; suppose we create a civil war among the gardens, and crown the jasmine empress and queen of all?

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

ENOCH—THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

LET us turn our thoughts to the state of our world previous to that memorable event in its history, the general Deluge. Of the celebrated personages who flourished previous to that catastrophe, that is, during the first thousand years of the world's existence, we have little more than the names, and in some instances a few of the more prominent characteristics. Like shadows, they pass before us; and, with exceptions, few and far between, their history is summed up by the sacred writer in the fearful words, God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. Gen. vi, 5.

We propose, therefore, merely to glance at the general aspect of society in those days, and to assign some reasons for this abounding wickedness.

Of the number of inhabitants upon our earth at the time referred to, we can, of course, make no positive assertion. There are several circumstances, however, which go far to show that at this time the human race had multiplied to an extent far beyond what a superficial observer would be led to imagine. And first, there is no evidence that previous to the Deluge there was much sickness among men. It is not likely that in those days death called away, as he has since done, the babe, the child, the youth. Those who were born, with probably very few exceptions, grew up to manhood, and lived to a good old age. Their diet was simple; their employments healthful; their climate salubrious, probably in a far higher degree than that of any part of our earth since the subsiding of the waters of the Deluge. For whether we agree, or not, with the supposition of ingenious men, that the position and motion of our earth with respect to the sun were then changed; and that, previous to the Foold, the world's temperature was everywhere uniform and mild and equal, that event had, beyond a doubt, a very great influence upon the climates of the earth. Then, again, the decrepitude of old age did not steal upon man with the rapidity it now does. With the exception of Enoch, who was translated in the three hundred and sixty-fifth year of his age, the average life of the patriarchs previous to Noah exceeds nine hundred years. Adam, the great progenitor of our race, lived nine hundred and thirty years, and saw his descendants to the eighth generation, being himself cotemporary with Lamech, the father of Noah. If, then, we take these facts into consideration, we shall find little difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the world, in the time of Noah, was well peopled; perhaps quite as populous as it has ever been at any one time since his day.

With regard to the *animal creation* that existed upon our earth previous to the Deluge, there can be no doubt that it included with all that we now have a great many which are and have been for ages entirely extinct. Bones, and, in some instances, fossil remains, entire skeletons of animals, utterly unknown, have been discovered in various parts of the world; and of late years natural philosophers have made this matter a subject of study and profound investigation. Cuvier describes an elephant which, in his own language, differed from the elephants of our day as the horse differs from the ass; I suppose in size, and probably in symmetry and in fleetness. Its skeletons are found in Northern Asia in great numbers. Bones of animals resembling the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, but evidently differing from those now known, have been

discovered in various parts of Europe. In our own country, on the banks of the Ohio and in lower Louisiana, have been found the fossil remains of huge monsters, to which have been given the names of mastodon and mammoth. All these, with we know not how many others, existed in the antediluvian world, and have been suffered by the great Creator, doubtless for wise reasons, to exist no longer.

There were cities in those days, for of Cain it is said that after he went out from the presence of the Lord, he dwelt in the land of Nod, eastward of Eden, a country generally supposed to have been Susiana; and that, while dwelling there, he built a city which he called Enoch, in honor of his son. Of Jabal, the son of Lamech, we are told that he was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle; that is, he was the first who invented tent-making, and who devoted himself to the raising of cattle on a large scale. His brother, Jubal, was the inventor of musical instruments. The harp and the organ are especially mentioned as among his inventions. Tubal-Cain, another son of Lamech, was a smith, a celebrated artificer in brass and iron, and is generally supposed to have been the original from whom the ancient Greeks and Romans derived their fancied God, Vulcan. The transition from Tubal-Cain to Vulcan is natural and easy.

In turning our attention to the state of the arts among the antediluvians we must of course be confined to the brief narrative given to us by the sacred writer. We have no other data, and if any other record ever existed, it has long since perished.

That they had in those days some knowledge of mathematical science, and of the art of ship building, is evident from the directions given to Noah, and the manner in which he carried out those directions; and from these rather incidental allusions it would seem that already men had sought out many inventions. It is probable that many arts flourished in those early ages of which every trace has been irrecoverably lost. Our subject relates more especially, however, to the *moral* state of the antediluvian world, and we inquire, what it was, and its probable causes.

The language of the sacred historian above quoted implies, evidently, that the people were in a *state* of wickedness. All was corrupt within, and all unrighteous without; neither the science nor the practice of religion existed. They were not only wicked, but their wickedness was great, so great as to justify the assertion, All flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth.

But not only was their conduct evil to such a degree that the earth was filled with violence, even the thoughts, the imaginations of the heart were also evil, and that continually. From the time of Seth to that of Noah it would seem as if this wickedness had gone on increasing, and in all the intermediate record there appears but one solitary name standing out as an exception to the general rule. I refer, of course, to him of whom it is said, He walked with God, to Enoch, the seventh from Adam, who in the very midst of this corruption maintained his integrity, and, like a light shining in a dark place, attracts attention to himself, while at the same time he serves to disclose the extreme corruption of his fellow-men. For the long space of three hundred years did Enoch maintain the uprightness of his character. But, alas! his bright example was unheeded, and at length God called him away, translated him from earth to heaven without tasting death. Enoch, moreover, as we learn from St. Jude, was a prophet, and warned his fellow-men of a coming judgment. Behold, said he, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment upon all. Thus early in the world's history was the doctrine of a future day of reckoning made known, and thus fearlessly did this man of God proclaim to his fellows the fate which awaited them in a future world if they continued in their career of guilt. His preaching, however, had but little effect, for wickedness abounded, and vice reigned triumphant.

First among the causes of this extreme corruption, we may place the neglect of the public worship of God consequent upon the murder of Abel and the departure of Cain from the presence of the Lord.

It appears from this language, that there was, at that early period, a place wherein God more especially manifested his presence, and where those who worshiped him were wont to receive signal displays of his approbation. After the death of Abel and the sentence of the Almighty had been pronounced upon the murderer, it is said,

Cain went out from the presence of the Lord. That is, he forsook that place where the symbols of the Divine presence were manifested, and with his descendants probably neglected the public worship of God entirely. This fact will readily account for much of that vice and prodigious wickedness which prevailed, and which went on increasing from year to year.

To see this in a strong light, let us for a moment imagine a similar case. Let us suppose that here, among ourselves, all public recognition of God, all public worship were abandoned. Let the temples erected to Jehovah be desecrated, or thrown down; let the voice of prayer cease, and the melody of thanksgiving be unheard; blot out the Sabbath as a day of rest and devotion. Carry the revolution still further. Let no more incense ascend from the family altar, and suppose every head of a family, like Cain, to depart from the presence of the Lord, to throw off all fear, to restrain prayer, and to neglect to teach the rising generation that there is a God. What, let us ask, in five hundred, or even in fifty years, would be our moral condition? Is it not evident that, as in the case before us, the wickedness of man would become great, and ere long every imagination of the thoughts of his heart would be evil, only evil continually?

Nor need we depend merely on supposition for an answer to this question. The pages of modern history answer it, and present a spectacle rivaling, though on a smaller scale, that which the whole earth presented at the time referred to. I allude to France in those days when God's appointed Sabbath gave place to the Decades instituted by the wisdom of men; when the sanctuaries of Jehovah were converted into stables; the Bible paraded through the streets upon an ass and consumed in a bonfire; the immortality of the soul ridiculed and denied; death declared to be *an eternal sleep;* and that sentence inscribed upon the entrance to their cemeteries and their graveyards.

How does the soul sicken at the contemplation of the scene then presented! Fraud and violence, obscenity, blasphemy, rapine, lust, and blood — a thick cloud darkening the heavens and portending vengeance! The world gazed with awe; and if angels beheld the scene, it must have been with increased wonder at the forbearance of the Almighty.

Again, the matrimonial connections between the righteous and the wicked was another prominent cause of the extreme degeneracy of mankind. We have been considering hitherto the descendants of Cain only. But while they had abandoned altogether the worship of the true God, by Seth, the third son of Adam and his posterity, the worship of God was maintained; and in the days of his son Enos, it is said, men began to call upon the name of the Lord. The meaning of the inspired writer is, that in his days the first separation was made between the true worshipers and the profane descendants of Cain and his associates. The family of Seth, on account of their adherence to the true religion, were called the sons of God; while the descendants of Cain and the other branches of the family who united with them, were styled the sons of men. This gives a clear and consistent interpretation to a passage which has had a very fanciful exposition by those who have imagined that by the sons of God here spoken of, the angels are intended. It came to pass, says the historian, when men began to multiply on the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all that they chose. An allusion is here made to those matrimonial connections between the righteous and the wicked, to which I have adverted, as a second cause of the abounding wickedness of mankind. While the descendants of Seth, the children of God, as they were called, kept themselves apart and declined to unite with the apostate stock, religion continued in its purity, the overflowings of vice were restrained, and they were as the salt of the earth. In process of time, however, this separating barrier was broken down, alliances and connections were formed between them, and, as has generally been the case under similar circumstances, the good degenerated and the bad became worse. Alluding to the almost necessary effects of such unions, the Israelites, in a subsequent age, were, by God's positive law, prohibited from contracting marriages with the Canaanites and the surrounding nations. Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son. In the same spirit, and for the same reason, the apostle en-

joins upon Christians the avoiding of such matrimonial alliances: "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath Christ with Belial? or what communion hath light with darkness? or what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?"

Another cause of the abounding wickedness of mankind at this early age, seems to be indicated by the sacred writer when he says, There were giants in those days. A difference of opinion on this subject has, indeed, prevailed among those who have professed to interpret the inspired record. Some contend, that by the phrase rendered giants, we are not to understand men of greater stature and strength than ordinary; while others present equally plausible arguments for the contrary opinion.

One thing is certain, that there have been individuals of more than ordinary height and strength in various parts of the world is confirmed by the writers of profane as well as sacred history. The Israelites who were sent to view the promised land reported, on their return, that *there* they saw the sons of Anak, which came of, or were descended from, the giants, and we were, they say, in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight. Goliath of Gath, who defied the armies of the living God, must have been at least nine feet high. In the army of Frederic the Great there was a Swede eight feet and a half, and Maximinian, the Roman emperor, was of the same stature. History tells us also that in the reign of Claudius, a giant named *Galbara* was brought to Rome from the coast of Africa, who was ten feet high, and an instance is cited by Goropius of a female who was of equal stature. Whether, however, we agree with those who favor the literal interpretation of the word, or incline to the opinion that the giants alluded to were men celebrated for violence and crime rather than for bodily strength or stature, is comparatively of little moment so far as concerns the argument before us.

It has been well observed that the consciousness of superior or supernatural strength in persons who have not the fear of God, naturally disposes to a degree of violence and oppression; and that those giants of whom Moses speaks abused their powers to these purposes is evidently implied in the sacred history. The strong oppressed the weak, and made their superiority an instrument for establishing unjust domination and tyranny, until the whole earth became a scene of rapine, injustice, and cruelty. The earth, says the sacred writer, was filled with violence, presenting, in all probability, a scene of which a faint resemblance is found in those regions where man claims despotic power over the bodies and souls of his fellows,

> "Devotes his brother and destroys;
> And worse than all, and most to be deplored
> As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
> Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
> With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
> Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast."

I observe, in the next place, as a cause of the abounding iniquity of the human race at the period referred to, the duration of human life. As we have seen, in those days men lived to an extreme age. They numbered their years by centuries. The hour of death and the retributions of eternity were to them afar off. In our own time, when the ordinary average of human life is not one tenth what it then was, and when men are perhaps tenfold more exposed to sudden death, how seldom do men pause in their career to meditate upon the grave! How feeble is the warning that a funeral gives! how unheeded the last sound that comes up from the coffin, when pattering upon its lid earth is consigned to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Much fainter, doubtless, were such impressions among the antediluvians. If men can *now* shake off so easily all thoughts of death when, at the most, a hundred years will wind up their destiny, how comparatively inefficient must such thoughts have been when the probability extended to nine hundred or a thousand years.

Then, again, evil habits invariably tend to become more and more permanent with the lapse of time. As years rolled on in the history of the wicked before the flood vice took a firmer and still firmer hold, just as

> "The tree of deepest root is found
> Least willing still to quit the ground."

When man at the present time reaches his sixtieth or seventieth year, not only does the infirmity of age palsy, to a great extent, his bodily powers, but in great measure he loses the faculty of receiving pleas-

ure and gratification from those vices in which he once indulged. With the antediluvians, as we have seen, the case was otherwise. Century after century rolled on, and still they retained the vigor of manhood. They became giants in iniquity and monsters in wickedness.

For an illustration, suppose that the men who, by their crimes, and thirst for blood, have been able, in the short space of ten or twenty years, to convert the region around them into a hell—the actors in the hideous drama of the French revolution, for instance; suppose the lives of such men to have been prolonged to that of those who lived before the flood, and that they should have gone on, for all this length of time, continually increasing in wickedness, and you have some idea of the meaning of the sacred writer, and sufficient to account for their amazing wickedness.

We shall see in a future essay the vengeance of God let loose upon these pristine inhabitants of earth when the cup of their iniquity was full. In the meantime let us bear in mind that we dwell in the midst of much greater light and of far higher privileges than they enjoyed, and that just in proportion to our advantages is our responsibility to our God. Are we in the midst of sin and iniquity abounding on every hand? Do we meet everywhere with vice and the contagion of evil example? Let us remember that there is no necessity laid upon us to *follow* such examples, and that upon our own heads will rest forever our own guilt and our own condemnation. Look at Enoch, the father of a family, with all the cares and anxieties of life resting upon him; alone in the midst of this mass of corruption, with none to aid him in his efforts to gain the crown of endless life. See, he walks with God.

"Still faithful found,
Faithful among the faithless—faithful only he—
Unmoved, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he keeps, his love, his zeal,
Nor numbers, nor example with him move
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
Mind, though single and alone."

Let a century pass on; look again, there is Enoch with his eye still fixed on heaven, his hope still blooming with immortality. And yet another hundred years have passed, and where is Enoch? I see him still; that is *his* voice that rises above the surging blasphemies around him; that warns the ungodly of their impending doom, and invites them to leave the vanities of earth and to share his overflowing cup of bliss. Shall we look again? yes, the third century has passed away, and where is Enoch? See, the heavens open; he ascends, he enters the mansions of rest while the cherubic host shout him welcome, into the immediate presence of his Father and his God. Blessed Enoch! may we imitate thy conduct here, that we may share in thy joys hereafter.

A LADRONE ADVENTURE IN THE CANTON RIVER.

OFTEN has our youthful imagination gloated over the daring deeds and hair-breadth escapes of bandits and pirates, traced in glowing colors by the pen of the poet or the novelist. Fascinated by the halo of romance thrown around their career, their deeds rose up before us as the achievements of the purest heroism—their failure or fall, as an unmitigated evil, the more to be deplored on account of the nobility of the victim. These ideas, however, have been thoroughly dispelled. Practical experience has broken the colored glass through which the deeds and the men were seen; and pirates on the seas, robbers on the highway, banditti among romantic mountains, and others of a similar class, now stand much on a level with housebreakers, pickpockets, and garotters at home. For the benefit of those readers whose imaginations are still spell-bound in the toils of romance, we propose to narrate the incident which first opened our eyes wide enough to see these things in their true light.

It was on a dull day in October, 1852, that four of us—namely, our three friends, Jackson, Whymper, Lee, and ourself, who am Jones, at your service—made up a party for an excursion from Canton down the river. Two of the party were on business, and of course they paid expenses. The others were glad to accept of the two remaining berths in the fast boat, in order to enjoy a couple of days' relaxation from the dull routine of business-life in Canton. We each carried a double-barreled fowling-piece, as snipe and other wild fowl were to be found down the river, and we anticipated that our leisurely sail might be en-

livened with good sport. As for personal danger, that was out of the question. Occasional murders, it is true, had been committed on foreigners by the native fishermen down the river, but these were rare; and nobody had ever heard of an attack when more than a couple of Englishmen or Americans had to be met. A fast boat, which was to be our means of conveyance, is a large decked boat, with a house or cabin half sunk in the deck. At each end of the cabin there is a door, which leads up by two or three steps to the level of the deck, and inside there are two beds or berths, ranged on each side, and a dining-table in the center. Besides this cabin, there is another in the forepart of the vessel, entirely below deck, in which the Chinese crew, who man the boat, find narrow quarters. We also provided ourselves with a pair of punts, each capable of carrying two people, which are useful in landing, crossing creeks, and other coast service.

Late in the afternoon we dropped gently down the river, now and again trying our fortune on some unhappy victim, whose flight brought it within reach. The sky was dull, and threatened rain. A dinner, as comfortable as could be enjoyed on board a fast boat, and a social evening passed rapidly away, and we turned in for the night. Next morning we found ourselves at our destination, the Bogue Forts, where Jackson and Lee had business to transact, which occupied them during the greater part of the day; while Whymper and ourself found what sport we could. Toward evening we anchored off Tiger Island, to await the turning of the tide, and a favorable wind, to carry us back to Canton. As night drew on, it became intensely dark and cold, and we were fain to shut out the chill air, by closing both doors and windows all round the cabin. We were thus seated when we were startled by a sudden shock, as if some other boat had come into collision with ours, and the next moment we heard the report of a fire-pot,* which exploded on the forepart of our deck. We had heard no alarm from our crew, but the truth at once flashed across our minds that we were boarded by a gang of Chinese pirates, and should have to fight for our lives. Whymper, who sat nearest the door leading to the front deck, immediately jumped out to reconnoiter; but he had no sooner shown his head above board than he was assailed by half a dozen fire-pots, thrown by as many men, who had scrambled over the stern of our boat, and who were followed by as many more. In a moment he was back to the cabin for his gun; but he had looked long enough to see, by the light of the missiles which had been thrown at him, that our assailants numbered from thirty to forty men, and that they had lashed their boat at right angles across the stern of ours, in the evident expectation that we should be a certain, if not an easy prize.

Whymper was again on deck, and had his attention at once arrested by a stout fellow who was coming over the cabin roof, within six yards of where he stood. The pirate held a lighted fire-pot in his hand ready to discharge, which revealed the dim outline of his figure as he advanced; and Whymper, who was now joined by Lee and ourself, took aim and fired. Owing to the dampness of the powder, the piece missed fire, and the Chinese was within three paces of where we stood, with his arm uplifted to launch his abominable missile, when the second barrel fortunately did its duty, and the man fell heavily on the cabin roof. Five or six men, each with a lighted fire-pot, were now advancing over the cabin roof, while many more were tumbling over the stern into our boat. One, two, three of our pieces were fired in rapid succession among them; each brought down its man, and effected a momentary check; but we only now discovered that in our hurry to face our antagonists, we had omitted to furnish ourselves with ammunition beyond what our artillery was charged with. We had, therefore, to make a hasty expedition into the cabin for our flasks and shot-pouches, and there found, to our dismay, that several fire-pots had been thrown into it and exploded, and were now showering sparks in all directions, and emitting their odorous smoke in volumes. Fortunately, the berths had previously been prepared for immediate occupation; and the woolen coverlets spread over them, protected the wooden frames from the burning sparks,

* A fire-pot is a small earthenware pipkin, filled with powder and other combustibles: it is lighted by means of a match, and then thrown with the hand. When it falls, it breaks, and emits a shower of sparks, which burn fiercely; these are followed by a dense smoke, and that again by an intolerable and suffocating stench.

or we should probably have had our citadel burned under our feet. In the midst of this smoke and fire, we groped our way to the further end of the cabin, where our supply of ammunition was deposited, and there a spear-thrust, aimed at Jackson, made us aware that the door at that end had been burst open, and thus exposed us to the danger of a double attack. Jackson was accordingly deputed to defend this point, and, as we afterward found, he received a very severe burn on the back of his hand in the discharge of this duty. Having furnished ourselves with fresh supplies, which we carried through the cabin with the agreeable idea that a single unlucky spark might send us through the roof, we regained our first position on the front deck, and were immediately greeted with a perfect shower of fire-pots, shot, and spears. These, with the help of a little dodging, we fortunately escaped, the only effect being the lodgment of a spear-head in the stock of the gun we carried; but we found the odds fearfully increased, and the rascals, taking courage from the temporary lull in our fire, were coming in numbers over the cabin roof to attack us. If they should get near enough to grapple, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase, and, even as it was, the chances seemed tremendously against us; but we knew well that surrender was as hopeless as defeat, and our blood boiled at the bare idea of succumbing to a crew of Chinese ladrones. It only remained, therefore, to fight it out; and with redoubled energy we poured upon them round after round in quick succession, with as much precision as the fitful glare of their fire-pots would allow. The short screams and heavy falls which followed each discharge informed us that our practice was not without effect; and after ten or fifteen minutes of uninterrupted firing, a partial clearance was effected of the roof of the cabin.

At this juncture, and ere we had yet ventured to breathe freely, we observed a man on board the ladrone boat passing a lantern forward to a group of five or six others, who stood in the bow, and whose figures were momentarily shown in dim relief by the light thus thrown on them. In an instant Lee's piece was at his shoulder, and the next moment a piercing scream from the direction where the light had appeared, made it evident that the shot had told. Whether it was their leader or some other person of consequence that Lee had brought down, we never could ascertain; but within half a minute after the shriek which announced his fall, our cabin roof was clear of intruders, and the whole crew of pirates were in full retreat, bearing with them those of their dead and wounded whom, in their haste, they could conveniently pick up. We then for the first time relaxed our fire, as we had no desire for unnecessary carnage; but their loss had already been severe, amounting, as we afterward learned, to seven or eight killed, besides several wounded, of whom we could get no exact account. As soon as they were all once more on board their own boat, they pushed off, exclaiming in their own language that they would come back ere long, and murder the whole of us. They then dropped down the river, and anchored beside two other large boats, about four hundred yards off, which had been lying there for some time, and which, as they never either attempted to render us assistance, or even to raise an alarm, we naturally took for accomplices, the crews of which had been drafted out of them to increase the attacking force. The pirates were no sooner out of the way than our discreet Chinese crew began slowly to emerge from the hatchway of the fore-cabin, where they had concealed themselves the moment they saw the approach of danger, leaving us unaided to defend their boat from plunder. Of the three native boys whom we had with us, one jumped overboard in terror at the very first alarm, another crept down to the forehold beside the crew, and the remaining one, who, by the way, was Lee's servant, alone behaved like a trump, handing charges when required, loading a spare gun, and performing other little pieces of service which considerably facilitated our operations.

The threat uttered by the ladrones as they retired might or might not be a mere bravado; but it seemed not at all unlikely that there might be a sufficient number of reserved men in the two other boats to form a powerful reënforcement; and we were therefore rather disinclined to await a renewal of the fray. The tide, however, had not yet turned; the wind was not in our favor; and the idea of rowing a fast boat against wind, steam, and tide, was out of the question. We had the

punts, no doubt, but they carried only two in each, and, including the servants, there were six people required to be accommodated. A council of war was held, and after brief deliberation, we concluded, as there was no other available means of escape, at all hazards to take to the punts. These were accordingly rigged out; and Jackson and Lee took the one, while Whymper and ourselves occupied the other, each boat carrying besides one of the servants. The little vessels were loaded to the water's edge; the night was extremely dark; and the nearest point at which we could hope to find a friend who would receive us, was at Whampoa, a distance of twenty-five miles. Add to this the possibility, if not the probability, of pursuit by the exasperated pirates, which, had they overtaken us, in our present circumstances, would have been certain death, and some idea may be formed of the misery of our position. It was of consequence that our movements should be rapid, and we accordingly plied our strength to make the diminutive crafts fly through the water, while one in each boat strained his eyes to catch the first indications of approaching danger. We rowed thus for upward of six hours, and arrived at Whampoa about three o'clock in the morning, when we at once made our way to the house of an old friend. Our appearance was far from prepossessing; our faces begrimed with smoke and powder, our eyebrows and whiskers scorched partially off, our clothes burned in many places, and our hands sooty and smeared with blood; but the worthy old gentleman was no sooner sufficiently awake to understand our tale, than he all but embraced us, in his overwhelming expressions of sympathy. He rung up the servants to prepare hot coffee, spread a groaning table for our midnight tiffin; and after having again heard the particulars of our adventure, and taxed his ingenuity to find words strong enough to express his surprise and admiration, he ushered us to our couches, where we dreamed of fire-pots, snipe-shooting, and deck-fighting, of sinking punts and hospitable old gentlemen, till pretty far on in the next morning.

As soon as our late breakfast was concluded, our excellent host kindly furnished us with his own boat and a crew to take us up to Canton, a distance of five miles, which we easily accomplished in an hour. The first object which met our eyes, on approaching the wharf, was the identical fast boat in which we had gone down the river, and which the crew had been able to get underway within a couple of hours after we left it. Some of us were pretty well known in Canton; indeed, any one who resides in Canton for a month cannot but become known to almost every member of the small English and American community who inhabit what are called the Factories; and when it became public that our fast boat had come back without us, and that it was stained with large quantities of blood, the greatest uneasiness had prevailed. The crew of the boat were questioned, but they could only tell of the fight on board, and that we had left them in the punts. We might have been drowned or murdered after that. As we drew near the wharf we observed one or two groups of anxious-looking faces and some excitement of demeanor; but we were no sooner observed approaching the landing than three hearty cheers announced our welcome, and a dozen hands were held out in congratulation. We then learned, also, that by an order from the consulate, to which office two of our party belonged, a government steamer was at that moment getting up steam to proceed down the river in search of us, as there appeared sufficient ground to suspect that there had been foul play on the part of the natives. The steamer was detained till next day, when the true state of the case being known, and necessary particulars being furnished, it was dispatched with a view, if possible, to apprehend some of the pirates, or obtain information as to their whereabouts; but, after an absence of two days, it returned without success.

It would be too long to tell how we triumphed as the lions of the Factories for at least a fortnight, till the whole thing had become stale, and we were ourselves tired of being fêted. After that, we settled down again into our old business routine; and we can assure the gentle reader that our brain was never more troubled with romantic dreams of gayly-dressed corsairs, a thrust from whose rapier, or a ball from whose pistol, we had fancied must be rather pleasant than otherwise, and whose life bore a charm wherever they went. *Experientia docet*; but the proverb is somewhat musty.

HOW THE AVALANCHE COMES DOWN AT BAREGES.

IN a long, narrow, bleak Pyrenean valley, and at a height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, there springs from the rock hot, sulphurous water, reputed to be the most efficacious of the many mineral springs of the Pyrenees. There is, naturally, an établissement des bains; and, in spite of the cold, inhospitable site, a long, irregular street, which is called Barèges.

The avalanche does not fall from the mountains which tower above the village, but down an ominous cleft in the rocks on its right bank, and on the opposite side of the valley. And the inconvenience is, that, not content with rushing from the snowy summits and sweeping bare the face of the rocks, and marking its desolate track with the scattered pines which it has uprooted, and choking the noisy river, it rushes up the opposite bank, and so through the very center of Barèges. Of course the inhabitants of Barèges know this, expect it, and are prepared for it. In winter there is a great gap in the one long street—no house, nor shed, nor tree, nor bush being visible. This is the road left clear for the avalanche, which sometimes travels that way five or six times in the course of the winter. In the spring, when his visits are supposed to be at an end, the disjointed street is united by wooden houses, or baraques, in which the various merchants from neighboring towns display their wares. There is something to an American almost incredible, and quite incomprehensible, in erecting a village in the very teeth of an avalanche. Why not put the houses lower down the valley in safety? the walk or ride, in summer, to the établissement being so easy. Why not convey the water in pipes? Why not, in fact, fifty other things? But no—the Béarnais of the mountains is familiar with the danger, he does not despise it, but he considers the being buried under an avalanche as one of the necessary conditions of life, and at all times the possible termination of it. Even in Barèges, where, as Pierre Palassou, the guide, will tell you, they take such good precaution, it is not always found a sufficient one; the avalanche will swerve to the right or left, and cover part of the village; or it will exceed the dimensions deemed desirable, and overwhelm the houses on both sides of it.

In May of last year, the winter, which had been an unusually fine one, was supposed to be at an end, and many of the marchands began to erect their baraques. Thirteen were completed, and others begun, when the weather changed, and a snow-storm came on.

"There is snow enough up there to bury the whole village!" said the old men who were standing in groups, consulting as to what was to be done.

"Well, well, the baraques must be left; for who will help to pull them down with this danger threatening us?"

"Depend on it, this will be no light affair," said another, "and the neighbors in the end houses had better come to us for to-night."

And they separated; each, who considered himself safe from possible danger, offering shelter to others who might be overtaken by it. Thus it happened that, besides the thirteen baraques, many houses on either side of the high road for the avalanche, were left empty. But there were two households regardless of the danger; one consisted of father and mother and three children; the other was an auberge, a little inn frequented by Spaniards and mountaineers in their contraband excursions; and, on the night in question, there were thirteen under this roof. In both cases they relied for safety on the fact of the house being built against a projecting rock, which would afford shelter from the wind that precedes the avalanche.

The evening wore into night, and nothing came of any one's expectations, so everybody went to bed and to sleep. Not everybody; for one man sat listening intently for sounds in the upper regions which might indicate the approach of danger. At length he rose, and went into the little room, where his only child, a youth of seventeen, was sleeping.

"Jules, mon ami, get up!"

Jules slept soundly, and only pulled the bed-clothes over his head at this appeal.

"Jules!" said his father more loudly, "make haste—get up and run to neighbor Henri; tell him I am sure the avalanche is on the point of falling, and he must catch up the three children and come with his wife at once—I feel quite certain they are not safe. Make haste! It is midnight, and very dark." Jules had hastily thrown on his clothes; and, as his

father was speaking the last words, he left the house.

A few minutes only elapsed when there was that terrific sweep of the wind and crash of obstacles opposing it, which tells of the avalanche. The father, who stood straining his eyes through the darkness, thought he could see the pale spirit that followed silently and swiftly, and drew its white mantle over the desolation left by the storm.

As soon as it was daylight, all Barèges was at work; for Jules had not been heard of, and many houses were under the snow: among them the two which were inhabited. The father of Jules stood by, and watched the work in silence. Few words were uttered by anybody, for who could tell what the result of the search might be?

They had begun to work, as near as they could possibly judge, just over Henri's house. At mid-day they had reached the roof; and, hastily breaking through, entered. All was safe. Henri and his wife and children were waiting patiently for their deliverers.

"Jules is not here, then! I sent him to warn you."

"Ah," said Henri, "we heard a cry—just one—it sounded close to the house; I thought it was some poor beast swept away by the wind."

The neighbors broke open the house-door and groped about in the snow. There, lying across the threshold, and crushed by an adjoining wall which had fallen on him, lay poor Jules, dead.

The workers left the father to his grief and to the care of the women, and hurried to the auberge, at which some few had already been occupied since daybreak. The snow beneath which it was buried, lay so thickly over it, that it was after dusk before an entry was effected; of course through the roof. The house was unharmed, and all within it were safe. Jean Cahasse, the aubergiste, told the neighbors that neither he nor any of the others had heard any unusual noise in the night, though he fancied he remembered something like a clap of thunder. But in the morning he awoke and said, "Wife, it is very dark, and yet I seem to have had a long sleep. It must surely be time to get up." So he carried his watch to the window, intending to open the outer shutters. But he could not move them. He went down to the house-door; fast again, in spite of all his pushing. Then up to the trap-door in the roof; and, finding that he could not lift it, he returned to his wife and said, "Wife, the avalanche has fallen; so you had better get up and make the breakfast."

After breakfast all the men took out their knitting, hanging the skein of wool round their necks; the women and children were busy spinning flax, and thus they sat round the fire telling tales of past dangers till the evening. Then Jean Cahasse said:

"I am sure the neighbors would begin to dig as soon as it was light; but, doubtless, the snow lies deep. Wife, if the onion-soup is ready, we will have supper."

It was while they were at supper that the neighbors entered, and were greeted, of course, with much effusion; tears, and kisses, and loud cries, and altogether in the manner of men who suddenly became aware that they had escaped a great danger, and did not think it worth while to exercise any self-control in the matter. Except the life of poor Jules, no lives were lost, and no further damage was done than some four or five stone houses leveled, and all the wooden baraques swept away.

"C'est un rien," said Pierre Palassou, the guide, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It is the flood avalanche that we are afraid of. Ah! to hear it come roaring down in summer when the snows have melted on the mountains—rocks, and stones, and trees, and rivers of mud, one trembles to think of it."

Fortunately the flood avalanche descends by another ravine, which you pass just before reaching Barèges, and the flood has never yet done more than threaten the village, and make the approach to it a most unpromising one. On the whole, therefore, we may fairly say that the avalanche, or rather the avalanches, do come down at Barèges in an almost inconceivably uncomfortable manner, and with a rapidity of recurrence which it takes one's breath away to think of. But those most affected by the inconvenience, the inhabitants, think nothing of it.

"The neighbors are so near," they say, "and we all help one another! What would you have more?"

What, indeed! Rightly understood, there is, under these circumstances, very little more to be desired.

THE LEARNED TAILOR OF NORWICH.

IN the ancient, picturesque, and highly interesting city of Norwich, there lived, some century and a half ago, a character well known and justly celebrated in the learned world. I refer to the erudite Dr. Prideaux, who at that time had been recently made dean of the old city, in the room of Dr. Henry Fairfax. This accomplished scholar was especially devoted to the study of Oriental literature, in which he had attained such experience that he had been offered the Professorship of Hebrew at Oxford, on the death of Dr. Pocock, in 1691; which, however, he declined. He had in his possession a collection of more than three hundred Oriental books, and it may be readily believed that he let slip no opportunity of adding to these stores, which, in the true spirit of a bibliopolist, he reckoned his choicest treasures. It chanced one day that the dean was offered some Arabic manuscripts on parchment, by a bookseller in Norwich, who demanded for them a considerable sum. So large, indeed, was the price, that the learned divine hesitated, and for the time declined to purchase. Not that he had any intention of letting them slip through his hands; but he hoped that, as there was little or no probability that any one would be found capable of appreciating such a treasure, the manuscripts would remain unsold, and so the bookseller would be willing, after a time, to part with them at a more reasonable, or, at all events, a lower figure. Accordingly, a few weeks afterward, Dr. Prideaux repaired again to the shop, and presently inquired for the manuscripts. What was his chagrin and disappointment at learning they were sold!

"Sold!" he exclaimed; "and to whom?"

"To Mr. Henry Wild, a tailor of this city."

"Run instantly," cried the dean, in the greatest trepidation, "and fetch them; if, indeed, they are not before now cut into pieces to make measures."

He was soon relieved from his anxiety as to the fate of the manuscripts by the appearance of Mr. Wild, who came himself, bringing them with him.

The dean eagerly inquired whether he would part with them, and was respectfully answered in the negative. He then hastily asked of what possible use they could be to him.

"I read them," was the reply.

With pardonable incredulity, the dean requested to hear him read. He complied immediately, and was then asked to render a passage or two into English, which he did, readily and exactly. Amazed and greatly interested, his interrogator now regarded this singular man more narrowly. His personal appearance was by no means prepossessing, his figure was insignificant and meager, and his countenance bore the marks of want and suffering. In stature he was moderately tall, while his general air and gait were somewhat awkward, and deformed by the peculiarities generally observable in persons of his trade. His age might have been guessed as nearly thirty-five, but was in reality considerably less, his studious and sedentary habits giving him the appearance of being much older than he was. Being invited by the dean to visit him, he gave, at a subsequent interview, the following account of himself. He said:

"I was born in the year 1684, in this city, and was early placed at the Grammar School here, where I studied diligently, hoping to fit myself for the University. But my friends proved unfortunate in business, and could not procure sufficient money or interest to maintain me there. The consequence was, they bound me apprentice to a tailor, with whom I served out the term of seven years; after which I worked as journeyman. Subsequently, I was, unhappily, seized with a fever and ague, which continued two or three years, and at length reduced me so low that I was wholly disabled from working at my business. In this helpless and wearisome condition I amused myself with some old books of controversial divinity, wherein I found great stress laid on the Hebrew of several texts of Scripture. My interest and curiosity were thus excited, and I felt a strong desire to make myself master of the original language of Holy Writ; but, on applying myself to the task, I found that I had nearly lost all the learning I acquired at school. I was without assistance or guide of any sort. It was, of course, out of the question to obtain a master; and so I was obliged to content myself with the use of an old English-Hebrew grammar and lexicon, which I was fortunate enough to procure for a mere trifle. These I incessantly studied, and at length recovered lost ground, and, after a time, took up the Greek, the knowledge of which I perceived to be of such primary importance: afterward the Arabic, Persian, Chaldee, and Syriac followed. Happily, my health became by degrees reëstablished, and I was able to procure the means of subsistence by my business; while, at the same time, I devoted every minute I could spare during the day, as well as a great part of the hours of darkness, to study. At present, I find myself, as you see, poor and feeble in health; yet I

count myself happy, and could I but devote all my time to the studies I love, I should ask no more of fortune, or, rather, of a kind Providence."

Much interested with this simple narrative, Dr. Prideaux acquainted himself, minutely with the circumstances of the student, who, he found, was indeed so poor that, but a short time before, his landlord had actually seized a Polyglot Bible he had made shift to purchase, for rent. The kind-hearted and generous dean lost no time in sending the self-taught genius to Oxford, which he did partly at his own expense, and partly by subscriptions among persons whose inclinations disposed them to this kind of learning, and others who were willing, through charity, to assist so meritorious a case. By the dean's interest, although he was never a member of the University, he was admitted to the Bodleian Library, and employed for some years in the translation and analysis of the Oriental manuscripts.

He was known among the students by the sobriquet of "the Arabian tailor," and taught the Oriental languages "at the moderate charge of half a guinea a language," excepting the Arabic, for which, it appears, he had a guinea. His memory was truly extraordinary, while his manners were amiable and pleasing. His pupils often invited him to spend an evening with them; on which occasions he would frequently entertain them with long and curious details out of the Roman, Greek, and Arabic histories. His morals were pure, and his habits sober and temperate, while his modest and self-diffident deportment bespoke him free from the least tincture of conceit or vanity. Not unfrequently, during his lectures; he would observe to the young men he was teaching, that such an idiom, in Hebrew, resembled one in Latin or Greek; then he would make a pause, as seeming to weigh what he had said, and would ask them if it were not so.

So much merit and industry met with little pecuniary reward, and yielded him a subsistence not much better than his trade might have produced; his whole emoluments, in fact, scarcely exceeded one hundred and fifty dollars per annum. That part of learning in which he excelled was valued and pursued by comparatively few; and it fell out besides, unfortunately for him, that M. Gagnier, a French *savant*, skilled in the Oriental languages, was already installed as professor, and enjoyed all the favors the University authorities had to bestow in that department.

The retiring manners of Mr. Wild, joined to such uncommon attainments in a person who made so poor an appearance externally, led to the suspicion among certain parties that he was a Jesuit in disguise. These suspicions were heightened by his modest diffidence, which resembled shyness, and was interpreted to spring from a desire to court concealment. Besides which it was observed that he affected sometimes to take pleasure in talking of foreign cities and countries, and that he frequented only the University church, where, by way of exercise, the sermons turned more on speculative and controversial points than practical ones. Such trifles, "light as air," combined to fix upon our student a stigma, which, in those nonjuring days, was sufficient to bar a man's road to riches and preferment. How entirely groundless they were is apparent from the facts of his history with which the reader has been made acquainted; yet they were probably in part the occasion of his removal in the year 1720, when he went up to London, where he spent the short remainder of his life, being, it is said, much indebted to the patronage of the famous Dr. Mead. The precise date of his death is unknown; but it occurred previous to 1734, in which year the only production of his pen which found its way to the press appeared; in the dedication of which, addressed to Mr. Mackrel, of Norwich, it is said to be a posthumous work. This piece is a translation of an Arabic legend entitled "Mohammed's Journey to Heaven."

One cannot help joining in the observation with which a short notice of this extraordinary person, given in the *Biographie Universelle*, concludes: "It is much to be regretted that such a man did not enjoy more propitious circumstances. It seems probable that, had he been favored with the smiles of fortune, and applied from his childhood to the study of languages, he would have become one of the most renowned polyglots of Europe." We see, however, in his actual circumstances, a remarkable and edifying example of the manner in which, by dint of continual application and unwearied diligence, a man may attain, despite the most adverse fortune, the object of his genuine love and worthy ambition.

PULP AND ESSENCE.

FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

INTRODUCTORY to our chapter of penciled passages for the present month, we give an expansion of Paul's beautiful figure, founded upon the well-known practice of grafting. The passage is from the pen of the Rev. James Hamilton, and may be entitled,

THE BELIEVER'S UNION WITH CHRIST.

The graft has taken. At first the juncture may be very slight, a single thread or fiber, and it is not till you try to part them that you find that they are knit together, that their life is one, and that the force which plucks away the graft must also wound the vine. And your faith may yet be no more than a single filament. It may be only one point of attachment by which you have got joined to the Lord Jesus. It may be only one solitary sentence, one isolated invitation or promise, of which you have undoubting hold. But hold it fast. If it is the word of Jesus, cling to it. There is life in it, and, held fast, it will be life to you. One promise of Jesus credited, one invitation of Jesus accepted, is enough to make such union between himself and you, that the violence which sunders, if death to you, would be a bleeding heart to Him. Hold fast the faithful saying then, and as you cling to it, you will draw closer and closer to the living vine. The surface of quick contact will enlarge, and as thread by thread, and vein by vein it widens, as word by word, and line by line, the sayings of Jesus get hidden in your heart, the tokens of vitality will become to yourself and others joyfully distinct. And though you may fear today that you have no interest in Christ, think no more of that, think of what he says. Believe him steadfastly; and as sure as he came into the world to save sinners, he will save you. Cleave to his assurances in all their breadth, and though you may feel yourself little better than a reprobate at present, you will be a trophy of redeeming grace in the ages to come. And though you see no fruits of the Spirit yet, let Christ's word abide in you, and you will see them anon. And though you dread lest the faint hold you have may end in a falling away, hold on till the feeble contact of this moment grow into a complete coalescence, and in joyful assurance of oneness with a sin-pardoning and sanctifying Saviour, you will be able to exclaim, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

THE RELIGION OF ENGLAND.

EMERSON asks and answers the question:

The religion of England — is it the Established Church? no; is it the sects? no; they are only the perpetuations of some private man's dissent, and are to the Established Church as cabs are to a coach, cheaper and more convenient, but really the same thing. Where dwells the religion? Tell me first where dwells electricity, or motion, or thought, or gesture. They do not dwell or stay at all. Electricity cannot be made fast, mortared up and ended like London Monument, or the Tower, so that you shall know where to find it, and keep it fixed, as the English do with their things, for evermore; it is passing, glancing, gesticular; it is a traveler, a newness, a surprise, a secret, which perplexes them and puts them out. Yet, if religion be the doing of all good, and for its sake the suffering of all evil, that divine secret has existed in England from the days of Alfred to those of Romilly, of Clarkson, and of Florence Nightingale, and in thousands who have no fame.

MAN AT HIS BEST ESTATE

Is altogether vanity. So says the Psalmist. Man is a noble animal, says Sir Thomas Brown. Splendid in ashes, glorious in the grave; solemnizing nativities and funerals with equal luster, and not forgetting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature. Quoting this passage, an unknown writer says:

Thus spoke one who mocked, while he wept at man's estate, and gracefully tempered the high scoffings of philosophy with the profound compassion of religion. As the sun's proudest moment is his latest, and as the forest puts on its brightest robe to die in, so does man summon ostentation to invest the hour of his weakness, and pride survives when power has departed. And what, we may ask, does this instinctive contempt for the honors of the dead proclaim, except the utter vanity of the glories of the living? For mean indeed must be the real state of man, and false the vast assumptions of his life, when the poorest pageantry of a decent burial strikes upon the heart as a mockery of helplessness. Certain it is that pomp chiefly waits upon the beginning and the end of life; what lies between, may either raise a sigh or wake a laugh—for it mostly partakes of the littleness of one and the sadness of the other. Human life is like a dream in the after-dinner sleep of a demon, in which an image of heaven is interrupted by a vision of hell; a thought of bliss breaks off to give place to a fancy of horror, and the fragments of happiness and discomfort lie mingled together in a confusion which would be ridiculous if it were not awful. The monuments of man's blessedness, and of man's wretchedness, lie side by side; we cannot look for the one without discovering the other. The echo of joy is the moan of despair, and the cry of anguish is stifled in rejoicing.

MOUNTAINS.

RUSKIN seems disposed to glorify the hills at the expense of the valleys:

Mountains are to the rest of the earth what muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountains, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion, and strength; the plains and lower hills are the repose, and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty, yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This, then, is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action—that of the lowlands repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest, from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which, with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan hands to heaven, saying, "I live forever."

COURAGE AND BRAVERY

Are thus defined and contrasted by the Rev. Dr. Storrs in a sermon preached before the students of the Theological Seminary at Andover:

Bravery is more hasty, impetuous, and transient; courage, more calm, enduring, and principled. Bravery is an impulse, or a mere outward habit; courage is a life, pervading the nature. Bravery takes advantage from plumes and gay equipage. It rises with rapidity and splendor of movement. It calls to its aid the stimulations of music, or the higher stimulations of popular applause; and it looks for reputation as its trophy and reward. Courage is deeper, more magnanimous, and self-reliant. It holds its own reward within it, and is natively superior to any accidents of incitement. It is ready to bear, as well as to perform; is as great in the forest as it is in the field; as great, when announcing a new and strange truth, or resisting the backward rush of a nation, as when treating of themes that have watchwords and champions, and that kindle the minds of millions with their contact. It sings and is cheerful amid obscure suffering; and is just as serenely fixed and unconquerable when contemplating obloquy and popular reprobation, as when welcomed with applause and anticipating victory. Courage is silent till the crisis arrives. Bravery is demonstrative, and lies in utterance. The one bides its time, secure of itself. The other craves constant exhibition and action. Courage is an essential spirit of character, which imbues action, as the fragrant and subtle fumes of the alchemists were designed to imbue the cimeter of Damascus. Bravery is a special and occasional style of feeling, which would etch upon that action its splendid devices.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

In this book-making age, when such multitudes are yielding to the temptation of writing about themselves, or about some dead friend, it is well, occasionally at least, to pause a moment, and ask, with a writer in a late number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, What is literature?

Is a play-bill literature, even when it contains laborious antiquarianism, deep geographical inquiries as to the outline of Bithynia and disquisitions on the Pyrrhic dance, or the length of petticoat of the Virgins of the Sun? Is a sermon published "by request" of a decent congregation, which fell asleep before it could hear the end of it, literature? Is an indignant letter, (paid for as an advertisement,) wherein Brutus Junior threatens a village church-warden for refusing him a sitting in Church, literature? Are the letters, marked respectively 1, 2, 3, and 4, up to the round dozen, in the hostile correspondence between Swiffins, stock-broker, Fulham, and Snodge, dryaalter, Munwell Hill, literature? Why did they quarrel about that Newfoundland dog, which came out all dripping from the Serpentine, and shook itself in the most snobbish manner over the apparel of a young lady, "whose name it is needless to introduce in this very unpleasant affair," (but which we know to be Sophia Groby, old Groby's daughter, Fleet Street;) and after a week's angry interchange of epistolary amenities, with fiery allusions to pistols for two, (and no coffee,) and by discovering that the sagacious Ponto meant no personal disrespect either to Swiffins or the interesting young lady whose name, etc., and that even if he had he was not the property, and therefore not under the control of Snodge, of Munwell Hill. Is this literature? I suppose it is; for judging from my own experience, most writings of the present day are literature, and most of the people you meet are literary men.

THE DEAD CHILD.

And this, too, we know not whence it comes, but it will go straight to the heart; to thine, certainly, bereaved mother, and send thy thoughts to the little hillock in the graveyard, and thence speedily to the empyrean where God dwelleth:

Few things appear so beautiful as a young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding among the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless that little mortal has passed along under the shadow. There is death in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled; for the prattle and smile, all the little world of thought that were so delighted, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence; for the lonely voyager, for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of an all wise Father; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of heaven.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GERMAN AND FRENCH.

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, with a little pardonable exaggeration, contrasts the style of the best French writers with those of the same class in Germany. Of German style he says:

Its chief characteristics are involution and prolixity. The sentences are of suffocating length, and they are coiled together, parenthesis within parenthesis, like the folds of a monstrous snake, so as to bewilder and confound the reader. Instead of breaking up his matter into small and manageable pieces, in the shape of short and readable paragraphs, a German writer thinks it enough to quarry it out in an unwieldy mass, and gives himself no trouble about its form, structure, or polish. Indeed, we doubt if he ever bestows a thought upon the manner of saying anything that comes uppermost in his mind. But what man of woman born, not a German, can digest a book made up of passages, each varying in length from twelve to twenty or thirty lines, (we have counted so many,) unrelieved by a single break, even so much as a semicolon, so that long before the end of the paragraph is reached, the memory has forgotten the introductory part, which can alone render the meaning intelligible? Of Kant it is said, that his sentences have been measured by a carpenter, and some of them run two feet eight by six inches.

On the other hand, we are told that, in direct opposition and contrast to the heavy lumber-wagon of German, is the light, quick post-chariot of French style. This corresponds also with, and is partly the effect of, certain well-known traits of the national character. No people have carried the art of conversation to such perfection as the French, and with none is it felt to be so much a social necessity. Con-

versation, as distinct from monologue, is more practiced and better understood in France than in any other country in Europe. But this, of itself, requires and produces brevity of expression. It rests on the give-and-take principle, and is absolutely opposed to long-winded monopoly of talk. And that happy faculty of dexterous arrangement which distinguishes the nation, and which is so remarkably exhibited by French soldiers in a campaign, appears also in the neatness and accuracy of French style. We will not go so far as Mr. De Quincey, who asserts that "such a thing as a long or an involved sentence could not be produced from French literature, though a sultan were to offer his daughter in marriage to the man who should find it;" but certainly the occurrence is so rare as almost to justify the reward proposed for the discovery.

HOW TO GROW BEAUTIFUL.

THE *Journal of Health* has, occasionally, a gem worthy of being perpetuated. Take this from a recent number:

Persons may outgrow disease, and become healthy, by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitutions. By moderate and dayly exercise, men may become active and strong in limb and muscle. But to grow beautiful, how? Age dims the luster of the eye, and pales the roses on beauty's cheek; while crow-feet and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs, and limping feet, most sadly mar the human form divine. But dim as the eye is, as pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect, and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings from its home in heaven, may look out through these faded windows, as beautiful as the dew-drops of a summer's morning, as melting as the tear that glistens in affection's eye, by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind; by cherishing forbearance toward the foibles and follies of our race, and feeding day by day on that love to God and man which lifts us from the brute, and makes us akin to angels.

THE THREE FISHERMEN.

THERE is pathos in the ballad-like simplicity of Mr. Kingsley's poem:

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

"Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

"Three corpses lay out on the shining sand,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-by to the bar and its moaning."

The National Magazine.

JUNE, 1857.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE CLOSE OF ANOTHER VOLUME, is a fitting opportunity to tender thanks to our correspondents for their favors. We do so heartily, not only to those whose papers have graced our pages, but to those also whose contributions we have, for their sakes and our own, declined to publish. On this subject we have only to say that, as in the past so in the future, we shall receive gladly, and examine carefully, all contributions, and be guided in their publication by our best judgment, without favor or partiality. Our contributors having in view the same object as ourselves, the edification and entertainment of our readers, we have no reason to fear giving offense by the exercise of editorial prerogative.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.—What is called, *par excellence*, the Religious press, seems to be, at present, exceedingly pugnacious. Political editors, since the Presidential election, are comparatively peaceful and on friendly terms with each other; but those who furnish our families with Sunday reading are treating us to more than a due proportion of verjuice and wormwood. Personalities, coarse language, and what, if we met with it elsewhere, we should be inclined to call blackguardism, plentifully besprinkle many of the weeklies which rejoice in being deemed the special organs of the several sects into which Christianity is divided.

Mere worldly editors of papers having any claim to respectability, abstain from personalities in discussing subjects about which there is a difference of opinion. They charge misrepresentation, or absurdity, or illogical argument upon the "*Post*" or the "*Times*," and carefully avoid spreading out the patronymic of the editor. But the religious sheet holds up the man as well as his arguments to ridicule, and is specially funny if the opposing editor's name is susceptible of a pun. If he has, unfortunately, more than one Christian name, his Christian brother prints them all at full length, on the principle that the bigger the target, the better his chance of hitting it somewhere. One very severe Christian, we remember, printed the name of his antagonist without capitals: thus, mister john smith. Calling an editor Mr., whom, when on good terms, they invariably addressed as Brother, is very common, and intended to be very severe.

Charges of ignorance, of monomania, of bearing false witness, and of willful lying, are by no means uncommon. Indeed, the editor of one of our exchange papers puts into enduring type the name of his predecessor, a minister of the same Church with himself, and couples with it a charge of theft. He stole the mail books belonging to the office! A political editor would hardly descend so low as that; and if he did, he might expect to be cowhided in the streets, and his paper would lose caste, even among his own partisans.

But what is to be done? Must not an editor defend himself? Is he to bear misrepresentation tamely? Are not his consistency, his orthodoxy, and even his opinions to be maintained at all hazards? And what can be more important to his readers than long arguments, proving at once that their editor is not only consistent with himself, but capable of showing up an antagonist, in a light which cannot fail to make him look supremely ridiculous? Who wants an editor that is not continually thrusting his own personality before the public? Or who wants to read editorials that are not spicy at least, if we cannot always have them peppery?

Such, indeed, appears to be the prevailing sentiment with many of those who conduct the religious press. And then, too, when an opponent appears to get the better of his brother editor; to touch him on the raw, and sting him to the quick, what a fine opportunity to exemplify the graces of Christian meekness and brotherly forbearance. Being defamed, says an editor of the olden time, we entreat, and being reviled, we bless. But that is altered now. Being reviled, we revile with more bitterness; and being defamed, we sue for damages; and so brother goes to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers. The damages asked are five or ten thousand dollars. The "unbelievers" in the jury-box listen patiently, and at the loss of much valuable time. Private matters are dragged into the court, gossip and scandal are detailed in all their minuteness, and the verdict is of no consequence, save to raise a laugh at both parties, the damage done being assessed, under oath, at six and a quarter cents.

In adverting to these palpable and painful facts, we have not deemed it necessary to be more specific; and at the same time we are free to admit that there are many exceptions. There are Christian editors who prefer to suffer wrong; and surely it is better, one day, at least, we shall all admit that it is infinitely better to be misrepresented during a whole lifetime, than by bitterness and caustic retorts to throw stumbling-blocks in the way of Christ's little ones.

—

Suggestive.—The subjoined extract from an ordination sermon of one of the English bishops will bear to be thought about:

"Whose sermons were they which were found to be listened to with breathless attention, wherever they went, in town or country? This was a question which both the clergy and laity would do well to ask themselves, for there was a great lesson in the answer. It was not the most learned, or the most able, or the most eloquent sermons that were listened to; but those which spoke with simplicity and from the heart. Men might wonder at the phenomenon, but they could not deny it, and the lesson should be learned that a clergyman, if his ability were but small, might exercise with his discourses a greater influence on all ages, sexes, and ranks, if he spoke faithfully, simply, and really from the heart to the heart, of those truths which his Lord had commissioned him to set forth."

—

Likes and Dislikes.—There must be some truth in magnetism, there must be something in the doctrine of attraction and repulsion: why do we like some people as we dislike others, without any shadow of a reason? Homœopathists tell us that the nausea which contracts our features at the smell of a drug, is a provision of nature to guard us against poison. Can it be that these antipathies are implanted in our being to warn us of those who shall hereafter prove our enemies? It is not a charitable theory nor a Christian-like, and yet who has not found many instances in which it has borne a strange semblance of truth?

—

Preaching.—The *American Presbyterian*, of Philadelphia, in speaking of ministers and preaching in its own Church, says: "Here we are reading sermons, dividing justification, adoption, and sanctification, into a dozen heads each, fighting forgotten controversies, splitting seventeenth-century hairs, handling everything with gloves, looking at everything as scholars in libraries look at them, preaching people's heads into a confused vertigo, or entirely failing to gain their attention, and yet every man has, in the main, a clear, discriminating knowledge of theology. Was there ever such a failure in the adaptation of means to ends? Our present system hardens a man into a fossil in his forming period, and asks him to shape himself to new circumstances when the shaping power is gone."

—

Submission.—The late Rev. Ephraim Peabody, about twenty years ago, was attacked with bleeding at the lungs, and was obliged to resign his charge at Cincinnati; his only child was laid in a New England grave; his young wife had temporarily lost the use of her eyes; his home was broken up and his prospects were very dark. They sold their furniture and went to board in a country tavern in the town of Dayton. One day, as he came in from a walk, his wife said to him:

"I have been thinking of our situation, and have determined to be submissive and patient."

"Ah," said he, "that is a good resolution; let us see what we have to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. First, we have a home—we will submit to that. Second, we have the comforts of life—we will submit to that. Thirdly, we have each other. Fourthly, we have a multitude of friends. Fifthly, we have God to take care of us."

"Ah," said she, "I pray stop, and I will say no more about submission."

—

Anecdotes of Avarice.—Dr. King, in a work entitled "Anecdotes of his own Times," relates the annexed remarkable cases of avarice:

"My Lord Hardwick, the late lord chancellor, who is said to be worth eight hundred thousand pounds, sets the same value on half a crown now as he did when he was worth only one hundred pounds. The great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public room in Bath to his lodgings, on a cold, dark night, to save a sixpence in chair hire. If the duke, who left at his death more than a million and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honors were to be inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor, who had been one of his enemies, would he always have saved a sixpence? Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in St. George's Coffee-house, and paying for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot (for he was lame and infirm) and went home. Some time after, he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in change for it. Sir James had about forty thousand pounds per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir. I knew one Sir

Thomas Colby, who lived in Kensington, and was, I think, in the Victualing Office; he killed himself by rising in the middle of the night, when in a profuse sweat, the effect of medicine which he had taken for that purpose, and walking down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlor. He was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine. This man died intestate, and left more than one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling in the funds, which was shared among five or six day laborers, who were his nearest relatives. Sir William Smythe, of Bedfordshire, was my own kinsman. When near seventy he was wholly deprived of his sight. He was persuaded to be couched by Taylor, the oculist, who, by agreement, was to have sixty guineas, if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was able to read and write without the use of spectacles during the rest of his life; but as soon as the operation was performed, and Sir William saw the good effect of it, instead of being overjoyed, as any other person would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it) of his sixty guineas. His contrivance, therefore, was how to cheat the oculist; he pretended he could not see perfectly; for that reason the bandage of his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. By this means he obliged Taylor to compound the bargain, and accept of twenty guineas; for a covetous man thinks no method dishonest which he may legally practice to save his money."

—

PAYING AN OLD DEBT.—A merchant, very extensively engaged in commerce, and located on Long Wharf, Boston, died intestate, February 18th, 1803, at the age of seventy-five. After his death, a package of very considerable size was found carefully tied up and labeled as follows:

"Notes, due-bills, and accounts against sundry persons down along shore. Some of them may be got by suit and severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fishermen's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think, with me, that it is best to burn *this* package entire."

About a month after he died, the sons met together, when the eldest brother, the administrator, produced the packet, and read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong impulsive temperament, unable at that moment to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other toward the fire-place, indicated his wish to have the packet put into the flames. It was suggested by another brother, that it might be well first to make a list of the names, and of the dates and amounts, that they might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day they again assembled, and the list had been prepared, and all the notes, due-bills, and accounts, which, including interest, amounted to thirty thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

It was about four months after our father's death, continued our informant, in the month of June, that I was sitting in my eldest brother's office waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, when there came in a hard-favored little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to the windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor. My brother replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate.

"Well," said the stranger, "I have come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owe to the old gentleman."

My brother requested him to take a seat, he being at the desk. The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient-looking pocket-book, and began to count over his money.

When he had finished, as he sat waiting his turn, slowly twirling his thumbs with his old gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed, and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, came hard, and secretly wished that the old man's name might be found on the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the usual questions, his name, residence, etc. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars. It had stood a long time, and with the interest amounted to between seven and eight hundred dollars. My brother went to his desk, and after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lit upon his countenance, and told me the truth at a single glance. The old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and conversation ensued between them, which I never shall forget.

"Your note is outlawed," said he; "it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and interest has never been paid; you are not bound to pay this note; we can never recover this amount."

"Sir," said the old man, "I wish to pay it. It is the only debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we may have our peace with God, and I wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it." And he laid the bank-notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over.

"I cannot take the money," was the reply of my brother.

The old man became alarmed. "I have cast simple interest for twelve years, and counted it all over," said he. "I will pay you compound interest, if you require it. The debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father was very indulgent—he knew I'd been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it."

My brother then properly set the matter before him, and taking the bank-bills, he returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that, although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due-bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

For a moment the old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiping the tears from his eyes, he said: From the time I heard of your father's death, I have raked and scraped, pinched and spared, to get the money together for the payment of the debt. About ten days ago I made up the sum within twenty-five dollars.

My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay on my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference, and get the heavy burden off my mind. I did so; and now what will my old woman say? I must go back to the Cape and tell her this good news. She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put her hand on my shoulder as we parted:

"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Giving each of us a shake of the hand, and a blessing on our old father's memory, he went on his way rejoicing.

After a short silence, taking his pencil and making a cast: "There," said my brother, "your part of the amount would be so much. Contrive a plan to convey me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation, and the money is at your service."

Such is the simple tale which I have told as it was told me. To add to the evident moral, would be an insult to the reader.

—

Leigh Hunt says: "Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish other persons with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child."

—

THE VANILLA OF COMMERCE.—The vanilla, so much prized for its delicious flavor, is the product of a vine which grows to the top of the loftiest trees. Its leaves somewhat resemble those of the grape; the flowers are red and yellow, and when they fall off are succeeded by the pods, which grow in clusters like our ordinary beans; green at first, they change to yellow, and finally to a dark brown. To be preserved they are gathered when yellow, and put in heaps for a few days to ferment. They are afterward placed in the sun to dry, flattened by the hand, and carefully rubbed with cocoanut oil, and then packed in dry plants in leaves so as to confine their aromatic odor. The vanilla bean is the article used to scent snuff, flavor ice-creams, jellies, etc. The plant grows in Central America and other hot countries.

—

THUNDER-STORM IN THE ALPS.—Dr. Wylie, in his "Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber," gives the following description of a thunderstorm in the Alps:

"A cloud of pitchy darkness rose in the south, and crossed the plain, shedding deepest night in its track, and shooting its fires downward on the earth as it came onward. It passed right over our heads, enveloping us for the while (like some mighty archer, with quiver full of arrows) in a shower of flaming missiles. The interval between the flashes was brief, so very brief, that we were scarcely sensible of any interval at all. There was not more than four seconds between them. The light was full and strong, as if myriads and myriads of bude lights had been kindled on the summits of the Apennines. In short, it was day while it lasted, and every object was visible, as if made so by the light of the sun. The horses which dragged our vehicle along the road, the postillion with the red facings on his dress, the meadows and mulberry woods which bordered our path, the road itself, stretching away and away for miles, with its row of tall poplars, and its white curbstone, dotted with wagons and couriers, and a few foot-passengers, and the red autumnal leaves, as they fell in whirling showers in the gust, all were visible. Indeed, we may be said to have performed several miles of our journey under broad daylight, excepting that these sudden revelations of the face of nature alternated with moments of profoundest night. At length the big rain-drops came rattling to the earth; and, to protect ourselves, we drew the thick leathern curtain of the *banquette*, buttoning it tight down all around. It kept out rain, but not the lightning. The seams and openings of the covering seemed glowing lines of fire, as if the *diligence* had been literally engulfed in an ocean of living flame. The whole heavens were in a rear. The Apennines called to the Alps; the Alps shouted to the Apennines; and the plain between quaked and trembled at the awful voice. At length the storm passed away to the north, and found its final goal amid the mountains, where, for hours afterward, the thunder continued to growl and the lightning to sport."

—

A NOBLE DEED.—Some months ago, a poor German neighbor of Gerritt Smith was charged with murder. A singular combination of unfavorable circumstances induced a general belief that he was guilty, and the public excitement against him was very strong. Mr. Smith visited the suspected man in the jail, and became convinced that he was innocent. In the face of a hostile public sentiment he volunteered his services as counsel for the poor German, spent nearly a thousand dollars from his own purse in collecting evidence, and argued his cause before the jury. By his untiring exertions the dark cloud of unfavorable circumstances was cleared up, and the innocence of his client made manifest, not only to the court and the jury, but to the public. Mr. Smith, with characteristic beneficence, crowned his magnanimity by giving the poor German a small farm and two hundred dollars in money. Nobleness like this is its own praise, and its own reward.

—

THE GEISERS OF ICELAND.—A late number of the *British Quarterly Review* contains a very able article on "Boiling Water," from which we take the following extracts:

"Another subject which ranges itself under the title of this article is that of the boiling springs of Iceland. 'The Great Geiser' is the largest of these springs. It consists of a tube seventy feet deep and ten in diameter, which expands at its summit into a basin measuring fifty-two feet across from north to south, and sixty feet from east to west. Both the tube and the basin are lined with a smooth coating of silica, so hard as to bear the blows of a hammer without breaking. . . . If we take a quantity of the Geiser water and permit it to evaporate in a porcelain basin, the liquid creeps, by capillary attraction, a little way up the sides of the basin; it is here speedily evaporated, and deposits upon the basin a ring of silica. In the center of the basin the water retains its transparency; and not till the evaporation has been continued for a considerable time does the slightest turpidity appear. Let us now imagine the case of a simple thermal spring charged with silica, whose waters flow down a gentle incline. The water thus exposed evaporates quickly, deposits its silica, and gradually raises the side over which it flows. The outlet is shifted to another position; this becomes elevated in its turn, and thus the stream, by erecting obstacles in its own way, has to travel round and round, depositing its burden as it moves along. This process continues, until, in the course of ages, a shaft is formed, and we have the wonderful apparatus whose dimensions are given above. A brief inspection of the vicinity is, indeed, sufficient to show that the spring is capable of building its own tube. The mouth of the Great Geiser is on the summit of a high mound, formed by deposits from the spring. But in raising this mound the spring must also have formed the tube which perforates it, and thus we may satisfy ourselves that the spring is the architect of the shaft in which it lodges.

"Having constructed our tube, let us now examine the observed facts. Imagine a traveler arriving at the Geiser, and finding the tube and basin filled with hot water. He hears at intervals explosions which shake the earth beneath him. Immediately after each explosion he observes the water in the basin of the Geiser to be agitated; the liquid column is lifted to a height of five or six feet, thus producing an eminence in the center of the basin, and causing the liquid to overflow its rim. These elevations of the column are like so many unsuccessful attempts at an eruption. The traveler waits; the explosions and consequent

agitation of the water in the basin become more frequent; at length an apparently convulsive struggle takes place; jets are cast up in succession; the Geiser seems to gather strength; and finally the display is concluded by the projection into the air of a mixed column of steam and water, which sometimes reaches a height of one hundred and fifty feet. . . . . .

"The tube of the Great Geiser is slowly but surely augmenting in height; the pressure of the liquid column it contains is therefore becoming greater and greater, and this points to the conclusion that at some future, though distant day, the pressure will become so great as to prevent the subterranean waters from ever bursting into vapor. When this period arrives the eruptions must necessarily cease. The aspect of things at present in Iceland suggests that this has already been the fate of many springs. Mounds are seen, perforated with shafts in which thermal waters once resided, but which are now filled with rubbish, the waters having broken away through subterranean channels. Sometimes after the spring has ceased its eruptions, it continues to deposit its silica, and thus to form a *laug* or cistern. Some of these are from thirty to forty feet deep, and of indescribable beauty. Over the surface a light vapor curls; in the depths the water is of the purest azure, and tinges with its own hue the fantastic incrustations on the cistern walls; while at the bottom is observed the mouth of the once mighty Geiser. Thus, in Iceland we have the Geiser in its youth, manhood, old age, and death, presented to us; in its youth, as a simple thermal spring; in its manhood, as the eruptive fountain; in its old age, as the tranquil *laug;* while its death is recorded by the mound and ruined shaft, which testify the fact of its once active existence."

—

THE MAN WITH A SNAKE IN HIS HAT.—Dr. Dixon, in his New York Monthly *Scalpel*, states that a gentleman of the "highest veracity" related to him the following snake story, which beats anything that we have read lately:

"Going into a very public ordinary for his dinner, he was surprised to observe the extra care with which a gentleman who took the seat opposite to him, took off his hat; he turned his head as nearly upside down as possible without breaking his neck; then placing his hand over the inside of his hat, he again turned it, and received its carefully guarded contents, concealed by a pocket handkerchief, in his hand, then gently laying the back of his hand on a cushion, he slid the hat with its contents off, and commenced his dinner. The attention of my friend was irresistibly directed toward the hat; and his surprise greatly increased, the reader may well imagine, on observing the head of a sizable snake thrust out and looking sharply about him. The gentleman, perceiving the discovery, addressed him:

"'My dear sir:' I was in hopes to have dined alone, and not annoyed any one with my poor pet. Allow me to explain; he is perfectly harmless; only a common black snake. I was advised to carry him on my head for a rheumatism. I have done so for a few weeks, and I am cured, positively cured of a most agonizing malady. I dare not part with him; the memory of my sufferings is too vivid; all my care is to avoid discovery, and to treat my pet as well as possible in his irksome confinement. I feed him on milk and eggs, and he does not seem to suffer. Pardon me for the annoyance; you have my story; it is true. I am thankful to the informer for my cure, and to you for your courtesy in not leaving your dinner disgusted.'"

—

ANECDOTE OF AUDUBON.—Returning from Philadelphia, after an absence of several months, absorbed in the newly-found delights of home, he failed to inquire the fate of a certain wooden box, which, before his departure, he had intrusted to the care of a relative, with the strictest injunctions as to its safety. At last, on interrogation, this treasure was produced, the dearly-prized deposit of all his drawings, more cherished than a casket of rarest jewels! It was opened, and what was Audubon's dismay to perceive the misfortune that had befallen it. A pair of Norway rats, having taken possession and appropriated it, had reared there a whole party. A few gnawed bits of paper were the only remains of what a few months before had been a thousand marvelous representations of the curious inhabitants of the air! The shock of such a calamity was too much even for the fortitude of Audubon. Like an electric stroke it thrilled his whole nervous system, and for some time caused the entire prostration of his physical powers. A burning heat rushed through his brain on this discovery; the discovery of the entire wreck of the result of all his efforts! For nights he could not sleep, and days were passed with listless apathy, till at length invigoration of mind and frame gradually, under kindly influences, returned. He once again took up his pencils, his note-book, and his gun, and went forth to the woods. Then consoling himself with the reflection that he could make much better drawings than before, he persevered untiringly for three whole years, until his portfolio was replenished!

—

THE VELOCITY AND COLORS OF LIGHTNING.—The lightning of the first two classes does not last for more than one thousandth part of a second; but a less duration in passing than one millionth part of a second is attributed to the light of electricity of high tension. In comparison with this velocity the most rapid artificial motion that can be produced appears repose. This has been exemplified by Professor Wheatstone in a very beautiful experiment. A wheel made to revolve with such celerity as to render its spokes invisible, is seen for an instant with all its spokes distinct, as if at rest, when illuminated by a flash of lightning, because the flash had come and gone before the wheel had time to make a perceptible advance. The color of lightning is variously orange, white, and blue, verging to violet. Its hue appears to depend on the intensity of electricity and height in the atmosphere. The more electricity there is passing through the air in a given time the whiter and more dazzling is the light. Violet and blue-colored lightnings are observed to be discharged from the storm clouds high in the atmosphere, where the air is rarified and analogous. The electric spark made to pass through the receiver of an air-pump exhibits a blue or violet light in proportion as the vacuum is complete.

—

RESPONSIBILITY OF ENGLAND.—A writer in *Tait's Magazine* alludes to the statement that Great Britain is somehow responsible for the institution of slavery in the United States in the following manner:

"A number of writers in this country have endorsed the stupid assertion of the friends of slavery in the States—that Britain is responsible for its excessive guilt, since our ancestors or our government allowed slavery to descend as an inheritance of woe to the republic. The argument is extremely impudent; and we say so in no angry spirit, for we consider it altogether as a curiosity in effrontery. The people of this country or their government at no period forced slavery upon the colonists of America. The government permitted individuals to be drawn into this crime by their own greed or indolence; but they no more compelled the colonists to buy slaves than they obliged them to rear bullocks or horses, asses or oxen.

"Even if the British government had any share in the establishment of slavery in the United States, the

government of the republic should have imitated the example supplied to them, by liberating the slaves. They could afford this outlay better than a nation hampered by a debt unequaled now, or ever, in the world; and with the defense of constitutional principles in the face of the despotism of Europe.

"The apologists here for abuses in the States, and the perpetrators of them there, have a consummate knack of shuffling their ancestry as they please. When anything good is to be drawn from ancient British history, they appropriate it as the work of their ancestors; and when anything objectionable appears, it belongs to us Britishers of the present hour and year. Even if the British government of a century since had forced slavery upon the American colonies, the citizens of Britain are not more responsible thereupon than the citizens of the States; but, as the two streams have diverged, the elder branch have repented of and turned from, while the junior branch have clung to and magnified, the sin of their common ancestry."

—

INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.—"Picciola," a charming creation of some French or Italian brain, translated into our tongue, reveals most beautifully the influence of flowers. A gay, handsome, and accomplished count, cast into prison during the revolution that preceded Napoleon, (the first,) full of the philosophy of chance, is converted from infidelity and world-worship, by a simple flower (picciola) springing between two stones in the prison yard, which he beholds from the prison of his cell. To *chance*, which the count had inscribed on the walls of his cell, that silent and wonderful agent, as it unfolded its leaves and blossoms, added *perhaps*. The world that lay hidden in its arteries and petals, so adapted and answering to the world around, so full of design and grace, so planted by Providence, which caused the flying dove to drop a solitary seed in the prison yard, to solace the human prisoner, wrought a deeper work than all the books and tongues of men. Inspired by it from day to day, the count could no longer resist—he erased from the walls those words of skepticism and doubt, and wrote in their place, "I believe." In this prison-world, where humanity sits chained by perverted passions and blind desires, the "Picciola," and many other gentle flowers, are softening and converting the human heart. By the wayside, in gardens, climbing rocks and cottage eaves, shedding light and fragrance over every grade of life, the flowers, like shadows of angels, cast forward to assure us, are among the most powerful and solacing teachers of a beneficent God.

—

DICKENS.—A writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, speaking of this celebrated novelist, says:

"He writes too much and too fast, and unless he takes more care than he seems to think it worth while to do so as long as the shilling numbers of any new novel from his pen are sold by thousands, we predict that he will be the destroyer of his own reputation. He has fallen into the habit of repeating himself to a degree which becomes wearisome, and his latter works have proceeded in a descending scale. That which is now issuing from the press, "Little Dorrit," is decidedly the worst. Mr. Dickens delights in the sayings and doings of strange, grotesque, out-of-the-way people, of whom we hardly ever meet the prototypes in flesh and blood; and in every one of his tales he fastens some distinctive oddities upon two or three of his characters, and never allows them to speak without bringing out the peculiarity in the most marked and prominent manner. His portraits are, in fact, caricatures. He daguerreotypes, so to speak, a particular grimace, and presents it every time that the features come into view. Thus Peckaniff is always sententious and hypocritical; Micawber is always full of mandlin sentiment and emphatic nonsense; Gradgrind is always practical, to a degree that ceases to be human; Mrs. Nickleby is always parenthetical and incoherent; Mark Tapley is never tired of telling us that he is 'jolly;' Boythorn never opens his lips without being intensely and boisterously energetic; Major Bagstock always speaks of himself in the third person, as 'J. B.,' 'tough old Joe,' 'Joe is rough and tough, *sir*! blunt, sir, blunt, is Joe;' Uriah Heap is always 'umble,' 'very umble;' and Mrs. Gamp everlastingly quotes as her authority Mrs. Harris."

—

SMALL CHANGE.

ACTIVE AND PASSIVE.—We have all heard that there is a difference between skinning and being skinned. There is also a difference between the active and passive participles of some other verbs, as was illustrated to the satisfaction of the chap who made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property, and calling the next day for an answer, inquired if the owner had *entertained his proposition*. "No," replied the other, "your proposition has entertained me."

—

Here is a fifty-year old *jeu d'esprit* that is quite "as good as new." A rich old gentleman, of the name of Gould, married a girl not yet out of her "teens." After the wedding he wrote the following couplet, to inform a friend of the "happy event:"

"You see, my dear doctor,
Though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen
Fell in love with old Gould!"

To which the doctor replied:

"A girl of nineteen
May love Gould, it is true;
But believe me, dear sir,
It is *gold* without 'u!'"

Not unlike this was the retort of the young lady to an aged lover whose name was Page. He found one of the damsel's gloves, and returned it with these lines:

"If from your glove you take the letter g,
Then glove is love, which I devote to thee."

She answered:

"If from your name you take the letter P,
Then Page is age, and that won't do for me."

—

AN AMERICAN JUDGE IN PARIS.—While one of the Supreme judges was recently staying at Paris he went to visit a French professor. The Frenchman asked the stranger a number of questions, and among the rest:

"Where do you live?"

"In California."

"Well," said the rude Gaul, "what is your occupation?"

"I am a judge of the Supreme Court."

"O! ah!" returned the Frenchman, "then I need not ask your name; it is *Lynch*, eh?"

It is unnecessary to observe that the conversation here concluded.

—

VERY AWKWARD.—Some of our readers, says the *New York Times*, may remember the curious account of a man who died suddenly in this city, a while since, over whose face, as his body was exposed at the grave, a sudden shade and a light passed so strangely that the friends removed it back to the house, and kept up friction all night trying to restore it to life. We

learn since that some of the anxious friends of the deceased visited New York at the time, and tried to induce the physician who attended the dead man in his last illness to go up and try his skill toward his restoration. Dr. S. listened a while incredulously, but at last seemed to believe the story of his informant. "But," said he, "I hope that you won't be able to restore him; I really hope you won't." "Why?" asked his visitor, in amazement. "Well," said the doctor, "I don't see how he would be able to get along; it would be very awkward for him; for his liver and heart are in that jar on the shelf."

—

SMOKERS.—Some lady, who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon than for that imported from Havana, comes down after the following style upon the patrons of the weed:

"May never lady press his lips,
His proffer'd love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
And keeps its chimney burning!
May each true woman shun his sight,
For fear his fumes might choke her;
And none but those who smoke themselves,
Have kisses for a smoker!"

—

"I come for that saw, sir." "What saucer?" "Why, the saw, sir, you borrowed." "I borrowed no saucer." "Sure you did, sir; you borrowed our saw, sir." "Be off, boy! I never dreamed of borrowing a saucer." "Be dad, but you did! and there it stands right in the corner." "O! it's your father's saw you mean; why didn't you say so?"

—

A GOOD IDEA.—Southey says, in one of his letters:

"I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes away, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

—

JOHN CHINAMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.—An old Chinese writer says the soul of a poet passes into the body of a grasshopper at death, from the fact of the latter singing until it starves.

—

CÆSAR'S OPINION OF HIS LIKENESS IN WORSTED WORK.—In a review of "The Apocatastasis," a work against Spiritualism, published in 1854, at Burlington, Vermont, the Boston *Dayly Advertiser* tells the following story:

"A most respectable, though not very cultivated lady, once invited us to a private exhibition of rappings and scratchings, by which she believed that she held converse with her own deceased friends, as well as with many people who had been illustrious in their day and generation. As we were looking about her simply furnished parlor, our eyes fell upon a screen whereon an historical scene, the passage of the Rubicon, we will call it, was depicted in worsted-work. Now, any one familiar with the specimens of this art which are sold at our country fairs will agree that, however interesting they may be as monuments of human patience and human eyesight, they do not possess the additional interest of greatly resembling any terrestrial objects with which we are acquainted. The visage of Cæsar upon the screen was no exception to the rule; square patches of red were driven in to represent the flush upon his cheeks, black triangles, consisting of three stitches, did duty as his eyebrows, while his eyes were glass beads that stared in different directions. As this screen was evidently the ornament of the house, we hazarded the observation that it must have taken a long time to work it, or something of that sort. 'Yes,' replied our hostess, 'but that is the least part of its interest; *for Julius Cæsar came here the other evening and told us he considered it a capital likeness.*'"

—

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—A quibbling writer of the last century quaintly observes that when the cannons of the princes began to war the canons of the Church were destroyed.

"It was," says he, "first *nitrum* that governed the world, and then *nitrum;* first *Saint* Peter, and then *Saltpeter.*"

—

WHO IS IMPUNITY?—The *New Orleans Courier* says:

"We are assured that the following is a record of positive occurrences, and so give it to our readers: During the epidemic fever of 1858, a well-to-do planter in a certain region of Mississippi used to send down his cotton by his trusty slaves, without venturing into the 'city' (about fifty-five houses!) himself. After a short experience, however, he fancied that his factor was taking advantage of circumstances, and determined to go down and look after the next wagon load *in propria persona.* He was not a little afraid, however, of 'Yellow Jack,' and 'small blame to him,' and so he resolved on first consulting with a friend, as to the propriety of his venturing into the epidemic infected locality.

"'Do you think,' said he, 'I can go to —— with safety? No fear of the fever?'

"'O, no!' responded his friend, 'you can go and stay there as long as you please with impunity.'

"'Ah, ah!' cried our friend, 'I am glad you have told me that. I have long been dissatisfied with ——'s and ——'s; but I did not know there was any other place where a fellow could put up at. Now you have told me, however, dog-on-it, if I don't try Impunity's. *Whar is it?*"

—

CURIOUS SUPERSCRIPTION.—A letter was lately deposited in the Warren, Ohio, post-office, with the following address:

"To Windham township speed your way,
To Portage County straight,
J. Brainard find without delay,
Or else J. Brainard's mate."

—

The late Prince Bishop of Wurzburg, in one of his hunting expeditions, met a poor boy attending some swine. The prince, among other questions, asked him what his wages were for a swineherd:

"A new suit and two pair of shoes every year," was the reply.

"No more!" said the prince. "Look at me; I am a shepherd too, but I wear better clothes and look better."

"That may be, sir," said the boy in his simplicity, "but I dare say you have more swine to keep than I have!"

—

JOKING BY ACCIDENT.—Nothing is more amusing than to hear people use language which has a double meaning, of which the speaker is unconscious, while everybody else sees the joke as "plain as a pikestaff." Sometimes the "fun of the thing" consists in one's telling, in his way, an unintentional truth, as when the man who carried round the contribution-box in a church observed to another, who inquired the amount of his own contribution: "Other folks gives what they likes; what *I* gives is *nothing to nobody!*" Another instance is that of a gentleman who was boasting of the rapidity with which he could write verses.

"It takes some people," said he, "half an hour to make a couplet; but I write a forty-line poem in twenty minutes, and *make nothing of it!*" There was doubtless more truth than poetry in the confession, which affords a capital comment on "fast writing."

—

THE MARRIAGE FEE.—The late Dr. Boynton was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned money.

"Now," said the farmer, "when you are called on to marry a couple, you never expect a less sum than three dollars, and you sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few minutes' service."

"Pooh," replied the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes."

A few days after, the doctor was called on to splice a loving couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom said to the worthy minister:

"Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I can tell you, in the country. Shocking nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars; and I s'pose a figure 2 would do for the splice, eh?"

The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying:

"Now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it?"

The farmer relished the joke so well, that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

—

SHOE-ACIDE.—In an Irish story in *Bentley's Miscellany*, a murdered schoolmaster is said to have been found dead in the road, with his head full of *fractions*.

"I'm thinking it's shoe-aside," said Larry.

"The horse's shoe, was it?"

"No, allans," said Larry, "shoe-aside is Latin for cutting your throat."

"But he didn't cut his throat," said the widow.

"Sure it's all one," said Larry, "whether he did it with razhir on his throat, or a hammer on his head. It's shoe-aside all the same."

"But there was no hammer found."

"No; but he might have hid the hammer after he did it, to throw off the disgrace of the shoe-aside."

"But wasn't there any life in him when he was found?"

"Not a taste. The crowners sot on him, and he never said a word against it, and if he was alive he would."

"And didn't they find anything at all?"

"Nothing but the vardick."

"And was it that that kilt him?"

"No, my dear, 'twas the crack on the head; but the vardick was, 'twas done, and somebody done it, and they were blackguards, whoever they were, and unknown."

—

MAL APROPOS.—In churches whose choirs indulge in vocal "voluntaries," unless they have a tolerable collection to select from, there is danger that the minister may find the doctrines of his sermon all blown sky high by the performance at the other end of the church. Poor H. used to tell a good story. In a town in Massachusetts a man of distinction died, and being a man of distinction, his funeral was celebrated in the meeting-house. The audience was very large, and the choir being ambitious, thought it highly proper that something should be done on their part, beyond the common routine. Their collection of anthems was very limited, but with a disposition to do the best they could, they sung with great apparent unction a familiar old piece:

"Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remqved."

—

THE VERB "TO GO."—Monsieur Folaire, who is studying English grammar, says: "Ze vairb 'to go' is ze most irregulairitest in ze Anglis language. You hear him—'I go—zou departest—he clears out—we cut stick—ye or you make tracks—zey absquatulate.'"

—

SELF-RIGHTEOUS.—It is no uncommon thing for men to flatter themselves that God cannot be displeased with them because they have omitted to do a great many bad deeds, which they would have done, had they not been restrained by the fear of the law or of public opinion. The soundness of such morality is very well exhibited in Lessing's parable of "The wolf on his death-bed:"

"A wolf lay at his last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. 'It is true,' said he, 'I am a sinner, but yet, I hope, not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once, I remember, a bleating lamb that had strayed from the flock came so near me, that I might easily have throttled it; but I did it no harm.'

"'I can testify to all that,' said his friend, the fox, who was helping him to prepare for death. 'I remember perfectly all the circumstances. It was just at the time when you were so dreadfully choked with that bone in your throat!'"

—

CHURCH-YARD LITERATURE.—The *Boston Post gravely* assures its readers that Church-yard Literature needs reforming, and adds:

"As certain London advertising tradesmen are repnted to 'keep a poet,' so the grave-stone cutters should keep a schoolmaster—a man who knows a bad rhyme from a good one; can spell correctly and punctuate punctiliously. Most men suffer enough above ground, without being bunglingly abused *post mortem*, in ill-written inscriptions, that were intended to be civil at least. Strolling in a grave-yard in Oswego County, N. Y., we came across an inscription containing merely the name and date, of which we here give a part in the style in which it is cut on the stone, a plain slab of unpretending dimensions: 'JOHN *burns*. We suppose the words were intended simply to record the man's name; but they look marvelously like a noun substantive coupled with a verb in the indicative mood, and affording a sad indication at that!—'John burns!' There is no hint that 'John' deserved the fate to which he appears to have been consigned since his decease, and we could only say, as we read the startling declaration, 'We should be sorry to believe it!'"

—

FINE LANGUAGE.—The London *Morning Herald* pronounced recently in a leading article that by his recent letter, "Lord Malmesbury has earned for himself a *temporary immortality*."

—

The *London Quarterly* says most *long* livers are very *short* of stature. Rather paradoxical, that! We had thought that tall men live *longest*.

Recent Publications.

An Exposition of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. By CHARLES HODGE, D. D. (*New York: Carter & Brothers.* 12mo., pp. 373.) Dr. Hodge is the well-known professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He is rigidly Calvinistic, and in his "Notes" loses no opportunity to bring out and defend his peculiar doctrinal views. The practical portions of his commentary, which is very similar in style and arrangement to that of Barnes, are plain and well expressed, and we have no hesitation in commending them to Christians of every denomination.

—

A sermon preached before the General Conference at Indianapolis, in May last, by the representative from the British Wesleyan Conference, the REV. DR. HANNAH, and one delivered by his companion, the REV. MR. JOBSON, are published together, in a neat little volume, by *Swormstedt & Poe.* Dr. Hannah's sermon, founded on 2 Corinthians v, 21, is entitled "The Method of Man's Reconciliation with God." Mr. Jobson's is an exposition of Ephesians iii, 14, 21. They are both pervaded by earnestness and evangelical truth.

—

Calkins & Styles have issued a very neat little book entitled *The Words of Christ*, being a collection of all the recorded sayings of the Great Teacher as found in the New Testament. Many will prize it highly as a pocket companion.

—

Lectures on the Philosophy and Practice of Slavery as exhibited in the Institution of Domestic Slavery in the United States, with the Duties of Masters to Slaves. By WILLIAM A. SMITH, D. D. Edited by THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D. D. (*Nashville, Tennessee: Stevenson & Evans.*) A member of the British Parliament once said that he had rather his horse would go backward than not go at all. Such appears to be Dr. Smith's sentiment. If he cannot go ahead he is determined not to stand still. The "masterly inactivity" recommended by Calhoun is not in accordance with the views of duty which actuate the President of Randolph Macon College. He is for war, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. He first kills off Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence. "The philosophy of Jefferson," he says, "is false." His sentiment about the natural equality of the human race is "a grossly offensive error." Then Messrs. Doddridge, Rives, Clay, Webster fall beneath our author's glittering blade. They are severally accused of having "substantially used this (i. e., Jefferson's) language," and are so far as bad as Garrison himself, seeing they give currency to falsehood and "grossly offensive error." Philosophy and statesmanship having been quieted, the gallant doctor dashes into divinity and theology. Dr. Wayland is mangled terribly. So is Dr. Channing. Dr. Coke and the founders of the Methodist Episcopal Church are summoned from their quiet resting-place, and the chivalrous Smith pitches into them. What did they do that they should be thus dealt with? Truly, according to our author, their crime was bad enough to warrant this post-mortem assassination. By them "the fountains of public thought and feeling have to a great extent been poisoned!" Poisoners! think of that. As a consequence of that poison infused into the public fountains, we are told that

"The great family of Methodists in the District of Columbia, the slave States of Delaware and Maryland, in Western Virginia, and a part of Missouri, retain their connection with the Abolition division of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

But this is not the worst of it. He assures us that

"There are those among ourselves, who, though not sufficient metaphysicians to detect the error, are sufficiently candid to admit if the dogma of Jefferson be true, *domestic slavery can never be justified in practice by any circumstances whatever.*"

And he adds:

"They are in a most painful state of feeling, pressed by what is assumed to be correct principle . . . in a most embarrassing situation, from which they sigh to be released. . . . Many have quietly retired from the state of their nativity . . . and this may account for more of these removals, usually attributed to worn-out lands, than many of our politicians wot of. . . . Others remain . . . Citizens of this class (and it is not a small class) are always liable to become the victims of any fanatical movement on the subject of slavery that may be set on foot in the land."

And again:

"*A secret suspicion of the morality of African slavery at the South* occupies the minds of many of our best citizens."

Having depicted this doleful phase of Southern society, and dispatched these "erroneous teachers," Dr. Smith lays down the fundamental proposition that "*Slavery, per se, is Right*," and thus seeks to "distill the poison" from philosophy and the pulpit, that he may quiet the troubled consciences of his fellow-citizens. He is bold in his assertions, even to recklessness, and at times almost persuades the reader that the writer does not himself see the shallow transparency of his arguments. He utterly repudiates all assistance from those at the North who claim to be anti-slavery men as distinguished from abolitionists. Of the two classes, he prefers the latter. Except himself and the very few who agree with him in sentiment, he divides the civilized world into two classes:

"1. The abolitionists, who believe that the abstract principle is wrong, and that, therefore, the practice is wrong under all circumstances. 2. The anti-slavery school, who agree with the former in the abstract principle, but who differ with them in the conclusion they draw."

He differs from both. But he says:

"I agree with the abolitionists. IF [which he doubly emphasizes] the abstract principle be wrong, the institution is wrong in all cases. I say with them that all who grant the antecedent of this conditional are bound to admit the consequent."

Of course, with these sentiments he is bound to oppose everything that savors of emancipation, present or prospective. He would not

fight against Providence. Slavery is right, and right is eternal. The only difficulty in the way is to make the people of the South believe the monstrous dogma. Truly a most Herculean task, but the President of Randolph Macon thinks it can be done. The pulpit must come to his aid. The principles of the Bible must be interpreted in accordance with *his* sentiments. The moral philosophy of the world must be shut out from the Southern States. Northern papers and Northern periodicals must be tabooed. Southern men with Southern (that is, Dr. Smith's) sentiments must go to work and write books of instruction for colleges, academies, and common schools. And when all this is done, and done effectually, what then? Nothing, only the Southern conscience will be at ease, and Northern fanatics may rail at their pleasure. In all fairness, however, we ought to give a specimen of the doctor's logic. First, then, here is his argument against emancipation:

"They (the blacks) are not, in point of intellectual and moral development, in the condition for freedom; that is, they are not fitted for that measure of self-government which is necessary to political sovereignty. It cannot, therefore, be justly claimed for them. They have no right to it. It would not be to them an essential good, but an essential evil, a curse. To confer it on them, either by an act of direct or gradual emancipation, would be eminently productive of injury to the whole country, and utterly ruinous to them."

Admitting all this to be true, we suppose the natural dictates of humanity would urge Christians, at least, to educate this down-trodden race, and to do something for their mental development. But hear the doctor on that point:

"I cannot imagine that any public movement, having for its object the instruction of the blacks in reading and writing, could be made without involving the most disastrous results. . . . Withal, there is but little if any room to doubt that a great many, both among the rich as well as the poor, would oppose the measure, for what appeared to them reasons of sound policy. This would leave the scheme to be supported entirely by the few rich men, whose benevolence might lead them to overlook the strong popular objections against it. It requires no particular sagacity to foresee the practical mischiefs which would attend the efforts of a few rich men who might attempt to override the popular feeling on a subject of this kind. Public opinion would put it down! This would be the end of it in one direction, but not in another.

"The whole movement would be attended, from first to last, with an irritation of the public mind in the highest degree unfavorable, and, indeed, dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the commonwealth. All irritations of the public mind in regard to the blacks, it is well known, result injuriously to them, generally abridging them of their civil privileges and social comforts. In this instance, viewing the subject as a practical question, I cannot see that it would be attended with a single redeeming virtue, so far as the blacks are concerned."

So, then, the blacks are kept in slavery because they are ignorant; and they must be kept in ignorance because they are slaves. We are mortified that such a shallow piece of reasoning should have emanated from a minister of the Lord Jesus; but perhaps it was the best he could do under the circumstances, and there is consolation in the thought that his book is too contemptibly weak and too glaringly sophistical to make proselytes among sober-minded men even at the South.

The second in the series of "hand-books for home improvement," published by *Fowler & Wells*, is entitled *How to Talk: a Pocket Manual of Speaking, Conversation, and Debating.* It is similar in style, size, and general appearance to number one, which we noticed last month, and for its condensation of practical rules and well-considered observations is equally worthy of attention by those who would converse grammatically and gracefully. The author is prepared, he tells us, "for an application of the injunction—Physician, heal thyself." He will not be surprised, therefore, if, quoting his canon, "We have no right to use a plural pronoun in construction with a singular antecedent," we refer him to his own language on page twenty-three: "Compare *their* pronunciation, in all doubtful cases, with *that* given by Webster *or* Worcester in *their* dictionaries." Again, we are told that in conversation "Our own hobbies and favorite topics should be carefully introduced." This conveys the idea that our hobbies must be ridden in all companies, with care, but that is not what the author meant. The advice about swearing is good for those who need it, but in giving it the author violates his own rule relative to the use of superfluous words. He says: "Never swear, in company or any where." The last five words add nothing to the strength of the precept.

—

Miss Leslie's *New Cookery Book* is a stout, well-printed duodecimo, of six hundred and sixty pages. It comprises tried and approved methods of preparing an almost endless variety of soups, sauces, pies, puddings, and directions for cooking, carving, and serving up fish, poultry, beef, mutton, veal, venison, and, in short, everything that may be comprised under the general head of cookery. It is the most complete and, so far as we are capable of judging, the best book of its kind, and well worth the attention of all housekeepers. It is published by *T. B. Peterson.*

—

The Way Home is the title of a sweet little book, reprinted by the *Messrs. Carter*, from the English edition. It appears to be a truthful narrative of family affliction and bereavements, tempered by the graces of resignation and devout submission to the will of God.

—

Recollections of a Superannuate; or, Sketches of Life, Labor, and Experience in the Methodist Itinerancy. By Rev. David Lewis. The author was for many years a well-known minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the New York Conference. He afterward removed to the State of Ohio, where he continued to preach, until disabled by age and bodily infirmity. These autobiographical memoranda, interspersed with brief sketches of living and dead ministers, will be read with interest by the author's personal friends, at whose solicitation, he tells us, they are published. (*Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati.*)

—

The Days of My Life is professedly an autobiography, in which the heroine gives an account of herself, her love, her pride, and, more and greater than all the rest, her folly. She was, truly, a very foolish and inconsistent specimen

of womanhood, and did not suffer half so much as she deserved. The story, however, is well told, and keeps up the interest of the reader to the end. It is by the author of "Margaret Maitland," and reprinted by the *Harpers*. An extract or two will show the lady's descriptive power. The birth of her first-born is chronicled with pure maternal tenderness:

"A little low cry—what was it? I never heard it before, yet it went to my heart almost with a pang of delight. Alice, bring it—bring it. I cannot wait for all those snowy robes, and all the joyful, tearful importance of my dear, dear, kind nurse, my almost mother. Here in its little flannel wrapper—a little moving bundle, thursting about its little limbs, turning round its little downy head with the first instincts of life to that kind bosom, crying its little wailing cry—O, kindest Heaven!—O, God most wonderful!—it is mine, mine, my own child!

"I felt neither pain nor weakness. I consented to lie still, because they said I must, and because I was happy beyond expression, and neither rebellion nor disobedience was in me. I lay quite still, pulling back the curtains to look at Alice as she put on those dainty little garments, one by one—to look at the moving thing upon her knee, the little hand thrust up into the air, the vigorous kicks and thrusts with which it struggled. *It!* a spark of sudden anger woke in me when some one said *it*—that was correct enough half an hour ago—but this was he, an individual being, my baby, my own, mine! I cannot tell to any one the rapture in which I lay watching Alice as she put upon him his first little robes. I was in a woman's paradise—a moment which can come but once in a lifetime. What mother does not remember, after all her dread, her awe, her suffering, the heavenly rest in which she lay looking at her first-born? I think there is no such ecstasy either before or after—it is all over—all over—the ordeal which frame and spirit have been trembling at, is past like a dream, and who remembers it?—and in that strange, delicious luxury of ease and weakness, there seems no longer anything to desire. I do not know—perhaps it is not an elevated idea at all—but my best realization of unspeakable happiness was in that hour after my little boy was born."

To many a mother's heart a ready entrance will be made, and possibly some half-healed wounds will be opened and made to bleed afresh by the recital of an every day occurrence:

"My baby was very ill. He had been seized a week before, but we had not apprehended anything. Now we were closely shut up in my bed-room, trying to shield every breath of air from him; keeping up the fire, though it was only September, while I sat by the fireside holding him on my knee, watching the changes of his face, his breathing, his movements, with frightful anxiety, and reproaching myself, O, so bitterly, for that one last walk, which had brought this illness upon him. He had taken a violent cold, and I could not but see, by the anxiety of the doctor, by the gravity of Alice, and the pitying tender look which she cast upon me, how they thought it would end. When I awoke from my security to think of this, I dare not describe the misery that came upon me. O, I had talked of misery and hopelessness before, but what were all the griefs in the world to this one! To look at him, and think he might be taken from me—to look upon those sweet features, which might be by and by removed from my eyes forever; O, Heavon, that agony! that was the bitterness of death.

"I had come to love life for my baby's sake, and even now I know I made a great, painful effort to say I would be resigned and content with God's will, whatever it—but I felt in my heart that life would be only a loathing and disgust to me; O, Heaven, have pity upon me! What would I have in all the world if my baby were taken away!

"Every fleeting change that there was—every momentary alteration, I wanted to have the doctor, or to call Alice, to ask what they thought now. Then I remembered vaguely the name, the Great Physician—and that, however far others might be, he was near at all times; O, if I could only have got to his feet, as they did in Palestine in those blessed days when he was there, if I could but have thrown myself on the earth before him, and cried, 'My child! my child!' I said, as in my prayer, from my very despair, I caught boldness. I cried with my heart, till it was bursting with that agony of asking—praying for your child's life, do you know what it is?

"There was no difference, no difference! and the pallid light was growing on the sky, and the first sounds of life began to break upon the stillness; then I was stayed in my prayers as by an invisible hand. I cannot tell how or why these words came to my mind, but they came with a terrible force, making me silent, shutting my mouth in an instant: "If I regard sin in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." I was appalled by the sudden sentence; was there no hope, then? No hope? Did I not even dare to appeal to him who never before cast any applicant away?

"I was struck dumb; I sat still in a breathless, hopeless pause of dismay, my heart suddenly yielding to this dreary calamity. In a moment there came upon me a fearful vision of what might be my life bereaved, my hope lost. Heaven and the ear of God shut upon me; I knew what was right, and I had not done it. I was self-convicted of wrong, but I did not change my course. I was crying wildly to God for the blessing which he alone could grant, but I was still regarding sin in my heart."

But God was merciful, and the babe's life was spared. Ye who have clung to the Great Physician, and have felt that health was restored to the loved one in answer to prayer, are yours the lips that have murmured, "God be pitiful," and forgotten to say, "God be praised?"

"And now I could not pray any longer; my mind had sunk into a feverish stupidity; I was alive to nothing but the looks of my child; yes, and to one thing besides. I had a strange, helpless feeling of clinging to 'the Great Physician;' the name was in my mind, if nothing more; it was not prayer, it was not faith; I could not say it was anything natural or spiritual at all; I rather felt as if something held me, as if I were clinging to a cord or to the skirts of a robe; as if I was only thus prevented from plunging into some dreadful abyss of despair and ruin, and my dumb, strange, almost stupid dependence was upon Him solely—only upon Him.

"I was waiting, waiting; I did not dare to say to myself that baby lay more quietly; I dared not look up at Alice, or ask her what she thought; but when the doctor came again it was nearly evening, and as I watched his face my heart grew sick. O, yes, it was hope—hope! I scarcely could bear it; and when the old man said real words—real true words, not fancies, that he was a great deal better, I think I had very nearly fainted.

"But it was quite true; he improved gradually all that afternoon; he began to look like himself again; rapidly as he had grown ill, he grew better; I suppose it always is so with young children; and when I sat by the fire in the evening with him, he put up his dear little hand again to catch at my mother's miniature, as he had done before his illness. 'O, my darling, give God thanks,' said Alice, as she sat on a stool by me, not able to control her tears. I had, indeed, an unspeakable thankfulness in my heart, but I could not give expression to it—words would not come. 'Lips say, God be pitiful, that ne'er said, God be praised!' Is that true, I wonder? I was very, very grateful, but I could not find words as I did in the agony of my prayers."

—

The Object of Life is a narrative, designed to illustrate the insufficiency of the world and the sufficiency of Christ. The story is well told, the incidents natural, and the tone of the entire volume eminently evangelical. It is a duodecimo of three hundred and fifty pages, beautifully printed and illustrated. (*Carlton & Porter.*)

—

Carter & Brothers have reprinted, in one little volume, two works by the author of "Morning and Night Watches," entitled "The Faithful Promiser," and "Altar Stones." The former is a collection of brief meditations upon thirty precious Scriptural promises, one for each day of the month; and the latter, why called "Altar Stones," we do not exactly know, is

made up of original poetic paraphrases of passages of Scripture. Of the two we prefer the prose, but both are well calculated to assist religious meditation.

—

Hymns of Faith and Hope. By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. That was a shrewd direction given by John Wesley to his preachers: Sing no hymns of your own composing. The reasons for the advice are obvious. The composition of a good hymn is one of the most difficult tasks man ever tried to accomplish. Among the myriads of verses that have been printed for the avowed purpose of being used for the praising of God in the sanctuary, how exceedingly few there are that may be pronounced faultless. Dr. Bonar has some poetic skill, and now and then we stumble upon a beautiful stanza, but in the entire collection there is not, properly speaking, a hymn. A vein of piety and of deep Christian experience, however, pervades these offsprings of his muse, and they may be read with profit.

—

From the press of *Harper & Brothers* we have the sixth volume of *Agnes Strickland's Lives of the Queens of Scotland.* It is a continuation of the sad history of Mary Stuart, and will be eagerly sought by those who have followed the fair biographer through the preceding volumes.

—

Vivia; or, the Secret of Power, is a well-told tale by Mrs. Southworth, from the press of *Peterson, Philadelphia.*

The same publisher sends us *Love after Marriage, and other Stories of the Heart*, by the late Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. We have, on a former occasion, noticed the tales of this lady, and these appear to be worthy of equal commendation.

—

Under the guise of narratives told to a group of boys and girls by a young sailor, Mr. NORDHOFF has made a very readable, entertaining, and instructive little book, entitled *Stories of the Island World.* The islands, with descriptions of their inhabitants, natural history, and other matters, are Madagascar, Java, Iceland, Ceylon, and New Zealand. The subjects are well selected, and embellished with spirited wood engravings. (*Harpers.*)

—

The Young Pilgrim; a Tale Illustrative of "the Pilgrim's Progress." By A. L. O. E. The design of the writer of this little volume was to prepare the minds of juvenile readers for an appreciation of Bunyan's great allegory. There were, of course, many difficulties in the way, and some portions of the original pilgrim's wonderful journey could not be woven into a tale of modern every-day life. The author, however, has attained a good degree of success. The story is well-conceived; a little improbable in some parts, but well told, and eminently calculated to make a permanent impression for good upon the mind of the youthful reader. (*Carter & Brothers.*)

—

The Child's Book of Nature. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D., is divided into three parts, each of which may be had in a separate volume. The first relates to plants and flowers; the second to animals; and the third to air, water, heat, light, etc. Dr. Hooker was exceedingly happy in the design of this volume, and he has carried out that design with great ability. The style is well adapted to the comprehension of children, and the facts and illustrations, the arguments and the reasonings, are admirably stated, concise, and pointed. We know of no book that is at once so captivating and so full of instruction upon those natural objects which, everywhere proclaiming the handiwork of the Great Supreme, are always objects of curiosity to the youthful mind.

—

Reading without Tears is an attempt to beguile the little ones into the acquisition of knowledge without wringing sorrow from them in the process. If it can be done it is certainly very desirable, and this little book, it appears to us, is as likely to accomplish it as any one of the multitudes of primers, first lessons, and easy readers that have recently appeared. (Reprinted from the English edition by *Harper & Brothers.*)

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

The Farm.—June is a busy month with the farmer. Haying and harvesting will occupy his attention; he should avail himself of all the improved agricultural implements at his command, such as mowers, reapers, horse-rakes, etc.: they are truly labor-saving machines, and in no long time pay their first cost. The true way to make farming profitable is to take advantage of all improvements which lessen the labor and cost of the crop.

Liquid Manure.—This is unquestionably the most valuable form in which manure can be applied; yet considerable caution is necessary in its application. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says that he lost a fine plantation of young apple-trees, by the draining of liquid manure from a neighboring barn-yard. When used, it should always be diluted. Instead of being allowed to run waste, as is too commonly the case, tanks or cisterns should be made for the reception of all the liquid manure of the farm. It will pay well to make them.

Sunflowers and the "Shakes."—We have taken rather a fancy for sunflowers of late, and the plant, for a while at least, will probably occupy no small share of the farmer's attention, especially those who live in districts infected with that dreadful disease, fever and ague. Professor Maury, of Washington, has recently published, in the *Rural New Yorker*, a theory in

which we cannot help feeling some little interest, and which, should it prove to be true, will deprive the "shaking fever" of many of its terrors. Coming from so high a source, it is entitled to consideration and respect, and we therefore present the readers of THE NATIONAL with a brief abstract.

Professor Maury states the popular belief, that the decay of vegetable matter infects the air with impurities of some kind, which predispose to chills and fever, and then proceeds:

"If it be the decay of the vegetable matter on the marshes that produces the sickness, then the sickness must be owing to the deleterious effects of some gas, miasm, or effluvium that is set free during the decomposition; and if so, the poisonous matter, or the basis of it, whatever it be, must have been elaborated during the growth of the weeds, and set free in their decay. Now, if this reasoning be good, why might we not, by planting other vegetable matter between us and the marshes, and by bringing it into vigorous growth just about the time that that of the marshes begins to decay, bring fresh forces of the vegetable kingdom again to play upon this poisonous matter, and elaborate it again into vegetable tissue, and so purify the air?"

This is the theory, and there are points about it of peculiar interest to the physiologist. Its chief feature, it will be perceived, is not simply to "plant other vegetable matter between us and the marshes," but such plants as can be brought into "vigorous growth just about the time that that of the marshes begins to decay." It is known that plants, while in active growth, absorb certain gases from the atmosphere through the pores of the leaves, and advantage may be taken of this fact to absorb the gases emitted by decaying vegetable matter, for which plants, it is natural to suppose, have an affinity. After canvassing the merits of several plants, the professor at last decided in favor of the sunflower as best meeting the conditions of the problem, though there are others that will doubtless answer as well, and probably better; the decision in favor of this plant, however, was influenced not a little by the fact, that the negroes of the South frequently grow it around their cabins and pig-sties, and give as a reason, that it is "healthy." Accordingly, the professor planted the sunflower all around the grounds of the Observatory, a noted "shaking" district, and with very favorable results. The sickly season came, and "there was shaking at the president's house, as usual; but for the first time since the Observatory was built, the watchmen about it weathered the summer clear of chills and fever."

The professor is now engaged in repeating the experiment, and calls upon such as live in ague districts to coöperate with him by planting sunflower hedges around their grounds, and to report the results for publication. This is the proper way to test the theory, and we hope it will be thoroughly tried, more especially as the plant is valuable, and can be profitably grown. There is some poetry in the idea of a sunflower hedge; there is a fearful reality in chills and fever.

A Cranberry Border.—A correspondent of a rural journal suggests that, "instead of box, *cranberries* be used as a border in gardens. Such a border could be perfected in a few years, and each rod in length would yield annually one peck of cranberries, worth at least a dollar." We are rather pleased with the suggestion, provided it be confined to the vegetable or fruit garden. It would be quite out of place in the flower garden, and for beauty will not compare with box. Nevertheless, in a suitable soil it would make a *valuable* border.

Vegetable Garden.—Much important work is to be done this month. A plan should be adopted from the first, and systematically carried out; this plan should embrace the kinds and quantities of esculents to be grown, and the necessary space should be allotted to them accordingly. Our limits allow us to make only a few suggestions. During the present month you may continue to plant corn, beans, radishes, etc., and tomato plants should be put out, if not already done. These require a space of some four feet in diameter, and the ground should be well enriched with manure. The plants are benefited by pruning. It is usual to let them grow on the ground; but they will ripen better if supported by a frame, which can be readily made of slats or laths. Corn should be planted in drills, and grown on a level surface; that is, in hoeing, the earth should not be drawn up to the plants. This advice, we know, is against the common practice; but we know of no good reason for the latter, except on wet ground, and the proper remedy for this is drainage, and not hilling. We have tried both, and speak advisedly. Weeding will now make considerable demands upon your labor and patience. Take the subject in hand early, and do the work thoroughly. If doing things "by halves" is ever unprofitable, (and we suspect it is always so,) it is especially so in weeding. Here you must be a stern man, showing no mercy. As beets, carrots, etc., progress they must be thinned out to proper distances apart, and the sooner done the better.

The Royal Muscadine Grape.—The Shakers at Lebanon are greatly "exercised" at the recent action of the Pomological Society, in condemning their so-called seedling Muscadine Grape. It was a very proper action. The Horticultural Societies of Rochester, Pennsylvania, and New York had previously pronounced a like sentence upon it. We have seen it two or three times, and regard it as simply a reproduction of the Fox Grape. We caution the readers of THE NATIONAL not to buy it at any price, any more than they would the Charter Oak: it is as good as that; worse it could not be.

King Philip, or Brown Corn.—This new variety of corn is now attracting a good deal of attention. It is claimed to be the most productive and profitable corn now grown, and experiments made last season go far to confirm it. It may be planted as late as the last of May or first of June; and as it thus matures in a short season, it will doubtless prove valuable in high northern latitudes. The product is said to be one hundred bushels per acre. We hope it may receive during the present season such extended trial as may determine its claims to the farmer's consideration.

Kalosanthes (Crassula) Coccinea.—This is a truly beautiful plant, and not appreciated as it should be; in fact, it is not generally seen in

collections. The Napoleon, a new variety, is probably the best. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* recommends the Kalosanthes as a bedding plant. He says:

"Its immense and singularly compact heads of bloom, and the intense scarlet color, render it one of the most attractive objects for the flower garden that has as yet been introduced for the purpose of bedding out. Blooming abundantly in nine months from the cutting, the ease with which it is kept through winter, and the rapidity with which it can be increased, will always render it valuable as a bedding plant, and amateurs, when they are sufficiently acquainted with it, will be sure to grow it liberally, as it fully rewards the cultivator with a brilliant display at a very moderate amount of labor and expense.

"The following mode of proceeding will be found to answer well with this plant, when you have once obtained a stock of it:

"*Cuttings.*—The end of August to the middle of September is the proper time to put in cuttings. Select the tops of strong, healthy growing shoots; form them into cuttings three inches in length, divesting them of their leaves for about an inch; cut close to a joint. From the succulent nature of the plant, the cuttings ought to be allowed to remain exposed in some shady place for twenty-four hours after they are made, as, if put in at once, they would rot, but leaving them exposed as above mentioned they will be healed over from the effects of the knife. Place the cuttings in a shallow box that is not over four inches in depth, allowing two inches between the cuttings; let some moss or rough tan bark that is partially decayed, be placed at the bottom of the box for drainage; then fill up with sand that has had one fourth decayed leaf mold incorporated with it. Insert the cuttings to the depth of an inch, water sufficiently to settle the soil firmly around each cutting, then place the box upon a shelf in the green-house, or a cool frame; keeping them moist, but not '*wet*,' and they will very readily root, and continue to do so throughout the winter.

"The middle of March pot them off in four inch pots, using good loam with the addition of a fourth of sand. This soil will suit them.

"The best position that you now can give them, is a frame, which must be protected by having either earth or manure banked up around the sides of it, to exclude frost, and coverings of mats, shutters, etc., will have to be provided until the end of April. Keep the plants close to the glass, and gradually inure them to the air by tilting the sashes. Under such treatment they will grow short and strong, and will set their flower buds of large size. The beginning of June all frosts may be expected to have ended; then plant them out, and some of the heads of bloom will have expanded and others will be expanding.

"In planting, choose a circular bed, place the tallest in the center, and let them gradually fall to the edge of the bed. This will produce a more pleasing effect to the eye, than if planted indiscriminately."

Evergreens.—The month of June is a good time to plant Evergreens. The want of success in transplanting is mainly owing to the length of time the trees are kept out of the ground, the drying off of the delicate fibrous roots, and carelessness in lifting from the nurseries. The holes should always be prepared before the plants are even ordered, and then planted the moment received. If a good vigorous growth is expected, a suitable soil must be prepared; this should be a good sandy loam. It is generally supposed that evergreens will grow in any barren spot, but this is not so; disappointment is sure to follow such a procedure. Let the holes be of ample dimensions, at least four feet in diameter; and remember, while planting, that you expect the tree to grow on that spot for generations, and so do the work thoroughly. Evergreens are indispensable on every lawn, no matter how small it may be. They are always interesting and beautiful, and in the winter months cheer the dreary scene with their gladsome green robes.

The Dahlia.—This noble flower may be planted even as late as the second week in June; from about the middle of May to the first of June, however, is a more suitable time. We consider it a mistake to plant the Dahlia early. Its proper season of flowering is in the autumn; the cool and dewy nights are then congenial to its habits. If planted too soon it makes a large growth by midsummer, when the red spider attacks it, and its energies are wasted before the autumn arrives; and it is seldom that a good bloom is seen during the warm summer months. Late planting, on the contrary, will prevent any considerable growth during midsummer, and the energies of the plant will be retained till early autumn, when the plant will grow vigorously, and produce an abundant bloom. If large and perfect flowers are wanted the buds must be thinned out by removing the weakest.

The Dahlia is propagated by cuttings and division of the roots; the first method is mostly pursued by florists, who want a large number of plants for sale. The division of the root is quite a simple operation. These having been kept in a warm cellar during the winter, should be removed to a cool place as spring advances, to retard their sprouting. When this has taken place, however, and the weather is warm, remove the plants to the open ground, and cover them with a little earth. As soon as the shoots have grown a few inches, divide them so as to leave one shoot to each tuber; and if the latter is large, cut it in two. They may then be planted at once in their places, or, if it is wished to retard them, in pots, from which they may be turned into the ground at any time. The poles or stakes should be put in before the plants. Only one shoot or stem should be allowed to grow from the same tuber. The plant must be tied up from time to time as it grows, and if the branches grow too thick they must be thinned out. The soil may be enriched with some well-decayed manure, and must be occasionally stirred, and kept free from weeds. The following list comprises a dozen choice kinds: Beauty of Bath, Gem, Madame Zahler, Roi de Pontille, Hippolyte, Gloire de Kain, Le Phare, Sir C. Napier, Amazone, Port Royale, Summit of Perfection, Elizabeth.

Cuphea Platycentra.—This charming little plant should be introduced into all gardens, even the smallest. Its dark green foliage and bright scarlet, tubular flowers form a beautiful contrast. It is an ever-blooming plant in a strict sense of the word, and may be grown in beds or singly in the border. It delights in a rich, open soil, and needs no pruning, but may be cut freely for flowers. It should be lifted in the fall, and potted in a rich loam; if kept in a light room or in the green-house, it will bloom all winter. It can be obtained in pots at any time, and we advise all our readers to buy it.

Verbena Imperatrice Elizabeth.—A few days since we saw this fine new verbena at Mr. Thorburn's, who introduced it. It is a distinct species, marked like Phlox Van Houtii, and is a most lovely bedding plant.

3 2044 092 643 113